History 104

Electronic Reader
(Spring 2026)

Dr. Erik Myrup

Index

Course Syllabus

Course Schedule

Weekly Introductions to Lectures and Readings

Lecture Outlines

Course Readings

Plato, *The Dialogues* (excerpt) 1
Homer, *The Iliad* (excerpts) 2
Arthur C. Clarke, "History Lesson" (short story) 3
Plato, *The Republic* (excerpt) 4
Aristotle, *Politics* (excerpt) 5
Gregory S. Aldrete, "Hammers, Axes, Bulls, and Blood" (article) 6
Celia E. Schultz, "Sacrifice, Inside and Out" (article) 7
Malcolm W. Browne, "Relics of Carthage" (article) 8
Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow, "Reading Roman Sanitation from the Sources" (article) 9
Livy, *History of Rome* (excerpt) 10
Lewis and Reinhold, eds., "Sepulchral…" and "Humble…" (excerpts) 11
Justin Martyr, "The First Apology" (apologia) 12
Pliny, "Letter to Trajan" (letter) 13
Perpetua, "The Passion of the Holy Martyrs Perpetua and Felicity" (excerpt) 14
Alexander Calandra, "Angels on a Pin" (article) 15
Richard P. Feynman, *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!* (excerpts) 16
Isaac Asimov, "Foundation" (short story) 17
Walter M. Miller, Jr., "A Canticle for Leibowitz" (short story) 18
Pope Gregory VII and Henry IV, "Decree..." and "Documents…" (documents) 19
Rosemary Horrox, ed., "Arrival…" Plague…" et.al. (letters, etc.) 20
Israel Gollancz, ed., *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise* (excerpts) 21
Martin Luther, "Against Catholicism" (documents) 22
John Gerard, *John Gerard: The Autobiography of an Elizabethan* (excerpts) 23
Johannes Kepler, "The Principles of Astronomy" (excerpts) 24
Bartolomé de las Casas, *An Account, Much Abbreviated* (excerpts) 25

A History of Europe through the Mid-17th Century

Prof. Erik Lars Myrup
Office: 1735 Patterson Office Tower
E-mail: erik.myrup@uky.edu
Tel: 257-3483 (o), 402-2922 (h)

Spring 2026
HIS 104, Sections 001-010
Lectures: MW 12:00-12:50
Recitations: Various Times

Office Hours: M 3:15-4:00 PM, WF 9:30-10:45 AM, or by appointment

Beyond official office hours, Dr. Myrup is available at numerous other times and is happy to set up individual appointments to meet with students. He often gets behind on e-mail, and students are welcome to simply call him at his office or home to ask questions or to set up an appointment.

Introduction

This course traces the history of Europe from its foundations in ancient Greece and Rome through the Middle Ages as barbarian kings rise and fall and crusading knights battle for religious supremacy, to the Early Modern Era when reformers burn with holy zeal and European explorers circumnavigate the globe. Romans, Saxons, Angles and Franks; Caesar, Charlemagne, Philip II, and Henry VIII; Queen Bess, Helen of Troy, Héloïse, and Andromache—they're all included along with two dozen other villains and heroes for your historical enjoyment. Western civilization like you've never known before and taught in a way that will make you smile. (Monty Python anyone?)

Course Mechanics

This course is taught through a combination of large lectures and smaller recitations. The large lectures are taught by Dr. Myrup on MW 12:00-12:50 in Worsham Theater in the Gatton Student Center. Beyond the bi-weekly lectures, each section of the course is assigned a recitation where students meet weekly with Dr. Myrup or one of his teaching assistants (TA's) in smaller groups. The recitations provide a hands-on learning environment where we can discuss course content in a much smaller setting, including course readings, lecture material, exams, papers, and so forth. *Attendance is mandatory for both lectures and recitation, and there will be a quiz at the beginning of each recitation that assesses students' weekly lecture attendance and their completion of the assigned readings.*

Recitation Leaders

Dr. Erik Myrup
Section 001
E-mail: erik.myrup@uky.edu
Office Hours: M 3:15-4:00, WF 9:30-10:45, or by appointment (Patterson Office Tower: Rm 1735)

Ms. Ally Powers
Sections 002, 006, and 008
E-mail: ally.powers@uky.edu
Office Hours: T 12:00-3:00, or by appointment (Patterson Office Tower: Rm 1706)

Ms. Alexandria Williams
Sections 003, 009, and 010
E-mail: alexandria.williams@uky.edu
Office Hours: TW 9:00-11:00, or by appointment (Patterson Office Tower: Rm 1702)

Mr. Micah Lynn
Section 004, 005, 007
E-mail: micah.lynn@uky.edu
Office Hours: M 3:00-4:00, W 3:00-5:00, or by appointment (Patterson Office Tower: Rm 1722)

Course Requirements

The class itself is composed of lectures, readings, discussions, written work, quizzes, and two examinations. All are integral parts of the course and are required for its successful completion. The course is divided into three broad sections that deal with particular periods and themes of Western civilization. Each week's lectures are accompanied by a set of readings that will be discussed by students at greater length in recitation. *Please note that all requirements must be completed to successfully pass the course.*

Final course grades will be based upon each of these elements as follows: attendance, quizzes, and engagement (30%); 1 creative paper, 6 pages, approximately 1800 words (25%); 1 midterm exam (15%); 1 final exam (30%).

Attendance, Quizzes, and Engagement (30%)

This portion of the course primarily reflects the weekly recitations, including attendance (10%), quizzes (10%), and engagement (10%). A series of readings are assigned for each week's recitation, and students are expected to come to recitation having completed the assigned readings. The weekly readings are a fundamental part of the course and include not only academic articles, but also documents, letters, travel accounts, and fiction. Participation in weekly reading discussions is a mandatory part of recitation, providing students with the opportunity to be exposed to differing arguments and points of view as well as to ask questions and to share their own ideas in preparation for exams. *Your performance on examinations, quizzes, and in-class discussions will depend in large part on whether you have completed the assigned readings.* In addition to participating in verbal discussion and debate, students will be required to complete weekly recitation quizzes that assess their understanding of course readings and lectures. As a final note, attendance will be taken during all recitation sections and failure to attend class will significantly lower this portion of your grade.

Creative Paper (25%)

Writing is perhaps the most important aspect of any liberal arts education. Creative, analytical, and communicative, it is an art and skill that students will use for the rest of their lives. The creative paper should demonstrate research and interpretive skills and will also require students to engage with course material in a creative and thought-provoking manner. All references should be cited with footnotes, and there should be a bibliography at the end of the paper. We will discuss the paper at greater length in class. For now, students should know that they will be free to be creative and innovative. History is not only about facts, figures, and evidence; it also involves character development, plotting, climax, and resolution.

Examinations (45% total)

All students must complete two closed-book examinations: an initial midterm exam (15%) and a comprehensive final exam (30%). The midterm exam will cover material from Part I of the course, and the final exam will cover material from Parts I, II, and III. Both exams will be essay based and include identifications designed to assess students' command of course material from individual lectures and readings, and essay questions that require students to draw upon evidence from multiple lectures and readings to make arguments that support or disagree with particular viewpoints.

Course Readings
All course readings will be available in an electronic reader that students can download from the course website (see below).

Any students who have vision, hearing, or other disabilities that necessitate the use of auxiliary aids to access and interact with digital content should contact Dr. Myrup directly about accessing an accommodated version of the electronic reader.

Supplementary Textbooks
We will not be using a formal textbook. For students who would find it helpful to be able to draw upon a supplementary textbook as they prepare for exams, there are numerous possibilities. Among others, Dr. Myrup recommends Kishlanksy, Geary, and O'Brien, *Civilization in the West*: volume 1 to 1715 (any edition); and Kagan, Ozment, Turner, and Frank, *Western Heritage*: volume 1 to 1740 (any edition). (Dr. Myrup's main suggestion would be to purchase an older edition, as these can often be found for less than $5 . . . rather than spending $100 plus for the most recent edition.) Additionally, students can explore electronic textbook resources available through the Open Textbook Library, which can be accessed here: https://open.umn.edu/opentextbooks.

Communication and Course Management
Dr. Myrup and his teaching assistants will use various electronic platforms to conduct the course and to communicate with students, including E-mail and Telephone, Canvas, and a Course Webpage.

E-mail and Telephone
Dr. Myrup will use an e-mail listserv to make blanket announcements to the class (HIS104-ALL-L@lsv.uky.edu). Additionally, he will use e-mail and old-fashioned telephone calls to communicate with students on an individual basis. In turn, students are welcome to reach out to Dr. Myrup via both e-mail and telephone.

Canvas
Canvas primarily will be used for students to receive their graded quiz, paper, and exam scores. Additionally, all students will turn in the creative paper on Canvas, and the teaching assistants will use Canvas to communicate with students in their recitation sections. To access Canvas, students can go to https://www.uky.edu/canvas/.

Course Webpage
A simple course web page will be used as the primary location for students to access course assignments, readings, supplementary material, etc. Here is the link:
http://web.as.uky.edu/history/faculty/myrup/his104/

Policy on Course Engagement and Attendance

Students are expected to come to class prepared and to pay attention and to be engaged. Electronic devices are learning tools and may be used to take notes, to engage with class discussions, and so forth. During class time, they are not to be used for texting, web surfing, etc. If your use of electronic media becomes a distraction to you or to those around you, you will be asked to leave and will lose the privilege of using such tools in class.

This is an "in-person" course and registered students are expected to attend. (Please note that the lectures and discussions will not be broadcast or recorded.) This being said, if you are not feeling well, please DO NOT come to class. Please keep your recitation leader updated so that they can help you stay caught up in the course and arrange for make-up work as necessary.

Policy on Academic Misconduct (including Plagiarism and Generative AI)

A major focus of this course is to develop skills and foster creativity in writing, argumentation, and critical thinking. Accordingly, students must complete all assignments on their own. When completing assignments, students may not copy from any printed material or online sites (e.g., Course Hero, Chegg, Wikipedia, etc.), nor may students otherwise plagiarize someone else's work and turn it in as their own. Beyond plagiarism, students may not use generative AI technologies for any stage of any writing assignment (e.g., ChatGPT or other GenAI software). It is expected that all work submitted for the course—including papers, quizzes, essay exams, and any other submissions—will be generated entirely by the student submitting the assignment. For the purposes of this course, PLAGIARISM AS WELL AS THE USE OF GENERATIVE AI TECHNOLOGIES FOR ANY WRITING ASSIGNMENT WILL BE CONSIDERED ACADEMIC MISCONDUCT AND WILL RESULT IN AN "E" IN THE CLASS. If you have questions about this policy, please contact Dr. Myrup.

Appendix: University Policies and Other Bureaucratic Minutiae

Course Copyright
All original instructor-provided content for this course, which may include handouts, assignments, lectures, and videos is the intellectual property of the instructor. Students enrolled in the course this academic term may use the original instructor-provided content for their learning and completion of course requirements this term, but such content must not be reproduced or sold. Students enrolled in the course this academic term are hereby granted permission to use original instructor-provided content for reasonable educational and professional purposes extending beyond this course and term, such as studying for a comprehensive or qualifying examination in a degree program, preparing for a professional or certification examination, and so forth; other uses of original instructor-provided content require written permission from the instructor in advance.

Grading Scale
Grades for individual assignments and for the course as a whole will be based on a letter scale with the following numerical equivalents: A (Excellent: 90-100%), B (Good: 80-89%), C (Satisfactory: 70-79%), D (Passing: 60-69%), and E (Fail: 59% and below).

Student Learning Outcomes: History
Although focusing primarily on the history of western civilization from antiquity to the eve of the 17th century, this course explores questions which have broader relevance to the modern world. In addition to mastering course content—the who, what when, where, and why of course lectures and readings—students will cultivate creative and analytical skills that are an implicit part of a university education. In this regard, upon completing the course, students will be able to do the following:

• identify, evaluate, and clearly present varied source evidence in support of an argument
• set out their findings in conformity with accepted conventions in a clear and concise manner
• formulate creative and imaginative approaches to historical questions that exceed the scope of a typical academic paper
• understand and appreciate foreign cultural practices, beliefs, and social systems

Student Learning Outcomes: UK Core-Inquiry in the Humanities
This course satisfies UK Core for Inquiry in the Humanities.

The Humanities are united in their reflection upon the human condition as embodied in works of art and literature (including folklore, popular culture, film and digital media), philosophical and religious contemplation and argumentation, language systems, and historical narratives and the activities and events they relate. The principal activities of humanists and, therefore, the principal skills to be inculcated in students relate to *interpretation* and *analysis,* and the *evaluation* of competing interpretations of the same or similar texts and phenomena. In a course fulfilling the Humanities Gen Ed requirement students should learn to interpret, evaluate and analyze such creations of the human intellect.

Students will demonstrate the ability to construct their own artistic, literary, philosophical, religious, linguistic, and historical interpretations according to the standards of the discipline. It is hoped that students learn to recognize (a) the validity of different points of view – whether these points of view devolve from differences of class, race, gender, nationality or even historical period – and (b) a degree of tolerance and mistrust of dogmatism. Further it is hoped

that students will be able to recognize some aspects of human life that might be considered eternal and constant and distinguish these aspects from those which are contingent products of history and culture.

Upon completing this UK Core course for Inquiry in the Humanities, students will be able to:

• Demonstrate the ability to present and critically evaluate competing interpretations through analysis and argumentation in writing and orally.
• Demonstrate the ability to distinguish different artistic, literary, philosophical, religious, linguistic, and historical schools and periods according to the varying approaches and viewpoints characterized therein.
• Demonstrate the ability to identify the values and presuppositions that underlie the world-views of different cultures and different peoples over time as well as one's own culture. Students will therefore analyze and interpret at least one of the following: works of art, literature, folklore, film, philosophy and religion, language systems or historical narratives (or the primary sources of historical research).
• Demonstrate disciplinary literacy (vocabulary, concepts, methodology) in written work, oral presentations and in classroom discussions.
• Demonstrate the ability to conduct a sustained piece of analysis of some work of art, literature, folklore (or popular culture), film (or other digital media), philosophy, religion, language system, or historical event or existing historical narrative that makes use of logical argument, coherent theses, and evidence of that discipline, with use of library sources when applicable. The student's analysis should demonstrate appropriate information literacy in a particular discipline of the humanities, which, depending on the nature of the assignment might include, for example: posing questions that shape an inquiry and identify sources necessary for this purpose, getting and checking facts, getting overviews, opposing views, background information, context, recognizing and finding primary sources and distinguish primary from secondary sources, identifying scholarly publications (monographs, articles, essays) locating them (library stacks, Internet, other libraries), citing them (MLA, Chicago styles), assessing the value of sources.

Student Learning Outcomes: UK Core-Global Dynamics
This course satisfies UK Core for Global Dynamics.

Courses satisfying this requirement will focus attention on the student's civic role and place in the world and the dynamic interaction between locale (place and people) and global processes (international and transnational). In order for UK students to be prepared for careers in a globalized world, they must understand and appreciate global cultural diversity and the impacts of globalization processes. This new knowledge and attitude will also lead to the student's heightened awareness of her/his own culture and society.

Issues like, but not limited to, environmental concerns (e.g., climate change, soil depletion, transboundary pollution), the built environment (e.g., architecture, urban planning, sustainable design), public health (e.g., sanitation, local-global disease transfer, nuclear and coal-fired energy risks), political and socio-economic structures and policies (e.g., social and political processes; diverse public policies; and social and governmental regulations) and the interaction of world cultures (including music, art, religions, literature and folklore) are among the topics that may be explored in the many possible courses fulfilling this part of the general education curricular framework.

Upon completing this UK Core course for Global Dynamics, students will be able to:

• Demonstrate a grasp of the origins and shaping influence of human diversity and issues of equality in this world.
• Demonstrate an understanding of the civic, and other, complexities and responsibilities of actively participating in a diverse, multiethnic, multilingual world community.
• Demonstrate an awareness of how individual and collective decision making and civic responsibilities often generate ethical dilemmas, conflicts, and trade-offs that must be thoughtfully evaluated, weighed, and resolved.
• Demonstrate an awareness of major elements of at least one non-US culture or society, and its relationship to the 21st century context. However, this does not preclude a studied examination of the historical evolution of such issues, or an emphasis upon one prominent time period.
• Demonstrate an understanding of how local features (economic, cultural, social, political and religious) of urban or rural communities, ethnicities, nations and regions are often linked to global trends, tendencies, and characteristics that often mutually shape one another.
• Demonstrate an understanding of at least two of the following, as they pertain to the subject matter of the course: a) Societal, cultural, and institutional change over time; b) Civic engagement; c) Cross-national and/or comparative issues; d) Power and resistance.

Accommodations Due to Disability
In accordance with federal law, if you have a documented disability that requires academic accommodations, please inform your instructor as soon as possible during scheduled office hours. In order to receive accommodations in a course, you must provide your instructor with a Letter of Accommodation from the Disability Resource Center (DRC). The DRC coordinates campus disability services available to students with disabilities. It is located on the corner of Rose Street and Huguelet Drive in the Multidisciplinary Science Building, Suite 407. You can reach them via phone at (859) 257-2754, via email (drc@uky.edu) or visit their website (https://studentsuccess.uky.edu/disability-resource-center). DRC accommodations are not retroactive and should therefore be established with the DRC as early in the semester as is feasible.

Excused Absences and Acceptable Excuses | AR-ASA 5.2.5.2 and 5.2.5.2.1
The following are defined as excused absences:

Significant illness of the student or serious illness of a member of the student's household (permanent or campus) or immediate family
This includes excusing a student from required interactions if the student has been directed to quarantine by the University, a medical professional, public health professional or government official. The Instructor of Record shall have the right to request appropriate verification.

The term “significant illness” includes mental as well as physical illness. Instructors must apply the same standard of verification for both types of illness. For example, if a note from University Health Services verifying a "significant" illness is accepted, then a similar note from the UK Counseling Center, TRACS (Triage, Referral, Assistance and Crisis Support) or the VIP Center must also be accepted as valid verification. For example, if a note from University Health Services that the illness of the student is “significant” is acceptable verification, then a note from the UK Counseling Center, TRACS or the Violence Intervention and Prevention (VIP) Center that the illness of the student is “significant” shall likewise be considered to be acceptable verification.

The death of a member of the student's household (permanent or campus) or immediate family
The Instructor of Record shall have the right to request appropriate verification. For the purpose of this rule, immediate family is defined as spouse, child, parent (guardian), sibling (all of the previous include steps, halves and in-laws of the same relationship) and grandchild or grandparent.

Trips for members of student organizations sponsored by an educational unit, trips for University classes and trips for participation in intercollegiate athletic events, including club sports registered with the University and varsity sports
When feasible, the student must notify the Instructor of Record prior to the occurrence of such absences, but in no case shall such notification occur more than one (1) week after the absence. Instructors of Record may request formal notification from appropriate University personnel to document the student's participation in such trips.

Major Religious Holidays
Students are responsible for notifying the Instructor of Record in writing of anticipated absences due to their observance of such holidays. Faculty shall give students the opportunity to make up work (e.g., exams or assignments) when students notify them that religious observances prevent the students from doing their work at its scheduled time. Faculty should indicate in their syllabus how much advance notice they require from a student requesting an accommodation. The Office for Student Success and the Academic Ombud are available for consultation.

Interviews for full-time job opportunities after graduation and interviews for graduate or professional school
The student must notify the Instructor of Record prior to the occurrence of such absences. Instructors of Record have the right to request appropriate verification. "Appropriate verification" may include evidence that the student had little or no control over the date and time of the interview and that the student is not able to reschedule the interview to a nonconflicting time reasonably close to the originally scheduled time.

Programs with learning activities mandated by accreditation or licensure agencies may establish, as a matter of policy, educational consequences for students who have so many excused absences that they cannot complete the mandated learning activities
The published program policies and individual course syllabi must describe these consequences, which may include the student being moved to a different graduation cohort.

Any other circumstances which the Instructor of Record finds reasonable cause for absence.

When there is an unscheduled closing, all in-person activities during the closure time are cancelled. Asynchronous activities may be held; asynchronous activities may replace a scheduled synchronous activity if they can be completed in the same amount of time. Synchronous activities may be held only within the scheduled time slot and only if the instructor also provides an asynchronous option that can be completed in the same amount of time. Asynchronous activities may be attended or performed at a time of the student's choosing, subject to reasonable constraints.

Religious Observances.
Students anticipating an absence for a major religious holiday are responsible for notifying the instructor in writing of anticipated absences due to their observance of such holidays. Senate

Rules requires faculty to include any notification requirements within the syllabus. If no requirement is specified, two weeks prior to the absence is reasonable and should not be given any later. Information regarding major religious holidays may be obtained through the Academic Ombud's website or calling 859-257-3737.

Verification of Absences
Students may be asked to verify their absences in order for them to be considered excused. Administrative Regulation — Academic and Student Affairs states that faculty have the right to request appropriate verification when students claim an excused absence due to: significant illness; death in the household, trips for classes, trips sponsored by an educational unit and trips for participation related to intercollegiate athletic events; and interviews for full-time job opportunities after graduation and interviews for graduate and professional school. (Appropriate notification of absences due to university-related trips is required prior to the absence when feasible and in no case more than one week after the absence.)

Making Up Graded Work | AR-ASA 5.2.5.2.2
Except where prior notification is required in "Acceptable excuses", students missing any graded work due to an excused absence bear the responsibility of informing the Instructor of Record about their excused absence within one (1) week following the period of the excused absence, and of making up the missed work. The Instructor of Record shall give the student an opportunity to make up the work and/or the exams missed due to an excused absence, and shall do so, if feasible, during the semester in which the absence occurred.

The instructor shall provide the student with an opportunity to make up the graded work (e.g., quiz, exam, homework, etc.) and may not simply calculate the student's grade based on the other course requirements, unless the student agrees in writing.

For students who add a class after the first day of classes and miss graded work, the instructor shall provide the student with an opportunity to make up the graded work (quiz, exam, homework, etc.). The instructor may not simply calculate the student's grade based on the other course requirements unless the student agrees in writing.

Excused Absences for Military Duties | AR-ASA 5.2.5.2.3.2
If a student is required to be absent due to military duties for one-fifth or less of the required course interactions (e.g., class meetings), the following procedure shall apply:
- Once a student is aware of a call to duty, the student shall provide a copy of the military orders to the Veterans Resource Center (VRC) within the Office for Student Success. The student shall also provide the VRC with a list of their courses and instructors.
- The VRC will verify the orders with the appropriate military authority and, on behalf of the military student, notify each Instructor of Record via Department Letterhead as to the known extent of the absence.
- The Instructor of Record shall not penalize the student's absence in any way. The instructor shall provide accommodations and time frames so the student can make up missed assignments, quizzes and tests in a mutually agreed upon manner.

Unexcused Absences | AR-ASA 5.2.5.2.3.3
The Instructor of Record shall define any course policy relating to unexcused absences in the course syllabus. If a policy is not stated in the course syllabus or the policy does not allow for a penalty to the student, the Instructor of Record shall not penalize the student for any unexcused absences.

With respect to nonattendance for reason of an employment-related schedule conflict, a student who is a UK employee has the same standing as a student who is working for some other employer.

Prep Days and Reading Days | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6
Prep Days and Reading Days are designed to help students prepare for their final examinations. Certain instructional activities are restricted on Prep Days, and additional restrictions apply to Reading Days. There shall be no required interactions on Reading Days.

This rule applies to ALL courses taught in both semesters, the Summer Session and the Winter Intersession, regardless of modality. In addition, if a course is taught in a format that has been compressed into less than one (1) semester, intersession or session, and the course overlaps with Prep Days or Reading Days as set in the regular Academic Calendar, then the course must abide by the restrictions on instructional activities that apply to those Prep and Reading Days with which it overlaps. This rule does not apply to courses in professional programs in colleges that have approval to follow a nonstandard calendar.

Prep Days and Reading Days — Timing | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.1
For Fall Semester and Spring Semester, Prep Days are the last three (3) days of instruction (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) and before the start of the Final Examination Period. The third Prep Day (Wednesday) is when classes end.

For Summer Session and Winter Intersession, Prep Days are the last three (3) days of instruction before the Final Examination day as established in the Academic Calendar and posted by the Office of the University Registrar.

For Fall Semester and Spring Semester, Reading Days are the two days (Thursday and Friday) after the Prep Days before the start of the Final Examination Period.

There are no Reading Days during Summer Session or Winter Intersession.

Prep Days and Reading Days — Examinations and Quizzes | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.2
Instructors must not schedule examinations or quizzes, including Final Examinations, on Prep Days or Reading Days, with the following exceptions:
- Instructors are permitted to schedule oral/listening examinations and lab practical exams on Prep Days during a semester, provided such examinations are scheduled in the syllabus and the course has no final examination (or assignment that acts as a Final Examination).
- Instructors are permitted to schedule make-up examinations or make-up quizzes anytime, including, if the affected students agree to it, on Reading Days. Instructors may distribute take-home examinations, but students shall not be required to return the completed examination before the regularly scheduled examination period for that course.

Prep Days and Reading Days — Class Participation and Attendance Grades | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.3
Instructors are permitted to grade student participation and require attendance on Prep Days, but not on Reading Days.

Prep Days and Reading Days — Homework | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.4
Instructors are permitted to collect regularly assigned homework for a grade on Prep Days, but not on Reading Days, provided the homework was scheduled in the syllabus. However,

instructors may collect make-up homework on Reading Days if the affected student agrees to it.

Prep Days and Reading Days — Projects, Papers and Presentations | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.5
Instructors are permitted to collect projects, papers and presentations on Prep Days, but not on Reading Days, provided such assignments were scheduled in the syllabus and the course has no Final Examination (or assignment that acts as a Final Examination).

Prep Days and Reading Days — Make-Up Assignments | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.6
Instructors are permitted to schedule make-up assignments that replace, substitute for or satisfy earlier required interactions anytime, including, if the affected students agree to it, on Reading Days.

Prep Days and Reading Days — Review Sessions | AR-ASA 5.2.5.6.7
Instructors are permitted to offer review sessions at any time on Prep Days or Reading Days as long as attendance is not required and the instructor does not discuss or provide new material.

Homework During Finals Week | AR-ASA 5.2.5.7.2
Instructors are not permitted to assign homework during Finals Week, nor are they permitted to make any homework assignments due during Finals Week. However, instructors may collect make-up homework after the last day of classes.

Non-Discrimination Statement and Title IX Information
In accordance with federal law, UK is committed to providing a safe learning, living, and working environment for all members of the University community. The University maintains a comprehensive program which protects all members from discrimination, harassment, and sexual misconduct. For complete information about UK's prohibition on discrimination and harassment on aspects such as race, color, ethnic origin, national origin, creed, religion, political belief, sex, and sexual orientation, see Administrative Regulation 6:1 ("Policy on Discrimination and Harassment") (https://regs.uky.edu/administrative-regulation/ar-61). In accordance with Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972, the University prohibits discrimination and harassment on the basis of sex in academics, employment, and all of its programs and activities. Sexual misconduct is a form of sexual harassment in which one act is severe enough to create a hostile environment based on sex and is prohibited between members of the University community and shall not be tolerated. For more details, see Administrative Regulations 6:2 ("Policy and Procedures for Addressing and Resolving Allegations of Sexual Harassment Under Title IX and Other Forms of Sexual Misconduct") (https://regs.uky.edu/administrative-regulation/ar-62). Complaints regarding violations of University policies on discrimination, harassment, and sexual misconduct are handled by the Office of Institutional Equity and Equal Opportunity (Institutional Equity), which is located in 13 Main Building and can be reached by phone at (859) 257-8927. You can also visit Institutional Equity's website (https://ieeo.uky.edu/).

Faculty members are obligated to forward any report made by a student related to discrimination, harassment, and sexual misconduct to the Office of Institutional Equity. Students can confidentially report alleged incidences through the Violence Intervention and Prevention Center (https://www.uky.edu/vipcenter/), Counseling Center (https://www.uky.edu/counselingcenter/), or University Student Health Service(https://ukhealthcare.uky.edu/university-health-service/student-health).

Reports of discrimination, harassment, or sexual misconduct may be made via the Institutional Equity's website (https://ieeo.uky.edu/contact-us); at that site, click on "Make a Report" on the left-hand side of the page.

Regular and Substantive Interactions | AR-ASA 6.1.1
Courses satisfy the requirement for regular and substantive interaction when course participants meet regularly, as prescribed in the Appendices, and the Instructor of Record substantively interacts with students in at least two (2) of the following ways: provides direct instruction, assesses students' learning, provides information or responds to students' questions and facilitates student discussions. Some exceptions are allowed as per SACSCOC.

Classroom Emergency Preparedness and Response
Nothing is more important than the safety and well-being of our campus community. While the University of Kentucky Police Department continues to enhance campus safety measures, it is important to remember that everyone has a responsibility in keeping our community safe. To find more information visit Emergency Response Guide | University of Kentucky Police Department.

Emergency Reporting & Action
Reporting
If there is an emergency, DIAL 911. To report suspicious activity or non-emergency situations, call the UK Police Department at 859-257-8573 or #UKPD from any mobile phone. If an emergency occurs in a classroom or residence hall with a red emergency button, press to quickly notify UKPD. Emergency responders will immediately be dispatched to your location.

Action
During an emergency, you are responsible for your own safety. If an emergency occurs during class, your instructor will provide further direction based on university and department emergency plans.

Warning Systems
UK Alert - The university provides emergency notifications through UK Alert, which sends messages via email, text message, phone calls, building alarm systems, digital signage, social media and outdoor sirens. If you receive a UK Alert message during class, notify your instructor and classmates immediately. For more information, visit https://police.uky.edu/get-notified/uk-alert.

LiveSafe - The university provides additional emergency preparedness information and safety tools through LiveSafe, a free mobile app for iOS and Android. You can report suspicious activity, message with UK Police and virtually escort your friends through the SafeWalk tool. For more information, visit https://police.uky.edu/safety/livesafe.

Blue Emergency Towers - Blue Emergency Notification Towers are strategically placed at over 50 locations across campus to provide outdoor alert tones and broadcast emergency messages with loud speakers. Each tower also features an emergency push button speaker phone that reaches UKPD and a camera mounted above the tower. For more information, visit https://police.uky.edu/safety/blue-emergency-towers.

Medical Emergency
If there is a medical emergency, dial 911 and do not act outside the scope of your medical training. After dialing 911, inform your instructor of the situation.

Evacuation
It is required to evacuate for a fire alarm or when university officials order us to do so. Evacuation routes are marked with illuminated exit signs throughout the building. Avoid using elevators during any evacuation.

Emergency Sheltering
Storm Sheltering - Report to the recommended shelter locations. Recommended shelter locations are marked throughout the building. If shelter locations are unavailable, protect yourself from lightning and flying debris by moving to an interior room or hallway on the building's lowest level. Avoid outside doors and windows and get under a sturdy table and use your arms to protect your head and neck.

Shelter-in-Place - If a shelter-in-place order is issued, you will learn about this through UK Alert, the university's emergency notification system. If you are inside, stay where you are unless the building you are in is affected. If the building is affected, and the fire alarm has been activated or directed by law enforcement, you should evacuate. If you are outdoors, proceed into the closest UK building or follow instructions from emergency personnel or alerts. It is ideal to shelter-in-place in an interior room with the fewest or no windows and no doors to the outside if possible. Shut all windows and close exterior doors. If a hazardous chemical release occurs outside the building, follow these same procedures.

Active Aggressor
In a situation where an aggressor is trying to attack you or others, follow three steps:

1. Run - Attempt to get away from the attacker.
2. Hide - If you cannot run, barricade yourself in a safe place. Turn your phone to silent and dim your brightness. If possible, use the LiveSafe App to message UK Police and alert them to your location. If you don't have the app, dial 911. If you cannot speak, leave the line open and allow the dispatcher to listen.
3. Fight - If you cannot run or hide, do whatever you need to do to stop the attacker.

UK Police will communicate additional information through the UK Alert system during an active aggressor situation. Every UKY email automatically receives UK Alerts. You can also sign up in myUK to receive alerts via text and phone call.

Course Schedule

I. Greeks, Romans, and Others: Cross-Cultural Encounters in the Ancient World

Week #1	01/12	Course Syllabus and Mechanics
	01/14	Mesopotamia and the Birth of Civilization
	Recitation	Ancient versus Modern Worlds and the Art of Taking Notes Plato, *The Dialogues of Plato*, 5 vols., trans. Benjamin. Jowett (London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1892), 1: 484-489.
Week #2	01/19	NO CLASS (Martin Luther King Day)
	01/21	The Rise of Greek Civilization
	Recitation	The Past as a Foreign Country: Making Sense of Homer's *Iliad* Homer, *The Iliad of Homer*, trans. Richmond Lattimore (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1962), 153-167, 435-449. Arthur C. Clarke, "History Lesson," *Startling Stories* 19 (May 1949): 137-141.
Week #3	01/26	Confederation and Conflict in Classical Greece
	01/28	Alexander the Great and the Expansion of a Hellenistic World
	Recitation	Greek Philosophy: Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle Plato, *The Republic of Plato*, 3rd ed., trans. Benjamin. Jowett (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888), 140-179. Aristotle, *Aristotle's Politics*, trans. Benjamin. Jowett (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908), 25-53.
Week #4	02/02	Greek Civilization and Culture
	02/04	The Rise of Rome
	Recitation	Cutting through the Fat: Blood Sacrifice and the Art of Reading History Gregory S. Aldrete, "Hammers, Axes, Bulls, and Blood: Some Practical Aspects of Roman Animal Sacrifice," *Journal of Roman Studies* 104 (2014): 28-50. Celia E. Schultz, "Roman Sacrifice, Inside and Out," *Journal of Roman Studies* 106 (2016): 58-76. Malcolm W. Browne, "Relics of Carthage Show Brutality Amid the Good Life," *New York Times*, 1 September 1987: C1, C3.

Week #5	02/09	Expansion and Change: Life in the Roman Republic
	02/11	Julius Caesar and the End of the Roman Republic
	Recitation	Everyday Life in Ancient Rome

Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow, "'*ita pestilens est odore taeterrimo*': Reading Roman Sanitation from the Sources," *The Classical Outlook* 93 (2018): 53-61.

Livy, *History of Rome*, vol. 3: *Books Twenty-Seven to Thirty-Six*, trans. Cyrus Edmonds (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1850), 1490-1500.

"Sepulchral Inscriptions" and "The Humble Townspeople: From the Walls of Pompeii," in *Roman Civilization*, vol. 2, edited by Naphtali Lewis and Meyer Reinhold (New York: Columbia University Press, 1955), 2: 282-286, 358-360.

Week #6	02/16	Caesar Augustus and the Rise of the Roman Empire
	02/18	The Fall of Rome and the Triumph of Christianity
	Recitation	"And Now I Lay Me Down to Rest": Perspectives on Christian Martyrdom

Justin Martyr, "The First Apology," in *Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Translations of the Writings of the Fathers down to A.D. 325*, vol. 2: *Justin Martyr and Athenagoras*, edited by Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1867), 7-17.

Pliny, "Letter to Trajan" in *Pliny's Letters*, edited by Alfred Church and W.J. Brodribb (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, New York: John B. Alden Publisher, 1872), 152-155.

"The Passion of the Holy Martyrs Perpetua and Felicitas," in *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, vol. 3: *Latin Christianity: Its Founder, Tertullian*, eds. Alexander Roberts, James Donaldson, and A. Cleveland Cox (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1903), 699-706.

Week #7	02/23	Midterm Review
	02/25	Midterm Exam
	Recitation	NO RECITATION
Week #8	03/02	Cogwheels and Cosmographies: The Wonders of the Ancient World
	03/04	Remnants of the Ancient World in Modern Times
	Recitation	Greco-Roman Legacies: Critical Thinking and the Art of Taking an Exam

Alexander Calandra, "Angels on a Pin," *ETC: A Review of General Semantics* 32 (September 1975): 257-258.

Richard P. Feynman, *"Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!": Adventures of a Curious Character*, edited by Ralph Leighton and Edward Hutchings (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company, 1985), 199-219.

II. The Holy and the Profane: The West in Medieval Times

Week #9 03/09 Roman Legacies in the East: A Byzantine World

03/11 Roman Legacies in the West: The Christian Church

Recitation Creative Approaches to the "Dark Ages": From Hari Seldon to Brother Francis Gerard of Utah

Isaac Asimov, "Foundation," *Astounding Science-Fiction* 24 (May 1942): 38-53.
Walter M. Miller, Jr., "A Canticle for Leibowitz," *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* 8 (April 1955): 93-111.

SPRING BREAK NO LECTURES OR RECITATION (03/16 - 03/20)

Week #10 03/23 The Rise of the Franks: Charlemagne and the Carolingians

03/25 Conflicts and Conspiracies: Secular and Religious Authority in the High Middle Ages

Recitation The Investiture Controversy: The Letters of Pope Gregory VII and King Henry IV

"Decree of 1059 Concerning Papal Elections" and "Documents Relating to the War of the Investitures," in *Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages*, ed. in Ernest F. Henderson (London: George Bell and Sons, 1905), 351-357, 361-409.

Week #11 03/30 Life and Death in a Time of Plague

04/01 Women, Men, and Family in a Medieval World

Recitation To Live and to Lose in Medieval Times

"The Arrival of the Plague," "The Plague in Florence," "Ordinances Against the Spread of the Plague, Pistoia, 1348," "The Persecution of Jews," "Measures Taken Against the Jews in Lausanne," "Examination of the Jews Captured in Savoy," "Letter from Cologne to Strassburg," and "Mandate of Clement VI Concerning the Jews," in *The Black Death*, ed. Rosemary Horrox (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 1994), 14-34, 194-203, 208-222.
Israel Gollancz, ed., *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise* (London: J.M. Dent and Company, 1908), 21-95.

Week #12 04/06 Normans Abroad and Franks at Home: Medieval England and France

04/08 Royal Challenges to Papal Authority

Recitation Discussion: From *Henry V* to *Spamalot*: Creative Approaches to the Medieval Era

No Readings

Creative Paper Due: Friday, April 10 (submit via Canvas)

III. Discovery and Expansion: Europe during the 15th and 16th Centuries

Week #13 04/13 Strange Bedfellows: The Protestant Reformations

04/15 The Church Responds: The Catholic Reformation and Counter-Reformation

Recitation Reformation and Counter-Reformation: Martin Luther and John Gerard

Martin Luther, "Against Catholicism," in *The Library of Original Sources*, 10 vols., edited by Oliver J. Thatcher (Milwaukee: University Research Extension Co., 1907-1915), 5: 111, 119-127.

John Gerard, *John Gerard: The Autobiography of an Elizabethan*, trans. Philip Caraman (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1951), xxiv-18, 21-25, 27-30, 32-33, 37-38, 40-42, 48-49, 51, 54-75, 77-79, 92-94, 98-99, 102-120, 123-125, 127-139, 164-167, 169-171, 197-201, 203-207.

Week #14 04/20 The Renaissance in Italy and Beyond

04/22 When Worlds Collide: The Life and Times of Bartolomé de las Casas

Recitation Discovering New Worlds

Johannes Kepler, "On the Principles of Astronomy," in *The Library of Original Sources*, 10 vols., edited by Oliver J. Thatcher (Milwaukee: University Research Extension Co., 1907-1915), 5: 308-315.

Bartolomé de las Casas, *An Account, Much Abbreviated, of the Destruction of the Indies*, trans. Andrew Hurley (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 2003), 1-21, 86-88.

Week #15 04/27 Western Civilization on the Eve of the 17th Century, Part I

04/29 Western Civilization on the Eve of the 17th Century, Part II

Recitation NO RECITATION (READING DAY)

Optional Evening Review Session: Week of April 27-May 1 (Date, time, and location TBD)

Final Exam: Monday, May 4, 1:00-3:00 PM

Week #1 (Monday, January 12 - Friday, January 16)

01/12	Course Syllabus and Mechanics
01/14	Mesopotamia and the Birth of Civilization
Recitation	Ancient versus Modern Worlds and the Art of Note-Taking Plato, *The Dialogues of Plato*, 5 vols., trans. Benjamin Jowett (London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1892), 1: 484-489.

Introduction to Part I. Greeks, Romans, and Others: Cross-Cultural Encounters in the Ancient World
Over the first eight weeks of class we will examine the ancient world, focusing especially upon ancient Greece and Rome. This portion of the class will culminate in a midterm examination, which will be held in late February.

Lectures
In this week's classes we begin our study of the ancient world. In our first class on Monday we discuss the course syllabus and course mechanics. And on Wednesday, we have our first real lecture as we examine connections across a series of ancient civilizations in Mesopotamia, including the Sumerians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Israelites, and Persians.

Recitation
During this first week we'll use recitation to model how the weekly recitations will normally function. Additionally, we'll discuss some important skills that can help students to succeed in the course, including note-taking.

In this week's recitation we'll also discuss your first reading assignment: a short piece originally written by Plato, a Greek philosopher who was born in Athens in the 5th century BC. The piece recounts a dialogue between Plato's teacher, the Greek Philosopher Socrates, and Socrates' contemporary Phaedrus who was an Athenian aristocrat.

We'll talk more about Greek civilization and culture over the next three weeks, but in the interim I wanted to already use this piece as a jumping off point for our first class discussion. What is Socrates' main point in the piece? Does he consider the written word to be a good thing? And how do his conceptions of writing compare to our own views today about the power of the written word? As a side note, Socrates made no writings of his own. Everything that we know about him comes from his students . . .

Please note that normally each recitation will begin with a short quiz that will assess students' completion and understanding of the weekly readings and lectures. For this first week, however, there will NOT be a quiz.

Week #2 (Monday, January 19 - Friday, January 23)

01/19 NO CLASS (Martin Luther King Day)

01/21 The Rise of Greek Civilization

Recitation The Past as a Foreign Country: Making Sense of Homer's *Iliad*
Homer, *The Iliad of Homer*, trans. Richmond Lattimore (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1962), 153-167, 435-449.
Arthur C. Clarke, "History Lesson," *Startling Stories* 19 (May 1949): 137-141.

Please note that beginning this week all recitations will include a short quiz that will assess students' completion and understanding of the weekly readings and lectures. The questions for the reading portion of these weekly quizzes will largely be drawn from the discussion questions provided in these weekly descriptions.

Lectures
In Wednesday's lecture we shift our focus to the ancient Greeks, discussing the origins of Greek civilization and political organization.

Recitation
For this week we'll discuss two very different readings: *The Iliad* by the Greek author Homer, and the short story "History Lesson" by the science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke.

The Iliad is an ancient Greek epic poem that narrates a part of the mythic story of the conquest of the city of Troy (sometimes referred to as "Ilium") by a confederation of Greek city states.

In terms of historical background, Troy was a real city on the coasts of ancient Turkey that was sacked and abandoned at the end of the Bronze Age. However, the story of the Trojan War as told in *The Iliad* is mythic in nature with heroes, gods, and demi-gods playing out their parts on a human stage. *The Iliad* itself is believed to have been based on earlier oral traditions. (According to current scholarship Homer would have written everything down at some point during the 8th century BC.)

The Iliad is quite literally an "epic" poem with more than 15,000 lines! But we'll only be reading excerpts from an edition that has been translated into English prose. The complete poem tells the story of a two week period in the last weeks of the ten year siege of Troy, though it is full of references to earlier events and coming portents. In the excerpts that I've assigned you'll find a host of characters as well as references to numerous Greek gods. *Please don't let all of the names overwhelm you.*

In terms of some quick background, this mythic version of the Trojan War is said to have begun when Helen, the wife of Menelaus (the king of the Greek city of Sparta), is seduced by Paris, the son of Priam (who is the aged king of the city of Troy). After Helen and Paris flee to Troy, Menelaus's brother Agamemnon leads an invading force of Achaeans (Greeks) to lay siege to Troy in order to win back Helen and avenge the honor of his brother King Menelaus. Beyond these important characters, the text refers to numerous other figures. On the side of the Greeks, these include Achilles (the Greek's foremost warrior) and Patroclus (Achilles' closest companion); and on the side of the Trojans, there is Hector (the Trojan's foremost warrior) who

is the brother of Paris and son of the old Trojan king Priam, as well as Andromache who is Hector's wife. Beyond these main characters, you'll find references to all sorts of other figures. *Again, please don't let all of the names overwhelm you.* Our primary focus will be on the social world that the poem describes.

In terms of the assigned excerpts, the first excerpt tells of a lull in the battle when Hector attempts to find his brother Paris and in the process encounters Helen as well as his own wife Andromache (pp. 153-167). From there, the second excerpt takes place after Achilles' companion Patroclus has been killed by Hector, and Achilles seeks to avenge Patroclus' death by finding Hector and killing him in hand to hand combat (pp. 435-449).

Although *The Iliad* is very much mythic in nature, it reflects a Homeric set of values that speaks to the social world of ancient Greece. In this regard, the social world described in *The Iliad* would continue to be recognizable across the Greek world in the centuries that followed.

Based on your reading of these excerpts, what social codes would you say governed ancient Greek society? In this regard, what can the conversations between Hector and Helen and between Hector and Andromache tell us about how families functioned and the relationships between Greek men and women during this era? Similarly, what can the descriptions of Achilles's attempts to avenge the death of his companion Patroclus tell us about Greek notions of courage, honor, and manliness?

The second reading—a short fictional story by Arthur C. Clarke entitled "History Lesson"—was originally published in May 1949 in *Startling Stories* (a pulp science fiction magazine). (Intriguingly, the story was written at a time when many scientists believed that the Earth was approaching another ice age—an element that becomes a central part of the story's plot.) An imaginative tale about the discovery of an ancient civilization by future historians (who fittingly have scales!), the piece raises a number of intriguing questions about the prospects of "doing" history.

For discussion, I'd like you to especially consider how this story reflects on our own attempts to make sense of an ancient past—including the story of the Trojan War—based on surviving primary sources like *The Iliad.*

Week #3 (Monday, January 26 - Friday, January 30)

01/26	Confederation and Conflict in Classical Greece
01/28	Alexander the Great and the Expansion of a Hellenistic World
Recitation	Greek Philosophy: Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle Plato, *The Republic of Plato*, 3rd ed., trans. Benjamin Jowett (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888), 140-179. Aristotle, *Aristotle's Politics*, trans. Benjamin Jowett (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908), 25-53.

Lecture
In this week's classes we continue our treatment of ancient Greece. On Monday we tell the story of the Greco-Persian Wars and the rise of two important Greek city states: Sparta and Athens. And on Wednesday we examine the expansion of Greek language and learning during the Hellenistic Era, focusing on the conquests of Philip of Macedon and of his son Alexander the Great and the subsequent influence and expansion of Greek society and culture in their wake.

Recitation
For recitation this week we'll discuss excerpts from two works that treat the ideas of three Greek philosophers from the classical era: Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle

In terms of background, Plato was a student of Socrates who would go on to found an Academy in Athens around 387 BC. (Plato's academy would become an important place of learning in the years that followed, and some have argued that it was the world's first institution of higher learning.) The Academy's students were primarily upper class men, although there are records of at least two women who studied under Plato. Among Plato's students was Aristotle, another influential Greek philosopher whose work we'll also be reading this week. In this way, the ideas of the three philosophers that we'll be discussing are very much interconnected.

The first excerpt that you'll be reading is from Plato's *Republic*, a work that treats questions of justice and what life would ideally be like in a perfect world. In terms of form, the *Republic* is set up as a Socratic dialogue in which Plato's mentor Socrates converses with various other Athenians and foreigners, essentially responding to their queries. In the excerpt that we'll be reading, Plato focuses especially on the relationship between men and women as well as the relationship between individuals and the state. According to his arguments, what would an ideal world look like? More specifically, what would be the ideal relationship between men and women in this world? And what about the relationship between individuals and the state? Do you think that Plato's description of justice reflects real elements of Greek society during this era or is he speaking merely of some sort of utopian dream that has no basis in the world of fact?

The second excerpt is from Aristotle's *Politics*. It focuses on the ancient Greek concept of the *polis*, and the relationship between the individual inhabitants of a city-state and the larger political community of which they're a part. You'll find that that Aristotle treats a large variety of topics in the short excerpt that I've given you, including relationships between men, women, and children; relationships between masters and slaves; the nature of personal property; and even morally right and wrong ways of making money. For the purposes of our discussion, I'd especially encourage you to consider how Aristotle's ideas reflect on the human relationships of his own day and time. How does his description of gender relations, for example, compare to

what Plato has to say in the *Republic* about ideal relationships between men and women. And what does Aristotle say about slavery? Does he consider slavery to be a just and natural part of society? Or, in Aristotle's, eyes is all slavery morally wrong? And how does he justify his claims?

Week #4 (Monday, February 2 - Friday, February 6)

02/02 Greek Civilization and Culture

02/04 The Rise of Rome

Recitation Cutting through the Fat: Blood Sacrifice and the Art of Reading History

Gregory S. Aldrete, "Hammers, Axes, Bulls, and Blood: Some Practical Aspects of Roman Animal Sacrifice," *Journal of Roman Studies* 104 (2014): 28-50.

Celia E. Schultz, "Roman Sacrifice, Inside and Out," *Journal of Roman Studies* 106 (2016): 58-76.

Malcolm W. Browne, "Relics of Carthage Show Brutality Amid the Good Life," *New York Times*, 1 September 1987: C1, C3.

Lectures

In this week's classes we conclude our examination of the ancient Greek world and begin a new focus on ancient Rome. On Monday, we discuss the lasting influences of Greek literature and philosophy on the western canon. And on Wednesday we examine the rise of the city of Rome from an obscure agricultural village to the center of an expanding Roman Republic.

Recitation

This week's readings treat religious beliefs and practices in ancient Rome and Carthage, focusing especially on ritual sacrifices. Altogether you'll be reading three articles. The first two are from academic journals—Gregory Aldrete's "Hammers, Axes, Bulls, and Blood" and Celia Schultz's "Roman Sacrifice, Inside and Out"—which treat both the meaning and practical aspects of animal sacrifices in ancient Rome. The third article—Malcolm Browne's "Relics of Carthage"—is a short piece that was originally published in the *New York Times,* focusing on human sacrifice in ancient Carthage.

Like many of our reading assignments, this one has multiple purposes. To begin, I'd encourage you to consider the different interpretations of each article. What is the main point or argument that each author makes? How do their approaches compare to one another? If you were to try to summarize each article's thesis in a simple sentence or two, what would you write?

Secondly, we'll use this assignment to discuss how to read quickly and efficiently for a college class, so please come to recitation prepared to discuss any ideas that you might have in this regard.

Week #5 (Monday, February 9 - Friday, February 13)

02/09 Expansion and Change: Life in the Roman Republic

02/11 Julius Caesar and the Fall of the Roman Republic

Recitation Everyday Life in Ancient Rome

Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow, "'*ita pestilens est odore taeterrimo*': Reading Roman Sanitation from the Sources," *The Classical Outlook* 93 (2018): 53-61.

Livy, *History of Rome*, vol. 3: *Books Twenty-Seven to Thirty-Six*, trans. Cyrus Edmonds (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1850), 1490-1500.

"Sepulchral Inscriptions" and "The Humble Townspeople: From the Walls of Pompeii," in *Roman Civilization*, vol. 2, edited by Naphtali Lewis and Meyer Reinhold (New York: Columbia University Press, 1955), 2: 282-286, 358-360.

Lectures

This week's classes focus on the history of the Roman Republic. More specifically, Monday's lecture treats the expansion of the Republic from its origins in 509 BC to the sacking of Carthage in 146 BC, focusing on the evolution of Roman society during this era. In turn, Wednesday's class tells the story of the assassination of Julius Caesar and the end of the Republic.

Recitation

This week we will be discussing three works that treat various facets of everyday life in ancient Rome (including everything from public latrines and sewer systems to gender and family relations).

The first reading is an article by Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow's that examines Roman sewer systems and water management. As a secondary source it lends itself to skimming, and I'd encourage you to try some of the reading techniques that we discussed last week to be able to move through it quickly. The author's main topic is public sanitation, and underneath this broad umbrella you'll find that the article treats a variety of topics, including the proliferation of public latrines, the development and purpose of Rome's sewer system (the *Cloaca Maxima*), and various everyday aspects of public sanitation in ancient Rome. One of the authors' points is that Rome's main sewer system (the *Cloaca Maxima*) functioned perhaps more like a storm drainage system than a place for waste disposal. What are some reasons that you might not want to connect your own personal toilet to the main sewer lines of ancient Rome?

The other two readings are from primary sources that treat other aspects of everyday life in ancient Rome. Unlike the article (described above) these primary sources do not lend themselves to skimming, but they are relatively short.

The first of these is an excerpt from Livy's *History of Rome*, which tells the story of the repeal of the Oppian Law in 195 BC. (In terms of background, the Oppian Law was originally established in 215 BC in the midst of the Second Punic War, and placed limits on a woman's ability to possess and display wealth. The law originated during a time of political and economic turmoil, but a generation later in 195 BC as the Roman Senate and the Tribunes debated its repeal—which is what you'll be reading about—Rome was enjoying a period of prosperity and wealth.) What does this source tell us about the relationship between men and women during this era on a

theoretical level? What, for example, does Marcus Porcius Cato's arguments tell us about the theoretical place of women in Roman society? On the other hand, what can Lucius Valerius's response to Cato tell us about practical aspects of women's abilities to be part of a public sphere in ancient Rome? And what can the response of the women themselves in the story tell us about the practical aspects of the relationships between men and women in ancient Rome?

Finally, the third reading provides examples of Roman writing on funerary monuments as well as graffiti on the walls of buildings in Pompeii. What can these remnants from the past tell us about everyday life in the ancient Roman world?

Week #6 (Monday, February 16 - Friday, February 20)

02/16 Caesar Augustus and the Rise of the Roman Empire

02/18 The Fall of Rome and the Triumph of Christianity

Recitation "And Now I Lay Me Down to Rest": Perspectives on Christian Martyrdom

Justin Martyr, "The First Apology," in *Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Translations of the Writings of the Fathers down to A.D. 325*, vol. 2: *Justin Martyr and Athenagoras*, edited by Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1867), 7-17.

Pliny, "Letter to Trajan" in *Pliny's Letters*, edited by Alfred Church and W.J. Brodribb (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, New York: John B. Alden Publisher, 1872), 152-155.

"The Passion of the Holy Martyrs Perpetua and Felicitas," in *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, vol 3: *Latin Christianity: Its Founder, Tertullian*, eds. Alexander Roberts, James Donaldson, and A. Cleveland Cox (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1903), 699-706.

Lectures

This week we focus on the history of the Roman Empire from its rise in the years after the assassination of Julius Caesar to its fall in the late 5th century. More specifically, in Monday's lecture we tell the story of Caesar's grand-nephew and heir, Caesar Augustus, who will become the first Roman emperor and usher in a lengthy era of Roman prosperity. Then on Wednesday we'll discuss the decline and fall of the Roman Empire in the West, alongside the emergence and triumph of Christianity.

Recitation

In recitation we will begin to review for the upcoming midterm exam. Additionally, we will discuss three primary sources that speak to the Christian persecutions of the 2nd and 3rd century AD. The readings are relatively short, though you'll want to be sure to still give yourself enough time to complete them.

The first source was written by Justin Martyr, a 2nd century Christian who was born in Samaria (in the modern day West Bank) around AD 100. Justin's journey to Christianity was long and winding. (He had previously studied various other traditions, including the philosophies of Stoic, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and Plato, before converting to Christianity.) In his later years, he would work as a missionary in Rome under the guise of teaching what he called the "true philosophy" before he was eventually denounced for his Christian faith and executed in AD 165. In this piece, Justin writes to the Roman emperor Antoninus sometime around AD 155, defending his Christian beliefs and seeking to refute Roman criticism of the Christian faith. What sorts of arguments does Justin use to defend Christianity? How does the logic of his arguments reflect the Greco-Roman world in which he lived? What can this piece tell us about the relationship between Christian beliefs and the philosophies of the Greco-Roman world during this era? (Please note that this piece is a bit longer, but it's organized in a very logical way and you should be able to skim it fairly quickly.)

The second reading is a famous letter written by a Roman governor Pliny the Younger to the Roman emperor Trajan in AD 112. Pliny is writing from a province in Asia Minor where Christianity has taken root, and he is particularly concerned with how to deal with the new

religion's adherents in his province. Based on this letter, how has Pliny dealt with Christians in the past? And what instructions does the Roman emperor provide for him moving forward? In turn, what can this source tell us about Roman conceptions of Christianity during this period of time? (Please note that Pliny's letter does not lend itself to skimming, but it's only a few pages long so you should be able to complete it very quickly.)

The final source was written by a young Christian woman named Perpetua who was swept up in a series of anti-Christian purges in Carthage (which at this point is a Roman province) in the early years of the 3rd century AD. It tells of Perpetua's suffering in prison and a postscript at the end tells of her eventual death alongside other Christians at the hands of Roman soldiers . . . after being thrust into an arena of wild beasts and surrounded by cheering spectators. Written by a young woman more than 1800 years ago, the story of Perpetua is a moving tale, and I'd encourage you to spend a bit more time on this piece as it provides a very personal perspective not only on the Christian persecutions of this era, but also on human relationships more generally. What, for example, does this piece tell us about Perpetua's faith and her relationships with other family members (especially her father)? And what does it tell us about the relationships between early Christians?

Week #7 (Monday, February 23 - Friday, February 27)

02/23	Midterm Review
02/25	Midterm Exam
Recitation	NO RECITATION

Lecture
In Monday's class we'll spend the first few minutes finishing up our earlier lecture on the rise of Christianity in a Roman context. And from there the remainder of our time will be devoted to reviewing for the upcoming midterm examination.

Midterm Exam
On Wednesday of this week students will complete the midterm examination in class during our regularly scheduled class time (12:00-12:50 PM).

Recitation
Please note that there are no readings for this week and recitations do not meet.

Week #8 (Monday, March 2 - Friday, March 6

03/02	Cogwheels and Cosmographies: The Wonders of the Ancient World
03/04	Remnants of the Ancient World in Modern Times
Recitation	Greco-Roman Legacies: Critical Thinking and the Art of Taking an Exam

Alexander Calandra, "Angels on a Pin," *ETC: A Review of General Semantics* 32 (September 1975): 257-258.

Richard P. Feynman, *"Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!": Adventures of a Curious Character*, edited by Ralph Leighton and Edward Hutchings (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company, 1985), 199-219.

Lectures

This week's lectures will focus on how important elements of the ancient world have been preserved in surprising ways. In Monday's class we treat notions of science and technology in the Hellenistic era, recounting the story of the so-called Antikythera mechanism and its rediscovery in the early 20th century. In turn, Wednesday's lecture concludes our study of ancient Greece and Rome by examining remnants of the ancient world in modern times.

Recitation

For recitation this week we'll be using student experiences on the midterm exam as a learning opportunity to help students prepare for the second half of the semester. To this end, please come to recitation prepared to share ideas about what worked (or didn't) in terms of your preparation and your actual performance on the exam itself. If you could take the exam over again, what (if anything) would you do differently?

In turn, our readings for this week won't actually focus on the ancient world, but rather, on student learning and assessment. To this end, student will read a couple of short pieces that tell the stories of two science educators and their experiences with student learning and assessment. Both readings are intended to get you to think critically about test taking . . . Additionally, they're also meant to be fun!

The first piece is an article by Alexander Calandra, a chemist and science educator, who was an advocate for non-traditional teaching methods. Entitled "Angels on a Pin," the article tells the story of a student who challenged the grade that he had received on a physics exam that he felt was flawed. What does Calandra's story reveal about the limitations of assessing student learning through traditional tests?

The second reading includes excerpts from the book *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman*, a memoir by the celebrated physicist Richard Feynman who won the noble prize in physics in 1965. In the portions of the memoir that you'll be reading, Feynman tells of his experiences as a visiting professor in Brazil in the 1950s and 1960s.

The first part of the excerpt provides cultural context on Feynman's experiences in Brazil. I've included it here so that you'll have a general sense of his time in Brazil . . . and also because I'm a specialist in Brazilian history, and I couldn't bear to part with this portion of the story. (If you find his experiences with Brazilian *carnaval* and samba gets to be too long, please don't hesitate to skip directly to p. 211 and read from there.) Thereafter, Feynman shares his experiences teaching physics in Brazil.

What were Feynman's concerns about how instructors and students in Brazil approached the process of teaching and learning physics? And what does his story reveal about the limitations of assessing student learning through traditional tests? Based on your experiences in high school and college, do you think Feynman's concerns are still valid today?

Week #9 (Monday, March 9 - Friday, March 13)

03/09	Roman Legacies in the East: A Byzantine World
03/11	Roman Legacies in the West: The Christian Church
Recitation	Creative Approaches to the "Dark Ages": From Hari Seldon to Brother Francis Gerard of Utah

Isaac Asimov, "Foundation," *Astounding Science-Fiction* 24 (May 1942): 38-53.
Walter M. Miller, Jr., "A Canticle for Leibowitz," *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* 8 (April 1955): 93-111.

Introduction to Part II. The Holy and the Profane: The West in Medieval Times

We're now moving into Part II of the course where we'll focus on Europe during medieval times (roughly from the 5th to the 15th century). This portion of the course will culminate in your second major assignment: a creative paper where you'll be able to think outside the box, drawing upon literary techniques and your own creativity to bring the past to life. In the lead-up to this assignment we'll be using our weekly lectures and recitations to treat relevant background on the history of medieval Europe and to show examples of how scholars and others have creatively treated this era of European history.

Lectures

This week's lectures examine the legacies of the Roman Empire during medieval times, focusing on how the learning and traditions of ancient Greece and Rome are preserved following the fall of Roman Empire in the West in 476 AD. More specifically, Monday's lecture examines the history of the Byzantine Empire which was based out of Constantinople and which was a center of learning and tradition and essentially a continuation of the Roman Empire in the East. In turn, Wednesday's lecture focuses on the role of the Catholic Church in preserving ancient learning in the centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire in the West.

Recitation

In preparation for your creative paper assignment, this week's readings are two fictional works that creatively draw upon both the fall of the Roman Empire and the role of the Church in preserving ancient learning. Rather than treating the medieval era as a dead past, however, this week's readings are two works of classic science fiction that are set in a distant future.

Isaac' Asimov's short story "Foundation" was originally published in the May 1942 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction* as the first of a series of short stories that would later be collected and published in book form between 1951 and 1953 as Asimov's original *Foundation Trilogy*. This first story is set in the waning days of a galactic empire, and begins with a brief preface that tells the story of a gifted mathematician, Hari Seldon, who is able to use mathematics to predict the fall of a galactic empire and to foresee the coming of a dark age that will last between 30,000 and 50,000 years. Aware of the coming crisis, Seldon develops a plan to create the Foundations, two groups of scientists and engineers who will preserve science and civilization and become the cornerstones of a new galactic empire. As you read Asimov's original short story "Foundation," I'd encourage you to note how he draws inspiration upon the fall of the Roman Empire and the subsequent rise of barbarian states? How does he depict a galactic empire in decline from the perspective of the faraway periphery of Terminus where the story is set? For example, how is the emperor's representative Lord Dorwin portrayed in the story? And what about the barbarian sectors of Anacreon and Smyrno that surround the outpost

of Terminus? How are they portrayed?

In turn, Walter M. Miller, Jr.'s "A Canticle for Leibowitz" was originally published as a short story in the April 1955 edition of the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. (Like Asimov, Miller would later expand this story significantly and publish it as his acclaimed novel *A Canticle of Leibowitz* in 1961.) This original short story is set in the southwest United States hundreds of years after a global nuclear war that has destroyed civilization. It tells the story of Brother Francis Gerard of Utah, a would-be monk who is studying to become a member of the Albertian Order of Leibowitz, and how he discovers relics belonging to his order's founder from hundreds of years before in the time of the "Flaming Deluge." As you read the story, I'd especially encourage you to consider how the Catholic Church is portrayed. What roles do Brother Francis Gerard and the other members of his religious order play in the preservation of knowledge in this post-apocalyptic world? And how does Miller portray the Church itself in terms of its traditions, wealth, pomp, and circumstance in the midst of a world that is essentially in tatters?

As a final note, this week's readings are intended to be enjoyable (even fun!) . . . but as works of fiction they don't really lend themselves to skimming. Please be sure to give yourself enough to complete them -- *and to understand them* -- before you meet in recitation this week. (I'd suggest that you reserve at least an hour or two to be able to read them in their entirety.)

Week #10 (Monday, March 23- Friday, March 27)

03/23	The Rise of the Franks: Charlemagne and the Carolingians
03/25	Conflicts and Conspiracies: Secular and Religious Authority in the High Middle Ages
Recitation	The Investiture Controversy: The Letters of Pope Gregory VII and King Henry IV "Decree of 1059 Concerning Papal Elections" and "Documents Relating to the War of the Investitures," in *Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages*, ed. in Ernest F. Henderson (London: George Bell and Sons, 1905), 351-357, 361-409.

Lecture

This week's lecture focus on the alliances and divisions that united and divided secular and religious authority in the middle ages. More specifically, Monday's lecture treats the rise of a series of Germanic kingdoms in Europe in the wake of the fall of the Roman Empire, examining how these kingdoms initially sought to align themselves with the Papacy in Rome. In turn, Wednesday's class focuses on conflicts between secular and religious authority beginning in the 10th and 11th centuries, as personified in the lives of Pope Gregory VII and Holy Roman Emperor Henry IV.

Recitation

The readings for this week are a series of historical documents relating to the Investiture Controversy, which was discussed at length in Wednesday's lecture. (Please note that the documents themselves are preceded by a short historical introduction to the controversy.)

In terms of preparing for discussion, if you were to try to recreate the tale of the Investiture Controversy in a dramatic fashion, which of the documents would you use to provide a focal point for your story? What did you find to be the most dramatic moment in this tale?

Beyond discussing the documents included here, Dr. Myrup and the teaching assistants will use this recitation to introduce students to the creative paper assignment and answer questions that students might have about the assignment.

Week #11 (Monday, March 30 - Friday, April 3)

03/30 Life and Death in a Time of Plague

04/01 Women, Men, and Family in a Medieval World

Recitation To Live and to Lose in Medieval Times

"The Arrival of the Plague," "The Plague in Florence," "Ordinances Against the Spread of the Plague, Pistoia, 1348," "The Persecution of Jews," "Measures Taken Against the Jews in Lausanne," "Examination of the Jews Captured in Savoy," "Letter from Cologne to Strassburg," and "Mandate of Clement VI Concerning the Jews," in *The Black Death*, ed. Rosemary Horrox (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 1994), 14-34, 194-203, 208-222.

Israel Gollancz, ed., *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise* (London: J.M. Dent and Company, 1908), 21-95.

Lectures

In this week's lectures we'll focus on social and cultural elements of medieval society. In Monday's class we examine the medieval era through the lens of the Black Death, a terrible pandemic that ravaged Europe in the mid-14th century. Additionally, this lecture will treat feudalism and the rise of the crusades. And on Wednesday our focus will be on gender relations as well as the rise of medieval universities.

Recitation

The readings for recitation closely reflect this week's lectures.

The first set of readings are a series of primary sources that speak to the effects of the Black Death on medieval society. Based on these sources how did people during this period make sense of the Black Death? How did they explain its causes and respond to it?

The second set of readings are a series of letters written by two famous lovers in the 12th century France: Abelard and Héloïse. I briefly tell their story and provide background on their lives in Wednesday's lecture, but their tale is also laid out in their letters themselves—especially the first letter from Abelard to his friend Philintus, in which he recounts this tragic tale. What do the letters between Héloïse and Abelard tell us about the relationships between women and men during this era? How does Héloïse make sense of their lost love? And how does her perspective compare to that of Abelard?

Week #12 (Monday, April 6 - Friday, April 10)

04/06	Normans Abroad and Franks at Home: Medieval England and France
04/08	Royal Challenges to Papal Authority
Recitation	From *Henry V* to *Spamalot*: Creative Approaches to the Medieval Era No Readings

Lectures

For this week, we shift our focus to the political and religious conflicts of the late medieval era. In Monday's lecture we discuss the medieval histories of England and France, including the Norman invasion of England in 1066, as well as English designs on France, culminating in the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. And in Wednesday's class, we'll discuss royal challenges to papal authority, culminating in the story of the Avignon Papacy.

Recitation

For this week's recitation there is no reading assignment since everyone is working to complete the creative paper assignment (due at the end of the day on Friday, April 10). There will, however, still be a quiz in recitation, so you'll want to be sure to keep up with this week's lectures. Additionally, we'll use recitation to finish up our discussion of the Middle Ages, highlighting the creative ways that people have approached the medieval era in fiction and film.

Week #13 (Monday, April 13- Friday, April 17)

04/13 Strange Bedfellows: The Protestant Reformations The Church Responds:

04/15 The Catholic Reformation and Counter-Reformation Reformation and

Recitation Counter-Reformation: Martin Luther and John Gerard

Martin Luther, "Against Catholicism," in *The Library of Original Sources*, 10 vols., edited by Oliver J. Thatcher (Milwaukee: University Research Extension Co., 1907-1915), 5: 111, 119-127.

John Gerard, *John Gerard: The Autobiography of an Elizabethan*, trans. Philip Caraman (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1951), xxiv-18, 21-25, 27-30, 32-33, 37-38, 40-42, 48-49, 51, 54-75, 77-79, 92-94, 98-99, 102-120, 123-125, 127-139, 164-167, 169-171, 197-201, 203-207.

Introduction to Part III. Discovery and Expansion: Europe during the 15th and 16th Centuries
We're now moving into Part III of the course where we'll focus on Europe and its expansion into the New World and beyond. This portion of the course will culminate in a final examination which will be held in early May and which will assess your understanding of both lectures and readings from Parts I, II, and III of the course.

Lectures
In this week's lectures we focus on religious changes that begin to sweep across Europe in the early 16th century. On Monday, we examine the lives of Martin Luther and other religious reformers, culminating in the rise of the Protestant Reformation. From there, on Wednesday we shift our focus to England, using the story of Sir Thomas More to examine the rise of an internal Catholic Reformation, or Counter-Reformation, in response to the rise of the Protestant Reformation.

Recitation
For this week we will be reading two primary sources that speak to conflicts between Protestants and Catholics in 16th century Europe. These include a theological tract by Martin Luther as well as excerpts from the autobiography of a Catholic priest John Gerard. In terms of budgeting your time, I'd encourage you to quickly skim the Luther pieces, and then to spend the majority of your time on the Gerard material.

The reading by Martin Luther is entitled "Against Catholicism" in which he speaks to the corruption and decadence that he witnessed within the Catholic Church during his lifetime. Based on this text what are Luther's main concerns about the Church? How do particular practices and traditions within the Church fit into his critique?

From there our main reading for this week is the autobiography of John Gerard. Gerard's story is a tale of both subterfuge and self-sacrifice and offers a very personal account of the effects of religious intolerance on the lives of everyday people during this era.

In terms of background, Gerard was a young Jesuit novice who was originally born in England in 1564 but who would journey to continental Europe in his youth in order to become a Catholic priest. In 1588 under instructions from the pope, he would secretly return to England in order to offer succor and aid to persecuted Catholics and more generally to try to win back Protestant England into the Catholic fold.

Gerard's story is fairly long, but it makes for a lively read and my sense is that you'll be able to move through it fairly quickly. In terms of discussion questions, how does Gerard portray the treatment of English Catholics upon his return to England in 1588 and what does his story tell us about the relationship between church and state in England during the Elizabethan era? In turn, what can we learn about the Catholic Counter-Reformation and its influence in England during this era? Finally, what does Gerard's story tell us about Gerard himself? How did he cope with the trials that he experienced? Based on your reading of Gerard's story, what roles might religious persecution have played in the endurance and survival of Catholicism in the British Isles?

Week #14 (Monday, April 20 - Friday, April 24)

04/20 The Renaissance in Italy and Beyond

04/22 When Worlds Collide: The Life and Times of Bartolomé de las Casas

Recitation Discovering New Worlds

Johannes Kepler, "On the Principles of Astronomy," in The Library of Original Sources, 10 vols., edited by Oliver J. Thatcher (Milwaukee: University Research Extension Co., 1907-1915), 5: 308-315.

Bartolomé de las Casas, *An Account, Much Abbreviated, of the Destruction of the Indies*, trans. Andrew Hurley (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 2003), 1-21, 86-88.

Lectures

In this week's classes we examine the European discovery of "new worlds." In Monday's class our focus is on the Renaissance, culminating in the story of Johannes Kepler and his attempts to determine the shape of planetary orbits in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century. In turn, Wednesday's class tells the story of early Iberian voyages of exploration, culminating in a series of European debates about the peoples of the New World as personified in the life of the 16th century Dominican friar Bartolomé de las Casas.

Recitation

This week's readings include two works that reflect on the lives of both Johannes Kepler and Bartolomé de las Casas, including excerpts from Kepler's *Epitome of Copernican Astronomy* as well as from Las Casas's *An Account, Much Abbreviated, of the Destruction of the Indies*.

Our first reading is a relatively short piece that is taken from Johannes Kepler's *Epitome of Copernican Astronomy*, which was originally published in parts between 1618 and 1621. How does Kepler define astronomy and its relationship to mathematics? In turn, how does he explain the apparent movement of the sun and the stars in the heavens?

The second text—*An Account, Much Abbreviated of the Destruction of the Indies*—was originally written in 1542 and subsequently published in 1552 as part of Bartolomé de Las Casas's quest "to protect" the indigenous inhabitants of the Americas from European greed. (Please note that in Wednesday's lecture, we will discuss Las Casas's life at length.) In terms of discussion, how does Las Casas's account reflect on early Spanish colonization? Why, according to Las Casas, did Spaniards come to the New World in the first place? What role did religious faith play in their conceptions of themselves and the world? Finally, should we believe everything that Las Casas writes? What does the text reveal about its author? Also, what, if anything, does it reveal about New World natives?

Week #15 (Monday, April 27 - Friday, May 1)

04/27	Western Civilization on the Eve of the 17th Century, Part I
04/29	Western Civilization on the Eve of the 17th Century, Part II
Recitation	NO RECITATION (READING DAY)

Lectures

During this week our focus will be on finishing up the course. In Monday's class we'll briefly discuss the upcoming final exam, after which we'll begin our final two-part lecture in which we focus on a series of fundamental conflicts that plagued Europe on the eve of the 17th century, including the wars of religion in 16th-century France and the story of the Spanish Armada in 16th-century England and Spain. Additionally, Dr. Myrup will offer concluding remarks on the course as a whole.

Recitation

Please note that there are no readings for this week and recitations will not meet.

Lecture 1 - Mesopotamia and the Birth of Civilization

Summary
This lecture examines connections across a series of ancient civilizations in Mesopotamia, including the Sumerians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Israelites, and Persians.

Vocabulary

Mesopotamia	Persians
Bronze Age	Cyrus the Great
Sumerians	Darius the Great
Babylonians	Israelites
Hammurabi	Cuneiform
Assyrians	Greeks

Outline

Prologue: The Discipline of History: Connections across Time and Space

Ancient Mesopotamia
- From Stone Age to Bronze Age
- Laundry List of Mesopotamia Civilizations
  - Sumerians (c. 4500-1900 BC)
    - "Mother Civilization": Script, Language, Religion
  - Assyrians (c. 2600-609 BC)
  - Babylonians (c. 1894-539 BC)
  - Persians (c. 550-330 BC)
  - Israelites
    - Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob
    - Moses in Egypt (c. 13th BC)
    - Destruction of the Northern Kingdom (c. 721 BC)
    - Babylonian Captivity of the Southern Kingdom (early 6th century BC)
- Connections across Ancient Mesopotamia
  - Mathematics
  - Cuneiform
  - Social Hierarchies
  - Religion

Epilogue: A Civilization Like No Other: The Greeks

Lecture 2 - The Rise of Greek Civilization

Summary
In this class we shift our focus to the ancient Greeks, discussing the origins of Greek civilization and political organization.

Vocabulary

Aegean Sea	Homer
Minoans	*The Iliad*
Linear A	*The Odyssey*
Mycenaeans	Polis (plural Poleis)
Linear B	Hoplite
Greek Dark Ages	Hoplite Phalanx

Outline

Prologue: Logic, Reason, and the Peculiarities of Ancient Greece

Greek Geography: Mountains and Water

Early History
- Minoans of Crete (2900-1400 BC)
  - Excavations of Sir Arthur Evans (20th century)
    - Palaces, Pottery, and Artwork
    - Linear A
  - Conquest by the Mycenaeans (1500-1400 BC)
- Myceneaeans of Mainland Greece (1600-1150 BC)
  - Linear B
- Greek Dark Ages (1100-750 BC)

Emergence from the Dark Ages (ca. 750 BC)
- Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*
- Greek Colonization
- Rise of the Polis
- Greek Warfare

Epilogue: External Threats to the Greek Homeland

Lecture 3 – Confederation and Conflict in Classical Greece

Summary
In this class we tell the story of the Greco-Persian Wars and the rise of two important Greek city states: Sparta and Athens.

Vocabulary

Battle of Thermopylae	Cleisthenes
Sparta	Ionian Rebellion
Messenians	Cyrus the Great
Helots	Darius the Great
Athens	Xerxes I
Solon	Leonidas of Sparta

Outline

Prologue: Persians, Greeks, and the Battle of Thermopylae (480 BC)

The Rise of the Greek Polis (City-State)
- The Case of Sparta
  - Messenian Rebellion (7th century BC)
  - Military Service
- The Case of Athens
  - Athenian Legislator Draco (7th century BC)
  - Solon (b. 630 BC)
  - Cleisthenes (c. 570 – c. 508 BC)

Persian Empire
- Conquests of Cyrus the Great (c. 600-530 BC)
- Greek Colonies in Asia Minor
  - Settlement (begin c. 11th century BC)
  - Persian Conquest of Asia Minor (546 BC)
  - Ionian Rebellion (499-492 BC)
    - Sacking of Sardis (498 BC)
- Darius I and the First Persian Invasion of Greece (490 BC)
- Xerxis I and the Second Persian Invasion of Greece (481-479 BC)

Epilogue: Legacies of Thermopylae

Lecture 4 – Alexander the Great and the Expansion of a Hellenistic World

Summary
In this class we examine the expansion of Greek language and learning during the Hellenistic Era, focusing on the conquests of Philip of Macedon and of his son Alexander the Great and the subsequent influence and expansion of Greek society and culture in the wake of their conquests.

Vocabulary

Kobayashi Maru
Alexander the Great
Gordian Knot
Phrygia
Athens
Delian League
Sparta
Peloponnesian League
Great Peloponnesian War
Thebes
Macedonia
Philip of Macedon
Olympias
Hellenistic

Outline

Prologue: Captain James T. Kirk and the Kobayashi Maru Scenario (23rd century AD)
Alexander the Great and the Legendary Story of the Gordian Knot (4th century BC)

Greece in the Aftermath of the Greco-Persian Wars (5th century BC)
- Athens and the Formation of the Delian League
- Evolution of Athenian Democracy
- Sparta and the Peloponnesian League
- Great Peloponnesian War (431-404 BC)

Greek Politics in the 4th Century
- "The Coin is Mightier than the Sword": Persian Influence in 4th Century Greece
- Rise of the Greek Kingdom of Macedon
  - Definition of "Hellenistic"
  - Philip of Macedon (382-336 BC)
  - Alexander the Great (356-323 BC)
    - Family and Childhood
    - Conquests: Greece, Persia, Egypt, Afghanistan, Egypt, India and Pakistan

Epilogue: The Rise of a Hellenistic Age

Lecture 5 – Greek Civilization and Culture

Summary
In this class we discuss the lasting influences of Greek literature, drama, and philosophy on the western canon while also using these same sources to explore gender relations in the ancient world.

Vocabulary

Aristophanes
The Babylonians
The Knights
Cleon
The Clouds
Socrates
Plato
The Frogs
Dionysus
Xanthias
Euripides
Aeschylus
Orpheus
Eurydice
Black Orpheus
Lysistrata
Medea
Sophocles
Oedipus Rex

Outline

Day 1 Prologue: "We Are Greek": Lasting Influences of the Ancient Greeks Today

Greek Literature, Drama, and Myth
- Greek Comedy
  - Aristophanes (446-386 BC)
    - *The Babylonians* (426 BC)
      - Cleon and *The Knights* (424 BC)
    - Socrates and *The Clouds* (423 BC)
      - Jacques-Louis David's "The Death of Socrates" (1787)
      - Steve Martin's "The Death of Socrates" (1980)
    - Euripides, Aeschylus, and *The Frogs* (406 BC)
      - Allusions in *Pirates of Penzance* (1879) and *Kiss Me Kate* (1948)
- Greek Tragedy
  - Orpheus and Eurydice: A Love Story
    - Davis Amond's *A Song for Ella Grey* (2014)
    - Marcel Camus' *Black Orpheus* (1959)
- Gender Relations in the Ancient World
  - Interpretations that Draw Upon Greek Legal, Moral, and Philosophical Writings
    - Hector and Andromache in *The Iliad*
  - Interpretations Based on Greek Mythology, Comedies, and Tragedies
    - Aristophanes's *Lysistrata* (411 BC)

Day 2
    - Euripides's *Medea* (431 BC)

Epilogue: Modern Interpretations of Sophocles's *Oedipus Rex* (429 BC)

Lecture 6 – The Rise of Rome

Summary
In this class we examine the rise of the city of Rome from an obscure agricultural village to the center of an expanding Roman Republic.

Vocabulary

Rome	Etruscans
Capitoline Hill	Haruspex
Roman Forum	Roman Republic
Romulus and Remus	Roman Consuls
Po River Valley	Roman Senate
Tiber River	Patricians
Alps	Plebians
Apennines	Patronage

Outline

Prologue: The City of Rome: Football, Food, and Film

The Origins of Rome
- Legend of Romulus and Remus
- Geography and Peoples
  - Po River Valley and Italian Peninsula
  - Greeks and Phoenicians
  - Etruscans
- Early History (750-509 BC)
  - Etruscan Conquest
  - Government and Society
  - Founding of the Roman Republic (509 BC)

Epilogue: Expansion and Conquest: Rome as a Burgeoning Metropolis

Lecture 7 – Expansion and Change: Life in the Roman Republic

Summary
In this class we treat the expansion of the Roman Republic from its origins in 509 BC to the sacking of Carthage in 146 BC, focusing on the evolution of Roman society during this era.

Vocabulary

Titus Livius, aka "Livy"	Aediles
Ab urbe condita	Tribunes
Gauls	Struggle of the Orders
Samnites	Plebians
Pyrrhus	Patricians
"Pyrrhic Victory"	Punic Wars
Proconsulship	Carthage
Praetors	Hannibal
Quaestors	Hellenistic World

Outline

Prologue: "*Ab urbe condita*": The Life and Time of Titus Livy

Romans at Home: The Conquest of the Italian Peninsula
- Early Adversity and Resolve: Rome Defeats Gauls (390-350 BC)
- Samnites (295 BC) and Greeks (280-264 BC)
  - General Pyrrhus's "Pyrrhic Victory" against Rome
- Roman Motivations and Success

Effects of Expansion on Roman Institutions
- Bureaucratic Innovations
  - Proconsulship
  - Praetors, Quaestors, Aediles, and Tribunes
  - Evolution of the Roman Senate
- Patricians, Plebians, and the Struggle of the Orders (500-287 BC)

Romans Abroad: The Punic Wars with Carthage
- First Punic War (264-241 BC)
- Second Punic War (218-202 BC)
- Third Punic War (149-146 BC)

Effects of Expansion on Roman Culture
- Hellenistic Influences

Epilogue: From Republic to Empire

Lecture 8 – Julius Caesar and the End of the Roman Republic

Summary
In this class we tell the story of the assassination of Julius Caesar and the end of the Roman Republic.

Vocabulary

Gaius Julius Caesar	Gaius Marius
Ides of March	Lucius Cornelius Sulla
Marcus Brutus	Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus, aka "Pompey"
Tiberius Gracchus	Marcus Licinius Crassus
Gaius Gracchus	First Triumvirate
Equestrians	Mark Antony

Outline

Prologue: From Star Wars to the Ides of March: The Assassination of Julius Caesar (March 15, 44 BC)

The Life and Times of Gaius Julius Caesar (100-44 BC)
- Social and Economic Challenges after the Third Punic War
  - Italy as the Economic Center of the Mediterranean
  - The Unrealized Reforms of Tiberius Gracchus and Gaius Gracchus (133-121 BC)
- Rising Influence and Power of Roman Generals
  - The Rise of a "New Man": The Consulship of Gaius Marius (157-86 BC)
  - Marching on Rome: The Conservative Response of Lucius Cornelius Sulla (138-78 BC)
- Julius Caesar and the End of the Roman Republic
  - Background and Early Life
  - Rising through the Ranks
    - Governorship in Spain (62 BC)
    - Election to First Consulship (60 BC)
    - Pompey, Crassus, and the First Triumvirate (59 BC)
  - Conquest of Gaul (France, Belgium, Western Germany)
  - Defeat of Pompey (49-48 BC)
  - Assassination (44 BC)

Epilogue: Mark Antony's Prophecy

Lecture 9 – Caesar Augustus and the Rise of the Roman Empire

Summary
In this class we focus on the early history of the Roman Empire in the years after the assassination of Julius Caesar. More specifically, we will tell the story of Caesar's grand-nephew and heir, Caesar Augustus, who will become the first Roman emperor and usher in a lengthy era of Roman prosperity.

Vocabulary
Julius Caesar
Mark Antony
Gaius Octavius, aka, Octavian,
aka Caesar Augustus
Marcus Lepidus
Cleopatra
Caesarion
Second Triumvirate
Proscription
Cicero
Princeps
Pax Romana
Virgil
Horace
Livy
Ara Pacis
Julio Claudian Dynasty
Nero
"What Have the Romans Done for Us?"

Outline
Prologue: Shakespeare's "Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of War!"

The Aftermath of Caesar's Assassination (c. 44 BC)
- Pretenders to the Caesarean Movement
  - Mark Antony (83-30 BC)
    - Story of Mark Antony's Eulogy of Caesar
  - Gaius Octavius (63 BC - AD 14)
  - Caesarion (47-30 BC)
- Second Triumvirate: Mark Antony, Gaius Octavius, and Marcus Lepidus
  - Civil War, Revenge, and Spoils
  - Deaths of Mark Antony, Cleopatra, and Caesarion (30 BC)
- Rise of the Roman Empire
  - From Gaius Octavius to Caesar Augustus
  - The Pax Romana (27 BC - AD 180)
  - Age of Augustus
  - Julio-Claudian Dynasty (27 BC - AD 68)

Epilogue: Monty Python's "What Have the Romans Ever Done for Us?"

Lecture 10 – The Fall of Rome and the Triumph of Christianity

Summary
In this class we discuss the decline and fall of the Roman Empire in the West, alongside the emergence and triumph of Christianity.

Vocabulary

Jesus of Nazareth
Sadducees
Pharisees
Essenes
Zealots
Paul
"The Great Revolt"
Claudius
Nero
Domitian
Apostolic Succession
Koine Greek
Origin
Diocletian
Tetrarchy
Constantine the Great
Constantinople
Augustine of Hippo
The City of God
Romulus Augustulus
Edward Gibbon

Outline

Day 1 Prologue: "From a Kingdom of Gold to One of Iron and Rust": The Roman Empire in Decline

Christian Beginnings
- The Birth and Ministry of Jesus
- Jewish World of the 1st Century BC
- Crucifixion of Jesus (AD 30-33)
- From Jew to Gentile: Paul's Missionary Voyages in a Greco-Roman World

Christianity and the Roman Empire
- Early Persecution
  - Claudius (r. AD 41-54) and the Expulsion of Christians and Jews from Rome
  - Nero (r. AD 54-68) and the Great Fire (AD 64)
  - Domitian (r. AD 81-96) and his Persecutions
- Establishment of Christian Doctrines
- Influence of a Greco-Roman World on Christianity
- The Late Roman Empire (after AD 284)
  - The Roman Empire as a Totalitarian State
    - Defense and Tax Reforms
    - Diocletian (r. AD 284-305) and the Division of the Empire
    - Constantine the Great (r. AD 306-337) and Constantinople
- Christianity in the 3rd and 4th Centuries AD
  - Diocletian and the Great Persecution (AD 303-312)
  - Christianity under Constantine the Great

Day 2 The Fall of Rome and the Triumph of Christianity
- Dissolution of the Empire in the West
- Augustine of Hippo (AD 354-430) and *The City of God*
- Barbarian Invaders and the Fall of Rome (AD 476)

Epilogue: Edward Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776)

Lecture 11 – Cogwheels and Cosmographies: The Wonders of the Ancient World

Summary
In this class we treat notions of science and technology in the Hellenistic era, recounting the story of the Antikythera mechanism and its rediscovery in modern times.

Vocabulary

Fotis Lindiakos
Antikythera Mechanism
Albert Rehm
Metonic Cycle
Callippic Cycle
Saros Cycle
Ecliptic
Derek De Solla Price
Charalambos Karakolos
Michael Wright
Allan Bromley
Tony Freeth
Antikythera Mechanism Research Project
Cicero
Archimede
Arthur C. Clarke

Outline

Prologue: Shipwrecks, Sponge-Fishing, and the Aegean Sea: A Story of Discovery (1900-1901)

Modern Attempts to Discover the Origin and Purpose of the Antikythera Mechanism
- Early Contributions by the German Philologist Albert Rehm (1871-1949)
  - Metonic Cycle: 19 years or 235 lunar months
  - Callipic Cycle: 76 years minus a day (for leap year)
  - Saros Cycle: 223 months
- "Gears from the Greeks": The Contributions of Derek de Solla Price (1922-1983)
  - Initial X-Rays with Charalambos Karakolos
  - Confirming the Metonic Cycle
  - Proposing an Outer Design
- Curator and Historian: Michael Wright (b. 1948) and Allan Bromley (1947-2002)
  - Working Model of the Front Piece
- Tony Freeth and the Antikythera Mechanism Research Project (begins 2005)
  - New 3D X-Ray Imaging Techniques
  - Gearing of the Metonic, Callipic, and Saros Cycles: Solving the Back Face
  - Finding an "Instruction Manual" on the Inside of the Back Face
  - Solving the Front Face
- Unanswered Questions: Who, When, and Why?
  - Commentary by Cicero (106-43 BC)
    - Archimides in Syracuse (c. 287 - c. 212 BC)
    - Antikythera Mechanism in Film and Popular Culture

Epilogue: Arthur C. Clarke Views the Antikythera Mechanism in a Cigar Box (1965)

Lecture 12 – Remnants of the Ancient World in Modern Times

Summary
In this class we conclude our study of ancient Greece and Rome by examining how remnants of the ancient world can still be found in our own contemporary day and time.

Vocabulary
Arc De Triomphe
Arcos da Lapa
Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum
North Fork Little River Bridge
Memorial Hall
Macau
Universitatis Yalensis
Pliny the Younger
Pompeii
Mount Vesuvius
Charles III of Spain

Outline
Prologue: A Comic Oratorio: "What Have the Romans Ever Done for Us?"

Influence of the Ancient World in Modern Times
- Architecture
- Engineering, Science, and Math
- Language and Literature
- Calendar, Government, Law, Time

The Burial and Resurrection of Ancient Pompeii
- Account of Pliny the Younger (AD 61 - c. 113)
- Background on the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius (AD 79)
- Rediscovery of Pompeii (mid-18th century)
- Pompeii Today

Epilogue: A Dead Past "Whispers from the Dust . . ."

Lecture 13 – Roman Legacies in the East: A Byzantine World

Summary
In this class we examine the legacies of the Roman Empire in the East, examining the history of the Byzantine Empire, a center of learning and tradition that was essentially a continuation of the Roman Empire based out of Constantinople.

Vocabulary
Byzantine Empire
Byzantium
Constantinople
Mehmed II
Eastern Orthodox Church
Justinian I
Theodora
Hagia Sophia
Corpus Juris Civilis
Mohammed
Islam
Ottoman Empire
"Istanbul (Not Constantinople)"

Outline
Prologue: Mehmed II and the Siege of Constantinople (1453)

The Roman Empire in the East: A Review
- A "New Rome": Constantine Founds the City of Constantinople (324)
  - Roman Imperial Tradition
  - Christian Orthodoxy
  - Greek Culture
- From Roman to "Byzantine"

Early Byzantine History
- Internal Reconstruction of Byzantine Government (337-680)
- Reign of Justinian I (r. 527-565)
  - Reconquering the West
  - Hagia Sophia: The Church of the Holy Wisdom
  - Corpus Juris Civilis and the Preservation of the Greco-Roman World
  - "One God, One Empire, and One Religion"
- Decline of the Byzantine Empire

Rise of Islam
- Life and Death of the Prophet Mohammed (d. 632)
- Islamic Expansion
- Islam and the Preservation of the Greco-Roman World
- Islamic and Christian Conflicts

The Fall of the Byzantine Empire: The Siege and Conquest of Constantinople (1453)

Epilogue: A Quincentenary: "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)" (1953)

Lecture 14 - Roman Legacies in the West: The Christian Church

Summary
This lecture tells of the rise of the medieval Catholic Church and its role in preserving ancient learning in the West in the centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire.

Vocabulary

Abbey of Monte Cassino	Scriptorium
Monasticism	Isaac Asimov
St. Anthony	"The Foundation"
St. Benedict	Pope Gregory I, aka, Gregory the Great
Benedictine Rule	Walter M. Miller, Jr.
Cassiodorus	"A Canticle for Leibowitz"

Outline

Prologue: World War II and the Battle of Monte Cassino (1944)

The Last Institution Left Standing: The Church in a Time of Crisis (6th century)

The Papacy: The Bishops of Rome
- The Reforms of Pope Gregory I, aka Gregory the Great (r. 590-604)

Monasticism: The Spirit over the Flesh
- Eremitic Monasticism and St. Anthony (b. 251)
- Communal Monasticism and St. Benedict (b. 480)
  - The Abbey of Monte Cassino (est. 530)
  - The Rules of St. Benedict
  - Expansion and Influence of Benedictine Monasteries (7th-9th centuries)
    - Schools, Libraries, and Scriptoria
    - Cassiodorus and the Preservation (and Loss) of Knowledge
      - Isaac Asimov's "Foundation" (1942)
    - Monasticism and Secular Authority

Epilogue: The Battle of Monte Cassino and Walter M. Miller, Jr.'s "A Canticle for Leibowitz" (1955)

Lecture 15 – The Rise of the Franks: Charlemagne and the Carolingians

Summary
In this lecture we examine the rise of a series of Germanic kingdoms after the fall of the Roman Empire. Highlights include the personal nature of these kingdoms, their legacies on western legal traditions, and the manner in which secular Frankish kings come to align themselves with the spiritual authority of the Papacy.

Vocabulary

Barbarians
Arianism
Germanic Tribes
Comitatus
Ostrogoths
Theodoric the Great
Salian Franks
Clovis I
Merovingians
Weregild
Trial by Ordeal
Compurgation
Carolingians
Charles Martel
Carloman
Pepin III
Charlemagne

Outline

Day 1 Prologue: The Crowning of Charlemagne (747-814)

"Barbarians": An Introduction to Germanic Peoples and their Interaction with a Roman World
- Acculturated and Unacculturated Germanic Peoples
- The *Comitatus* and Germanic Political Organization

Early Germanic Kingdoms
- Acculturated Ostrogoths: Theodoric and his Ostrogothic Kingdom in Italy (est. 493)
- Unacculturated Merovingians: Clovis I (r. 481-511) and the Salian Franks of Gaul

Influence of Germanic Legal Concepts on Western Civilization
- Weregild, Trial by Ordeal, Compurgation

Day 2 The Fall of the Merovingians and the Rise of the Carolingians
- Social Changes in the Early Middle Ages (6th-8th Centuries)
- From Merovingian to Carolingian
  - Office of Palace Mayor
  - Secular/Spiritual Alliances
  - Charles Martel (c. 688-741), Carloman (d. 754), and Pepin III (c. 714-768)

Epilogue: The Crowning of Charlemagne as "Emperor of the Romans" (800)

Lecture 16 – Conflicts and Conspiracies: Secular and Religious Authority in the High Middle Ages

Summary
In this lecture we focus on conflicts between secular and religious authority in the 10th and 11th centuries, as personified in the lives of Pope Gregory VII and Holy Roman Emperor Henry IV, a conflict that has come to be known as the Investiture Controversy. (Please note that this lecture provides historical background for the creative paper assignment, which Dr. Myrup and the TA's will introduce later this week in recitation.)

Vocabulary
Charlemagne
France
Holy Roman Empire
Louis the Pious
Salic Law
Treaty of Verdun
Otto I
Pope John XII
Investiture Controversy
Pope Gregory VII
King Henry IV
Concordat of Worms

Outline
Prologue: The Crowning of Charlemagne Revisited: The Rest of the Story
- Pope Leo III's Assertion of Papal Authority
- Breakup of the Carolingian Kingdom

Secular and Religious Conflicts in the High Middle Ages
- Early Conflicts: Otto I and Pope John XII (10th century)
- A Heavyweight Bout: The Investiture Controversy (late 11th and early 12th centuries)
  - Pope Gregory VII (d. 1085)
  - King Henry IV (1050-1106)

Epilogue: Creative Paper Assignment

Lecture 17 – Life and Death in a Time of Plague

Summary
In this lecture we examine the medieval era through the lens of the Black Death, a terrible pandemic that ravaged Europe in the mid-14th century. Additionally, we'll treat feudalism and the rise of the crusades.

Vocabulary
Black Death
Danse Macabre
Feudalism
Lords
Vassals
Comitatus
Fiefs
Liege Lord
Manor
Serfs
"Constitutional Peasant"
Reconquista
Seljuk Turks
Crusades
Pope Urban II

Outline
Prologue: Life in a Time of Plague: The *Danse Macabre* and the Black Death (14th century)

Medieval Lordship and Vassalage: The Rise of Feudalism
- Lordship, Fifes, and Decentralization
- Manorialism and Serfdom
- "The Constitutional Peasant"

Medieval Faith and Fervor: The Crusades
- Spanish Reconquista
- Pope Urban II and the First Crusade (late 11th century)
- Later Crusades (12th-13th centuries)

Epilogue: The Black Death Revisited: Tom Lehrer's "I Gave It to Agnes"

Lecture 18 – Women, Men, and Family in a Medieval World

Summary
In this class we treat gender relations in medieval Europe while also focusing on the rise of medieval universities.

Vocabulary

Héloïse
Abelard
Merchants
University of Bologna
University of Oxford
University of Salamanca
University of Paris
University of Coimbra
Academic Regalia
Peter Lombard
Four Books of the Sentences
Christine de Pizan

Outline

Prologue: The Life and Times of Abelard and Héloïse (12th century)

The Rise of Medieval Universities
- University of Bologna
- Curriculum and Scholasticism
- Medieval Professors
- Medieval Student Life

Women in a Medieval World: Image versus Reality
- Peter Lombard and the Four Books of the Sentences
- Gender and Germanic Law
- Women as Workers
- Abelard and Heloise Revisited
- Christine de Pizan

Epilogue: Medieval Universities Revisited: Bologna, Oxford, Paris, Coimbra, and Salamanca

Lecture 19 – Normans Abroad and Franks at Home: Medieval England and France

Summary
In this class we discuss the medieval histories of England and France, including the Norman invasion of England in 1066, as well as English designs on France, culminating in the Battle of Agincourt in 1415.

Vocabulary

Henry V
Battle of Agincourt (1415)
Battle of Hastings (1066)
Alfred the Great
Edward the Confessor
Harold Godwinson
William the Conqueror
Normandy
Henry II
Eleanor of Aquitaine
House of Plantagenet
Richard I
John I
Magna Carta
Parliament
Edward III
Hundred Years War
Bayeux Tapestry

Outline

Prologue: King Hal on St. Crispin's Day: The Battle of Agincourt (1415)

Anglo-Saxon England
- From Alfred the Great to Edward the Confessor to Harold Godwinson (9th-11th centuries)
- The Duke of Normandy, aka, William the Conqueror, and the Battle of Hastings (1066)

Norman England
- William the Conqueror Remakes England (11th century)
- The Anarchy, Henry II (r. 1154-1189), and English Claims to French Territory
- Love in a Plantagenet Home: Henry II, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and their Sons
- Richard I, John I, and the Magna Carta (1215)
- Origins of Parliament (1216-1327)
- The Hundred Years War: English Claims to the French Throne (1337-1453)

Epilogue: The Battle of Agincourt and its Legacies

Lecture 20 – Royal Challenges to Papal Authority

Summary
In this class we discuss royal challenges to papal authority in the late Middle Ages, culminating in the story of the Avignon Papacy.

Vocabulary
Petrarch
Canon Law
Papal States
Plenitude of Power
Saint Francis of Assisi
Franciscans
Dominicans
Philip IV (Philip the Fair)
Avignon Papacy
Indulgences
Simony
Western Schism
Council of Constance

Popes
Gregory VII (r. 1073-1085)
Innocent III (r. 1198-1216)
Boniface VIII (r. 1294-1303)
Clement V (r. 1305-1314)
Gregory XI (r. 1370-1378)
Urban VI (r. 1378-1389)
Clement VII (antipope, r. 1378-1394)
Martin V (r. 1417-1432)

Outline
Prologue: Petrarch in Avignon, "The Babylon of the West" (ca. 1340)

The Papacy in the Late Middle Ages
- The Pope as King
- Pope Innocent III and Papal Plenitude of Power (early 13th century)
- The Church as a Secular Institution
- Rise of the Mendicant Orders: The Franciscans and Dominicans (13th century)

Religious and Secular Conflict: Boniface VIII and King Philip IV of France (late 13th – early 14th cent.)

Avignon Papacy (1314-1377)
- Winners and Losers
- Consequences: The Rise of Indulges and Simony

The Western Schism (1378-1417)
- Competing Popes in Rome and Avignon
- Two Popes Become Three
- Council of Constance (1417)

Epilogue: Petrarch and an End to the Dark Ages

Lecture 21 – Strange Bedfellows: The Protestant Reformations

Summary
In this class we examine the lives of Martin Luther and other religious reformers, culminating in the rise of the Protestant Reformation.

Vocabulary

Pope Alexander VI	Thomas Müntzer
Martin Luther	Ulrich Zwingli
Indulgences	Martin Bucer
Prince Albert of Brandenburg	Conrad Grebel
Archbishopric of Mainz	John Calvin
Johann Tetzel	Huguenots
Pope Leo X	Puritans
Ninety-Five Theses	Dutch Reformed Church
Andreas Karlstadt	Presbyterians

Outline

Prologue: 2017: The Anniversary of What Big Religious Event?
Papal Corruption Revisited: Pope Alexander VI as Godfather

The Life and Times of Martin Luther (1483-1546)
- Indulgence Controversy: "As Soon as the Coin in the Coffer Rings, the Soul from Purgatory Springs"
- Luther's Ninety-Five Theses
- Luther's Evolving Beliefs

Other Reformers and Reforms
- Andreas Karlstadt (1486-1541)
- Thomas Müntzer (c. 1489-1525) and Changes to the Social Order
  - Luther's Response
  - Cuius Regio, Eius Religio
- Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531)
  - The Abolishment of Mass and Communion as Commemoration
- Martin Bucer (1491-1551)
- Conrad Grebel (c. 1498-1526)
  - The Rise of Anapbaptism
  - Legacies: Mennonites
- John Calvin (1509-1564)
  - Legal Approaches to Reform
  - Legacies: Huguenots, Puritans, Dutch Reformed, and Presbyterians

Epilogue: Religious Fragmentation

Lecture 22 – The Church Responds: The Catholic Reformation and Counter-Reformation

Summary
In this class we shift our focus to England, using the story of Sir Thomas More to examine the rise of an internal Catholic Reformation, or Counter-Reformation, in response to the Protestant Reformation.

Vocabulary
Sir Thomas More
Oath of Supremacy
Henry VIII
Cardinal Thomas Wolsey
Thomas Cromwell
Act of Succession
Act of Supremacy
Catherine of Aragon
Anne Boleyn
Jane Seymour
Anne of Cleves
Catherine Howard
Catherine Parr
Catholic Reformation
Counter-Reformation
Ignatius of Loyola
Society of Jesus (Jesuits)
Peter Canisius
Francis Xavier
Pope Paul III
Council of Trent

Outline
Prologue: A Matter of Principle: Sir Thomas More Faces Death (1535)

Henry VIII and the English Reformation
- Henry's Wives: From Catherine of Aragon to Anne Boleyn
- The Act of Succession
- The Execution of Sir Thomas More

Catholic Reformation and Counter-Reformation
- The Establishment of a New Order: The Society of Jesus (est. 1540)
  - The Autobiography of John Gerard (b. 1564)
- Pope Paul III (r. 1534-1549) and the Reformation of the Papacy
- The Counter-Reformation Hits its Stride: The Council of Trent (1545-1563)

Epilogue: The Death of Sir Thomas More Revisited (1535)

Lecture 23 – The Renaissance in Italy and Beyond

Summary
In this class we focus on the story of the Renaissance in Italy and beyond, culminating in the tale of Johannes Kepler and his attempts to understand the shapes of planetary orbits in the late 16th and early 17th century.

Vocabulary
Apollo 11
Renaissance
Jacob Burkhardt
Michelangelo
Donato Bramante
Leonardo da Vinci
"Vitruvian Man"
Dante
Divine Comedy
Roger Bacon
Niccolò Machiavelli
The Prince
Johannes Kepler
Ptolemaic Model
Copernican Model
Zodiac Circle
Astrology
Platonic Solids
Tycho Brahe

Outline
Prologue: The Apollo 11 Moon Landing (1969)

The Renaissance as a Rebirth of Classical Forms from Antiquity
- Jacob Burkhardt's *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (1860)
- Michaelangelo (1470-1564) and Bramante (1444-1514)
- Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)

The Renaissance as Continuity from the Middle Ages
- Medieval Counterparts to the Renaissance: Dante (1265-1321) and Roger Bacon (1220-1292)
- Economic and Legal Origins
  - Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and the Emergence of Philology
- Niccoló Machiavelli's *The Prince* (1532)
- Botticelli, Raphael, Donatello, and El Greco (15th-16th centuries)

The Renaissance as the Beginning of the Modern World: The Life and Times of Johannes Kepler
- The Zodiac Circle, Platonic Solids and Planetary Orbits
- "Waging War on Mars": The Observational Data of Tycho Brahe
- Mars's Orbit as an Ellipse
- Keppler's Three Laws

Epilogue: Kepler's *Somnium:* A 16th Century Journey to the Moon

Lecture 24 – "Are They Not Men?": The Life and Times of Bartolomé de las Casas

Summary
In this class we examine early European debates about the New World as personified in the story of the 16th century Dominican friar Bartolomé de las Casas.

Vocabulary

Antonio de Montesinos	Requerimiento
Bartolomé de las Casas	Juan Palácio Rubios
Natural Law	Juan Ginés de Sepúlveda
Encomienda	Aristotle
Encomendero	Montaigne

Outline

Prologue: Antonio de Montesinos: The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness (1511)

The Life and Times of Bartolomé de las Casas (1474-1566)
- Biographical Information
- European Conceptions of the New World
  - Empirical Observations
  - Establish Authority and Natural Law
  - Historical Debates
    - Requerimiento
    - Juan Ginés de Sepúlveda vs. Bartolomé de las Casas

Epilogue: Michel Montaigne's "Of Cannibals" (ca. 1580)

Lecture 25 – Western Civilization on the Eve of the 17th Century

Summary
In our final two classes we will focus on a series of fundamental conflicts that plagued Europe on the eve of the 17th century, including the wars of religion in 16th-century France and the story of the Spanish Armada in 16th-century England and Spain. Additionally, Dr. Myrup will offer concluding remarks on the course as a whole.

Vocabulary

Francis I	Edward VI
"One King, One Law, One Faith"	Mary I ("Bloody Mary")
Huegenots	Elizabeth I
Henry IV (of France)	Francis Drake
Edict of Nantes	Battle of Gravelines
Spanish Armada	Francisco de Cuellar
Philip II	Peace of Westphalia
Hapsburg	Thirty Years War

Outline

Day 1 Prologue: "Under the Colour of Piety and Religion": A Return to Michel Montaigne's "On Cannibalism"

The Wars of Religion in 16th Century France
- Francis I (r. 1515-1547) and "One King, One Law, and One Faith"
  - French Catholics and French Huguenots
- Henry IV (r. 1589-1610) and the "Edict of Nantes"

Catholic Spain and Protestant England in the 16th Century: The Story of the Spanish Armada
- Background on the Very Catholic Philip II of Spain (r. 1556-1598)
- Background on the Children of Henry VIII
  - Edward VI (r. 1547-1553)
  - Mary I (r. 1553-1558)
  - Elizabeth I (r. 1558-1603)

Day 2
- The English Defense against the Armada
- A Changing Wind: The Spanish Account of Francisco de Cuellar

Epilogue: Notions of Nation: The Peace of Westphalia and the Emergence of National Identities

Item #1

Plato, *The Dialogues of Plato*, 5 vols., trans. Benjamin Jowett (London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1892), 1: 484-489.

The ingenuity of the god Theuth, who was the inventor of letters, rebuked by King Thamus, also called Ammon.

Soc. At the Egyptian city of Naucratis, there was a famous old god, whose name was Theuth; the bird which is called the Ibis is sacred to him, and he was the inventor of many arts, such as arithmetic and calculation and geometry and astronomy and draughts and dice, but his great discovery was the use of letters. Now in those days the god Thamus was the king of the whole country of Egypt; and he dwelt in that great city of Upper Egypt which the Hellenes call Egyptian Thebes, and the god himself is called by them Ammon. To him came Theuth and showed his inventions, desiring that the other Egyptians might be allowed to have the benefit of them; he enumerated them, and Thamus enquired about their several uses, and praised some of them and censured others, as he approved or disapproved of them. It would take a long time to repeat all that Thamus said to Theuth in praise or blame of the various arts. But when they came to letters, This, said Theuth, will make the Egyptians wiser and give them better memories; it is a specific both for the memory and for the wit. Thamus replied: O most ingenious Theuth, the parent or inventor of an art is not always the best judge of the utility or inutility of his own inventions to the users of them. And in this instance, you who are the 275
father of letters, from a paternal love of your own children have been led to attribute to them a quality which they cannot have; for this discovery of yours will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls, because they will not use their memories; they will trust to the external written characters and not remember of themselves. The specific which you have discovered is an aid not to memory, but to reminiscence, and you give your disciples not truth, but only the semblance of truth; they will be hearers of many things and will have learned nothing; they will appear to be omniscient and will generally know nothing; they will be tiresome company, having the show of wisdom without the reality.

Phaedr. Yes, Socrates, you can easily invent tales of Egypt, or of any other country.

Phaedrus.

SOCRATES, PHAEDRUS.

The scepticism of Phaedrus reproved by Socrates.

Soc. There was a tradition in the temple of Dodona that oaks first gave prophetic utterances. The men of old, unlike in their simplicity to young philosophy, deemed that if they heard the truth even from 'oak or rock,' it was enough for them; whereas you seem to consider not whether a thing is or is not true, but who the speaker is and from what country the tale comes.

Phaedr. I acknowledge the justice of your rebuke; and I think that the Theban is right in his view about letters.

Writing far inferior to recollection.

Soc. He would be a very simple person, and quite a stranger to the oracles of Thamus or Ammon, who should leave in writing or receive in writing any art under the idea that the written word would be intelligible or certain; or who deemed that writing was at all better than knowledge and recollection of the same matters?

Phaedr. That is most true.

Writing is like painting: it is silent ever, and cannot, unlike speech, be adapted to individuals.

Soc. I cannot help feeling, Phaedrus, that writing is unfortunately like painting; for the creations of the painter have the attitude of life, and yet if you ask them a question they preserve a solemn silence. And the same may be said of speeches. You would imagine that they had intelligence, but if you want to know anything and put a question to one of them, the speaker always gives one unvarying answer. And when they have been once written down they are tumbled about anywhere among those who may or may not understand them, and know not to whom they should reply, to whom not: and, if they are maltreated or abused, they have no parent to protect them; and they cannot protect or defend themselves.

Phaedr. That again is most true.

But there is another kind of writing graven on the tablets of the mind.

Soc. Is there not another kind of word or speech far better than this, and having far greater power — a son of the
276 same family, but lawfully begotten?

Phaedr. Whom do you mean, and what is his origin?

Soc. I mean an intelligent word graven in the soul of the learner, which can defend itself, and knows when to speak and when to be silent.

Phaedr. You mean the living word of knowledge which has a soul, and of which the written word is properly no more than an image?

Soc. Yes, of course that is what I mean. And now may

Phaedrus.

SOCRATES, PHAEDRUS.

What man of sense would plant seeds in an artificial garden, to bring forth fruit or flowers in eight days, and not in deeper and more fitting soil?

I be allowed to ask you a question: Would a husbandman, who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which he values and which he wishes to bear fruit, and in sober seriousness plant them during the heat of summer, in some garden of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty? at least he would do so, if at all, only for the sake of amusement and pastime. But when he is in earnest he sows in fitting soil, and practises husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months the seeds which he has sown arrive at perfection?

Phaedr. Yes, Socrates, that will be his way when he is in earnest; he will do the other, as you say, only in play.

Soc. And can we suppose that he who knows the just and good and honourable has less understanding, than the husbandman, about his own seeds?

Phaedr. Certainly not.

Soc. Then he will not seriously incline to 'write' his thoughts 'in water' with pen and ink, sowing words which can neither speak for themselves nor teach the truth adequately to others?

Phaedr. No, that is not likely.

As a pastime he may plant his fair thoughts in the garden,

Soc. No, that is not likely — in the garden of letters he will sow and plant, but only for the sake of recreation and amusement; he will write them down as memorials to be treasured against the forgetfulness of old age, by himself, or by any other old man who is treading the same path. He will rejoice in beholding their tender growth; and while others are refreshing their souls with banqueting and the like, this will be the pastime in which his days are spent.

Phaedr. A pastime, Socrates, as noble as the other is ignoble, the pastime of a man who can be amused by serious talk, and can discourse merrily about justice and the like.

but his serious aim will be to implant them in his own and other noble natures.

Soc. True, Phaedrus. But nobler far is the serious pursuit of the dialectician, who, finding a congenial soul, by the help of science sows and plants therein words which are able to help themselves and him who planted them, 277 and are not unfruitful, but have in them a seed which others brought up in different soils render immortal, making the possessors of it happy to the utmost extent of human happiness.

Phaedr. Far nobler, certainly.

Phaedrus.

SOCRATES, PHAEDRUS.

Soc. And now, Phaedrus, having agreed upon the premises we may decide about the conclusion.

Phaedr. About what conclusion?

Soc. About Lysias, whom we censured, and his art of writing, and his discourses, and the rhetorical skill or want of skill which was shown in them — these are the questions which we sought to determine, and they brought us to this point. And I think that we are now pretty well informed about the nature of art and its opposite.

Phaedr. Yes, I think with you; but I wish that you would repeat what was said.

The conclusion: — A man must be able to know and define and denote the subjects of which he is speaking, and to discern the natures of those whom he is addressing.

Soc. Until a man knows the truth of the several particulars of which he is writing or speaking, and is able to define them as they are, and having defined them again to divide them until they can be no longer divided, and until in like manner he is able to discern the nature of the soul, and discover the different modes of discourse which are adapted to different natures, and to arrange and dispose them in such a way that the simple form of speech may be addressed to the simpler nature, and the complex and composite to the more complex nature — until he has accomplished all this, he will be unable to handle arguments according to rules of art, as far as their nature allows them to be subjected to art, either for the purpose of teaching or persuading; — such is the view which is implied in the whole preceding argument.

Phaedr. Yes, that was our view, certainly.

Soc. Secondly, as to the censure which was passed on the speaking or writing of discourses, and how they might be rightly or wrongly censured — did not our previous argument show —?

Phaedr. Show what?

The legislator or statesman must know the nature of justice or injustice, good and evil. To Lysias or to any

Soc. That whether Lysias or any other writer that ever was or will be, whether private man or statesman, proposes laws and so becomes the author of a political treatise, fancying that there is any great certainty and clearness in his performance, the fact of his so writing is only a disgrace to him, whatever men may say. For not to know the nature of justice and injustice, and good and evil, and not to be able to distinguish the dream from the reality, cannot in truth be

Phaedrus.

SOCRATES, PHAEDRUS.

otherwise than disgraceful to him, even though he have the applause of the whole world.

Phaedr. Certainly.

man ignorance of all these things is a disgrace.

Soc. But he who thinks that in the written word there is necessarily much which is not serious, and that neither poetry nor prose, spoken or written, is of any great value, if, like the compositions of the rhapsodes, they are only recited in order to be believed, and not with any view to criticism or 278
instruction; and who thinks that even the best of writings are but a reminiscence of what we know, and that only in principles of justice and goodness and nobility taught and communicated orally for the sake of instruction and graven in the soul, which is the true way of writing, is there clearness and perfection and seriousness, and that such principles are a man's own and his legitimate offspring;— being, in the first place, the word which he finds in his own bosom; secondly, the brethren and descendants and relations of his idea which have been duly implanted by him in the souls of others;— and who cares for them and no others — this is the right sort of man; and you and I, Phaedrus, would pray that we may become like him.

But if there is any one who has faith in oral instruction and in the reminiscence of ideas,— with him we sympathize, and pray that we may become like him.

Phaedr. That is most assuredly my desire and prayer.

Soc. And now the play is played out; and of rhetoric enough. Go and tell Lysias that to the fountain and school of the Nymphs we went down, and were bidden by them to convey a message to him and to other composers of speeches — to Homer and other writers of poems, whether set to music or not; and to Solon and others who have composed writings in the form of political discourses which they would term laws — to all of them we are to say that if their compositions are based on knowledge of the truth, and they can defend or prove them, when they are put to the test, by spoken arguments, which leave their writings poor in comparison of them, then they are to be called, not only poets, orators, legislators, but are worthy of a higher name, befitting the serious pursuit of their life.

Poets, orators, legislators, if their compositions are based on truth, are worthy to be called philosophers.

Phaedr. What name would you assign to them?

Soc. Wise, I may not call them; for that is a great name which belongs to God alone,— lovers of wisdom or philosophers is their modest and befitting title.

Phaedr. Very suitable.

Phaedrus.

Soc. And he who cannot rise above his own compilations and compositions, which he has been long patching and piecing, adding some and taking away some, may be justly called poet or speech-maker or law-maker.

SOCRATES, PHAEDRUS.

Item #2

Homer, *The Iliad of Homer*, trans. Richmond Lattimore (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1962), 153-167, 435-449.

BOOK SIX

So the grim encounter of Achaians and Trojans was left
to itself, and the battle veered greatly now one way, now in another,
over the plain as they guided their bronze spears at each other
in the space between the waters of Xanthos and Simoeis.
First Telamonian Aias, that bastion of the Achaians,
broke the Trojan battalions and brought light to his own company,
striking down the man who was far the best of the Thracians,
Akamas, the huge and mighty, the son of Eussoros.
Throwing first, he struck the horn of the horse-haired helmet
and the bronze spear-point fixed in his forehead and drove inward
through the bone; and a mist of darkness clouded both eyes.
Diomedes of the great war cry cut down Axylos,
Teuthras' son, who had been a dweller in strong-founded Arisbe,
a man rich in substance and a friend to all humanity
since in his house by the wayside he entertained all comers.
Yet there was none of these now to stand before him and keep off
the sad destruction, and Diomedes stripped life from both of them,
Axylos and his henchman Kalesios, who was the driver
guiding his horses; so down to the underworld went both men.
Now Euryalos slaughtered Opheltios and Dresos,
and went in pursuit of Aisepos and Pedasos, those whom the naiad
nymph Abarbare had born to blameless Boukolion.
Boukolion himself was the son of haughty Laomedon,
eldest born, but his mother conceived him in darkness and secrecy.
While shepherding his flocks he lay with the nymph and loved her,

and she conceiving bore him twin boys. But now Mekistios'
son unstrung the strength of these and the limbs in their glory,
Euryalos, and stripped the armour away from their shoulders.
Polypoites the stubborn in battle cut down Astyalos,
while Odysseus slaughtered one from Perkote, Pidytes,
with the bronze spear, and great Aretaon was killed by Teukros.
Nestor's son Antilochos with the shining shaft killed
Ableros; the lord of men, Agamemnon, brought death to Elatos,
whose home had been on the shores of Satnioeis' lovely waters,
sheer Pedasos. And Leitos the fighter caught Phylakos
as he ran away; and Eurypylos made an end of Melanthios.
Now Menelaos of the great war cry captured Adrestos
alive; for his two horses bolting over the level land
got entangled in a tamarisk growth, and shattered the curving
chariot at the tip of the pole; so they broken free went
on toward the city, where many beside stampeded in terror.
So Adrestos was whirled beside the wheel from the chariot
headlong into the dust on his face; and the son of Atreus,
Menelaos, with the far-shadowed spear in his hand, stood over him.
But Adrestos, catching him by the knees, supplicated:
'Take me alive, son of Atreus, and take appropriate ransom.
In my rich father's house the treasures lie piled in abundance;
bronze is there, and gold, and difficultly wrought iron,
and my father would make you glad with abundant repayment
were he to hear that I am alive by the ships of the Achaians.'
So he spoke, and moved the spirit inside Menelaos.
And now he was on the point of handing him to a henchman
to lead back to the fast Achaian ships; but Agamemnon
came on the run to join him and spoke his word of argument:
'Dear brother, o Menelaos, are you concerned so tenderly
with these people? Did you in your house get the best of treatment
from the Trojans? No, let not one of them go free of sudden
death and our hands; not the young man child that the mother carries
still in her body, not even he, but let all of Ilion's
people perish, utterly blotted out and unmourned for.'
The hero spoke like this, and bent the heart of his brother
since he urged justice. Menelaos shoved with his hand Adrestos
the warrior back from him, and powerful Agamemnon

stabbed him in the side and, as he writhed over, Atreides,
setting his heel upon the midriff, wrenched out the ash spear.
Nestor in a great voice cried out to the men of Argos:
'O beloved Danaan fighters, henchmen of Ares,
let no man any more hang back with his eye on the plunder
designing to take all the spoil he can gather back to the vessels;
let us kill the men now, and afterwards at your leisure
all along the plain you can plunder the perished corpses.'
So he spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.
Then once more would the Trojans have climbed back into Ilion's
wall, subdued by terror before the warlike Achaians,
had not Priam's son, Helenos, best by far of the augurs,
stood beside Aineias and Hektor and spoken a word to them:
'Hektor and Aineias, on you beyond others is leaning
the battle-work of Trojans and Lykians, since you are our greatest
in every course we take, whether it be in thought or in fighting:
stand your ground here; visit your people everywhere; hold them
fast by the gates, before they tumble into their women's
arms, and become to our enemies a thing to take joy in.
Afterwards, when you have set all the battalions in motion,
the rest of us will stand fast here and fight with the Danaans
though we are very hard hit indeed; necessity forces us;
but you, Hektor, go back again to the city, and there tell
your mother and mine to assemble all the ladies of honour
at the temple of grey-eyed Athene high on the citadel;
there opening with a key the door to the sacred chamber
let her take a robe, which seems to her the largest and loveliest
in the great house, and that which is far her dearest possession,
and lay it along the knees of Athene the lovely haired. Let her
promise to dedicate within the shrine twelve heifers,
yearlings, never broken, if only she will have pity
on the town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children.
So she might hold back from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus,
that wild spear-fighter, the strong one who drives men to thoughts of
terror,
who I say now is become the strongest of all the Achaians.
For never did we so fear Achilleus even, that leader
of men, who they say was born of a goddess. This man has gone clean

berserk, so that no one can match his warcraft against him.'
So he spoke, and Hektor did not disobey his brother,
but at once in all his armour leapt to the ground from his chariot
and shaking two sharp spears in his hands ranged over the whole host
stirring them up to fight and waking the ghastly warfare.
So they whirled about and stood their ground against the Achaians,
and the Argives gave way backward and stopped their slaughtering,
and thought some one of the immortals must have descended
from the starry sky to stand by the Trojans, the way they rallied.
But Hektor lifted his voice and cried aloud to the Trojans:
'You high-hearted Trojans and far-renowned companions,
be men now, dear friends, and remember your furious valour
until I can go back again to Ilion, and there tell
the elder men who sit as counsellors, and our own wives,
to make their prayer to the immortals and promise them hecatombs.'
So spoke Hektor of the shining helm, and departed;
and against his ankles as against his neck clashed the dark ox-hide,
the rim running round the edge of the great shield massive in the middle.
Now Glaukos, sprung of Hippolochos, and the son of Tydeus
came together in the space between the two armies, battle-bent.
Now as these advancing came to one place and encountered,
first to speak was Diomedes of the great war cry:
'Who among mortal men are you, good friend? Since never
before have I seen you in the fighting where men win glory,
yet now you have come striding far out in front of all others
in your great heart, who have dared stand up to my spear far-shadowing.
Yet unhappy are those whose sons match warcraft against me.
But if you are some one of the immortals come down from the bright sky,
know that I will not fight against any god of the heaven,
since even the son of Dryas, Lykourgos the powerful, did not
live long; he who tried to fight with the gods of the bright sky,
who once drove the fosterers of rapturous Dionysos
headlong down the sacred Nyseian hill, and all of them
shed and scattered their wands on the ground, stricken with an ox-goad
by murderous Lykourgos, while Dionysos in terror
dived into the salt surf, and Thetis took him to her bosom,
frightened, with the strong shivers upon him at the man's blustering.
But the gods who live at their ease were angered with Lykourgos,

and the son of Kronos struck him to blindness, nor did he live long
afterwards, since he was hated by all the immortals.
Therefore neither would I be willing to fight with the blessed
gods; but if you are one of those mortals who eat what the soil yields,
come nearer, so that sooner you may reach your appointed destruction.'
Then in turn the shining son of Hippolochos answered:
'High-hearted son of Tydeus, why ask of my generation?
As is the generation of leaves, so is that of humanity.
The wind scatters the leaves on the ground, but the live timber
burgeons with leaves again in the season of spring returning.
So one generation of men will grow while another
dies. Yet if you wish to learn all this and be certain
of my genealogy: there are plenty of men who know it.
There is a city, Ephyre, in the corner of horse-pasturing
Argos; there lived Sisyphos, that sharpest of all men,
Sisyphos, Aiolos' son, and he had a son named Glaukos,
and Glaukos in turn sired Bellerophontes the blameless.
To Bellerophontes the gods granted beauty and desirable
manhood; but Proitos in anger devised evil things against him,
and drove him out of his own domain, since he was far greater,
from the Argive country Zeus had broken to the sway of his sceptre.
Beautiful Anteia the wife of Proitos was stricken
with passion to lie in love with him, and yet she could not
beguile valiant Bellerophontes, whose will was virtuous.
So she went to Proitos the king and uttered her falsehood:
"Would you be killed, o Proitos? Then murder Bellerophontes
who tried to lie with me in love, though I was unwilling."
So she spoke, and anger took hold of the king at her story.
He shrank from killing him, since his heart was awed by such action,
but sent him away to Lykia, and handed him murderous symbols,
which he inscribed in a folding tablet, enough to destroy life,
and told him to show it to his wife's father, that he might perish.
Bellerophontes went to Lykia in the blameless convoy
of the gods; when he came to the running stream of Xanthos, and Lykia,
the lord of wide Lykia tendered him full-hearted honour.
Nine days he entertained him with sacrifice of nine oxen,
but afterwards when the rose fingers of the tenth dawn showed, then
he began to question him, and asked to be shown the symbols,

whatever he might be carrying from his son-in-law, Proitos.
Then after he had been given his son-in-law's wicked symbols
first he sent him away with orders to kill the Chimaira
none might approach; a thing of immortal make, not human,
lion-fronted and snake behind, a goat in the middle,
and snorting out the breath of the terrible flame of bright fire.
He killed the Chimaira, obeying the portents of the immortals.
Next after this he fought against the glorious Solymoi,
and this he thought was the strongest battle with men that he entered;
but third he slaughtered the Amazons, who fight men in battle.
Now as he came back the king spun another entangling
treachery; for choosing the bravest men in wide Lykia
he laid a trap, but these men never came home thereafter
since all of them were killed by blameless Bellerophontes.
Then when the king knew him for the powerful stock of the god,
he detained him there, and offered him the hand of his daughter,
and gave him half of all the kingly privilege. Thereto
the men of Lykia cut out a piece of land, surpassing
all others, fine ploughland and orchard for him to administer.
His bride bore three children to valiant Bellerophontes,
Isandros and Hippolochos and Laodameia.
Laodameia lay in love beside Zeus of the counsels
and bore him godlike Sarpedon of the brazen helmet.
But after Bellerophontes was hated by all the immortals,
he wandered alone about the plain of Aleios, eating
his heart out, skulking aside from the trodden track of humanity.
As for Isandros his son, Ares the insatiate of fighting
killed him in close battle against the glorious Solymoi,
while Artemis of the golden reins killed the daughter in anger.
But Hippolochos begot me, and I claim that he is my father;
he sent me to Troy, and urged upon me repeated injunctions,
to be always among the bravest, and hold my head above others,
not shaming the generation of my fathers, who were
the greatest men in Ephyre and again in wide Lykia.
Such is my generation and the blood I claim to be born from.'

He spoke, and Diomedes of the great war cry was gladdened.
He drove his spear deep into the prospering earth, and in winning
words of friendliness he spoke to the shepherd of the people:

'See now, you are my guest friend from far in the time of our fathers.
Brilliant Oineus once was host to Bellerophontes
the blameless, in his halls, and twenty days he detained him,
and these two gave to each other fine gifts in token of friendship.
Oineus gave his guest a war belt bright with the red dye,
Bellerophontes a golden and double-handled drinking-cup,
a thing I left behind in my house when I came on my journey.
Tydeus, though, I cannot remember, since I was little
when he left me, that time the people of the Achaians perished
in Thebe. Therefore I am your friend and host in the heart of Argos;
you are mine in Lykia, when I come to your country.
Let us avoid each other's spears, even in the close fighting.
There are plenty of Trojans and famed companions in battle for me
to kill, whom the god sends me, or those I run down with my swift feet,
many Achaians for you to slaughter, if you can do it.
But let us exchange our armour, so that these others may know
how we claim to be guests and friends from the days of our fathers.'

So they spoke, and both springing down from behind their horses
gripped each other's hands and exchanged the promise of friendship;
but Zeus the son of Kronos stole away the wits of Glaukos
who exchanged with Diomedes the son of Tydeus armour
of gold for bronze, for nine oxen's worth the worth of a hundred.

Now as Hektor had come to the Skaian gates and the oak tree,
all the wives of the Trojans and their daughters came running about him
to ask after their sons, after their brothers and neighbours,
their husbands; and he told them to pray to the immortals,
all, in turn; but there were sorrows in store for many.

Now he entered the wonderfully built palace of Priam.
This was fashioned with smooth-stone cloister walks, and within it
were embodied fifty sleeping chambers of smoothed stone
built so as to connect with each other; and within these slept
each beside his own wedded wife, the sons of Priam.
In the same inner court on the opposite side, to face these,
lay the twelve close smooth-stone sleeping chambers of his daughters
built so as to connect with each other; and within these slept,
each by his own modest wife, the lords of the daughters of Priam.
There there came to meet Hektor his bountiful mother
with Laodike, the loveliest looking of all her daughters.

She clung to his hand and called him by name and spoke to him: 'Why
then,
child, have you come here and left behind the bold battle?
Surely it is these accursed sons of the Achaians who wear you
out, as they fight close to the city, and the spirit stirred you
to return, and from the peak of the citadel lift your hands, praying
to Zeus. But stay while I bring you honey-sweet wine, to pour out
a libation to father Zeus and the other immortals
first, and afterwards if you will drink yourself, be strengthened.
In a tired man, wine will bring back his strength to its bigness,
in a man tired as you are tired, defending your neighbours.'
Tall Hektor of the shining helm spoke to her answering:
'My honoured mother, lift not to me the kindly sweet wine,
for fear you stagger my strength and make me forget my courage;
and with hands unwashed I would take shame to pour the glittering
wine to Zeus; there is no means for a man to pray to the dark-misted
son of Kronos, with blood and muck all spattered upon him.
But go yourself to the temple of the spoiler Athene,
assembling the ladies of honour, and with things to be sacrificed,
and take a robe, which seems to you the largest and loveliest
in the great house, and that which is far your dearest possession.
Lay this along the knees of Athene the lovely haired. Also
promise to dedicate within the shrine twelve heifers,
yearlings, never broken, if only she will have pity
on the town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children,
if she will hold back from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus,
that wild spear-fighter, the strong one who drives men to thoughts of
terror.
So go yourself to the temple of the spoiler Athene,
while I go in search of Paris, to call him, if he will listen
to anything I tell him. How I wish at this moment the earth might
open beneath him. The Olympian let him live, a great sorrow
to the Trojans, and high-hearted Priam, and all of his children.
If only I could see him gone down to the house of the Death God,
then I could say my heart had forgotten its joyless affliction.'
So he spoke, and she going into the great house called out
to her handmaidens, who assembled throughout the city the highborn
women; while she descended into the fragrant store-chamber.

There lay the elaborately wrought robes, the work of Sidonian
women, whom Alexandros himself, the godlike, had brought home
from the land of Sidon, crossing the wide sea, on that journey
when he brought back also gloriously descended Helen.
Hekabe lifted out one and took it as gift to Athene,
that which was the loveliest in design and the largest,
and shone like a star. It lay beneath the others. She went on
her way, and a throng of noble women hastened about her.
When these had come to Athene's temple on the peak of the citadel,
Theano of the fair cheeks opened the door for them, daughter
of Kisseus, and wife of Antenor, breaker of horses,
she whom the Trojans had established to be Athene's priestess.
With a wailing cry all lifted up their hands to Athene,
and Theano of the fair cheeks taking up the robe laid it
along the knees of Athene the lovely haired, and praying
she supplicated the daughter of powerful Zeus: 'O lady,
Athene, our city's defender, shining among goddesses:
break the spear of Diomedes, and grant that the man be
hurled on his face in front of the Skaian gates; so may we
instantly dedicate within your shrine twelve heifers,
yearlings, never broken, if only you will have pity
on the town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children.'
She spoke in prayer, but Pallas Athene turned her head from her.
So they made their prayer to the daughter of Zeus the powerful.
But Hektor went away to the house of Alexandros,
a splendid place he had built himself, with the men who at that time
were the best men for craftsmanship in the generous Troad,
who had made him a sleeping room and a hall and a courtyard
near the houses of Hektor and Priam, on the peak of the citadel.
There entered Hektor beloved of Zeus, in his hand holding
the eleven-cubit-long spear, whose shaft was tipped with a shining
bronze spearhead, and a ring of gold was hooped to hold it.
He found the man in his chamber busy with his splendid armour,
the corselet and the shield, and turning in his hands the curved bow,
while Helen of Argos was sitting among her attendant women
directing the magnificent work done by her handmaidens.
But Hektor saw him, and in words of shame he rebuked him:
'Strange man! It is not fair to keep in your heart this coldness.

The people are dying around the city and around the steep wall
as they fight hard; and it is for you that this war with its clamour
has flared up about our city. You yourself would fight with another
whom you saw anywhere hanging back from the hateful encounter.
Up then, to keep our town from burning at once in the hot fire.'
Then in answer the godlike Alexandros spoke to him:
'Hektor, seeing you have scolded me rightly, not beyond measure,
therefore I will tell, and you in turn understand and listen.
It was not so much in coldness and bitter will toward the Trojans
that I sat in my room, but I wished to give myself over to sorrow.
But just now with soft words my wife was winning me over
and urging me into the fight, and that way seems to me also
the better one. Victory passes back and forth between men.
Come then, wait for me now while I put on my armour of battle,
or go, and I will follow, and I think I can overtake you.'
He spoke, but Hektor of the shining helm gave him no answer,
but Helen spoke to him in words of endearment: 'Brother
by marriage to me, who am a nasty bitch evil-intriguing,
how I wish that on that day when my mother first bore me
the foul whirlwind of the storm had caught me away and swept me
to the mountain, or into the wash of the sea deep-thundering
where the waves would have swept me away before all these things had
happened.
Yet since the gods had brought it about that these vile things must be,
I wish I had been the wife of a better man than this is,
one who knew modesty and all things of shame that men say.
But this man's heart is no steadfast thing, nor yet will it be so
ever hereafter; for that I think he shall take the consequence.
But come now, come in and rest on this chair, my brother,
since it is on your heart beyond all that the hard work has fallen
for the sake of dishonoured me and the blind act of Alexandros,
us two, on whom Zeus set a vile destiny, so that hereafter
we shall be made into things of song for the men of the future.'
Then tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: 'Do not, Helen,
make me sit with you, though you love me. You will not persuade me.
Already my heart within is hastening me to defend
the Trojans, who when I am away long greatly to have me.
Rather rouse this man, and let himself also be swift to action

so he may overtake me while I am still in the city.
For I am going first to my own house, so I can visit
my own people, my beloved wife and my son, who is little,
since I do not know if ever again I shall come back this way,
or whether the gods will strike me down at the hands of the Achaians.'
So speaking Hektor of the shining helm departed
and in speed made his way to his own well-established dwelling,
but failed to find in the house Andromache of the white arms;
for she, with the child, and followed by one fair-robed attendant,
had taken her place on the tower in lamentation, and tearful.
When he saw no sign of his perfect wife within the house, Hektor
stopped in his way on the threshold and spoke among the handmaidens:
'Come then, tell me truthfully as you may, handmaidens:
where has Andromache of the white arms gone? Is she
with any of the sisters of her lord or the wives of his brothers?
Or has she gone to the house of Athene, where all the other
lovely-haired women of Troy propitiate the grim goddess?'
Then in turn the hard-working housekeeper gave him an answer:
'Hektor, since you have urged me to tell you the truth, she is not
with any of the sisters of her lord or the wives of his brothers,
nor has she gone to the house of Athene, where all the other
lovely-haired women of Troy propitiate the grim goddess,
but she has gone to the great bastion of Ilion, because she heard that
the Trojans were losing, and great grew the strength of the Achaians.
Therefore she has gone in speed to the wall, like a woman
gone mad, and a nurse attending her carries the baby.'
So the housekeeper spoke, and Hektor hastened from his home
backward by the way he had come through the well-laid streets. So
as he had come to the gates on his way through the great city,
the Skaian gates, whereby he would issue into the plain, there
at last his own generous wife came running to meet him,
Andromache, the daughter of high-hearted Eëtion;
Eëtion, who had dwelt underneath wooded Plakos,
in Thebe below Plakos, lord over the Kilikian people.
It was his daughter who was given to Hektor of the bronze helm.
She came to him there, and beside her went an attendant carrying
the boy in the fold of her bosom, a little child, only a baby,
Hektor's son, the admired, beautiful as a star shining,

whom Hektor called Skamandrios, but all of the others
Astyanax—lord of the city; since Hektor alone saved Ilion.
Hektor smiled in silence as he looked on his son, but she,
Andromache, stood close beside him, letting her tears fall,
and clung to his hand and called him by name and spoke to him: 'Dearest,
your own great strength will be your death, and you have no pity
on your little son, nor on me, ill-starred, who soon must be your widow;
for presently the Achaians, gathering together,
will set upon you and kill you; and for me it would be far better
to sink into the earth when I have lost you, for there is no other
consolation for me after you have gone to your destiny—
only grief; since I have no father, no honoured mother.
It was brilliant Achilleus who slew my father, Eëtion,
when he stormed the strong-founded citadel of the Kilikians,
Thebe of the towering gates. He killed Eëtion
but did not strip his armour, for his heart respected the dead man,
but burned the body in all its elaborate war-gear
and piled a grave mound over it, and the nymphs of the mountains,
daughters of Zeus of the aegis, planted elm trees about it.
And they who were my seven brothers in the great house all went
upon a single day down into the house of the death god,
for swift-footed brilliant Achilleus slaughtered all of them
as they were tending their white sheep and their lumbering oxen;
and when he had led my mother, who was queen under wooded Plakos,
here, along with all his other possessions, Achilleus
released her again, accepting ransom beyond count, but Artemis
of the showering arrows struck her down in the halls of her father.
Hektor, thus you are father to me, and my honoured mother,
you are my brother, and you it is who are my young husband.
Please take pity upon me then, stay here on the rampart,
that you may not leave your child an orphan, your wife a widow,
but draw your people up by the fig tree, there where the city
is openest to attack, and where the wall may be mounted.
Three times their bravest came that way, and fought there to storm it
about the two Aiantes and renowned Idomeneus,
about the two Atreidai and the fighting son of Tydeus.
Either some man well skilled in prophetic arts had spoken,
or the very spirit within themselves had stirred them to the onslaught.'

Then tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: 'All these
things are in my mind also, lady; yet I would feel deep shame
before the Trojans, and the Trojan women with trailing garments,
if like a coward I were to shrink aside from the fighting;
and the spirit will not let me, since I have learned to be valiant
and to fight always among the foremost ranks of the Trojans,
winning for my own self great glory, and for my father.
For I know this thing well in my heart, and my mind knows it:
there will come a day when sacred Ilion shall perish,
and Priam, and the people of Priam of the strong ash spear.
But it is not so much the pain to come of the Trojans
that troubles me, not even of Priam the king nor Hekabe,
not the thought of my brothers who in their numbers and valour
shall drop in the dust under the hands of men who hate them,
as troubles me the thought of you, when some bronze-armoured
Achaian leads you off, taking away your day of liberty,
in tears; and in Argos you must work at the loom of another,
and carry water from the spring Messeis or Hypereia,
all unwilling, but strong will be the necessity upon you;
and some day seeing you shedding tears a man will say of you:
"This is the wife of Hektor, who was ever the bravest fighter
of the Trojans, breakers of horses, in the days when they fought about
Ilion."
So will one speak of you; and for you it will be yet a fresh grief,
to be widowed of such a man who could fight off the day of your slavery.
But may I be dead and the piled earth hide me under before I
hear you crying and know by this that they drag you captive.'
So speaking glorious Hektor held out his arms to his baby,
who shrank back to his fair-girdled nurse's bosom
screaming, and frightened at the aspect of his own father,
terrified as he saw the bronze and the crest with its horse-hair,
nodding dreadfully, as he thought, from the peak of the helmet.
Then his beloved father laughed out, and his honoured mother,
and at once glorious Hektor lifted from his head the helmet
and laid it in all its shining upon the ground. Then taking
up his dear son he tossed him about in his arms, and kissed him,
and lifted his voice in prayer to Zeus and the other immortals:
'Zeus, and you other immortals, grant that this boy, who is my son,

may be as I am, pre-eminent among the Trojans,
great in strength, as am I, and rule strongly over Ilion;
and some day let them say of him: "He is better by far than his father",
as he comes in from the fighting; and let him kill his enemy
and bring home the blooded spoils, and delight the heart of his mother.'
So speaking he set his child again in the arms of his beloved
wife, who took him back again to her fragrant bosom
smiling in her tears; and her husband saw, and took pity upon her,
and stroked her with his hand, and called her by name and spoke to her:
'Poor Andromache! Why does your heart sorrow so much for me?
No man is going to hurl me to Hades, unless it is fated,
but as for fate, I think that no man yet has escaped it
once it has taken its first form, neither brave man nor coward.
Go therefore back to our house, and take up your own work,
the loom and the distaff, and see to it that your handmaidens
ply their work also; but the men must see to the fighting,
all men who are the people of Ilion, but I beyond others.'
So glorious Hektor spoke and again took up the helmet
with its crest of horse-hair, while his beloved wife went homeward,
turning to look back on the way, letting the live tears fall.
And as she came in speed into the well-settled household
of Hektor the slayer of men, she found numbers of handmaidens
within, and her coming stirred all of them into lamentation.
So they mourned in his house over Hektor while he was living
still, for they thought he would never again come back from the fighting
alive, escaping the Achaian hands and their violence.
But Paris in turn did not linger long in his high house,
but when he had put on his glorious armour with bronze elaborate
he ran in the confidence of his quick feet through the city.
As when some stalled horse who has been corn-fed at the manger
breaking free of his rope gallops over the plain in thunder
to his accustomed bathing place in a sweet-running river
and in the pride of his strength holds high his head, and the mane floats
over his shoulders; sure of his glorious strength, the quick knees
carry him to the loved places and the pasture of horses;
so from uttermost Pergamos came Paris, the son of
Priam, shining in all his armour of war as the sun shines,
laughing aloud, and his quick feet carried him; suddenly thereafter

he came on brilliant Hektor, his brother, where he yet lingered
before turning away from the place where he had talked with his lady.
It was Alexandros the godlike who first spoke to him:
'Brother, I fear that I have held back your haste, by being
slow on the way, not coming in time, as you commanded me.'
Then tall Hektor of the shining helm spoke to him in answer:
'Strange man! There is no way that one, giving judgment in fairness,
could dishonour your work in battle, since you are a strong man.
But of your own accord you hang back, unwilling. And my heart
is grieved in its thought, when I hear shameful things spoken about you
by the Trojans, who undergo hard fighting for your sake.
Let us go now; some day hereafter we will make all right
with the immortal gods in the sky, if Zeus ever grant it,
setting up to them in our houses the wine-bowl of liberty
after we have driven out of Troy the strong-greaved Achaians.'

[. . . .]

BOOK TWENTY-TWO

So along the city the Trojans, who had run like fawns, dried
the sweat off from their bodies and drank and slaked their thirst, leaning
along the magnificent battlements. Meanwhile the Achaians
sloping their shields across their shoulders came close to the rampart.
But his deadly fate held Hektor shackled, so that he stood fast
in front of Ilion and the Skaian gates. Now Phoibos
Apollo spoke aloud to Peleion: 'Why, son of Peleus,
do you keep after me in the speed of your feet, being mortal
while I am an immortal god? Even yet you have not
seen that I am a god, but strain after me in your fury.
Now hard fighting with the Trojans whom you stampeded means nothing
to you. They are crowded in the city, but you bent away here.
You will never kill me. I am not one who is fated.'

Deeply vexed Achilleus of the swift feet spoke to him:
'You have balked me, striker from afar, most malignant of all gods,
when you turned me here away from the rampart, else many Trojans
would have caught the soil in their teeth before they got back into Ilion.
Now you have robbed me of great glory, and rescued these people
lightly, since you have no retribution to fear hereafter.
Else I would punish you, if only the strength were in me.'

He spoke, and stalked away against the city, with high thoughts
in mind, and in tearing speed, like a racehorse with his chariot
who runs lightly as he pulls the chariot over the flat land.
Such was the action of Achilleus in feet and quick knees.

The aged Priam was the first of all whose eyes saw him

as he swept across the flat land in full shining, like that star
which comes on in the autumn and whose conspicuous brightness
far outshines the stars that are numbered in the night's darkening,
the star they give the name of Orion's Dog, which is brightest
among the stars, and yet is wrought as a sign of evil
and brings on the great fever for unfortunate mortals.
Such was the flare of the bronze that girt his chest in his running.
The old man groaned aloud and with both hands high uplifted
beat his head, and groaned amain, and spoke supplicating
his beloved son, who there still in front of the gateway
stood fast in determined fury to fight with Achilleus.
The old man stretching his hands out called pitifully to him:
'Hektor, beloved child, do not wait the attack of this man
alone, away from the others. You might encounter your destiny
beaten down by Peleion, since he is far stronger than you are.
A hard man: I wish he were as beloved of the immortal
as loved by me. Soon he would lie dead, and the dogs and the vultures
would eat him, and bitter sorrow so be taken from my heart.
He has made me desolate of my sons, who were brave and many.
He killed them, or sold them away among the far-lying islands.
Even now there are two sons, Lykaon and Polydoros,
whom I cannot see among the Trojans pent up in the city,
sons Laothoë a princess among women bore to me.
But if these are alive somewhere in the army, then I can
set them free for bronze and gold; it is there inside, since
Altes the aged and renowned gave much with his daughter.
But if they are dead already and gone down to the house of Hades,
it is sorrow to our hearts, who bore them, myself and their mother,
but to the rest of the people a sorrow that will be fleeting
beside their sorrow for you, if you go down before Achilleus.
Come then inside the wall, my child, so that you can rescue
the Trojans and the women of Troy, neither win the high glory
for Peleus' son, and yourself be robbed of your very life. Oh, take
pity on me, the unfortunate still alive, still sentient
but ill-starred, whom the father, Kronos' son, on the threshold of old age
will blast with hard fate, after I have looked upon evils
and seen my sons destroyed and my daughters dragged away captive
and the chambers of marriage wrecked and the innocent children taken

and dashed to the ground in the hatefulness of war, and the wives
of my sons dragged off by the accursed hands of the Achaians.
And myself last of all, my dogs in front of my doorway
will rip me raw, after some man with stroke of the sharp bronze
spear, or with spearcast, has torn the life out of my body;
those dogs I raised in my halls to be at my table, to guard my
gates, who will lap my blood in the savagery of their anger
and then lie down in my courts. For a young man all is decorous
when he is cut down in battle and torn with the sharp bronze, and lies
there
dead, and though dead still all that shows about him is beautiful;
but when an old man is dead and down, and the dogs mutilate
the grey head and the grey beard and the parts that are secret,
this, for all sad mortality, is the sight most pitiful.'
So the old man spoke, and in his hands seizing the grey hairs
tore them from his head, but could not move the spirit in Hektor.
And side by side with him his mother in tears was mourning
and laid the fold of her bosom bare and with one hand held out
a breast, and wept her tears for him and called to him in winged words:
'Hektor, my child, look upon these and obey, and take pity
on me, if ever I gave you the breast to quiet your sorrow.
Remember all these things, dear child, and from inside the wall
beat off this grim man. Do not go out as champion against him,
o hard one; for if he kills you I can no longer
mourn you on the death-bed, sweet branch, o child of my bearing,
nor can your generous wife mourn you, but a big way from us
beside the ships of the Argives the running dogs will feed on you.'
So these two in tears and with much supplication called out
to their dear son, but could not move the spirit in Hektor,
but he awaited Achilleus as he came on, gigantic.
But as a snake waits for a man by his hole, in the mountains,
glutted with evil poisons, and the fell venom has got inside him,
and coiled about the hole he stares malignant, so Hektor
would not give ground but kept unquenched the fury within him
and sloped his shining shield against the jut of the bastion.
Deeply troubled he spoke to his own great-hearted spirit:
'Ah me! If I go now inside the wall and the gateway,
Poulydamas will be first to put a reproach upon me,

since he tried to make me lead the Trojans inside the city
on that accursed night when brilliant Achilleus rose up,
and I would not obey him, but that would have been far better.
Now, since by my own recklessness I have ruined my people,
I feel shame before the Trojans and the Trojan women with trailing
robes, that someone who is less of a man than I will say of me:
"Hektor believed in his own strength and ruined his people."
Thus they will speak; and as for me, it would be much better
at that time, to go against Achilleus, and slay him, and come back,
or else be killed by him in glory in front of the city.
Or if again I set down my shield massive in the middle
and my ponderous helm, and lean my spear up against the rampart
and go out as I am to meet Achilleus the blameless
and promise to give back Helen, and with her all her possessions,
all those things that once in the hollow ships Alexandros
brought back to Troy, and these were the beginning of the quarrel;
to give these to Atreus' sons to take away, and for the Achaians
also to divide up all that is hidden within the city,
and take an oath thereafter for the Trojans in conclave
not to hide anything away, but distribute all of it,
as much as the lovely citadel keeps guarded within it;
yet still, why does the heart within me debate on these things?
I might go up to him, and he take no pity upon me
nor respect my position, but kill me naked so, as if I were
a woman, once I stripped my armour from me. There is no
way any more from a tree or a rock to talk to him gently
whispering like a young man and a young girl, in the way
a young man and a young maiden whisper together.
Better to bring on the fight with him as soon as it may be.
We shall see to which one the Olympian grants the glory.'
So he pondered, waiting, but Achilleus was closing upon him
in the likeness of the lord of battles, the helm-shining warrior,
and shaking from above his shoulder the dangerous Pelian
ash spear, while the bronze that closed about him was shining
like the flare of blazing fire or the sun in its rising.
And the shivers took hold of Hektor when he saw him, and he could no
longer
stand his ground there, but left the gates behind, and fled, frightened,

and Peleus' son went after him in the confidence of his quick feet.
As when a hawk in the mountains who moves lightest of things flying
makes his effortless swoop for a trembling dove, but she slips away
from beneath and flies and he shrill screaming close after her
plunges for her again and again, heart furious to take her;
so Achilleus went straight for him in fury, but Hektor
fled away under the Trojan wall and moved his knees rapidly.
They raced along by the watching point and the windy fig tree
always away from under the wall and along the wagon-way
and came to the two sweet-running well springs. There there are double
springs of water that jet up, the springs of whirling Skamandros.
One of these runs hot water and the steam on all sides
of it rises as if from a fire that was burning inside it.
But the other in the summer-time runs water that is like hail
or chill snow or ice that forms from water. Beside these
in this place, and close to them, are the washing-hollows
of stone, and magnificent, where the wives of the Trojans and their
lovely
daughters washed the clothes to shining, in the old days
when there was peace, before the coming of the sons of the Achaians.
They ran beside these, one escaping, the other after him.
It was a great man who fled, but far better he who pursued him
rapidly, since here was no festal beast, no ox-hide
they strove for, for these are prizes that are given men for their running.
No, they ran for the life of Hektor, breaker of horses.
As when about the turnposts racing single-foot horses
run at full speed, when a great prize is laid up for their winning,
a tripod or a woman, in games for a man's funeral,
so these two swept whirling about the city of Priam
in the speed of their feet, while all the gods were looking upon them.
First to speak among them was the father of gods and mortals:
'Ah me, this is a man beloved whom now my eyes watch
being chased around the wall; my heart is mourning for Hektor
who has burned in my honour many thigh pieces of oxen
on the peaks of Ida with all her folds, or again on the uttermost
part of the citadel, but now the brilliant Achilleus
drives him in speed of his feet around the city of Priam.
Come then, you immortals, take thought and take counsel, whether

to rescue this man or whether to make him, for all his valour,
go down under the hands of Achilleus, the son of Peleus.'
Then in answer the goddess grey-eyed Athene spoke to him:
'Father of the shining bolt, dark misted, what is this you said?
Do you wish to bring back a man who is mortal, one long since
doomed by his destiny, from ill-sounding death and release him?
Do it, then; but not all the rest of us gods shall approve you.'
Then Zeus the gatherer of the clouds spoke to her in answer:
'Tritogeneia, dear daughter, do not lose heart; for I say this
not in outright anger, and my meaning toward you is kindly.
Act as your purpose would have you do, and hold back no longer.'
So he spoke, and stirred on Athene, who was eager before this,
and she went in a flash of speed down the pinnacles of Olympos.
But swift Achilleus kept unremittingly after Hektor,
chasing him, as a dog in the mountains who has flushed from his covert
a deer's fawn follows him through the folding ways and the valleys,
and though the fawn crouched down under a bush and be hidden
he keeps running and noses him out until he comes on him;
so Hektor could not lose himself from swift-footed Peleion.
If ever he made a dash right on for the gates of Dardanos
to get quickly under the strong-built bastions, endeavouring
that they from above with missiles thrown might somehow defend him,
each time Achilleus would get in front and force him to turn back
into the plain, and himself kept his flying course next the city.
As in a dream a man is not able to follow one who runs
from him, nor can the runner escape, nor the other pursue him,
so he could not run him down in his speed, nor the other get clear.
How then could Hektor have escaped the death spirits, had not
Apollo, for this last and uttermost time, stood by him
close, and driven strength into him, and made his knees light?
But brilliant Achilleus kept shaking his head at his own people
and would not let them throw their bitter projectiles at Hektor
for fear the thrower might win the glory, and himself come second.
But when for the fourth time they had come around to the well springs
then the Father balanced his golden scales, and in them
he set two fateful portions of death, which lays men prostrate,
one for Achilleus, and one for Hektor, breaker of horses,
and balanced it by the middle; and Hektor's death-day was heavier

and dragged downward toward death, and Phoibos Apollo forsook him.
But the goddess grey-eyed Athene came now to Peleion
and stood close beside him and addressed him in winged words: 'Beloved
of Zeus, shining Achilleus, I am hopeful now that you and I
will take back great glory to the ships of the Achaians, after
we have killed Hektor, for all his slakeless fury for battle.
Now there is no way for him to get clear away from us,
not though Apollo who strikes from afar should be willing to undergo
much, and wallow before our father Zeus of the aegis.
Stand you here then and get your wind again, while I go
to this man and persuade him to stand up to you in combat.'
So spoke Athene, and he was glad at heart, and obeyed her,
and stopped, and stood leaning on his bronze-barbed ash spear. Meanwhile
Athene left him there, and caught up with brilliant Hektor,
and likened herself in form and weariless voice to Deïphobos.
She came now and stood close to him and addressed him in winged words:
'Dear brother, indeed swift-footed Achilleus is using you roughly
and chasing you on swift feet around the city of Priam.
Come on, then; let us stand fast against him and beat him back from us.'
Then tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: 'Deïphobos,
before now you were dearest to me by far of my brothers,
of all those who were sons of Priam and Hekabe, and now
I am minded all the more within my heart to honour you,
you who dared for my sake, when your eyes saw me, to come forth
from the fortifications, while the others stand fast inside them.'
Then in turn the goddess grey-eyed Athene answered him:
'My brother, it is true our father and the lady our mother, taking
my knees in turn, and my companions about me, entreated
that I stay within, such was the terror upon all of them.
But the heart within me was worn away by hard sorrow for you.
But now let us go straight on and fight hard, let there be no sparing
of our spears, so that we can find out whether Achilleus
will kill us both and carry our bloody war spoils back
to the hollow ships, or will himself go down under your spear.'
So Athene spoke and led him on by beguilement.
Now as the two in their advance were come close together,
first of the two to speak was tall helm-glittering Hektor:
'Son of Peleus, I will no longer run from you, as before this

I fled three times around the great city of Priam, and dared not
stand to your onfall. But now my spirit in turn has driven me
to stand and face you. I must take you now, or I must be taken.
Come then, shall we swear before the gods? For these are the highest
who shall be witnesses and watch over our agreements.
Brutal as you are I will not defile you, if Zeus grants
to me that I can wear you out, and take the life from you.
But after I have stripped your glorious armour, Achilleus,
I will give your corpse back to the Achaians. Do you do likewise.'
Then looking darkly at him swift-footed Achilleus answered:
'Hektor, argue me no agreements. I cannot forgive you.
As there are no trustworthy oaths between men and lions,
nor wolves and lambs have spirit that can be brought to agreement
but forever these hold feelings of hate for each other,
so there can be no love between you and me, nor shall there be
oaths between us, but one or the other must fall before then
to glut with his blood Ares the god who fights under the shield's
guard.
Remember every valour of yours, for now the need comes
hardest upon you to be a spearman and a bold warrior.
There shall be no more escape for you, but Pallas Athene
will kill you soon by my spear. You will pay in a lump for all those
sorrows of my companions you killed in your spear's fury.'
So he spoke, and balanced the spear far shadowed, and threw it;
but glorious Hektor kept his eyes on him, and avoided it,
for he dropped, watchful, to his knee, and the bronze spear flew over his
shoulder
and stuck in the ground, but Pallas Athene snatched it, and gave it
back to Achilleus, unseen by Hektor shepherd of the people.
But now Hektor spoke out to the blameless son of Peleus:
'You missed; and it was not, o Achilleus like the immortals,
from Zeus that you knew my destiny; but you thought so; or rather
you are someone clever in speech and spoke to swindle me,
to make me afraid of you and forget my valour and war strength.
You will not stick your spear in my back as I run away from you
but drive it into my chest as I storm straight in against you;
if the god gives you that; and now look out for my brazen
spear. I wish it might be taken full length in your body.

And indeed the war would be a lighter thing for the Trojans
if you were dead, seeing that you are their greatest affliction.'
So he spoke, and balanced the spear far shadowed, and threw it,
and struck the middle of Peleïdes' shield, nor missed it,
but the spear was driven far back from the shield, and Hektor was angered
because his swift weapon had been loosed from his hand in a vain cast.
He stood discouraged, and had no other ash spear; but lifting
his voice he called aloud on Deïphobos of the pale shield,
and asked him for a long spear, but Deïphobos was not near him.
And Hektor knew the truth inside his heart, and spoke aloud:
'No use. Here at last the gods have summoned me deathward.
I thought Deïphobos the hero was here close beside me,
but he is behind the wall and it was Athene cheating me,
and now evil death is close to me, and no longer far away,
and there is no way out. So it must long since have been pleasing
to Zeus, and Zeus' son who strikes from afar, this way; though before this
they defended me gladly. But now my death is upon me.
Let me at least not die without a struggle, inglorious,
but do some big thing first, that men to come shall know of it.'
So he spoke, and pulling out the sharp sword that was slung
at the hollow of his side, huge and heavy, and gathering
himself together, he made his swoop, like a high-flown eagle
who launches himself out of the murk of the clouds on the flat land
to catch away a tender lamb or a shivering hare; so
Hektor made his swoop, swinging his sharp sword, and Achilleus
charged, the heart within him loaded with savage fury.
In front of his chest the beautiful elaborate great shield
covered him, and with the glittering helm with four horns
he nodded; the lovely golden fringes were shaken about it
which Hephaistos had driven close along the horn of the helmet.
And as a star moves among stars in the night's darkening,
Hesper, who is the fairest star who stands in the sky, such
was the shining from the pointed spear Achilleus was shaking
in his right hand with evil intention toward brilliant Hektor.
He was eyeing Hektor's splendid body, to see where it might best
give way, but all the rest of the skin was held in the armour,
brazen and splendid, he stripped when he cut down the strength of
Patroklos;

yet showed where the collar-bones hold the neck from the shoulders,
the throat, where death of the soul comes most swiftly; in this place
brilliant Achilleus drove the spear as he came on in fury,
and clean through the soft part of the neck the spearpoint was driven.
Yet the ash spear heavy with bronze did not sever the windpipe,
so that Hektor could still make exchange of words spoken.
But he dropped in the dust, and brilliant Achilleus vaunted above him:
'Hektor, surely you thought as you killed Patroklos you would be
safe, and since I was far away you thought nothing of me,
o fool, for an avenger was left, far greater than he was,
behind him and away by the hollow ships. And it was I;
and I have broken your strength; on you the dogs and the vultures
shall feed and foully rip you; the Achaians will bury Patroklos.'
In his weakness Hektor of the shining helm spoke to him:
'I entreat you, by your life, by your knees, by your parents,
do not let the dogs feed on me by the ships of the Achaians,
but take yourself the bronze and gold that are there in abundance,
those gifts that my father and the lady my mother will give you,
and give my body to be taken home again, so that the Trojans
and the wives of the Trojans may give me in death my rite of burning.'
But looking darkly at him swift-footed Achilleus answered:
'No more entreating of me, you dog, by knees or parents.
I wish only that my spirit and fury would drive me
to hack your meat away and eat it raw for the things that
you have done to me. So there is no one who can hold the dogs off
from your head, not if they bring here and set before me ten times
and twenty times the ransom, and promise more in addition,
not if Priam son of Dardanos should offer to weigh out
your bulk in gold; not even so shall the lady your mother
who herself bore you lay you on the death-bed and mourn you:
no, but the dogs and the birds will have you all for their feasting.'
Then, dying, Hektor of the shining helmet spoke to him:
'I know you well as I look upon you, I know that I could not
persuade you, since indeed in your breast is a heart of iron.
Be careful now; for I might be made into the gods' curse
upon you, on that day when Paris and Phoibos Apollo
destroy you in the Skaian gates, for all your valour.'
He spoke, and as he spoke the end of death closed in upon him,

and the soul fluttering free of the limbs went down into Death's house
mourning her destiny, leaving youth and manhood behind her.
Now though he was a dead man brilliant Achilleus spoke to him:
'Die: and I will take my own death at whatever time
Zeus and the rest of the immortals choose to accomplish it.'
He spoke, and pulled the brazen spear from the body, and laid it
on one side, and stripped away from the shoulders the bloody
armour. And the other sons of the Achaians came running about him,
and gazed upon the stature and on the imposing beauty
of Hektor; and none stood beside him who did not stab him;
and thus they would speak one to another, each looking at his neighbour:
'See now, Hektor is much softer to handle than he was
when he set the ships ablaze with the burning firebrand.'
So as they stood beside him they would speak, and stab him.
But now, when he had despoiled the body, swift-footed brilliant
Achilleus stood among the Achaians and addressed them in winged words:
'Friends, who are leaders of the Argives and keep their counsel:
since the gods have granted me the killing of this man
who has done us much damage, such as not all the others together
have done, come, let us go in armour about the city
to see if we can find out what purpose is in the Trojans,
whether they will abandon their high city, now that this man
has fallen, or are minded to stay, though Hektor lives no longer.
Yet still, why does the heart within me debate on these things?
There is a dead man who lies by the ships, unwept, unburied:
Patroklos: and I will not forget him, never so long as
I remain among the living and my knees have their spring beneath me.
And though the dead forget the dead in the house of Hades,
even there I shall still remember my beloved companion.
But now, you young men of the Achaians, let us go back, singing
a victory song, to our hollow ships; and take this with us.
We have won ourselves enormous fame; we have killed the great Hektor
whom the Trojans glorified as if he were a god in their city.'
He spoke, and now thought of shameful treatment for glorious Hektor.
In both of his feet at the back he made holes by the tendons
in the space between ankle and heel, and drew thongs of ox-hide through
them,
and fastened them to the chariot so as to let the head drag,

and mounted the chariot, and lifted the glorious armour inside it,
then whipped the horses to a run, and they winged their way unreluctant.
A cloud of dust rose where Hektor was dragged, his dark hair was falling
about him, and all that head that was once so handsome was tumbled
in the dust; since by this time Zeus had given him over
to his enemies, to be defiled in the land of his fathers.

So all his head was dragged in the dust; and now his mother
tore out her hair, and threw the shining veil far from her
and raised a great wail as she looked upon her son; and his father
beloved groaned pitifully, and all his people about him
were taken with wailing and lamentation all through the city.
It was most like what would have happened, if all lowering
Ilion had been burning top to bottom in fire.
His people could scarcely keep the old man in his impatience
from storming out of the Dardanian gates; he implored them
all, and wallowed in the muck before them calling on each man
and naming him by his name: 'Give way, dear friends,
and let me alone though you care for me, leave me to go out
from the city and make my way to the ships of the Achaians.
I must be suppliant to this man, who is harsh and violent,
and he might have respect for my age and take pity upon it
since I am old, and his father also is old, as I am,
Peleus, who begot and reared him to be an affliction
on the Trojans. He has given us most sorrow, beyond all others,
such is the number of my flowering sons he has cut down.
But for all of these I mourn not so much, in spite of my sorrow,
as for one, Hektor, and the sharp grief for him will carry me downward
into Death's house. I wish he had died in my arms, for that way
we two, I myself and his mother who bore him unhappy,
might so have glutted ourselves with weeping for him and mourning.'

So he spoke, in tears, and beside him mourned the citizens.
But for the women of Troy Hekabe led out the thronging
chant of sorrow: 'Child, I am wretched. What shall my life be
in my sorrows, now you are dead, who by day and in the night
were my glory in the town, and to all of the Trojans
and the women of Troy a blessing throughout their city. They adored you
as if you were a god, since in truth you were their high honour
while you lived. Now death and fate have closed in upon you.'

So she spoke in tears but the wife of Hektor had not yet
heard: for no sure messenger had come to her and told her
how her husband had held his ground there outside the gates;
but she was weaving a web in the inner room of the high house,
a red folding robe, and inworking elaborate figures.
She called out through the house to her lovely-haired handmaidens
to set a great cauldron over the fire, so that there would be
hot water for Hektor's bath as he came back out of the fighting;
poor innocent, nor knew how, far from waters for bathing,
Pallas Athene had cut him down at the hands of Achilleus.
She heard from the great bastion the noise of mourning and sorrow.
Her limbs spun, and the shuttle dropped from her hand to the ground.

Then
she called aloud to her lovely-haired handmaidens: 'Come here.
Two of you come with me, so I can see what has happened.
I heard the voice of Hektor's honoured mother; within me
my own heart rising beats in my mouth, my limbs under me
are frozen. Surely some evil is near for the children of Priam.
May what I say come never close to my ear; yet dreadfully
I fear that great Achilleus might have cut off bold Hektor
alone, away from the city, and be driving him into the flat land,
might put an end to that bitter pride of courage, that always
was on him, since he would never stay back where the men were in

numbers
but break far out in front, and give way in his fury to no man.'

So she spoke, and ran out of the house like a raving woman
with pulsing heart, and her two handmaidens went along with her.
But when she came to the bastion and where the men were gathered
she stopped, staring, on the wall; and she saw him
being dragged in front of the city, and the running horses
dragged him at random toward the hollow ships of the Achaians.
The darkness of night misted over the eyes of Andromache.
She fell backward, and gasped the life breath from her, and far off
threw from her head the shining gear that ordered her headdress,
the diadem and the cap, and the holding-band woven together,
and the circlet, which Aphrodite the golden once had given her
on that day when Hektor of the shining helmet led her forth
from the house of Eëtion, and gave numberless gifts to win her.

And about her stood thronging her husband's sisters and the wives of his
brothers
and these, in her despair for death, held her up among them.
But she, when she breathed again and the life was gathered back into her,
lifted her voice among the women of Troy in mourning:
'Hektor, I grieve for you. You and I were born to a single
destiny, you in Troy in the house of Priam, and I
in Thebe, underneath the timbered mountain of Plakos
in the house of Eëtion, who cared for me when I was little,
ill-fated he, I ill-starred. I wish he had never begotten me.
Now you go down to the house of Death in the secret places
of the earth, and left me here behind in the sorrow of mourning,
a widow in your house, and the boy is only a baby
who was born to you and me, the unfortunate. You cannot help him,
Hektor, any more, since you are dead. Nor can he help you.
Though he escape the attack of the Achaians with all its sorrows,
yet all his days for your sake there will be hard work for him
and sorrows, for others will take his lands away from him. The day
of bereavement leaves a child with no agemates to befriend him.
He bows his head before every man, his cheeks are bewept, he
goes, needy, a boy among his father's companions,
and tugs at this man by the mantle, that man by the tunic,
and they pity him, and one gives him a tiny drink from a goblet,
enough to moisten his lips, not enough to moisten his palate.
But one whose parents are living beats him out of the banquet
hitting him with his fists and in words also abuses him:
"Get out, you! Your father is not dining among us."
And the boy goes away in tears to his widowed mother,
Astyanax, who in days before on the knees of his father
would eat only the marrow or the flesh of sheep that was fattest.
And when sleep would come upon him and he was done with his playing,
he would go to sleep in a bed, in the arms of his nurse, in a soft
bed, with his heart given all its fill of luxury.
Now, with his dear father gone, he has much to suffer:
he, whom the Trojans have called Astyanax, lord of the city,
since it was you alone who defended the gates and the long walls.
But now, beside the curving ships, far away from your parents,
the writhing worms will feed, when the dogs have had enough of you,

on your naked corpse, though in your house there is clothing laid up
that is fine-textured and pleasant, wrought by the hands of women.
But all of these I will burn up in the fire's blazing,
no use to you, since you will never be laid away in them;
but in your honour, from the men of Troy and the Trojan women.'
So she spoke, in tears; and the women joined in her mourning.

Item #3

Arthur C. Clarke, "History Lesson," *Startling Stories* 19 (May 1949): 137-141.



"These pictures apparently form a record of life as it was at the height of their civilization," said the Historian

History Lesson

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

NO ONE could remember when the tribe had begun its long journey. The land of great rolling plains that had been its first home was now no more than a half-forgotten dream.

For many years Shann and his people had been fleeing through a country of low hills and sparkling lakes, and now the mountains lay ahead. This summer they must cross them to the southern lands. There was little time to lose. The white terror that had come down from the Poles, grinding continents to dust and freezing the very air before it, was less than a day's march behind.

Shann wondered if the glaciers could climb the mountains ahead, and within his heart he dared to kindle a little flame of hope. This might prove a barrier against which even the remorseless ice would batter in vain. In the southern lands of which the legends spoke, his people might find refuge at last.

It took weeks to discover a pass through

SHANN AND HIS PEOPLE FIGHT THE WHITE TERROR!

which the tribe and the animals could travel. When midsummer came, they had camped in a lonely valley where the air was thin and the stars shone with a brilliance on one had ever seen before.

The summer was waning when Shann took his two sons and went ahead to explore the way. For three days they climbed, and for three nights slept as best they could on the freezing rocks. And on the fourth morning there was nothing ahead but a gentle rise to a cairn of gray stones built by other travelers, centuries ago.

Shann felt himself trembling, and not with cold, as they walked toward the little pyramid of stones. His sons had fallen behind. No one spoke, for too much was at stake. In a little while they would know if all their hopes had been betrayed.

To east and west, the wall of mountains curved away as if embracing the land beneath. Below lay endless miles of undulating plain, with a great river swinging across it in tremendous loops. It was a fertile land; one in which the tribe could raise crops knowing that there would be no need to flee before the harvest came.

Then Shann lifted his eyes to the south, and saw the doom of all his hopes. For there at the edge of the world glimmered that deadly light he had seen so often to the north —the glint of ice below the horizon.

There was no way forward. Through all the years of flight, the glaciers from the south had been advancing to meet them. Soon they would be crushed beneath the moving walls of ice. . . .

SOUTHERN glaciers did not reach the mountains until a generation later. In that last summer the sons of Shann carried the sacred treasures of the tribe to the lonely cairn overlooking the plain. The ice that had once gleamed below the horizon was now almost at their feet. By spring it would be splintering against the mountain walls.

No one understood the treasures now. They were from a past too distant for the understanding of any man alive. Their origins were lost in the mists that surrounded the Golden Age, and how they had come at last into the possesion of this wandering tribe was a story that now would never be told. For it was the story of a civilization that had passed beyond recall.

Once, all these pitiful relics had been treasured for some good reason, and now they had become sacred though their meaning had long been lost. The print in the old books had faded centuries ago though much of the lettering was still visible—if there had been any to read it. But many generations had passed since anyone had had a use for a set of seven-figure logarithms, an atlas of the world, and the score of Sibelius' Seventh Symphony, printed, according to the flyleaf, by H. K. Chu and Sons, at the City of Pekin in the year 2371 A.D.

The old books were placed reverently in the little crypt that had been made to receive them. There followed a motley collection of fragments—gold and platinum coins, a broken telephoto lens, a watch, a cold-light lamp, a microphone, the cutter from an electric shaver, some midget radio tubes, the flotsam that had been left behind when the great tide of civilization had ebbed forever.

All these treasures were carefully stowed away in their resting place. Then came three more relics, the most sacred of all because the least understood.

The first was a strangely shaped piece of metal, showing the coloration of intense heat. It was, in its way, the most pathetic of all these symbols from the past, for it told of man's greatest achievement and of the future he might have known. The mahogany stand on which it was mounted bore a silver plate with the inscription.

Auxiliary Igniter from Starboard Jet
Spaceship "Morning Star"
Earth-Moon, A.D. 1985

Next followed another miracle of the ancient science—a sphere of transparent plastic with strangely shaped pieces of metal embedded in it. At its centre was a tiny capsule of synthetic radio-element, surrounded by the converting screens that shifted its radiation far down the spectrum. As long as the material remained active, the sphere would be a tiny radio transmitter, broadcasting power in all directions. Only a few of these spheres had ever been made. They had been designed as perpetual beacons to mark the orbits of the asteroids. But man had never reached the asteroids and the beacons had never been used.

Last of all was a flat, circular tin, wide in comparison with its depth. It was heavily sealed, and rattled when shaken. The tribal lore predicted that disaster would follow if

it were ever opened, and no one knew that it held one of the great works of art of nearly a thousand years before.

The work was finished. The two men rolled the stones back into place and slowly began to descend the mountainside. Even to the last, man had given some thought to the future and had tried to preserve something for posterity.

That winter the great waves of ice began their first assault on the mountains, attacking from north and south. The foothills were overwhelmed in the first onslaught, and the glaciers ground them into dust. But the mountains stood firm, and when the summer came the ice retreated for a while.

So, winter after winter, the battle continued, and the roar of the avalanches, the grinding of rock and the explosions of splintering ice filled the air with tumult. No war of man's had been fiercer than this, and even man's battles had not quite engulfed the globe as this had done.

At last the tidal waves of ice began to subside and to creep slowly down the flanks of the mountains they had never quite subdued. The valleys and passes were still firmly in their grip. It was stalemate. The glaciers had met their match, but their defeat was too late to be of any use to Man.

So the centuries passed, and presently there happened something that must occur once at least in the history of every world in the universe, no matter how remote and lonely it may be.

THE ship from Venus came five thousand years too late, but its crew knew nothing of this. While still many millions of miles away, the telescopes had seen the great shroud of ice that made Earth the most brilliant object in the sky next to the sun itself.

Here and there the dazzling sheet was marred by black specks that revealed the presence of almost buried mountains. That was all. The rolling oceans, the plains and forests, the deserts and lakes—all that had been the world of man was sealed beneath the ice, perhaps forever.

The ship closed in to Earth and established an orbit less than a thousand miles away. For five days it circled the planet, while cameras recorded all that was left to see and a hundred instruments gathered information that would give the Venusian scientists many years of work.

An actual landing was not intended. There seemed little purpose in it. But on the sixth day the picture changed. A panoramic monitor, driven to the limit of its amplification, detected the dying radiation of the five-thousand-year-old beacon. Through all the centuries, it had been sending out its signals with ever-failing strength as its radioactive heart steadily weakened.

The monitor locked on the beacon frequency. In the control room, a bell clamored for attention. A little later, the Venusian ship broke free from its orbit and slanted down toward Earth, toward a range of mountains that still towered proudly above the ice, and to a cairn of gray stones that the years had scarcely touched. . . .

The great disc of the sun blazed fiercely in a sky no longer veiled with mist, for the clouds that had once hidden Venus had now completely gone. Whatever force had caused the change in the sun's radiation had doomed one civilization, but had given birth to another. Less than five thousand years before, the half-savage people of Venus had seen Sun and stars for the first time. Just as the science of Earth had begun with astronomy, so had that of Venus, and on the warm, rich world that man had never seen progress had been incredibly rapid.

Perhaps the Venusians had been lucky. They never knew the Dark Age that held Man enchained for a thousand years. They missed the long detour into chemistry and mechanics but came at once to the more fundamental laws of radiation physics. In the time that man had taken to progress from the Pyramids to the rocket-propelled spaceship, the Venusians had passed from the discovery of agriculture to anti-gravity itself—the ultimate secret that Man had never learned.

The warm ocean that still bore most of the young planet's life rolled its breakers languidly against the sandy shore. So new was this continent that the very sands were coarse and gritty. There had not yet been time enough for the sea to wear them smooth.

The scientists lay half in the water, their beautiful reptilian bodies gleaming in the sunlight. The greatest minds of Venus had gathered on this shore from all the islands of the planet. What they were going to hear they did not yet know, except that it concerned the Third World and the mysterious

race that had peopled it before the coming of the ice.

The Historian was standing on the land, for the instruments he wished to use had no love of water. By his side was a large machine which attracted many curious glances from his colleagues. It was clearly concerned with optics, for a lens system projected from it toward a screen of white material a dozen yards away.

The Historian began to speak. Briefly he recapitulated what little had been discovered concerning the third planet and its people.

HE MENTIONED the centuries of fruitless research that had failed to interpret a single word of the writings of Earth. The planet had been inhabited by a race of great technical ability. That, at least, was proved by the few pieces of machinery that had been found in the cairn upon the mountain.

"We do not know why so advanced a civilization came to an end," he observed. "Almost certainly, it had sufficient knowledge to survive an Ice Age. There must have been some other factor of which we know nothing. Possibly disease or racial degeneration may have been responsible. It has even been suggested that the tribal conflicts endemic to our own species in prehistoric times may have continued on the third planet after the coming of technology.

"Some philosophers maintain that knowledge of machinery does not necessarily imply a high degree of civilization, and it is theoretically possible to have wars in a society possessing mechanical power, flight, and even radio. Such a conception is alien to our thoughts, but we must admit its possibility. It would certainly account for the downfall of the lost race.

"It has always been assumed that we should never know anything of the physical form of the creatures who lived on Planet Three. For centuries our artists have been depicting scenes from the history of the dead world, peopling it with all manner of fantastic beings. Most of these creations have resembled us more or less closely, though it has often been pointed out that because *we* are reptiles it does not follow that all intelligent life must necessarily be reptilian.

"We now know the answer to one of the most baffling problems of history. At last, after hundred years of research, we have discovered the exact form and nature of the ruling life on the Third Planet."

There was a murmur of astonishment from the assembled scientists. Some were so taken aback that they disappeared for a while into the comfort of the ocean, as all Venusians were apt to do in moments of stress. The Historian waited until his colleagues reemerged into the element they so disliked. He himself was quite comfortable, thanks to the tiny sprays that were continually playing over his body. With their help he could live on land for many hours before having to return to the ocean.

The excitement slowly subsided and the lecturer continued:

"One of the most puzzling of the objects found on Planet Three was a flat metal container holding a great length of transparent plastic material, perforated at the edges and wound tightly into a spool. This transparent tape at first seemed quite featureless, but an examination with the new subelectronic microscope has shown that this is not the case. Along the surface of the material, invisible to our eyes but perfectly clear under the correct radiation, are literally thousands of tiny pictures. It is believed that they were imprinted on the material by some chemical means, and have faded with the passage of time.

"These pictures apparently form a record of life as it was on the Third Planet at the height of its civilization. They are not independent. Consecutive pictures are almost identical, differing only in the detail of movement. The purpose of such a record is obvious. It is only necessary to project the scenes in rapid succession to give an illusion of continuous movement. We have made a machine to do this, and I have here an exact reproduction of the picture sequence.

"The scenes you are now going to witness take us back many thousands of years, to the great days of our sister planet. They show a complex civilization, many of whose activities we can only dimly understand. Life seems to have been very violent and energetic, and much that you will see is quite baffling.

"It is clear that the Third Planet was inhabited by a number of different species, none of them reptilian. That is a blow to our pride, but the conclusion is inescapable. The dominant type of life appears to have been a two-armed biped. It walked upright and

covered its body with some flexible material, possibly for protection against the cold, since even before the Ice Age the planet was at a much lower temperature than our own world. But I will not try your patience any further. You will now see the record of which I have been speaking."

A BRILLIANT light flashed from the projector. There was a gentle whirring, and on the screen appeared hundreds of strange beings moving rather jerkily to and fro. The picture expanded to embrace one of the creatures, and the scientists could see that the Historian's description had been correct.

The creature possessed two eyes, set rather close together, but the other facial adornments were a little obscure. There was a large orifice in the lower portion of the head that was continually opening and closing. Possibly it had something to do with the creature's breathing.

The scientists watched spellbound as the strange being became involved in a series of fantastic adventures. There was an incredibly violent conflict with another, slightly different creature. It seemed certain that they must both be killed, but when it was all over neither seemed any the worse.

Then came a furious drive over miles of country in a four-wheeled mechanical device which was capable of extraordinary feats of locomotion. The ride ended in a city packed with other vehicles moving in all directions at breath-taking speeds. No one was surprised to see two of the machines meet head-on with devastating results.

After that, events became even more complicated. It was now quite obvious that it would take many years of research to analyze and understand all that was happening. It was also clear that the record was a work of art, somewhat stylized, rather than an exact reproduction of life as it actually had been on the Third Planet.

Most of the scientists felt themselves completely dazed when the sequence of pictures came to an end. There was a final flurry of motion, in which the creature that had been the center of interest became involved in some tremendous but incomprehensible catastrophe. The picture contracted to a circle, centered on the creature's head.

The last scene of all was an expanded view of its face, obviously expressing some powerful emotion. But whether it was rage, grief, defiance, resignation or some other feeling could not be guessed. The picture vanished. For a moment some lettering appeared on the screen, then it was all over.

For several minutes there was complete silence, save for the lapping of the waves upon the sand. The scientists were too stunned to speak. The fleeting glimpse of Earth's civilization had had a shattering effect on their minds. Then little groups began to start talking together, first in whispers and then more and more loudly as the implications of what they had seen became clearer. Presently the Historian called for attention and addressed the meeting again.

"We are now planning," he said, " a vast program of research to extract all available knowledge from this record. Thousands of copies are being made for distribution to all workers. You will appreciate the problems involved. The psychologists in particular have an immense task confronting them.

"But I do not doubt that we shall succeed. In another generation, who can say what we may not have learned of this wonderful race? Before we leave, let us look again at our remote cousins, whose wisdom may have surpassed our own but of whom so little has survived."

Once more the final picture flashed on the screen, motionless this time, for the projector had been stopped. With something like awe, the scientists gazed at the still figure from the past, while in turn the little biped stared back at them with its characteristic expression of arrogant bad temper.

For the rest of time it would symbolize the human race. The psychologists of Venus would analyze its actions and watch its every movement until they could reconstruct its mind. Thousands of books would be written about it. Intricate philosophies would be contrived to account for its behavior.

But all this labor, all this research, would be utterly in vain. Perhaps the proud and lonely figure on the screen was smiling sardonically at the scientists who were starting on their age-long fruitless quest.

Its secret would be safe as long as the universe endured, for no one now would ever read the lost language of Earth. Millions of times in the ages to come those last few words would flash across the screen, and none could ever guess their meaning:

A Walt Disney Production.

Item #4

Plato, *The Republic of Plato*, 3rd ed., trans. Benjamin Jowett (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888), 140-179.

BOOK V.

Republic V. Socrates, Glaucon, Adeimantus.

Such is the good and true City or State, and the good and true man is of the same pattern; and if this is right every other is wrong; and the evil is one which affects not only the ordering of the State, but also the regulation of the individual soul, and is exhibited in four forms. Steph. 449

The community of women and children.

What are they? he said.

I was proceeding to tell the order in which the four evil forms appeared to me to succeed one another, when Polemarchus, who was sitting a little way off, just beyond Adeimantus, began to whisper to him: stretching forth his hand, he took hold of the upper part of his coat by the shoulder, and drew him towards him, leaning forward himself so as to be quite close and saying something in his ear, of which I only caught the words, 'Shall we let him off, or what shall we do?'

Certainly not, said Adeimantus, raising his voice.

Who is it, I said, whom you are refusing to let off?

You, he said.

I repeated[1], Why am I especially not to be let off?

The saying 'Friends have all things in common' is an insufficient solution of the problem.

Why, he said, we think that you are lazy, and mean to cheat us out of a whole chapter which is a very important part of the story; and you fancy that we shall not notice your airy way of proceeding; as if it were self-evident to everybody, that in the matter of women and children 'friends have all things in common.'

And was I not right, Adeimantus?

Yes, he said; but what is right in this particular case, like everything else, requires to be explained; for community may be of many kinds. Please, therefore, to say what sort of community you mean. We have been long

[1] Reading ὅτι ἐγὼ εἶπον.

Republic V. Socrates, Adeimantus, Glaucon, Thrasymachus.

expecting that you would tell us something about the family life of your citizens—how they will bring children into the world, and rear them when they have arrived, and, in general, what is the nature of this community of women and children—for we are of opinion that the right or wrong management of such matters will have a great and paramount influence on the State for good or for evil. And now, since the question is still undetermined, and you are taking in hand another State, we have resolved, as you heard, not 450 to let you go until you give an account of all this.

To that resolution, said Glaucon, you may regard me as saying "Agreed."

And without more ado, said Thrasymachus, you may consider us all to be equally agreed.

I said, You know not what you are doing in thus assailing me: What an argument are you raising about the State! Just as I thought that I had finished, and was only too glad that I had laid this question to sleep, and was reflecting how fortunate I was in your acceptance of what I then said, you ask me to begin again at the very foundation, ignorant of what a hornet's nest of words you are stirring. Now I foresaw this gathering trouble, and avoided it.

The feigned surprise of Socrates.

For what purpose do you conceive that we have come here, said Thrasymachus,—to look for gold, or to hear discourse?

The good-humour of Thrasymachus.

Yes, but discourse should have a limit.

Yes, Socrates, said Glaucon, and the whole of life is the only limit which wise men assign to the hearing of such discourses. But never mind about us; take heart yourself and answer the question in your own way: What sort of community of women and children is this which is to prevail among our guardians? and how shall we manage the period between birth and education, which seems to require the greatest care? Tell us how these things will be.

Yes, my simple friend, but the answer is the reverse of easy; many more doubts arise about this than about our previous conclusions. For the practicability of what is said may be doubted; and looked at in another point of view, whether the scheme, if ever so practicable, would be for the best, is also doubtful. Hence I feel a reluctance to approach

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

the subject, lest our aspiration, my dear friend, should turn out to be a dream only.

Fear not, he replied, for your audience will not be hard upon you; they are not sceptical or hostile.

I said: My good friend, I suppose that you mean to encourage me by these words.

Yes, he said.

A friendly audience is more dangerous than a hostile one.

Then let me tell you that you are doing just the reverse; the encouragement which you offer would have been all very well had I myself believed that I knew what I was talking about: to declare the truth about matters of high interest which a man honours and loves among wise men who love him need occasion no fear or faltering in his mind; but to carry on an argument when you are yourself only a hesitating enquirer, which is my condition, is a dangerous and slippery 451 thing; and the danger is not that I shall be laughed at (of which the fear would be childish), but that I shall miss the truth where I have most need to be sure of my footing, and drag my friends after me in my fall. And I pray Nemesis not to visit upon me the words which I am going to utter. For I do indeed believe that to be an involuntary homicide is a less crime than to be a deceiver about beauty or goodness or justice in the matter of laws[1]. And that is a risk which I would rather run among enemies than among friends, and therefore you do well to encourage me[2].

Glaucon laughed and said: Well then, Socrates, in case you and your argument do us any serious injury you shall be acquitted beforehand of the homicide, and shall not be held to be a deceiver; take courage then and speak.

Well, I said, the law says that when a man is acquitted he is free from guilt, and what holds at law may hold in argument.

Then why should you mind?

Well, I replied, I suppose that I must retrace my steps and say what I perhaps ought to have said before in the proper place. The part of the men has been played out, and now properly enough comes the turn of the women. Of them I will proceed to speak, and the more readily since I am invited by you.

[1] Or inserting καὶ before νομίμων: 'a deceiver about beauty or goodness or principles of justice or law.'

[2] Reading ὅστε εὖ με παραμυθεῖ.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

For men born and educated like our citizens, the only way, in my opinion, of arriving at a right conclusion about the possession and use of women and children is to follow the path on which we originally started, when we said that the men were to be the guardians and watchdogs of the herd.

True.

Let us further suppose the birth and education of our women to be subject to similar or nearly similar regulations; then we shall see whether the result accords with our design.

What do you mean?

No distinction among the animals such as is made between men and women.

What I mean may be put into the form of a question, I said: Are dogs divided into hes and shes, or do they both share equally in hunting and in keeping watch and in the other duties of dogs? or do we entrust to the males the entire and exclusive care of the flocks, while we leave the females at home, under the idea that the bearing and suckling their puppies is labour enough for them?

No, he said, they share alike; the only difference between them is that the males are stronger and the females weaker.

But can you use different animals for the same purpose, unless they are bred and fed in the same way?

You cannot.

Then, if women are to have the same duties as men, they 452 must have the same nurture and education?

Yes.

The education which was assigned to the men was music and gymnastic.

Yes.

Women must be taught music, gymnastic, and military exercises equally with men.

Then women must be taught music and gymnastic and also the art of war, which they must practise like the men?

That is the inference, I suppose.

I should rather expect, I said, that several of our proposals, if they are carried out, being unusual, may appear ridiculous.

No doubt of it.

Yes, and the most ridiculous thing of all will be the sight of women naked in the palaestra, exercising with the men, especially when they are no longer young; they certainly will not be a vision of beauty, any more than the enthusiastic

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

old men who in spite of wrinkles and ugliness continue to frequent the gymnasia.

Yes, indeed, he said: according to present notions the proposal would be thought ridiculous.

But then, I said, as we have determined to speak our minds, we must not fear the jests of the wits which will be directed against this sort of innovation; how they will talk of women's attainments both in music and gymnastic, and above all about their wearing armour and riding upon horseback!

Very true, he replied.

Convention should not be permitted to stand in the way of a higher good.

Yet having begun we must go forward to the rough places of the law; at the same time begging of these gentlemen for once in their life to be serious. Not long ago, as we shall remind them, the Hellenes were of the opinion, which is still generally received among the barbarians, that the sight of a naked man was ridiculous and improper; and when first the Cretans and then the Lacedaemonians introduced the custom, the wits of that day might equally have ridiculed the innovation.

No doubt.

But when experience showed that to let all things be uncovered was far better than to cover them up, and the ludicrous effect to the outward eye vanished before the better principle which reason asserted, then the man was perceived to be a fool who directs the shafts of his ridicule at any other sight but that of folly and vice, or seriously inclines to weigh the beautiful by any other standard but that of the good[1].

Very true, he replied.

First, then, whether the question is to be put in jest or in earnest, let us come to an understanding about the nature of 453
woman: Is she capable of sharing either wholly or partially in the actions of men, or not at all? And is the art of war one of those arts in which she can or can not share? That will be the best way of commencing the enquiry, and will probably lead to the fairest conclusion.

That will be much the best way.

Shall we take the other side first and begin by arguing against ourselves; in this manner the adversary's position will not be undefended.

[1] Reading with Paris A. καὶ καλοῦ . . .

Why not? he said.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Objection: We were saying that every one should do his own work: Have not women and men severally a work of their own?

Then let us put a speech into the mouths of our opponents. They will say: 'Socrates and Glaucon, no adversary need convict you, for you yourselves, at the first foundation of the State, admitted the principle that everybody was to do the one work suited to his own nature.' And certainly, if I am not mistaken, such an admission was made by us. 'And do not the natures of men and women differ very much indeed?' And we shall reply: Of course they do. Then we shall be asked, 'Whether the tasks assigned to men and to women should not be different, and such as are agreeable to their different natures?' Certainly they should. 'But if so, have you not fallen into a serious inconsistency in saying that men and women, whose natures are so entirely different, ought to perform the same actions?'—What defence will you make for us, my good Sir, against any one who offers these objections?

That is not an easy question to answer when asked suddenly; and I shall and I do beg of you to draw out the case on our side.

These are the objections, Glaucon, and there are many others of a like kind, which I foresaw long ago; they made me afraid and reluctant to take in hand any law about the possession and nurture of women and children.

By Zeus, he said, the problem to be solved is anything but easy.

Why yes, I said, but the fact is that when a man is out of his depth, whether he has fallen into a little swimming bath or into mid ocean, he has to swim all the same.

Very true.

And must not we swim and try to reach the shore: we will hope that Arion's dolphin or some other miraculous help may save us?

I suppose so, he said.

Well then, let us see if any way of escape can be found. We acknowledged—did we not? that different natures ought to have different pursuits, and that men's and women's natures are different. And now what are we saying?—that different natures ought to have the same pursuits,—this is the inconsistency which is charged upon us.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Precisely.

Verily, Glaucon, I said, glorious is the power of the art of 454 contradiction!

Why do you say so?

The seeming inconsistency arises out of a verbal opposition.

Because I think that many a man falls into the practice against his will. When he thinks that he is reasoning he is really disputing, just because he cannot define and divide, and so know that of which he is speaking; and he will pursue a merely verbal opposition in the spirit of contention and not of fair discussion.

Yes, he replied, such is very often the case; but what has that to do with us and our argument?

A great deal; for there is certainly a danger of our getting unintentionally into a verbal opposition.

In what way?

When we assigned to different natures different pursuits, we meant only those differences of nature which affected the pursuits.

Why we valiantly and pugnaciously insist upon the verbal truth, that different natures ought to have different pursuits, but we never considered at all what was the meaning of sameness or difference of nature, or why we distinguished them when we assigned different pursuits to different natures and the same to the same natures.

Why, no, he said, that was never considered by us.

I said: Suppose that by way of illustration we were to ask the question whether there is not an opposition in nature between bald men and hairy men; and if this is admitted by us, then, if bald men are cobblers, we should forbid the hairy men to be cobblers, and conversely?

That would be a jest, he said.

Yes, I said, a jest; and why? because we never meant when we constructed the State, that the opposition of natures should extend to every difference, but only to those differences which affected the pursuit in which the individual is engaged; we should have argued, for example, that a physician and one who is in mind a physician[1] may be said to have the same nature.

True.

Whereas the physician and the carpenter have different natures?

Certainly.

[1] Reading *ἰατρὸν μὲν καὶ ἰατρικὸν τὴν ψυχὴν ὄντα.*

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

And if, I said, the male and female sex appear to differ in their fitness for any art or pursuit, we should say that such pursuit or art ought to be assigned to one or the other of them; but if the difference consists only in women bearing and men begetting children, this does not amount to a proof that a woman differs from a man in respect of the sort of education she should receive; and we shall therefore continue to maintain that our guardians and their wives ought to have the same pursuits.

Very true, he said.

Next, we shall ask our opponent how, in reference to any 455 of the pursuits or arts of civic life, the nature of a woman differs from that of a man?

That will be quite fair.

And perhaps he, like yourself, will reply that to give a sufficient answer on the instant is not easy; but after a little reflection there is no difficulty.

Yes, perhaps.

Suppose then that we invite him to accompany us in the argument, and then we may hope to show him that there is nothing peculiar in the constitution of women which would affect them in the administration of the State.

By all means.

The same natural gifts are found in both sexes, but they are possessed in a higher degree by men than women.

Let us say to him: Come now, and we will ask you a question:—when you spoke of a nature gifted or not gifted in any respect, did you mean to say that one man will acquire a thing easily, another with difficulty; a little learning will lead the one to discover a great deal; whereas the other, after much study and application, no sooner learns than he forgets; or again, did you mean, that the one has a body which is a good servant to his mind, while the body of the other is a hindrance to him?—would not these be the sort of differences which distinguish the man gifted by nature from the one who is ungifted?

No one will deny that.

And can you mention any pursuit of mankind in which the male sex has not all these gifts and qualities in a higher degree than the female? Need I waste time in speaking of the art of weaving, and the management of pancakes and preserves, in which womankind does really appear to be

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

great, and in which for her to be beaten by a man is of all things the most absurd?

You are quite right, he replied, in maintaining the general inferiority of the female sex: although many women are in many things superior to many men, yet on the whole what you say is true.

And if so, my friend, I said, there is no special faculty of administration in a state which a woman has because she is a woman, or which a man has by virtue of his sex, but the gifts of nature are alike diffused in both; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, but in all of them a woman is inferior to a man.

Very true.

Men and women are to be governed by the same laws and to have the same pursuits.

Then are we to impose all our enactments on men and none of them on women?

That will never do.

One woman has a gift of healing, another not; one is 456
a musician, and another has no music in her nature?

Very true.

And one woman has a turn for gymnastic and military exercises, and another is unwarlike and hates gymnastics?

Certainly.

And one woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophy; one has spirit, and another is without spirit?

That is also true.

Then one woman will have the temper of a guardian, and another not. Was not the selection of the male guardians determined by differences of this sort?

Yes.

Men and women alike possess the qualities which make a guardian; they differ only in their comparative strength or weakness.

Obviously.

And those women who have such qualities are to be selected as the companions and colleagues of men who have similar qualities and whom they resemble in capacity and in character?

Very true.

And ought not the same natures to have the same pursuits?

They ought.

Then, as we were saying before, there is nothing unnatural

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

in assigning music and gymnastic to the wives of the guardians —to that point we come round again.

Certainly not.

The law which we then enacted was agreeable to nature, and therefore not an impossibility or mere aspiration; and the contrary practice, which prevails at present, is in reality a violation of nature.

That appears to be true.

We had to consider, first, whether our proposals were possible, and secondly whether they were the most beneficial?

Yes.

And the possibility has been acknowledged?

Yes.

The very great benefit has next to be established?

Quite so.

There are different degrees of goodness both in women and in men.

You will admit that the same education which makes a man a good guardian will make a woman a good guardian; for their original nature is the same?

Yes.

I should like to ask you a question.

What is it?

Would you say that all men are equal in excellence, or is one man better than another?

The latter.

And in the commonwealth which we were founding do you conceive the guardians who have been brought up on our model system to be more perfect men, or the cobblers whose education has been cobbling?

What a ridiculous question!

You have answered me, I replied: Well, and may we not further say that our guardians are the best of our citizens?

By far the best.

And will not their wives be the best women?

Yes, by far the best.

And can there be anything better for the interests of the State than that the men and women of a State should be as good as possible?

There can be nothing better.

457 And this is what the arts of music and gymnastic, when present in such manner as we have described, will accomplish?

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Certainly.

Then we have made an enactment not only possible but in the highest degree beneficial to the State?

True.

Then let the wives of our guardians strip, for their virtue will be their robe, and let them share in the toils of war and the defence of their country; only in the distribution of labours the lighter are to be assigned to the women, who are the weaker natures, but in other respects their duties are to be the same. And as for the man who laughs at naked women exercising their bodies from the best of motives, in his laughter he is plucking

'A fruit of unripe wisdom,'

and he himself is ignorant of what he is laughing at, or what he is about;—for that is, and ever will be, the best of sayings,

The noble saying.

That the useful is the noble and the hurtful is the base.

Very true.

Here, then, is one difficulty in our law about women, which we may say that we have now escaped; the wave has not swallowed us up alive for enacting that the guardians of either sex should have all their pursuits in common; to the utility and also to the possibility of this arrangement the consistency of the argument with itself bears witness.

Yes, that was a mighty wave which you have escaped.

The second and greater wave.

Yes, I said, but a greater is coming; you will not think much of this when you see the next.

Go on; let me see.

The law, I said, which is the sequel of this and of all that has preceded, is to the following effect,—'that the wives of our guardians are to be common, and their children are to be common, and no parent is to know his own child, nor any child his parent.'

Yes, he said, that is a much greater wave than the other; and the possibility as well as the utility of such a law are far more questionable.

I do not think, I said, that there can be any dispute about the very great utility of having wives and children in common; the possibility is quite another matter, and will be very much disputed.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

I think that a good many doubts may be raised about both.

You imply that the two questions must be combined, I replied. Now I meant that you should admit the utility; and in this way, as I thought, I should escape from one of them, and then there would remain only the possibility.

The utility and possibility of a community of wives and children.

But that little attempt is detected, and therefore you will please to give a defence of both.

Well, I said, I submit to my fate. Yet grant me a little
458 favour: let me feast my mind with the dream as day dreamers are in the habit of feasting themselves when they are walking alone; for before they have discovered any means of effecting their wishes—that is a matter which never troubles them—they would rather not tire themselves by thinking about possibilities; but assuming that what they desire is already granted to them, they proceed with their plan, and delight in detailing what they mean to do when their wish has come true—that is a way which they have of not doing much good to a capacity which was never good for much. Now I myself am beginning to lose heart, and I should like, with your permission, to pass over the question of possibility at present. Assuming therefore the possibility of the proposal, I shall now proceed to enquire how the rulers will carry out these arrangements, and I shall demonstrate that our plan, if executed, will be of the greatest benefit to the State and to the guardians. First of all, then, if you have no objection, I will endeavour with your help to consider the advantages of the measure; and hereafter the question of possibility.

The utility to be considered first, the possibility afterwards.

I have no objection; proceed.

First, I think that if our rulers and their auxiliaries are to be worthy of the name which they bear, there must be willingness to obey in the one and the power of command in the other; the guardians must themselves obey the laws, and they must also imitate the spirit of them in any details which are entrusted to their care.

That is right, he said.

The legislator will select guardians male and female, who will

You, I said, who are their legislator, having selected the men, will now select the women and give them to them;—they must be as far as possible of like natures with them; and they must live in common houses and meet at common meals. None of them will have anything specially his or her own;

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

they will be together, and will be brought up together, and will associate at gymnastic exercises. And so they will be drawn by a necessity of their natures to have intercourse with each other—necessity is not too strong a word, I think?

meet at common meals and exercises, and will be drawn to one another by an irresistible necessity.

Yes, he said;—necessity, not geometrical, but another sort of necessity which lovers know, and which is far more convincing and constraining to the mass of mankind.

True, I said; and this, Glaucon, like all the rest, must proceed after an orderly fashion; in a city of the blessed, licentiousness is an unholy thing which the rulers will forbid.

Yes, he said, and it ought not to be permitted.

Then clearly the next thing will be to make matrimony sacred in the highest degree, and what is most beneficial will be deemed sacred?

Exactly.

459

The breeding of human beings, as of animals, to be from the best and from those who are of a ripe age.

And how can marriages be made most beneficial?—that is a question which I put to you, because I see in your house dogs for hunting, and of the nobler sort of birds not a few. Now, I beseech you, do tell me, have you ever attended to their pairing and breeding?

In what particulars?

Why, in the first place, although they are all of a good sort, are not some better than others?

True.

And do you breed from them all indifferently, or do you take care to breed from the best only?

From the best.

And do you take the oldest or the youngest, or only those of ripe age?

I choose only those of ripe age.

And if care was not taken in the breeding, your dogs and birds would greatly deteriorate?

Certainly.

And the same of horses and of animals in general?

Undoubtedly.

Good heavens! my dear friend, I said, what consummate skill will our rulers need if the same principle holds of the human species!

Certainly, the same principle holds; but why does this involve any particular skill?

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Because, I said, our rulers will often have to practise upon the body corporate with medicines. Now you know that when patients do not require medicines, but have only to be put under a regimen, the inferior sort of practitioner is deemed to be good enough; but when medicine has to be given, then the doctor should be more of a man.

Useful lies 'very honest knaveries.'

That is quite true, he said; but to what are you alluding?

I mean, I replied, that our rulers will find a considerable dose of falsehood and deceit necessary for the good of their subjects: we were saying that the use of all these things regarded as medicines might be of advantage.

And we were very right.

And this lawful use of them seems likely to be often needed in the regulations of marriages and births.

How so?

Arrangements for the improvement of the breed;

Why, I said, the principle has been already laid down that the best of either sex should be united with the best as often, and the inferior with the inferior, as seldom as possible; and that they should rear the offspring of the one sort of union, but not of the other, if the flock is to be maintained in first-rate condition. Now these goings on must be a secret which the rulers only know, or there will be a further danger of our herd, as the guardians may be termed, breaking out into rebellion.

Very true.

and for the regulation of population.

Had we not better appoint certain festivals at which we will bring together the brides and bridegrooms, and sacrifices will
460 be offered and suitable hymeneal songs composed by our poets: the number of weddings is a matter which must be left to the discretion of the rulers, whose aim will be to preserve the average of population? There are many other things which they will have to consider, such as the effects of wars and diseases and any similar agencies, in order as far as this is possible to prevent the State from becoming either too large or too small.

Certainly, he replied.

Pairing by lot.

We shall have to invent some ingenious kind of lots which the less worthy may draw on each occasion of our bringing them together, and then they will accuse their own ill-luck and not the rulers.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

To be sure, he said.

The brave deserve the fair.

And I think that our braver and better youth, besides their other honours and rewards, might have greater facilities of intercourse with women given them; their bravery will be a reason, and such fathers ought to have as many sons as possible.

True.

And the proper officers, whether male or female or both, for offices are to be held by women as well as by men—

Yes—

What is to be done with the children?

The proper officers will take the offspring of the good parents to the pen or fold, and there they will deposit them with certain nurses who dwell in a separate quarter; but the offspring of the inferior, or of the better when they chance to be deformed, will be put away in some mysterious, unknown place, as they should be.

Yes, he said, that must be done if the breed of the guardians is to be kept pure.

They will provide for their nurture, and will bring the mothers to the fold when they are full of milk, taking the greatest possible care that no mother recognises her own child; and other wet-nurses may be engaged if more are required. Care will also be taken that the process of suckling shall not be protracted too long; and the mothers will have no getting up at night or other trouble, but will hand over all this sort of thing to the nurses and attendants.

You suppose the wives of our guardians to have a fine easy time of it when they are having children.

Why, said I, and so they ought. Let us, however, proceed with our scheme. We were saying that the parents should be in the prime of life?

Very true.

And what is the prime of life? May it not be defined as a period of about twenty years in a woman's life, and thirty in a man's?

Which years do you mean to include?

A woman to bear children from

A woman, I said, at twenty years of age may begin to bear children to the State, and continue to bear them until forty; a man may begin at five-and-twenty, when he has passed the

point at which the pulse of life beats quickest, and continue to beget children until he be fifty-five.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

461 Certainly, he said, both in men and women those years are the prime of physical as well as of intellectual vigour.

twenty to forty; a man to beget them from twenty-five to fifty-five.

Any one above or below the prescribed ages who takes part in the public hymeneals shall be said to have done an unholy and unrighteous thing; the child of which he is the father, if it steals into life, will have been conceived under auspices very unlike the sacrifices and prayers, which at each hymeneal priestesses and priests and the whole city will offer, that the new generation may be better and more useful than their good and useful parents, whereas his child will be the offspring of darkness and strange lust.

Very true, he replied.

And the same law will apply to any one of those within the prescribed age who forms a connection with any woman in the prime of life without the sanction of the rulers; for we shall say that he is raising up a bastard to the State, uncertified and unconsecrated.

Very true, he replied.

After the prescribed age has been passed, more licence is allowed: but all who were born after certain hymeneal festivals at which their parents or grandparents came together must be kept separate.

This applies, however, only to those who are within the specified age: after that we allow them to range at will, except that a man may not marry his daughter or his daughter's daughter, or his mother or his mother's mother; and women, on the other hand, are prohibited from marrying their sons or fathers, or son's son or father's father, and so on in either direction. And we grant all this, accompanying the permission with strict orders to prevent any embryo which may come into being from seeing the light; and if any force a way to the birth, the parents must understand that the offspring of such an union cannot be maintained, and arrange accordingly.

That also, he said, is a reasonable proposition. But how will they know who are fathers and daughters, and so on?

They will never know. The way will be this:—dating from the day of the hymeneal, the bridegroom who was then married will call all the male children who are born in the seventh and the tenth month afterwards his sons, and the female children his daughters, and they will call him father, and he will call their children his grandchildren, and they

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

will call the elder generation grandfathers and grandmothers. All who were begotten at the time when their fathers and mothers came together will be called their brothers and sisters, and these, as I was saying, will be forbidden to intermarry. This, however, is not to be understood as an absolute prohibition of the marriage of brothers and sisters; if the lot favours them, and they receive the sanction of the Pythian oracle, the law will allow them.

Quite right, he replied.

Such is the scheme, Glaucon, according to which the guardians of our State are to have their wives and families in common. And now you would have the argument show that this community is consistent with the rest of our polity, and also that nothing can be better—would you not?

Yes, certainly. 462

Shall we try to find a common basis by asking of ourselves what ought to be the chief aim of the legislator in making laws and in the organization of a State,—what is the greatest good, and what is the greatest evil, and then consider whether our previous description has the stamp of the good or of the evil?

By all means.

The greatest good of States, unity; the greatest evil, discord. The one the result of public, the other of private feelings.

Can there be any greater evil than discord and distraction and plurality where unity ought to reign? or any greater good than the bond of unity?

There cannot.

And there is unity where there is community of pleasures and pains—where all the citizens are glad or grieved on the same occasions of joy and sorrow?

No doubt.

Yes; and where there is no common but only private feeling a State is disorganized—when you have one half of the world triumphing and the other plunged in grief at the same events happening to the city or the citizens?

Certainly.

Such differences commonly originate in a disagreement about the use of the terms 'mine' and 'not mine,' 'his' and 'not his.'

Exactly so.

And is not that the best-ordered State in which the greatest

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

number of persons apply the terms 'mine' and 'not mine' in the same way to the same thing?

Quite true.

The State like a living being which feels altogether when hurt in any part.

Or that again which most nearly approaches to the condition of the individual—as in the body, when but a finger of one of us is hurt, the whole frame, drawn towards the soul as a centre and forming one kingdom under the ruling power therein, feels the hurt and sympathizes all together with the part affected, and we say that the man has a pain in his finger; and the same expression is used about any other part of the body, which has a sensation of pain at suffering or of pleasure at the alleviation of suffering.

Very true, he replied; and I agree with you that in the best-ordered State there is the nearest approach to this common feeling which you describe.

Then when any one of the citizens experiences any good or evil, the whole State will make his case their own, and will either rejoice or sorrow with him?

Yes, he said, that is what will happen in a well-ordered State.

How different are the terms which are applied to the rulers in other States and in our own!

It will now be time, I said, for us to return to our State and see whether this or some other form is most in accordance with these fundamental principles.

Very good.

463 Our State like every other has rulers and subjects?

True.

All of whom will call one another citizens?

Of course.

But is there not another name which people give to their rulers in other States?

Generally they call them masters, but in democratic States they simply call them rulers.

And in our State what other name besides that of citizens do the people give the rulers?

They are called saviours and helpers, he replied.

And what do the rulers call the people?

Their maintainers and foster-fathers.

And what do they call them in other States?

Slaves.

And what do the rulers call one another in other States?

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Fellow-rulers.

And what in ours?

Fellow-guardians.

Did you ever know an example in any other State of a ruler who would speak of one of his colleagues as his friend and of another as not being his friend?

Yes, very often.

And the friend he regards and describes as one in whom he has an interest, and the other as a stranger in whom he has no interest?

Exactly.

But would any of your guardians think or speak of any other guardian as a stranger?

Certainly he would not; for every one whom they meet will be regarded by them either as a brother or sister, or father or mother, or son or daughter, or as the child or parent of those who are thus connected with him.

The State one family.

Capital, I said; but let me ask you once more: Shall they be a family in name only; or shall they in all their actions be true to the name? For example, in the use of the word 'father,' would the care of a father be implied and the filial reverence and duty and obedience to him which the law commands; and is the violator of these duties to be regarded as an impious and unrighteous person who is not likely to receive much good either at the hands of God or of man? Are these to be or not to be the strains which the children will hear repeated in their ears by all the citizens about those who are intimated to them to be their parents and the rest of their kinsfolk?

Using the same terms, they will have the same modes of thinking and acting, and this is to be attributed mainly to the community of women and children.

These, he said, and none other; for what can be more ridiculous than for them to utter the names of family ties with the lips only and not to act in the spirit of them?

Then in our city the language of harmony and concord will be more often heard than in any other. As I was describing before, when any one is well or ill, the universal word will be 'with me it is well' or 'it is ill.'

Most true.

464

And agreeably to this mode of thinking and speaking, were we not saying that they will have their pleasures and pains in common?

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Yes, and so they will.

And they will have a common interest in the same thing which they will alike call 'my own,' and having this common interest they will have a common feeling of pleasure and pain?

Yes, far more so than in other States.

And the reason of this, over and above the general constitution of the State, will be that the guardians will have a community of women and children?

That will be the chief reason.

And this unity of feeling we admitted to be the greatest good, as was implied in our own comparison of a well-ordered State to the relation of the body and the members, when affected by pleasure or pain?

That we acknowledged, and very rightly.

Then the community of wives and children among our citizens is clearly the source of the greatest good to the State?

Certainly.

And this agrees with the other principle which we were affirming,—that the guardians were not to have houses or lands or any other property; their pay was to be their food, which they were to receive from the other citizens, and they were to have no private expenses; for we intended them to preserve their true character of guardians.

Right, he replied.

There will be no private interests among them, and therefore no lawsuits or trials for assault or violence to elders.

Both the community of property and the community of families, as I am saying, tend to make them more truly guardians; they will not tear the city in pieces by differing about 'mine' and 'not mine;' each man dragging any acquisition which he has made into a separate house of his own, where he has a separate wife and children and private pleasures and pains; but all will be affected as far as may be by the same pleasures and pains because they are all of one opinion about what is near and dear to them, and therefore they all tend towards a common end.

Certainly, he replied.

And as they have nothing but their persons which they can call their own, suits and complaints will have no existence among them; they will be delivered from all those quarrels of which money or children or relations are the occasion.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Of course they will.

Neither will trials for assault or insult ever be likely to occur among them. For that equals should defend themselves against equals we shall maintain to be honourable and right; we shall make the protection of the person a 465 matter of necessity.

That is good, he said.

Yes; and there is a further good in the law; viz. that if a man has a quarrel with another he will satisfy his resentment then and there, and not proceed to more dangerous lengths.

Certainly.

To the elder shall be assigned the duty of ruling and chastising the younger.

Clearly.

Nor can there be a doubt that the younger will not strike or do any other violence to an elder, unless the magistrates command him; nor will he slight him in any way. For there are two guardians, shame and fear, mighty to prevent him: shame, which makes men refrain from laying hands on those who are to them in the relation of parents; fear, that the injured one will be succoured by the others who are his brothers, sons, fathers.

That is true, he replied.

Then in every way the laws will help the citizens to keep the peace with one another?

Yes, there will be no want of peace.

From how many other evils will our citizens be delivered!

And as the guardians will never quarrel among themselves there will be no danger of the rest of the city being divided either against them or against one another.

None whatever.

I hardly like even to mention the little meannesses of which they will be rid, for they are beneath notice: such, for example, as the flattery of the rich by the poor, and all the pains and pangs which men experience in bringing up a family, and in finding money to buy necessaries for their household, borrowing and then repudiating, getting how they can, and giving the money into the hands of women and slaves to keep—the many evils of so many kinds which people suffer in this way are mean enough and obvious enough, and not worth speaking of.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Yes, he said, a man has no need of eyes in order to perceive that.

And from all these evils they will be delivered, and their life will be blessed as the life of Olympic victors and yet more blessed.

How so?

The Olympic victor, I said, is deemed happy in receiving a part only of the blessedness which is secured to our citizens, who have won a more glorious victory and have a more complete maintenance at the public cost. For the victory which they have won is the salvation of the whole State; and the crown with which they and their children are crowned is the fulness of all that life needs; they receive rewards from the hands of their country while living, and after death have an honourable burial.

Yes, he said, and glorious rewards they are.

Answer to the charge of Adeimantus that we made our citizens unhappy for their own good.

Do you remember, I said, how in the course of the previous 466 discussion[1] some one who shall be nameless accused us of making our guardians unhappy—they had nothing and might have possessed all things—to whom we replied that, if an occasion offered, we might perhaps hereafter consider this question, but that, as at present advised, we would make our guardians truly guardians, and that we were fashioning the State with a view to the greatest happiness, not of any particular class, but of the whole?

Yes, I remember.

Their life not to be compared with that of citizens in ordinary States.

And what do you say, now that the life of our protectors is made out to be far better and nobler than that of Olympic victors—is the life of shoemakers, or any other artisans, or of husbandmen, to be compared with it?

Certainly not.

He who seeks to be more than a guardian is naught.

At the same time I ought here to repeat what I have said elsewhere, that if any of our guardians shall try to be happy in such a manner that he will cease to be a guardian, and is not content with this safe and harmonious life, which, in our judgment, is of all lives the best, but infatuated by some youthful conceit of happiness which gets up into his head shall seek to appropriate the whole state to himself, then he

[1] Pages 419, 420 ff.

Republic V.

Socrates, Glaucon.

will have to learn how wisely Hesiod spoke, when he said, 'half is more than the whole.'

If he were to consult me, I should say to him: Stay where you are, when you have the offer of such a life.

The common way of life includes common education, common children, common services and duties of men and women.

You agree then, I said, that men and women are to have a common way of life such as we have described—common education, common children; and they are to watch over the citizens in common whether abiding in the city or going out to war; they are to keep watch together, and to hunt together like dogs; and always and in all things, as far as they are able, women are to share with the men? And in so doing they will do what is best, and will not violate, but preserve the natural relation of the sexes.

I agree with you, he replied.

The enquiry, I said, has yet to be made, whether such a community will be found possible—as among other animals, so also among men—and if possible, in what way possible?

You have anticipated the question which I was about to suggest.

There is no difficulty, I said, in seeing how war will be carried on by them.

How?

The children to accompany their parents on military expeditions;

Why, of course they will go on expeditions together; and will take with them any of their children who are strong enough, that, after the manner of the artisan's child, they may look on at the work which they will have to do when they are grown up; and besides looking on they will have to 467 help and be of use in war, and to wait upon their fathers and mothers. Did you never observe in the arts how the potters' boys look on and help, long before they touch the wheel?

Yes, I have.

And shall potters be more careful in educating their children and in giving them the opportunity of seeing and practising their duties than our guardians will be?

The idea is ridiculous, he said.

There is also the effect on the parents, with whom, as with other animals, the presence of their young ones will be the greatest incentive to valour.

That is quite true, Socrates; and yet if they are defeated, which may often happen in war, how great the danger is!

the children will be lost as well as their parents, and the State will never recover.

Republic V.

True, I said; but would you never allow them to run any risk?

Socrates, Glaucon.

I am far from saying that.

Well, but if they are ever to run a risk should they not do so on some occasion when, if they escape disaster, they will be the better for it?

Clearly.

but care must be taken that they do not run any serious risk.

Whether the future soldiers do or do not see war in the days of their youth is a very important matter, for the sake of which some risk may fairly be incurred.

Yes, very important.

This then must be our first step,—to make our children spectators of war; but we must also contrive that they shall be secured against danger; then all will be well.

True.

Their parents may be supposed not to be blind to the risks of war, but to know, as far as human foresight can, what expeditions are safe and what dangerous?

That may be assumed.

And they will take them on the safe expeditions and be cautious about the dangerous ones?

True.

And they will place them under the command of experienced veterans who will be their leaders and teachers?

Very properly.

Still, the dangers of war cannot be always foreseen; there is a good deal of chance about them?

True.

Then against such chances the children must be at once furnished with wings, in order that in the hour of need they may fly away and escape.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean that we must mount them on horses in their earliest youth, and when they have learnt to ride, take them on horseback to see war: the horses must not be spirited and warlike, but the most tractable and yet the swiftest that can be had. In this way they will get an excellent view of what is here- 468 after to be their own business; and if there is danger they have only to follow their elder leaders and escape.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

I believe that you are right, he said.

Next, as to war; what are to be the relations of your soldiers to one another and to their enemies? I should be inclined to propose that the soldier who leaves his rank or throws away his arms, or is guilty of any other act of cowardice, should be degraded into the rank of a husbandman or artisan. What do you think?

The coward is to be degraded into a lower rank.

By all means, I should say.

And he who allows himself to be taken prisoner may as well be made a present of to his enemies; he is their lawful prey, and let them do what they like with him.

Certainly.

The hero to receive honour from his comrades and favour from his beloved,

But the hero who has distinguished himself, what shall be done to him? In the first place, he shall receive honour in the army from his youthful comrades; every one of them in succession shall crown him. What do you say?

I approve.

And what do you say to his receiving the right hand of fellowship?

To that too, I agree.

But you will hardly agree to my next proposal.

What is your proposal?

That he should kiss and be kissed by them.

Most certainly, and I should be disposed to go further, and say: Let no one whom he has a mind to kiss refuse to be kissed by him while the expedition lasts. So that if there be a lover in the army, whether his love be youth or maiden, he may be more eager to win the prize of valour.

Capital, I said. That the brave man is to have more wives than others has been already determined: and he is to have first choices in such matters more than others, in order that he may have as many children as possible?

Agreed.

and to have precedence, and a larger share of meats and drinks;

Again, there is another manner in which, according to Homer, brave youths should be honoured; for he tells how Ajax[1], after he had distinguished himself in battle, was rewarded with long chines, which seems to be a compliment appropriate to a hero in the flower of his age, being not only a tribute of honour but also a very strengthening thing.

[1] Iliad, vii. 321.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Most true, he said.

Then in this, I said, Homer shall be our teacher; and we too, at sacrifices and on the like occasions, will honour the brave according to the measure of their valour, whether men or women, with hymns and those other distinctions which we were mentioning; also with

'seats of precedence, and meats and full cups[1];'

and in honouring them, we shall be at the same time training them.

That, he replied, is excellent.

Yes, I said; and when a man dies gloriously in war shall we not say, in the first place, that he is of the golden race?

To be sure.

also to be worshipped after death.

Nay, have we not the authority of Hesiod for affirming that when they are dead

469 'They are holy angels upon the earth, authors of good, averters of evil, the guardians of speech-gifted men'?[2]

Yes; and we accept his authority.

We must learn of the god how we are to order the sepulture of divine and heroic personages, and what is to be their special distinction; and we must do as he bids?

By all means.

And in ages to come we will reverence them and kneel before their sepulchres as at the graves of heroes. And not only they but any who are deemed pre-eminently good, whether they die from age, or in any other way, shall be admitted to the same honours.

That is very right, he said.

Behaviour to enemies.

Next, how shall our soldiers treat their enemies? What about this?

In what respect do you mean?

First of all, in regard to slavery? Do you think it right that Hellenes should enslave Hellenic States, or allow others to enslave them, if they can help? Should not their custom be to spare them, considering the danger which there is that the whole race may one day fall under the yoke of the barbarians?

To spare them is infinitely better.

[1] Iliad, viii. 162.

[2] Probably Works and Days, 121 foll.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

No Hellene shall be made a slave.

Then no Hellene should be owned by them as a slave; that is a rule which they will observe and advise the other Hellenes to observe.

Certainly, he said; they will in this way be united against the barbarians and will keep their hands off one another.

Next as to the slain; ought the conquerors, I said, to take anything but their armour? Does not the practice of despoiling an enemy afford an excuse for not facing the battle? Cowards skulk about the dead, pretending that they are fulfilling a duty, and many an army before now has been lost from this love of plunder.

Very true.

Those who fall in battle are not to be despoiled.

And is there not illiberality and avarice in robbing a corpse, and also a degree of meanness and womanishness in making an enemy of the dead body when the real enemy has flown away and left only his fighting gear behind him,—is not this rather like a dog who cannot get at his assailant, quarrelling with the stones which strike him instead?

Very like a dog, he said.

Then we must abstain from spoiling the dead or hindering their burial?

Yes, he replied, we most certainly must.

The arms of Hellenes are not to be offered at temples;

Neither shall we offer up arms at the temples of the gods, least of all the arms of Hellenes, if we care to maintain good 470 feeling with other Hellenes; and, indeed, we have reason to fear that the offering of spoils taken from kinsmen may be a pollution unless commanded by the god himself?

Very true.

Again, as to the devastation of Hellenic territory or the burning of houses, what is to be the practice?

May I have the pleasure, he said, of hearing your opinion?

Both should be forbidden, in my judgment; I would take the annual produce and no more. Shall I tell you why?

Pray do.

nor Hellenic territory devastated.

Why, you see, there is a difference in the names 'discord' and 'war,' and I imagine that there is also a difference in their natures; the one is expressive of what is internal and domestic, the other of what is external and foreign; and the first of the two is termed discord, and only the second, war.

That is a very proper distinction, he replied.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

And may I not observe with equal propriety that the Hellenic race is all united together by ties of blood and friendship, and alien and strange to the barbarians?

Very good, he said.

And therefore when Hellenes fight with barbarians and barbarians with Hellenes, they will be described by us as being at war when they fight, and by nature enemies, and this kind of antagonism should be called war; but when Hellenes fight with one another we shall say that Hellas is then in a state of disorder and discord, they being by nature friends; and such enmity is to be called discord.

Hellenic warfare is only a kind of discord not intended to be lasting.

I agree.

Consider then, I said, when that which we have acknowledged to be discord occurs, and a city is divided, if both parties destroy the lands and burn the houses of one another, how wicked does the strife appear! No true lover of his country would bring himself to tear in pieces his own nurse and mother: There might be reason in the conqueror depriving the conquered of their harvest, but still they would have the idea of peace in their hearts and would not mean to go on fighting for ever.

Yes, he said, that is a better temper than the other.

And will not the city, which you are founding, be an Hellenic city?

It ought to be, he replied.

Then will not the citizens be good and civilized?

Yes, very civilized.

The lover of his own city will also be a lover of Hellas.

And will they not be lovers of Hellas, and think of Hellas as their own land, and share in the common temples?

Most certainly.

And any difference which arises among them will be 471 regarded by them as discord only—a quarrel among friends, which is not to be called a war?

Certainly not.

Then they will quarrel as those who intend some day to be reconciled?

Certainly.

They will use friendly correction, but will not enslave or destroy their opponents; they will be correctors, not enemies?

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Hellenes should deal mildly with Hellenes; and with barbarians as Hellenes now deal with one another.

Just so.

And as they are Hellenes themselves they will not devastate Hellas, nor will they burn houses, nor ever suppose that the whole population of a city—men, women, and children—are equally their enemies, for they know that the guilt of war is always confined to a few persons and that the many are their friends. And for all these reasons they will be unwilling to waste their lands and rase their houses; their enmity to them will only last until the many innocent sufferers have compelled the guilty few to give satisfaction?

I agree, he said, that our citizens should thus deal with their Hellenic enemies; and with barbarians as the Hellenes now deal with one another.

Then let us enact this law also for our guardians:—that they are neither to devastate the lands of Hellenes nor to burn their houses.

Agreed; and we may agree also in thinking that these, like all our previous enactments, are very good.

The complaint of Glaucon respecting the hesitation of Socrates.

But still I must say, Socrates, that if you are allowed to go on in this way you will entirely forget the other question which at the commencement of this discussion you thrust aside:—Is such an order of things possible, and how, if at all? For I am quite ready to acknowledge that the plan which you propose, if only feasible, would do all sorts of good to the State. I will add, what you have omitted, that your citizens will be the bravest of warriors, and will never leave their ranks, for they will all know one another, and each will call the other father, brother, son; and if you suppose the women to join their armies, whether in the same rank or in the rear, either as a terror to the enemy, or as auxiliaries in case of need, I know that they will then be absolutely invincible; and there are many domestic advantages which might also be mentioned and which I also fully acknowledge: but, as I admit all these advantages and as many more as you please, if only this State of yours were to come into existence, we need say no more about them; assuming then the existence of the State, let us now turn to the question of possibility and ways and means—the rest may be left.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Socrates excuses himself and makes one or two remarks preparatory to a final effort.

472 If I loiter[1] for a moment, you instantly make a raid upon me, I said, and have no mercy; I have hardly escaped the first and second waves, and you seem not to be aware that you are now bringing upon me the third, which is the greatest and heaviest. When you have seen and heard the third wave, I think you will be more considerate and will acknowledge that some fear and hesitation was natural respecting a proposal so extraordinary as that which I have now to state and investigate.

The more appeals of this sort which you make, he said, the more determined are we that you shall tell us how such a State is possible: speak out and at once.

Let me begin by reminding you that we found our way hither in the search after justice and injustice.

True, he replied; but what of that?

I was only going to ask whether, if we have discovered them, we are to require that the just man should in nothing fail of absolute justice; or may we be satisfied with an approximation, and the attainment in him of a higher degree of justice than is to be found in other men?

The approximation will be enough.

We were enquiring into the nature of absolute justice and into the character of the perfectly just, and into injustice and the perfectly unjust, that we might have an ideal. We were to look at these in order that we might judge of our own happiness and unhappiness according to the standard which they exhibited and the degree in which we resembled them, but not with any view of showing that they could exist in fact.

(1) The ideal is a standard only which can never be perfectly realized;

True, he said.

Would a painter be any the worse because, after having delineated with consummate art an ideal of a perfectly beautiful man, he was unable to show that any such man could ever have existed?

He would be none the worse.

Well, and were we not creating an ideal of a perfect State?

To be sure.

And is our theory a worse theory because we are unable to

[1] Reading στραγγευομένῳ.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

prove the possibility of a city being ordered in the manner described?

Surely not, he replied.

(2) but is none the worse for this.

That is the truth, I said. But if, at your request, I am to try and show how and under what conditions the possibility is highest, I must ask you, having this in view, to repeat your former admissions.

What admissions?

I want to know whether ideals are ever fully realized in 473
language? Does not the word express more than the fact, and must not the actual, whatever a man may think, always, in the nature of things, fall short of the truth? What do you say?

I agree.

Then you must not insist on my proving that the actual State will in every respect coincide with the ideal: if we are only able to discover how a city may be governed nearly as we proposed, you will admit that we have discovered the possibility which you demand; and will be contented. I am sure that I should be contented—will not you?

Yes, I will.

(3) Although the ideal cannot be realized, one or two changes, or rather a single change, might revolutionize a State.

Let me next endeavour to show what is that fault in States which is the cause of their present maladministration, and what is the least change which will enable a State to pass into the truer form; and let the change, if possible, be of one thing only, or, if not, of two; at any rate, let the changes be as few and slight as possible.

Certainly, he replied.

I think, I said, that there might be a reform of the State if only one change were made, which is not a slight or easy though still a possible one.

What is it? he said.

Socrates goes forth to meet the wave.

Now then, I said, I go to meet that which I liken to the greatest of the waves; yet shall the word be spoken, even though the wave break and drown me in laughter and dishonour; and do you mark my words.

Proceed.

I said: *Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those*

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils,—no, nor the human race, as I believe,—and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day. Such was the thought, my dear Glaucon, which I would fain have uttered if it had not seemed too extravagant; for to be convinced that in no other State can there be happiness private or public is indeed a hard thing.

'Cities will never cease from ill until they are governed by philo- are ... be included sights and sounds, or What the world say to this?

Socrates, what do you mean? I would have you consider that the word which you have uttered is one at wh[illegible]olk numerous persons, and very respectable persons t[illegible]ich
474 figure pulling off their coats all in a moment, [illegible]oo, in a any weapon that comes to hand, will run at y[illegible]and seizing main, before you know where you are, int[illegible]u might and heaven knows what; and if you don't prepare [illegible]ending to do put yourself in motion, you will be 'pared by [illegible]an answer, and and no mistake. [illegible] their fine wits,'

You got me into the scrape, I said.

And I was quite right; however, I will [illegible] you out of it; but I can only give you go[illegible]o all I can to get advice, and, perhaps, I may be able to [illegible]od-will and good questions better than another—that [illegible] answers to your such an auxiliary, you must do [illegible] all. And now, having believers that you are right. [illegible] your best to show the un-

I ought to try, I said[illegible]ed assistance. And I th[illegible], since you offer me such invaluable our escaping, we mu[illegible]nk that, if there is to be a chance of we say that philoso[illegible]st explain to them whom we mean when shall be able to de[illegible]phers are to rule in the State; then we to be some natur[illegible]fend ourselves: There will be discovered leaders in the St[illegible]s who ought to study philosophy and to be sophers, and are[illegible]ate; and others who are not born to be philo-

But who is a philosopher?

Then now fo[illegible] meant to be followers rather than leaders.

Follow me, I [illegible] a definition, he said.

other be able t[illegible] said, and I hope that I may in some way or

Proceed. [illegible]o give you a satisfactory explanation.

I dare say [illegible] remind you, [illegible] that you remember, and therefore I need not to show his lo[illegible]hat a lover, if he is worthy of the name, ought but to the wh[illegible]e, not to some one part of that which he loves, [illegible]le.

Parallel of the lover.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

I really do not understand, and therefore beg of you to assist my memory.

The lover of the fair loves them all;

Another person, I said, might fairly reply as you do; but a man of pleasure like yourself ought to know that all who are in the flower of youth do somehow or other raise a pang or emotion in a lover's breast, and are thought by him to be worthy of his affectionate regards. Is not this a way which you have with the fair: one has a snub nose, and you praise his charming face; the hook-nose of another has, you say, a lan[illegible]l look; while he who is neither snub nor hooked has the roy[illegible]f regularity: the dark visage is manly, the fair are grace [illegible] the gods; and as to the sweet 'honey pale,' as children o[illegible]ed, what is the very name but the invention of a they are call[illegible]s in diminutives, and is not averse to paleness lover who tal[illegible] the cheek of youth? In a word, there is no if appearing o[illegible]u will not make, and nothing which you will 475 excuse which y[illegible]r not to lose a single flower that blooms in not say, in orde[illegible]f youth.

the spring-time [illegible]ne an authority in matters of love, for the

If you make [illegible]nent, I assent.

sake of the argu[illegible] say of lovers of wine? Do you not see

the lover of wines all wines;

And what do you [illegible]? They are glad of any pretext of them doing the same [illegible] drinking any wine.

Very good.

the lover of honour all honour;

And the same is true of ambitious [illegible]e, men; if they cannot command an army, they are willing to [illegible] command a file; and if they cannot be honoured by really [illegible] great and important persons, they are glad to be honoured by [illegible] lesser and meaner people,—but honour of some kind they mu[illegible]st have.

Exactly.

Once more let me ask: Does he who des[illegible]ires any class of goods, desire the whole class or a part only?

The whole.

the philosopher, or lover of wisdom, all knowledge.

And may we not say of the philosopher tha[illegible]t he is a lover, not of a part of wisdom only, but of the whole?

Yes, of the whole.

And he who dislikes learning, especially in y[illegible]outh, when he [illegible]t is not, such has no power of judging what is good and wh[illegible]or a lover of an one we maintain not to be a philosopher[illegible]s not hungry, knowledge, just as he who refuses his food

and may be said to have a bad appetite and not a good one? *Republic V.*

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Very true, he said.

Whereas he who has a taste for every sort of knowledge and who is curious to learn and is never satisfied, may be justly termed a philosopher? Am I not right?

Under knowledge, however, are not to be included sights and sounds, or under the lovers of knowledge, musical amateurs and the like.

Glaucon said: If curiosity makes a philosopher, you will find many a strange being will have a title to the name. All the lovers of sights have a delight in learning, and must therefore be included. Musical amateurs, too, are a folk strangely out of place among philosophers, for they are the last persons in the world who would come to anything like a philosophical discussion, if they could help, while they run about at the Dionysiac festivals as if they had let out their ears to hear every chorus; whether the performance is in town or country—that makes no difference—they are there. Now are we to maintain that all these and any who have similar tastes, as well as the professors of quite minor arts, are philosophers?

Certainly not, I replied; they are only an imitation.

He said: Who then are the true philosophers?

Those, I said, who are lovers of the vision of truth.

That is also good, he said; but I should like to know what you mean?

To another, I replied, I might have a difficulty in explaining; but I am sure that you will admit a proposition which I am about to make.

What is the proposition?

That since beauty is the opposite of ugliness, they are two?

Certainly.

476 And inasmuch as they are two, each of them is one?

True again.

And of just and unjust, good and evil, and of every other class, the same remark holds: taken singly, each of them is one; but from the various combinations of them with actions and things and with one another, they are seen in all sorts of lights and appear many?

Very true.

And this is the distinction which I draw between the sight-

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

loving, art-loving, practical class and those of whom I am speaking, and who are alone worthy of the name of philosophers.

How do you distinguish them? he said.

The lovers of sounds and sights, I replied, are, as I conceive, fond of fine tones and colours and forms and all the artificial products that are made out of them, but their mind is incapable of seeing or loving absolute beauty.

True, he replied.

Few are they who are able to attain to the sight of this.

Very true.

And he who, having a sense of beautiful things has no sense of absolute beauty, or who, if another lead him to a knowledge of that beauty is unable to follow—of such an one I ask, Is he awake or in a dream only? Reflect: is not the dreamer, sleeping or waking, one who likens dissimilar things, who puts the copy in the place of the real object?

I should certainly say that such an one was dreaming.

True knowledge is the ability to distinguish between the one and many, between the idea and the objects which partake of the idea.

But take the case of the other, who recognises the existence of absolute beauty and is able to distinguish the idea from the objects which participate in the idea, neither putting the objects in the place of the idea nor the idea in the place of the objects—is he a dreamer, or is he awake?

He is wide awake.

And may we not say that the mind of the one who knows has knowledge, and that the mind of the other, who opines only, has opinion?

Certainly.

But suppose that the latter should quarrel with us and dispute our statement, can we administer any soothing cordial or advice to him, without revealing to him that there is sad disorder in his wits?

We must certainly offer him some good advice, he replied.

Come, then, and let us think of something to say to him. Shall we begin by assuring him that he is welcome to any knowledge which he may have, and that we are rejoiced at his having it? But we should like to ask him a question: Does he who has knowledge know something or nothing? (You must answer for him.)

I answer that he knows something.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Something that is or is not?

Something that is; for how can that which is not ever be known?

477 And are we assured, after looking at the matter from many points of view, that absolute being is or may be absolutely known, but that the utterly non-existent is utterly unknown?

Nothing can be more certain.

Good. But if there be anything which is of such a nature as to be and not to be, that will have a place intermediate between pure being and the absolute negation of being?

Yes, between them.

There is an intermediate between being and not being, and a corresponding intermediate between ignorance and knowledge. This intermediate is a faculty termed opinion.

And, as knowledge corresponded to being and ignorance of necessity to not-being, for that intermediate between being and not-being there has to be discovered a corresponding intermediate between ignorance and knowledge, if there be such?

Certainly.

Do we admit the existence of opinion?

Undoubtedly.

As being the same with knowledge, or another faculty?

Another faculty.

Then opinion and knowledge have to do with different kinds of matter corresponding to this difference of faculties?

Yes.

And knowledge is relative to being and knows being. But before I proceed further I will make a division.

What division?

I will begin by placing faculties in a class by themselves: they are powers in us, and in all other things, by which we do as we do. Sight and hearing, for example, I should call faculties. Have I clearly explained the class which I mean?

Yes, I quite understand.

Then let me tell you my view about them. I do not see them, and therefore the distinctions of figure, colour, and the like, which enable me to discern the differences of some things, do not apply to them. In speaking of a faculty I think only of its sphere and its result; and that which has the same sphere and the same result I call the same faculty, but that which has another sphere and another result I call different. Would that be your way of speaking?

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

Yes.

And will you be so very good as to answer one more question? Would you say that knowledge is a faculty, or in what class would you place it?

Certainly knowledge is a faculty, and the mightiest of all faculties.

And is opinion also a faculty?

Certainly, he said; for opinion is that with which we are able to form an opinion.

And yet you were acknowledging a little while ago that knowledge is not the same as opinion?

Opinion differs from knowledge because the one errs and the other is unerring.

Why, yes, he said: how can any reasonable being ever 478
identify that which is infallible with that which errs?

An excellent answer, proving, I said, that we are quite conscious of a distinction between them.

Yes.

Then knowledge and opinion having distinct powers have also distinct spheres or subject-matters?

That is certain.

Being is the sphere or subject-matter of knowledge, and knowledge is to know the nature of being?

Yes.

And opinion is to have an opinion?

Yes.

And do we know what we opine? or is the subject-matter of opinion the same as the subject-matter of knowledge?

Nay, he replied, that has been already disproven; if difference in faculty implies difference in the sphere or subject-matter, and if, as we were saying, opinion and knowledge are distinct faculties, then the sphere of knowledge and of opinion cannot be the same.

Then if being is the subject-matter of knowledge, something else must be the subject-matter of opinion?

Yes, something else.

It also differs from ignorance, which is concerned with nothing.

Well then, is not-being the subject-matter of opinion? or, rather, how can there be an opinion at all about not-being? Reflect: when a man has an opinion, has he not an opinion about something? Can he have an opinion which is an opinion about nothing?

Impossible.

Republic V.

SOCRATES, GLAUCON.

He who has an opinion has an opinion about some one thing?

Yes.

And not-being is not one thing but, properly speaking, nothing?

True.

Of not-being, ignorance was assumed to be the necessary correlative; of being, knowledge?

True, he said.

Then opinion is not concerned either with being or with not-being?

Not with either.

And can therefore neither be ignorance nor knowledge?

That seems to be true.

Its place is not to be sought without or beyond knowledge or ignorance, but between them.

But is opinion to be sought without and beyond either of them, in a greater clearness than knowledge, or in a greater darkness than ignorance?

In neither.

Then I suppose that opinion appears to you to be darker than knowledge, but lighter than ignorance?

Both; and in no small degree.

And also to be within and between them?

Yes.

Then you would infer that opinion is intermediate?

No question.

But were we not saying before, that if anything appeared to be of a sort which is and is not at the same time, that sort of thing would appear also to lie in the interval between pure being and absolute not-being; and that the corresponding faculty is neither knowledge nor ignorance, but will be found in the interval between them?

True.

And in that interval there has now been discovered something which we call opinion?

There has.

Then what remains to be discovered is the object which partakes equally of the nature of being and not-being, and cannot rightly be termed either, pure and simple; this unknown term, when discovered, we may truly call the subject of opinion, and assign each to their proper faculty,—

Republic V.

Socrates, Glaucon.

The absoluteness of the one and the relativeness of the many.

the extremes to the faculties of the extremes and the mean to the faculty of the mean.

True.

This being premised, I would ask the gentleman who is of 479 opinion that there is no absolute or unchangeable idea of beauty—in whose opinion the beautiful is the manifold—he, I say, your lover of beautiful sights, who cannot bear to be told that the beautiful is one, and the just is one, or that anything is one—to him I would appeal, saying, Will you be so very kind, sir, as to tell us whether, of all these beautiful things, there is one which will not be found ugly; or of the just, which will not be found unjust; or of the holy, which will not also be unholy?

No, he replied; the beautiful will in some point of view be found ugly; and the same is true of the rest.

And may not the many which are doubles be also halves?—doubles, that is, of one thing, and halves of another?

Quite true.

And things great and small, heavy and light, as they are termed, will not be denoted by these any more than by the opposite names?

True; both these and the opposite names will always attach to all of them.

And can any one of those many things which are called by particular names be said to be this rather than not to be this?

He replied: They are like the punning riddles which are asked at feasts or the children's puzzle about the eunuch aiming at the bat, with what he hit him, as they say in the puzzle, and upon what the bat was sitting. The individual objects of which I am speaking are also a riddle, and have a double sense: nor can you fix them in your mind, either as being or not-being, or both, or neither.

Then what will you do with them? I said. Can they have a better place than between being and not-being? For they are clearly not in greater darkness or negation than not-being, or more full of light and existence than being.

That is quite true, he said.

Thus then we seem to have discovered that the many ideas which the multitude entertain about the beautiful and about

all other things are tossing about in some region which is half-way between pure being and pure not-being?

Republic V.

Socrates, Glaucon.

We have.

Yes; and we had before agreed that anything of this kind which we might find was to be described as matter of opinion, and not as matter of knowledge; being the intermediate flux which is caught and detained by the intermediate faculty.

Quite true.

Opinion is the knowledge, not of the absolute, but of the many.

Then those who see the many beautiful, and who yet neither see absolute beauty, nor can follow any guide who points the way thither; who see the many just, and not absolute justice, and the like,—such persons may be said to have opinion but not knowledge?

That is certain.

But those who see the absolute and eternal and immutable may be said to know, and not to have opinion only?

Neither can that be denied.

The one love and embrace the subjects of knowledge, the other those of opinion? The latter are the same, as I dare 480 say you will remember, who listened to sweet sounds and gazed upon fair colours, but would not tolerate the existence of absolute beauty.

Yes, I remember.

Shall we then be guilty of any impropriety in calling them lovers of opinion rather than lovers of wisdom, and will they be very angry with us for thus describing them?

I shall tell them not to be angry; no man should be angry at what is true.

But those who love the truth in each thing are to be called lovers of wisdom and not lovers of opinion.

Assuredly.

Item #5

Aristotle, *Aristotle's Politics*, trans. Benjamin Jowett (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908), 25-53.

THE POLITICS

BOOK I

EVERY state is a community of some kind, and every community is established with a view to some good; for mankind always act in order to obtain that which they think good. But, if all communities aim at some good, the state or political community, which is the highest of all, and which embraces all the rest, aims, and in a greater degree than any other, at the highest good. I. 1 Ed. Bekker, 1252 a

Now there is an erroneous opinion[1] that a statesman, king, householder, and master are the same, and that they differ, not in kind, but only in the number of their subjects. For example, the ruler over a few is called a master; over more, the manager of a household; over a still larger number, a statesman or king, as if there were no difference between a great household and a small state. The distinction which is made between the king and the statesman is as follows: When the government is personal, the ruler is a king; when, according to the principles of the political science, the citizens rule and are ruled in turn, then he is called a statesman. 2

But all this is a mistake; for governments differ in kind, as will be evident to any one who considers the matter according to the method[2] which has hitherto guided us. As in other departments of science, so in politics, the compound should always be resolved into the simple elements or least parts of the whole. We must therefore look at the

[1] Cp. Plato, Politicus, 258 E foll.

[2] Cp. c. 8. § 1.

I. 1 elements of which the state is composed, in order that we may see [1] in what they differ from one another, and whether any scientific distinction can be drawn between the different kinds of rule [1].

2 He who thus considers things in their first growth and origin, whether a state or anything else, will obtain the 2 clearest view of them. In the first place (1) there must be a union of those who cannot exist without each other; for example, of male and female, that the race may continue; and this is a union which is formed, not of deliberate purpose, but because, in common with other animals and with plants, mankind have a natural desire to leave behind them an image of themselves. And (2) there must be a union of natural ruler and subject, that both may be preserved. For he who can foresee with his mind is by nature intended to be lord and master, and he who can work with his body is a subject, 3 and by nature a slave; hence master and slave have the same 1252 b interest. Nature, however, has distinguished between the female and the slave. For she is not niggardly, like the smith who fashions the Delphian knife for many uses; she makes each thing for a single use, and every instrument is best made when intended for one and not for many uses. 4 But among barbarians no distinction is made between women and slaves, because there is no natural ruler among them: they are a community of slaves, male and female. Wherefore the poets say,—

'It is meet that Hellenes should rule over barbarians [2];'

[1] Or, with Bernays, 'how the different kinds of rule differ from one another, and generally whether any scientific result can be attained about each one of them.'

[2] Eurip. Iphig. in Aulid. 1400.

as if they thought that the barbarian and the slave were I. 2 by nature one.

Out of these two relationships between man and woman, 5 master and slave, the family first arises, and Hesiod is right when he says,—

'First house and wife and an ox for the plough [1],'

for the ox is the poor man's slave. The family is the association established by nature for the supply of men's every-day wants, and the members of it are called by Charondas 'companions of the cupboard' [*ὁμοσιπύους*], and by Epimenides the Cretan, '[2] companions of the manger [2]' [*ὁμοκάπους*]. But when several families are united, and the association aims at something more than the supply of daily needs, then comes into existence the village. And the most natural 6 form of the village appears to be that of a colony from the family, composed of the children and grandchildren, who are said to be 'suckled with the same milk.' And this is the reason why Hellenic states were originally governed by kings; because the Hellenes were under royal rule before they came together, as the barbarians still are. Every family is ruled by the eldest, and therefore in the colonies of the family the kingly form of government prevailed because they were of the same blood. As Homer says [of the 7 Cyclopes]:—

'Each one gives law to his children and to his wives [3].'

For they lived dispersedly, as was the manner in ancient

[1] Op. et Di. 405.

[2] Or, reading with the old translator (William of Moerbek) *ὁμοκάπνους*, 'companions of the hearth.'

[3] Od. ix. 114, quoted by Plato, Laws, iii. 680, and in N. Eth. x. 9. § 13.

I. 2 times. Wherefore men say that the Gods have a king, because they themselves either are or were in ancient times under the rule of a king. For they imagine, not only the forms of the Gods, but their ways of life to be like their own.

8 When several villages are united in a single community, perfect and large enough to be nearly or quite self-sufficing, the state comes into existence, originating in the bare needs of life, and continuing in existence for the sake of a good life. And therefore, if the earlier forms of society are natural, so is the state, for it is the end of them, and the [completed] nature is the end. For what each thing is when fully developed, we call its nature, whether we are speaking
9 of a man, a horse, or a family. Besides, the final cause and end of a thing is the best, and to be self-sufficing is the end
1253 a and the best.

Hence it is evident that the state is a creation of nature, and that man is by nature a political animal. And he who by nature and not by mere accident is without a state, is either above humanity, or below it; he is the

'Tribeless, lawless, hearthless one,'

10 whom Homer[1] denounces—the outcast who is a lover of war; he may be compared to an unprotected piece in the game of draughts.

Now the reason why man is more of a political animal than bees or any other gregarious animals is evident. Nature, as we often say, makes nothing in vain[2], and man is the only animal whom she has endowed with the gift of
11 speech[3]. And whereas mere sound is but an indication

[1] Il. ix. 63. [2] Cp. c. 8. § 12. [3] Cp. vii. 13. § 12.

of pleasure or pain, and is therefore found in other animals I. 2 (for their nature attains to the perception of pleasure and pain and the intimation of them to one another, and no further), the power of speech is intended to set forth the expedient and inexpedient, and likewise the just and the unjust. And it is a characteristic of man that he alone 12 has any sense of good and evil, of just and unjust, and the association of living beings who have this sense makes a family and a state.

Thus the state is by nature clearly prior to the family and to the individual, since the whole is of necessity 13 prior to the part; for example, if the whole body be destroyed, there will be no foot or hand, except in an equivocal sense, as we might speak of a stone hand; for when destroyed the hand will be no better. But things are defined by their working and power; and we ought not to say that they are the same when they are no longer the same, but only that they have the same name. The 14 proof that the state is a creation of nature and prior to the individual is that the individual, when isolated, is not self-sufficing; and therefore he is like a part in relation to the whole. But he who is unable to live in society, or who has no need because he is sufficient for himself, must be either a beast or a god: he is no part of a state. A social instinct is 15 implanted in all men by nature, and yet he who first founded the state was the greatest of benefactors. For man, when perfected, is the best of animals, but, when separated from law and justice, he is the worst of all; since armed injustice 16 is the more dangerous, and he is equipped at birth with the arms of intelligence and with moral qualities which he may use for the worst ends. Wherefore, if he have not virtue, he

I. 2 is the most unholy and the most savage of animals, and the most full of lust and gluttony. But justice is the bond of men in states, and the administration of justice, which is the determination of what is just [1], is the principle of order in political society.

3 Seeing then that the state is made up of households, before speaking of the state we must speak of the [2] management
1253 b of the household [2]. The parts of the household are the persons who compose it, and a complete household consists of slaves and freemen. Now we should begin by examining everything in its least elements; and the first and least parts of a family are master and slave, husband and wife, father and children. We have therefore to consider what each
2 of these three relations is and ought to be:—I mean the relation of master and servant, of husband and wife, and thirdly of parent and child. [I say *γαμική* and *τεκνοποιητική*, there being no words for the two latter notions which ade-
3 quately represent them.] And there is another element of a household, the so-called art of money-making, which, according to some, is identical with household management, according to others, a principal part of it; the nature of this art will also have to be considered by us.

Let us first speak of master and slave, looking to the needs of practical life and also seeking to attain some better
4 theory of their relation than exists at present. For some are of opinion that the rule of a master is a science, and that the management of a household, and the mastership of slaves, and the political and royal rule, as I was saying at the outset [3], are all the same. Others affirm that the rule of a master

[1] Cp. N. Eth. v. 6. § 4.

[2] Reading with the MSS. *οἰκονομίας*.

[3] Plato in Pol. 258 E foll., referred to already in c. 1. § 2.

over slaves is contrary to nature, and that the distinction I. 3
between slave and freeman exists by law only, and not by nature; and being an interference with nature is therefore unjust.

Property is a part of the household, and therefore the art 4
of acquiring property is a part of the art of managing the household; for no man can live well, or indeed live at all, unless he be provided with necessaries. And as in the arts which have a definite sphere the workers must have their own proper instruments for the accomplishment of their work, so it is in the management of a household. Now, instruments 2
are of various sorts; some are living, others lifeless; in the rudder, the pilot of a ship has a lifeless, in the look-out man, a living instrument; for in the arts the servant is a kind of instrument. Thus, too, a possession is an instrument for maintaining life. And so, in the arrangement of the family, a slave is a living possession, and property a number of such instruments; and the servant is himself an instrument, which takes precedence of all other instruments. For if 3
every instrument could accomplish its own work, obeying or anticipating the will of others, like the statues of Daedalus, or the tripods of Hephaestus, which, says the poet [1],

'of their own accord entered the assembly of the Gods';

if, in like manner, the shuttle would weave and the plectrum touch the lyre without a hand to guide them, chief workmen would not want servants, nor masters slaves. Here, how- 1254 a
ever, another distinction must be drawn: the instruments 4
commonly so called are instruments of production, whilst a possession is an instrument of action. The shuttle, for

[1] Hom. Il. xviii. 376.

I. 4 example, is not only of use, but something else is made by it, whereas of a garment or of a bed there is only the use. Further, as production and action are different in kind, and both require instruments, the instruments which they 5 employ must likewise differ in kind. But life is action and not production, and therefore the slave is the minister of action [for he ministers to his master's life]. Again, a possession is spoken of as a part is spoken of; for the part is not only a part of something else, but wholly belongs to it; and this is also true of a possession. The master is only the master of the slave; he does not belong to him, whereas the slave is not only the slave of his master, 6 but wholly belongs to him. Hence we see what is the nature and office of a slave; he who is by nature not his own but another's and yet a man, is by nature a slave; and he may be said to belong to another who, being a human being, is also a possession. And a possession may be defined as an instrument of action, separable from the possessor.

5 But is there any one thus intended by nature to be a slave, and for whom such a condition is expedient and right, or rather is not all slavery a violation of nature?

There is nó difficulty in answering this question, on 2 grounds both of reason and of fact. For that some should rule and others be ruled is a thing, not only necessary, but expedient; from the hour of their birth, some are marked out for subjection, others for rule.

And whereas there are many kinds both of rulers and subjects, that rule is the better which is exercised over better subjects—for example, to rule over men is better than to rule over wild beasts. The work is better which is executed

by better workmen; and where one man rules and another is I. 5 ruled, they may be said to have a work. In all things which form a composite whole and which are made up of parts, whether continuous or discrete, a distinction between the ruling and the subject element comes to light. Such a 4 duality exists in living creatures, but not in them only; it originates in the constitution of the universe; even in things which have no life, there is a ruling principle, as [1] in musical harmony[1]. But we are wandering from the subject. We will, therefore, restrict ourselves to the living creature which, in the first place, consists of soul and body: and of these two, the one is by nature the ruler, and the other the subject. But then we must look for the intentions 5 of nature in things which retain their nature, and not in things which are corrupted. And therefore we must study the man who is in the most perfect state both of body and soul, for in him we shall see the true relation of the two; although in bad or corrupted natures the body will often 1254 b appear to rule over the soul, because they are in an evil and unnatural condition. First then we may observe in living 6 creatures both a despotical and a constitutional rule; for the soul rules the body with a despotical rule, whereas the intellect rules the appetites with a constitutional and royal rule. And it is clear that the rule of the soul over the body, and of the mind and the rational element over the passionate is natural and expedient; whereas the equality of the two or the rule of the inferior is always hurtful. The same holds good 7 of animals as well as of men; for tame animals have a better nature than wild, and all tame animals are better off when they are ruled by man; for then they are preserved. Again,

[1] Or, 'of harmony [in music].'

I. 5 the male is by nature superior, and the female inferior; and the one rules, and the other is ruled; this principle, of
8 necessity, extends to all mankind. Where then there is such a difference as that between soul and body, or between men and animals (as in the case of those whose business is to use their body, and who can do nothing better), the lower sort are by nature slaves, and it is better for them as for all
9 inferiors that they should be under the rule of a master. For he who can be, and therefore is another's, and he who participates in reason enough to apprehend, but not to have, reason, is a slave by nature. Whereas the lower animals cannot even apprehend reason; they obey their instincts. And indeed the use made of slaves and of tame animals is not very different; for both with their bodies minister to
10 the needs of life. Nature would like to distinguish between the bodies of freemen and slaves, making the one strong for servile labour, the other upright, and although useless for such services, useful for political life in the arts both of war and peace. But this does not hold universally: for some slaves have the souls and others have the bodies of freemen. And doubtless if men differed from one another in the mere forms of their bodies as much as the statues of the Gods do from men, all would acknowledge that the inferior class
11 should be slaves of the superior. And if there is a difference in the body, how much more in the soul! But the beauty of the
1255 a body is seen, whereas the beauty of the soul is not seen. It is clear, then, that some men are by nature free, and others slaves, and that for these latter slavery is both expedient and right.

6 But that those who take the opposite view have in a certain way right on their side, may be easily seen. For the words slavery and slave are used in two senses. There is a slave

or slavery by law as well as by nature. The law of which I. 6
I speak is a sort of convention, according to which whatever is taken in war is supposed to belong to the victors. But a
this right many jurists impeach, as they would an orator who brought forward an unconstitutional measure: they detest the notion that, because one man has the power of doing violence and is superior in brute strength, another shall be his slave and subject. Even among philosophers there is a difference of opinion. The origin of the dispute, and the reason why 3
the arguments cross, is as follows: Virtue, when furnished with means, may be deemed to have the greatest power of doing violence: and as superior power is only found where there is superior excellence of some kind, power is thought to imply virtue. But does it likewise imply justice?—that is the question. And, in order to make a distinction between them, 4
some assert that justice is benevolence: to which others reply that justice is nothing more than the rule of a superior. If the two views are regarded as antagonistic and exclusive [i. e. if the notion that justice is benevolence excludes the idea of a just rule of a superior], the alternative [viz. that no one should rule over others [1]] has no force or plausibility, because it implies that not even the superior in virtue ought to rule, or be master. Some, clinging, as they think, to a principle of 5
justice (for law and custom are a sort of justice), assume that slavery in war is justified by law, but they are not consistent. For what if the cause of the war be unjust? No one would ever say that he is a slave who is unworthy to be a slave. Were this the case, men of the highest rank would be slaves and the children of slaves if they or their parents chance to have been taken captive and sold. Wherefore Hellenes do 6

[1] Cp. § 2.

I. 6 not like to call themselves slaves, but confine the term to barbarians. Yet, in using this language, they really mean the natural slave of whom we spoke at first; for it must be admitted that some are slaves everywhere, others nowhere.

7 The same principle applies to nobility. Hellenes regard themselves as noble everywhere, and not only in their own country, but they deem the barbarians noble only when at home, thereby implying that there are two sorts of nobility and freedom, the one absolute, the other relative. The Helen of Theodectes says:—

'Who would presume to call me servant who am on both sides sprung from the stem of the Gods?'

8 What does this mean but that they distinguish freedom and slavery, noble and humble birth, by the two principles of
1255 b good and evil? They think that as men and animals beget men and animals, so from good men a good man springs. But this is what nature, though she may intend it, often fails to accomplish.

9 We see then that there is some foundation for this difference of opinion, and that some actual slaves and freemen are not so by nature, and also that there is in some cases a marked distinction between the two classes, rendering it expedient and right for the one to be slaves and the others to be masters: the one practising obedience, the others exercising the autho-
10 rity which nature intended them to have. The abuse of this authority is injurious to both; for the interests of part and whole[1], of body and soul, are the same, and the slave is a part of the master, a living but separated part of his bodily frame. Where the relation between them is natural they are friends

[1] Cp. c. 4. § 5.

and have a common interest, but where it rests merely on law I. 6
and force the reverse is true.

The previous remarks are quite enough to show that the 7
rule of a master is not a constitutional rule, and therefore that all the different kinds of rule are not, as some affirm, the same with each other[1]. For there is one rule exercised over subjects who are by nature free, another over subjects who are by nature slaves. The rule of a household is a monarchy, for every house is under one head: whereas constitutional rule is a government of freemen and equals. The master is not 2
called a master because he has science, but because he is of a certain character, and the same remark applies to the slave and the freeman. Still there may be a science for the master and a science for the slave. The science of the slave would be such as the man of Syracuse taught, who made money by instructing slaves in their ordinary duties. And such a know- 3
ledge may be carried further, so as to include cookery and similar menial arts. For some duties are of the more necessary, others of the more honourable sort; as the proverb says, 'slave before slave, master before master.' But all such 4
branches of knowledge are servile. There is likewise a science of the master, which teaches the use of slaves; for the master as such is concerned, not with the acquisition, but with the use of them. Yet this so-called science is not anything great or wonderful; for the master need only know how to order that which the slave must know how to execute. Hence those 5
who are in a position which places them above toil, have stewards who attend to their households while they occupy themselves with philosophy or with politics. But the art of acquiring slaves, I mean of justly acquiring them, differs both

[1] Plato Pol. 258 E foll., referred to already in c. 1. § 2.

I. 7 from the art of the master and the art of the slave, being a species of hunting or war[1]. Enough of the distinction between master and slave.

1256 a 8 Let us now enquire into property generally, and into the art of money-making, in accordance with our usual method [of resolving a whole into its parts[2]], for a slave has been shown to be a part of property. The first question is whether the art of money-making is the same with the art of managing a household or a part of it, or instrumental to it; and if the last, whether in the way that the art of making shuttles is instrumental to the art of weaving, or in the way that the casting of bronze is instrumental to the art of the statuary, for they are not instrumental in the same way, but the one pro- 2 vides tools and the other material; and by material I mean the substratum out of which any work is made; thus wool is the material of the weaver, bronze of the statuary. Now it is easy to see that the art of household management is not identical with the art of money-making, for the one uses the material which the other provides. And the art which uses household stores can be no other than the art of household management. There is, however, a doubt whether the art of money-making is a part of household management or a distinct 3 art. [They appear to be connected]; for the money-maker has to consider whence money and property can be procured; but there are many sorts of property and wealth:—there is husbandry and the care and provision of food in general; are 4 these parts of the money-making art or distinct arts? Again, there are many sorts of food, and therefore there are many kinds of lives both of animals and men; they must all have food, and the differences in their food have made differences

[1] Cp. vii. 14. § 21.

[2] Cp. c. 1. § 3.

in their ways of life. For of beasts, some are gregarious, I. 8 others are solitary; they live in the way which is best adapted 5 to sustain them, accordingly as they are carnivorous or herbivorous or omnivorous: and their habits are determined for them by nature in such a manner that they may obtain with greater facility the food of their choice. But, as different individuals have different tastes, the same things are not naturally pleasant to all of them; and therefore the lives of carnivorous or herbivorous animals further differ among themselves. In the lives of men too there is a great difference. 6 The laziest are shepherds, who lead an idle life, and get their subsistence without trouble from tame animals; their flocks having to wander from place to place in search of pasture, they are compelled to follow them, cultivating a sort of living farm. Others support themselves by hunting, which is 7 of different kinds. Some, for example, are pirates, others who dwell near lakes or marshes or rivers or a sea in which there are fish, are fishermen, and others live by the pursuit of birds or wild beasts. The greater number obtain a living from the fruits of the soil. Such are the modes of subsistence 8 which prevail among those [1] whose industry is employed immediately upon the products of nature[1], and whose food is not acquired by exchange and retail trade—there is the shep- 1256 b herd, the husbandman, the pirate, the fisherman, the hunter. Some gain a comfortable maintenance out of two employments, eking out the deficiencies of one of them by another: thus the life of a shepherd may be combined with that of a brigand, the life of a farmer with that of a hunter. Other 9 modes of life are similarly combined in any way which the needs of men may require. Property, in the sense of a bare

[1] Or, 'whose labour is personal.'

I. 8 livelihood, seems to be given by nature herself to all, both
10 when they are first born, and when they are grown up. For some animals bring forth, together with their offspring, so much food as will last until they are able to supply themselves; of this the vermiparous or oviparous animals are an instance; and the viviparous animals have up to a certain time a supply of food for their young in themselves, which is called milk.
11 In like manner we may infer that, after the birth of animals, plants exist for their sake, and that the other animals exist for the sake of man, the tame for use and food, the wild, if not all, at least the greater part of them, for food, and for the
12 provision of clothing and various instruments. Now if nature makes nothing incomplete, and nothing in vain, the inference must be that she has made all animals and plants for the sake of man. And so, in one point of view, the art of war is a natural art of acquisition, for it includes hunting, an art which we ought to practise against wild beasts, and against men who, though intended by nature to be governed, will not submit; for war of such a kind is naturally just[1].

13 Of the art of acquisition then there is one kind[2] which is natural and is a part of the management of a household[2]. Either we must suppose the necessaries of life to exist previously, or the art of household management must provide a store of them for the common use of the family or state.
14 They are the elements of true wealth; for the amount of property which is needed for a good life is not unlimited, although Solon in one of his poems says that,

'No bound to riches has been fixed for man[3].'

[1] Cp. c. 7. § 5, and vii. 14. § 21.

[2] Or, with Bernays, 'which by nature is a part of the management of a household.'

[3] Bergk, Poet. Lyr. Solon, 13. v. 71.

But there is a boundary fixed, just as there is in the arts; for I. 8
the instruments of any art are never unlimited, either in 15
number or size, and wealth may be defined as a number of instruments to be used in a household or in a state. And so we see that there is a natural art of acquisition which is practised by managers of households and by statesmen, and what is the reason of this.

There is another variety of the art of acquisition which is 9
commonly and rightly called the art of making money, and 1257 a
has in fact suggested the notion that wealth and property have no limit. Being nearly connected with the preceding, it is often identified with it. But though they are not very different, neither are they the same. The kind already described is given by nature, the other is gained by experience and art.

Let us begin our discussion of the question with the fol- 2
lowing considerations:—

Of everything which we possess there are two uses: both belong to the thing as such, but not in the same manner, for one is the proper, and the other the improper or secondary use of it. For example, a shoe is used for wear, and is used for exchange; both are uses of the shoe. He who gives 3
a shoe in exchange for money or food to him who wants one, does indeed use the shoe as a shoe, but this is not its proper or primary purpose, for a shoe is not made to be an object of barter. The same may be said of all possessions, for the art of exchange extends to all of them, and it 4
arises at first in a natural manner from the circumstance that some have too little, others too much. Hence we may infer that retail trade is not a natural part of the art of money-making; had it been so, men would have ceased to exchange when they had enough. And in the first community, which 5

I. 9 is the family, this art is obviously of no use, but only begins to be useful when the society increases. For the members of the family originally had all things in common; in a more divided state of society they [1] still shared in many things, but they were different things [1] which they had to give in exchange for what they wanted, a kind of barter which is still
6 practised among barbarous nations who exchange with one another the necessaries of life and nothing more; giving and receiving wine, for example, in exchange for corn and the like. This sort of barter is not part of the money-making art and is not contrary to nature, but is needed for the satis-
7 faction of men's natural wants. The other or more complex form of exchange grew out of the simpler. When the inhabitants of one country became more dependent on those of another, and they imported what they needed, and exported
8 the surplus, money necessarily came into use. For the various necessaries of life are not easily carried about, and hence men agreed to employ in their dealings with each other something which was intrinsically useful and easily applicable to the purposes of life, for example, iron, silver, and the like. Of this the value was at first measured by size and weight, but in process of time they put a stamp upon it, to save the trouble of weighing and to mark the value.

1257 b When the use of coin had once been discovered, out of the
9 barter of necessary articles arose the other art of money-making, namely, retail trade; which was at first probably a simple matter, but became more complicated as soon as men learned by experience whence and by what exchanges the
10 greatest profit might be made. Originating in the use of coin, the art of money-making is generally thought to be chiefly

[1] Or, more simply, 'shared in many more things.'

concerned with it, and to be the art which produces wealth I. 9
and money; having to consider how they may be accumulated. Indeed, wealth is assumed by many to be only a quantity of coin, because the art of money-making and retail trade are concerned with coin. Others maintain that coined money is 11
a mere sham, a thing not natural, but conventional only, which would have no value or use for any of the purposes of daily life if another commodity were substituted by the users. And, indeed, he who is rich in coin may often be in want of necessary food. But how can that be wealth of which a man may have a great abundance and yet perish with hunger, like Midas in the fable, whose insatiable prayer turned everything that was set before him into gold?

Men seek after a better notion of wealth and of the art of 12
making money than the mere acquisition of coin, and they are right. For natural wealth and the natural art of money-making are a different thing; in their true form they are part of the management of a household; whereas retail trade is the art of producing wealth, not in every way, but by exchange. And it seems to be concerned with coin; for coin is the starting-point and the goal of exchange. And 13
there is no bound to the wealth which springs from this art of money-making [1]. As in the art of medicine there is no limit to the pursuit of health, and as in the other arts there is no limit to the pursuit of their several ends, for they aim at accomplishing their ends to the uttermost; (but of the means there is a limit, for the end is always the limit), so, too, in this art of money-making there is no limit of the end, which is wealth of the spurious kind, and the acquisition of money. But the art of household management has a limit; 14

[1] Cp. c. 8. § 14.

I. 9 the unlimited acquisition of money is not its business. And, therefore, in one point of view, all wealth must have a limit; nevertheless, as a matter of fact, we find the opposite to be the case; for all money-makers increase their hoard of coin without limit. The source of the confusion is the near
15 connexion between the two kinds of money-making; in either, the instrument [i. e. wealth] is the same, although the use is different, and so they pass into one another; for each is a use of the same property [1], but with a difference: accumulation is the end in the one case, but there is a further end in the other. Hence some persons are led to believe that making money is the object of household management, and the whole idea of their lives is that they ought either to increase their money
16 without limit, or at any rate not to lose it. The origin of
1258 a this disposition in men is that they are intent upon living only, and not upon living well; and, as their desires are unlimited, they also desire that the means of gratifying them should be without limit. Even those who aim at a good life seek the means of obtaining bodily pleasures; and, since the enjoyment of these appears to depend on property, they are absorbed in making money: and so there arises the second species of
17 money-making. For, as their enjoyment is in excess, they seek an art which produces the excess of enjoyment; and, if they are not able to supply their pleasures by the art of money-making, they try other arts, using in turn every faculty in a manner contrary to nature. The quality of courage, for example, is not intended to make money, but to inspire confidence; neither is this the aim of the general's or of the physician's art; but the one aims at victory and the other at
18 health. Nevertheless, some men turn every quality or art

[1] Reading κτήσεως χρῆσις.

into a means of making money; this they conceive to be I. 9 the end, and to the promotion of the end all things must contribute.

Thus, then, we have considered the art of money-making, which is unnecessary, and why men want it; and also the necessary art of money-making, which we have seen to be different from the other, and to be a natural part of the art of managing a household, concerned with the provision of food, not, however, like the former kind, unlimited, but having a limit.

And we have found the answer to our original question [1], 10 Whether the art of money-making is the business of the manager of a household and of the statesman or not their business?—viz. that it is an art which is presupposed by them. For political science does not make men, but takes them from nature and uses them; and nature provides them with food from the element of earth, air, or sea. At this stage begins the duty of the manager of a household, who has to order the things which nature supplies;—he may be compared to the 2 weaver who has not to make but to use wool, and to know what sort of wool is good and serviceable or bad and unserviceable. Were this otherwise, it would be difficult to see why the art of money-making is a part of the management of a household and the art of medicine not; for surely the members of a household must have health just as they must have life or any other necessary. And as from one point 3 of view the master of the house and the ruler of the state have to consider about health, from another point of view not they but the physician; so in one way the art of household management, in another way the subordinate art, has to

[1] Cp. c. 8. § 1.

I. 10 consider about money. But, strictly speaking, as I have already said, the means of life must be provided beforehand by nature; for the business of nature is to furnish food to that which is born, and the food of the offspring always
4 remains over in the parent[1]. Wherefore the art of making money out of fruits and animals is always natural.

Of the two sorts of money-making one, as I have just said, is a part of household management, the other is retail trade: the former necessary and honourable, the latter a kind
1258 b of exchange which is justly censured; for it is unnatural, and a mode by which men gain from one another. The most hated sort, and with the greatest reason, is usury, which makes a gain out of money itself, and not from the natural use
5 of it. For money was intended to be used in exchange, but not to increase at interest. And this term usury [*τόκος*], which means the birth of money from money, is applied to the breeding of money because the offspring resembles the parent. Wherefore of all modes of making money this is the most unnatural.

11 Enough has been said about the theory of money-making; we will now proceed to the practical part. [2]The discussion of such matters is not unworthy of philosophy, but to be engaged in them practically is illiberal and irksome[2]. The useful parts of money-making are, first, the knowledge of live-stock,—which are most profitable, and where, and how,—as, for example, what sort of horses or sheep or oxen or any other animals are most likely to give a return.
2 A man ought to know which of these pay better than others,

[1] Cp. c. 8. § 10.

[2] Or, 'We are free to speculate about them, but in practice we are limited by circumstances.' (Bernays.)

and which pay best in particular places, for some do better in I. 11
one place and some in another. Secondly, husbandry, which may be either tillage or planting, and the keeping of bees and of fish, or fowl, or of any animals which may be useful to man. These are the divisions of the true or proper art of 3
money-making and come first. Of the other, which consists in exchange, the first and most important division is commerce (of which there are three kinds—commerce by sea, commerce by land, selling in shops—these again differing as they are safer or more profitable), the second is usury, the third, service for hire—of this, one kind is employed in the 4
mechanical arts, the other in unskilled and bodily labour. There is still a third sort of money-making intermediate between this and the first or natural mode which is partly natural, but is also concerned with exchange of the fruits and other products of the earth. Some of these latter, although they bear no fruit, are nevertheless profitable; for example, wood and minerals. The art of mining, by which minerals 5
are obtained, has many branches, for there are various kinds of things dug out of the earth. Of the several divisions of money-making I now speak generally; a minute consideration of them might be useful in practice, but it would be tiresome to dwell upon them at greater length now.

Those occupations are most truly arts in which there is 6
the least element of chance; they are the meanest in which the body is most deteriorated, the most servile in which there is the greatest use of the body, and the illiberal in which there is the least need of excellence.

Works have been written upon these subjects by various 7
persons; for example, by Chares the Parian, and Apollodorus the Lemnian, who have treated of Tillage and Planting,

I. 11 while others have treated of other branches; any one who
1259 a cares for such matters may refer to their writings. It would be well also to collect the scattered stories of the ways in which individuals have succeeded in amassing a fortune;
8 for all this is useful to persons who value the art of making money. There is the anecdote of Thales the Milesian and his financial device, which involves a principle of universal application, but is attributed to him on account of his reputa-
9 tion for wisdom. He was reproached for his poverty, which was supposed to show that philosophy was of no use. According to the story, he knew by his skill in the stars while it was yet winter that there would be a great harvest of olives in the coming year; so, having a little capital, he gave earnest-money for the use of all the olive-presses in Chios and Miletus, which he hired at a low price because no one bid against him. When the harvest-time came, and many wanted them all at once and of a sudden, he let them out at any rate which he pleased, and made a quantity of money. Thus he showed the world that philosophers can easily be rich if
10 they like, but that their ambition is of another sort. He is supposed to have given a striking proof of his wisdom, but, as I was saying, his device for getting money is of universal application, and is nothing but the creation of a monopoly. It is an art often practised by cities when they are in want of money; they make a monopoly of provisions.

11 There was a man of Sicily, who, having money deposited with him, bought up all the iron from the iron mines; afterwards, when the merchants from their various markets came to buy, he was the only seller, and without much increasing
12 the price he gained 200 per cent. Which when Dionysius heard, he told him that he might take away his money, but

that he must not remain at Syracuse, for he thought that the I. 11
man had discovered a way of making money which was injurious to his own interests. He had the same idea[1] as Thales; they both contrived to create a monopoly for themselves. And statesmen ought to know these things; for a 13
state is often as much in want of money and of such devices for obtaining it as a household, or even more so; hence some public men devote themselves entirely to finance.

Of household management we have seen[2] that there are 12
three parts—one is the rule of a master over slaves, which has been discussed already[3], another of a father, and the third of a husband. A husband and father rules over wife and children, both free, but the rule differs, the rule over his children being a royal, over his wife a constitutional rule. 1259 b
For although there may be exceptions to the order of nature, the male is by nature fitter for command than the female, just as the elder and full-grown is superior to the younger and more immature. But in most constitutional states the citizens 2
rule and are ruled by turns, for the idea of a constitutional state implies that the natures of the citizens are equal, and do not differ at all[4]. Nevertheless, when one rules and the other is ruled we endeavour to create a difference of outward forms and modes of address and titles of respect, which may be illustrated by the saying of Amasis about his foot-pan[5]. The relation of the male to the female is of this kind, but 3
there the inequality is permanent. The rule of a father over his children is royal, for he receives both love and the respect due to age, exercising a kind of royal power. And therefore

[1] Reading εὕρημα with Bernays.
[2] Cp. c. 3. § 1.
[3] Cp. c. 3–7.
[4] Cp. ii. 2. § 6; iii. 17. § 4.
[5] Herod. ii. 172, and note on this passage.

I. 12 Homer has appropriately called Zeus 'father of Gods and men,' because he is the king of them all. For a king is the natural superior of his subjects, but he should be of the same kin or kind with them, and such is the relation of elder and younger, of father and son.

13 Thus it is clear that household management attends more to men than to the acquisition of inanimate things, and to human excellence more than to the excellence of property which we call wealth, and to the virtue of freemen more than
2 to the virtue of slaves. A question may indeed be raised, whether there is any excellence at all in a slave beyond merely instrumental and ministerial qualities—whether he can have the virtues of temperance, courage, justice, and the like; or whether slaves possess only bodily and ministerial qualities. And, whichever way we answer the question, a difficulty
3 arises; for, if they have virtue, in what will they differ from freemen? On the other hand, since they are men and share in reason, it seems absurd to say that they have no virtue. A similar question may be raised about women and children, whether they too have virtues: ought a woman to be temperate and brave and just, and is a child to be called temperate,
4 and intemperate, or not? So in general we may ask about the natural ruler, and the natural subject, whether they have the same or different virtues. For a noble nature is equally required in both, but if so, why should one of them always rule, and the other always be ruled? Nor can we say that this is a question of degree, for the difference between ruler and subject is a difference of kind, and therefore not of degree; yet how strange is the supposition that the one
5 ought, and that the other ought not, to have virtue! For if the ruler is intemperate and unjust, how can he rule well?

if the subject, how can he obey well? If he be licentious I. 13
and cowardly, he will certainly not do his duty. It is evident, 1260 a
therefore, that both of them must have a share of virtue, but
varying according to their various natures. And this is at 6
once indicated by the soul, in which one part naturally rules,
and the other is subject, and the virtue of the ruler we maintain to be different from that of the subject;—the one being
the virtue of the rational, and the other of the irrational part.
Now, it is obvious that the same principle applies generally,
and therefore almost all things rule and are ruled according to
nature. But the kind of rule differs;—the freeman rules over 7
the slave after another manner from that in which the male
rules over the female, or the man over the child; although
the parts of the soul are present in all of them, they are present in different degrees. For the slave has no deliberative
faculty at all; the woman has, but it is [1] without authority [1],
and the child has, but it is immature. So it must necessarily 8
be with the moral virtues also; all may be supposed to partake
of them, but only in such manner and degree as is required by
each for the fulfilment of his duty. Hence the ruler ought
to have moral virtue in perfection, for his duty is entirely
that of a master artificer, and the master artificer is reason;
the subjects, on the other hand, require only that measure of
virtue which is proper to each of them. Clearly, then, moral 9
virtue belongs to all of them; but the temperance of a man
and of a woman, or the courage and justice of a man and of
a woman, are not, as Socrates maintained [2], the same; the
courage of a man is shown in commanding, of a woman in
obeying. And this holds of all other virtues, as will be more 10
clearly seen if we look at them in detail, for those who say

[1] Or, with Bernays, 'inconclusive.' [2] Plato Meno, 71–73.

I. 13 generally that virtue consists in a good disposition of the soul, or in doing rightly, or the like, only deceive themselves. Far better than such definitions is their mode of speaking,
11 who, like Georgias[1], enumerate the virtues. All classes must be deemed to have their special attributes; as the poet says of women,

'Silence is a woman's glory[2],'

but this is not equally the glory of man. The child is imperfect, and therefore obviously his virtue is not relative to him-
12 self alone, but to the perfect man and to his teacher[3], and in like manner the virtue of the slave is relative to a master. Now we determined that a slave is useful for the wants of life, and therefore he will obviously require only so much virtue as will prevent him from failing in his duty through cowardice and intemperance. Some one will ask whether, if what we are saying is true, virtue will not be required also in the artisans, for they often fail in their work through miscon-
13 duct. But is there not a great difference in the two cases? For the slave shares in his master's life; the artisan is less closely connected with him, and only attains excellence in proportion as he becomes a slave, [i. e. is under the direction of a master]. The meaner sort of mechanic has a special
1260 b and separate slavery; and whereas the slave exists by nature,
14 not so the shoemaker or other artisan. It is manifest, then, that the master ought to be the source of excellence in the slave; but not merely because he possesses the art which trains him in his duties[4]. Wherefore they are mistaken who forbid us to converse with slaves and say that we should employ

[1] Plato Meno, 71–73.
[2] Soph. Aj. 293.
[3] 'His father who guides him' (Bernays).
[4] Cp. c. 7. § 4.

command only[1], for slaves stand even more in need of admoni- I. 13
tion than children.

The relations of husband and wife, parent and child, their 15
several virtues, what in their intercourse with one another is good, and what is evil, and how we may pursue the good and escape the evil, will have to be discussed when we speak of the different forms of government. For, inasmuch as every family is a part of a state, and these relationships are the parts of a family, the virtue of the part must have regard to the virtue of the whole. And therefore women and children must be trained by education with an eye to the state[2], if the virtues of either of them are supposed to make any difference in the virtues of the state. And they must make a difference: 16
for the children grow up to be citizens, and half the free persons in a state are women[3].

Of these matters, enough has been said; of what remains, **14**
let us speak at another time. Regarding, then, our present enquiry as complete, we will make a new beginning. And, first, let us examine the various theories of a perfect state.

[1] Plato Laws, vi. 777.
[2] Cp. v. 9. §§ 11–15; viii. 1. § 1.
[3] Plato Laws, vi. 781 B.

Item #6

Gregory S. Aldrete, "Hammers, Axes, Bulls, and Blood: Some Practical Aspects of Roman Animal Sacrifice," *Journal of Roman Studies* 104 (2014): 28-50.

Hammers, Axes, Bulls, and Blood: Some Practical Aspects of Roman Animal Sacrifice*

GREGORY S. ALDRETE

I ROMAN ANIMAL SACRIFICE

This article is concerned with the practical issues involved in killing bovines, the largest of the standard set of animals that were sacrificed as part of religious rituals in the Roman world. The size of bovines and the potentially aggressive nature of some members of this family, in particular bulls, posed special challenges to those charged with the actual task of handling and killing them.[1] While animal sacrifice was a central component of ancient Roman religion, modern analyses of this phenomenon have tended to concentrate much more on certain aspects than others.[2] A plethora of excellent books

* I am grateful to a number of people who shared their professional expertise with me on various topics discussed in this article, from Roman religion to bovine physiology. Among these are: Sarah Bond, Melanie Grunow, Michael MacKinnon, C. Robert Phillips, Jonathan Pollack, James Rives, Jordan Rosenblum, and Joaquin Aldrete. While they generously offered their knowledge, my interpretations and theirs sometimes diverged, and the arguments expressed in this article should, of course, only be regarded as my own. I would also like to thank *JRS*'s anonymous readers for their suggestions. The Institute for Research in the Humanities at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, its staff, fellows, and director, Susan Friedman, provided a most congenial home during the time that the first draft of this article was written.

[1] As both literary and faunal evidence indicate, an impressive variety of animals were slain as part of Roman sacrificial ritual. While cows, calves, oxen, and bulls were perhaps not the most common sacrifices, they were among the most expensive and prestigious, as well as featuring prominently in a number of special rituals such as the suovetaurilia. On the sacrifice of bovids specifically, see Brendel 1930. An enlightening survey of the different types of animal remains found in Roman temple deposits in one province (Britain) is offered by King 2005. See also the comments in MacKinnon's review article on the use of osteological material in classical archaeology (2007a) and his collected bibliographies on osteological evidence for butchery (2007b: 37) and for sacrifice (2007b: 34–6). On the range of animals sacrificed and which ones were offered to specific gods, see Kadletz 1976.

[2] On Roman sacrifice generally, see Rüpke 2011; 2001; Scheid 2011; 2003; Prescendi 2007; Rives 2006; Phillips 2000; Siebert 2003; 1999; Fless 1995; Latte 1960; 1914; Krause 1931; Wissowa 1912; Marquardt 1889; and the relevant articles in the *Thesaurus Cultus et Rituum Antiquorum*, Vols 1 and 5 (2004).

JRS 104 (2014), pp. 28–50. © *The Author(s) 2014.*
Published by The Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies.
doi:10.1017/S0075435814000033

and articles has investigated the symbolism of religious practices and the deeper metaphorical significance of killing and blood. Just the specific topic of how much of the meat from a sacrificial animal's carcass was eaten, and by whom, has spawned a rich bibliography.[3] However, when it comes to the admittedly unpleasant details of death and the shedding of blood in reality rather than as symbol, much less scholarly ink has been spilt. In particular, there has been a tendency to skim over the actual moment when the animal was slain.[4] Considering the attention that modern commentators have lavished on the idea of death and its meaning in ancient religious sacrifice, the relative neglect afforded to the logistics of how this death was achieved is puzzling. It is, after all, the fundamental fact that an animal was killed and bled that made a blood sacrifice a blood sacrifice, and which allows all the subsequent analysis of its symbolic importance. To some degree, this lack of interest in the moment of death in modern scholarship reflects the ancient sources, which are themselves quite vague as to the methods used in killing the animals.

One reason for this silence in antiquity may be that the people who did the dirty work of slaying and bleeding animals in Roman religious rites were not the largely aristocratic magistrates and priests who presided over the sacrifice as a whole. These men chanted the incantations, enacted the rituals, and presented token bits of flesh and blood at the altar, but when the time to slaughter the animal arrived, they palmed off this duty on mysterious figures called *popae*, *victimarii*, and *cultrarii*, who were slaves or other low-status individuals.[5] It is an oddity of Roman sacrifice that what might well be assumed to have been the symbolic highlight of the procedure, taking the animal's life, was performed not by the central priest, but rather by anonymous servants. This has resulted in a corresponding ambiguity and lack of detail in the ancient sources in terms of the procedures used in killing sacrificial animals.

One component of the ideology of animal sacrifice was that the animal at least nominally appear to be an eager (or at least accepting) participant in the ritual. When being led towards the altar, the animal should go willingly, without being forcibly dragged along by the attendants (e.g., Juv. 12.1–16). Once at the altar, if the animal looked overly frightened or shuddered during the prayers and anointing, this could mar the procedure (Serv. 6.244). Ideally, the animal should seem willing to die, and its death

On Roman sacrifice in art, see Elsner 2012; 1991; Moede 2011; Reinsberg 2006; Siebert 1999; Fless 1995; Gordon 1990; Kleiner 1983; Torelli 1982; Ryberg 1955; and Schaewen 1940.

In terms of chronology and geography, this study is concerned with the Roman world in a broad sense. While many specific cults, religious festivals, and local communities had individualized traditions or requirements for sacrificial rituals, the literary and iconographic evidence creates a consistent portrait of certain procedures being widespread across the entire Mediterranean region for a substantial period of time. Nevertheless, it should be noted that the majority of the evidence that will be cited for Roman sacrificial practice dates to the last century of the Republic and the first several of the Empire.

[3] In addition to the works on Roman sacrifice cited above, there are a number of fine books and volumes of collected essays on ancient religion generally which discuss the meanings and symbolism of sacrifice. Among these are: Naiden 2013; Faraone and Naiden 2012; Knust and Várhelyi 2011; Petropoulou 2008; Georgoudi *et al.* 2005; Hägg and Alroth 2005; Detienne and Vernant 1998; Beard and North 1990; Grottanelli and Parise 1988; Rudhardt and Reverdin 1981; and Burkert 1972.

[4] For example, in the recently published and authoritative Blackwell *Companion to Roman Religion*, out of nearly 600 dense pages of text, the sum total of the discussion of how large sacrificial animals were killed amounts to the following: 'In the case of cattle, this meant stunning the animal then bleeding it' (Scheid 2011: 266). For how this moment is similarly vaguely described in other works on Roman religion, see nn. 15–17.

[5] On the identity and status of *victimarii*, including *popae* and *cultrarii*, see Siebert 2003; Fless 1995: 70–7; Horster 2011; Rüpke 2008; and Weinstock 1958. Inscriptions attest that *victimarii* had a *collegium* (e.g., *CIL* 6.971). Most seem to have been freedmen, although some late sources suggest that, at least by that time, *popae* were public slaves (e.g., Isid., *Orig.* 19.33.4). Oddly, the only *popa* whose name survives appears to have been a woman (*CIL* 6.9824). For discussion of this funerary relief and its possible interpretations, see Hemelrijk 2009: 263–4. That *popae* in particular were regarded as being of low status is also suggested by pejorative references in ancient literature. See, for example, Cic., *Mil.* 65 and Pers. 6.73–4.

should not be accompanied by excessive protest or struggle. In a worst-case scenario, a particularly recalcitrant or violent display by the animal might invalidate the ritual, require its repetition, or at the very least necessitate an added expiation. However, such a demand for compliant behaviour presents a problem, since as soon as harm begins to be inflicted on a creature, it may naturally express its disapproval by bellowing, jerking away from the source of pain, attempting to break loose, and, if possible, running off.

While traditional views of sacrifice have followed the lead of Burkert in emphasizing the necessity of a willing victim,[6] recent scholarship has begun to challenge or complicate this notion. Most notably, Naiden has presented compelling evidence that, at least in Greek sacrifices, animals were sometimes expected to offer natural resistance to being killed, and that such acts did not ruin the ritual.[7] In this respect, Naiden's work incorporates a welcome awareness of the importance of practical issues into the debates surrounding ancient sacrifice. In the Roman context, it seems likely that a certain amount of recalcitrant behaviour may similarly have been acceptable, or could be readily countered with a quick expiatory act. Nevertheless, the ancient sources do seem to indicate that a relatively docile response by the victim was considered ideal.

While sacrificial animals usually had their throats slashed, this would not have been enough to prevent negative reactions on the animal's part. A large bovid with its throat cut still takes considerable time to bleed to death. Around 20–30 seconds will elapse before the animal loses consciousness, and it can be a further minute or more until the heart stops beating.[8] This is ample opportunity for the animal to display a negative response, which would destroy the fiction that it was a willing participant in the ritual. The animal's natural impulse to protest its death and escape would not only challenge the symbolic integrity of the ritual, but would pose practical difficulties as well. In keeping with the pretence of the 'willing victim', it seems that Roman animals were not constrained in any meaningful way while at the altar. Most commonly, a handler or two held on to the head of the beast.[9] Among the long list of items that would constitute a transgression of the ritual procedure and would invalidate the sacrifice was the stipulation that the animal not be bound in any way or restrained with any form of fetters (Serv. 2.134; 4.518).

It is true that modern dairy cattle are stereotypically depicted as placid in nature, but it is not hard to find examples of farmers who have been kicked or even trampled to death by their supposedly docile cows.[10] Ancient cattle were probably more feral, and bulls of any

[6] Burkert 1972.

[7] Naiden 2007; 2013.

[8] On the elapsed time between a bovid having the major blood vessels of its throat severed and unconsciousness followed by brain death, see the studies by Gregory *et al.* 2010; Daly *et al.* 1988; Daly and Warriss 1986; and Newhook and Blackmore 1982. When the cuts are made properly, there appears to be a typical range of between 20 and 30 seconds until brain failure; however, times of up to two minutes were also recorded, and about 10 per cent of animals took more than one minute to collapse.

[9] In a number of the reliefs, the *victimarius* has a hand on the tip of the animal's snout (see, for example, Figs 1, 3, and 5). This suggests the possibility that the *victimarius* could be holding onto a ring fitted through the sensitive tissues of the bovid's nose. If the animals were equipped with this time-honoured method of bovine control, they would be considerably easier to manage. Unfortunately, the reliefs are not detailed or clear enough to discern the presence of a nose ring, but the position of the *victimarius*' hand is intriguing.

There is some evidence that, in ancient Greece, sacrificial animals were restrained with ropes and were tied to rings set in stone blocks or even to the altar itself; see Naiden 2013: 92–5. Possible evidence for this also being at least occasionally a Roman practice can be found in a second-century A.D. relief from Ephesus that shows a bull tied by a thick braided rope to a ring at the base of an altar (Nasrallah 2011: 157, fig. 7.5) and in a relief from Djemila (Cuicul) in Algeria which, although crude, appears to portray a *popa* with raised axe standing behind a bull that is similarly bound (Vilímková 1963: pl. 9). I would like to thank Melanie Grunow for bringing this relief to my attention.

[10] For example, at least 142 farmers in the United States were killed by cattle from 1992 to 1997, and 108 from 2003 to 2007 (Watts *et al.* 2013. See also the Centers for Disease Control report on cattle fatalities in *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly* 58.29 (2009)).

era can be extremely aggressive. Even a bovine with a docile temperament, when in the terror and agony of its death throes, might not stand calmly while being stabbed and bled to death.[11] What could go wrong is vividly evoked by Virgil in a simile describing the death of Laocoön, in which the struggles and cries of the unlucky Trojan are likened to the frenzied flight and maddened bellows of a wounded bull that has been slashed inexpertly by the axe and, breaking free from its handlers, runs in terror from the altar (Virg., *Aen.* 2.220–4).

Physically controlling a large sacrificial animal was no easy task. A full-grown modern cow weighs around 500 kg, and bulls can achieve weights double that amount.[12] Ancient Mediterranean cattle of the Imperial age were probably comparable in size.[13] Varro, Columella, and Pliny describe a wide variety of cattle, ranging from the small Alpine breeds to the gigantic white Umbrian breed.[14] Even allowing for a slightly smaller size for ancient bovines, the minimal restraints would not have been sufficient to prevent a maddened and desperate 400 kg animal from breaking free of its handlers and running amuck. How much more difficult it is to imagine a 1,000 kg ancient bull meekly standing still for perhaps several minutes while it bled to death.

Large animal sacrifice therefore presented several problematical requirements for the *victimarii*. First, a very large bovid had to be instantaneously reduced from a free, unconstrained (or only lightly restrained), conscious animal to a completely inert and insensible state without allowing it to display much negative reaction. Second, the immobilized creature had to be kept in this condition for a considerable amount of time while it suffered having its throat cut and being bled to death, again without a great deal of protest. It was also important that the animal provide a sufficient quantity of blood as a result of the throat-cutting, and in cases where little or no blood resulted, the sacrifice was regarded as having failed (e.g. Virg., *Georg.* 3.492).

II MODERN INTERPRETATIONS AND EVIDENCE FROM ART

The solution to these challenges, according to most modern interpretations of large animal sacrifice, is that either a hammer or an axe was used to strike the victim on the head in order to 'stun' it and render it unconscious but still alive. This ensured that it would not struggle when it was subsequently slain by having its throat cut with a knife and was allowed to bleed to death. However, standard reference works on Roman sacrifice tend to be extremely vague when describing this crucial moment. Most merely have some variant on the simple sentence: 'The animal was stunned, then had its throat cut.'[15]

[11] Eyewitness accounts from early twentieth-century slaughterhouses amply illustrate the potentially substantial interval between throat-cutting and unconsciousness, as well as the struggles of the animal during this time. For example, one bullock was described as making 'purposive struggles, dashing from side to side and against the floor' for a full 30 seconds after its throat had been cut. This animal was characterized as being 'regarded by the attendants as a quiet beast' (MacNaghten 1932: 295–6).

[12] The standard desired weight for a two-year-old Holstein is 550 kg with a withers height of 135 cm, and for a two-year-old Jersey cow, the weight is 400 kg and the withers height 125 cm.

[13] Analysis of osteological remains of Roman cows in Italy during the Imperial era suggests an average withers height of 128 cm. For most types of Roman cattle, there is a notable increase in size between the Republican and Imperial periods. For detailed information about, and analysis of, all of these measurements, see the very useful discussions by MacKinnon 2004 (ch. 4) and 2010, and Kron 2002.

[14] On ancient cattle 'breeds', see MacKinnon 2004: 77–100; and 2010.

[15] For example, *Die Religion der Römer* states, 'the animal must be killed, it must be exsanguinated' (Rüpke 2001: 143). *An Introduction to Roman Religion* says 'the celebrant ordered a sacrificer to act (*agere*): this man struck down then bled large victims, such as cows or bulls; smaller animals had their throats cut' (Scheid 2003: 83), while *Roman Religion* has: 'A blow to the head would cause the victim to fall to its knees, its throat was cut, and the carcass opened up' (Warrior 2006: 23).

Other more specialized scholarly studies name the hammer and axe as the featured weapons, but do not draw any distinction between the two, or suggest where they were aimed.[16] The few that do identify where the blow was directed name the head or forehead of the animal as the target zone.[17]

There are a number of problems with these interpretations, even when expressed in such sketchy terms, which render them incomplete explanations. First of all, to stun an animal properly is a tricky proposition. On the one hand, the blow would have to be struck with enough force to render the creature insensible to the rather strong stimulus of having its throat cut and to keep it unconscious for several minutes while it bled to death, while alternatively, too powerful a hit might kill the animal prematurely. Even if one possessed the skill and experience to strike such a delicately calculated blow, the slightest movement of the animal or variation in its anatomy might result in a bungled sacrifice. Given the importance and expense of sacrificial rituals, it seems unlikely that the Romans would have settled on so chancy a procedure. Secondly, and more importantly, while a hammer is a logical implement for such a purpose, an axe most certainly is not. These are very dissimilar weapons that create completely different types of trauma. The literary sources and iconographic depictions leave no doubt that axes were routinely wielded in sacrificial rituals, but none of these interpretations offer an explanation for how the axe was used.

In analysing how various sacrificial weapons were employed, the evidence from Roman art is particularly significant.[18] There are at least fifty-six surviving sculptural reliefs of sacrifice scenes in which either a hammer or an axe is present and clearly distinguishable.[19] These range in date from the seventh century B.C. to the fourth century A.D., and include a number of famous monuments, such as the Ara Pacis and Trajan's Column. Nearly three-quarters date from the first or second centuries A.D. Out of the fifty-six images, forty-one feature an axe, while only fifteen depict hammers. Despite the overall predominance of axes over hammers, four out of seven of the scenes from the first century B.C. display a hammer. An additional six hammer scenes date from either the first, or very early second, centuries A.D. Interestingly, there are three

[16] Thus, Latte 1914: 1129: 'Der rechts stehende *popa* erhob jetzt die Axt oder den Hammer und fragte *Agone* ... Auf die bejahende Antwort des Opferherrn schlug der *popa* zu, dem zusammengesunkenen Tiere stiess der *cultrarius* das Messer in die Schlagader, dass das Blut hervorquoll.'

Likewise, in his classic study of bull sacrifices in art, Brendel (1930: 199) wrote: 'Der *Victimarius* gehört vor allem zur Darstellung der grossen Stieropfer, und dabei wird er in zweierlei Beschäftigung gezeigt; entweder er führt das Tier, oder er schlägt es mit dem Beil.' While Brendel elaborately describes many sacrifice scenes, in all cases no further details are given other than that the *popa* 'struck' the bull.

Other works that name the axe and hammer as implements for stunning but do not explain how and why each was used include: *Römische Religionsgeschichte* (Latte 1960: 388); *Opferdiener und Kultmusiker auf stadtrömischen historischen Reliefs* (Fless 1995: 71–3); *Instrumenta Sacra: Untersuchungen zu römischen Opfer-, Kult- und Priestergeräten* (Siebert 1999: 68–74); the *Neue Pauly* entries on 'Opfer, Rom' (Phillips 2000) and 'Victimarius' (Siebert 2003); and the *Thesaurus Cultus et Rituum Antiquorum* (2004: 197–228).

[17] Typical of these is the influential Pauly-Wissowa article 'Hostia' by Krause (1931: 275), which states: '... wenn der Opfernde seine Zustimmung mit dem Ruf *age* oder *hoc age* gegeben [der *popa*] Axt oder Hammer auf die Stirn des Opfertieres herniederfahren.' Similarly, Warrior 2002: 41 and Bonnefoy 1981: 400.

[18] When using ancient iconographic evidence as a guide to actual practices in the Roman world, there is always the question of the degree to which these scenes can be taken as accurate representations of reality rather than as symbolic or artistic conventions. Ryberg 1955 interpreted surviving scenes of sacrifice in Roman art as being highly realistic depictions of ancient ritual, and most, but not all, subsequent scholars have followed this lead. For recent balanced discussions of this issue, as well as some dissenting perspectives, see Gordon 1990 and Elsner 2012. Gordon 1989 offers an analogous and useful discussion of sacrifice scenes in Greek art.

For the purposes of this article, the most important aspect of these sacrifice reliefs is the posture of the animals. As discussed below, the posture of the bovine victims is both distinctive and remarkably uniform over time, and is entirely consistent with the practical demands of the ritual. Therefore, even if other aspects of these images may have been influenced by social or artistic demands, in this particular regard, the art seems to be recording a standard feature of ancient sacrificial procedure.

[19] The most useful work on these images remains Ryberg 1955. See also Elsner 2012; 1991; Grunow 2002; Siebert 1999; Fless 1995; Gordon 1990; and Torelli 1982.

monuments whose various panels picture both axes and hammers, although never in the same panel — Trajan's Column, the Arch of Beneventum, and the Ince Blundell Hall relief.

While many of the scenes show sacrificial processions, at least seventeen of them portray the moment of killing the animal[20] (Fig. 1). The standard iconography in these images includes at least one *victimarius* kneeling by the head of the standing animal and yanking its head very sharply downwards. The *popa* stands to the side of the animal with arms upraised, holding his weapon ready to strike the blow. Often a *cultrarius* kneels beside the animal, clutching a broad-bladed triangular knife at the ready to slit its throat as soon as it is down.



FIG. 1. Sacrifice scene with axe-wielding *popa*, *cultrarius* holding knife, and *victimarius* pulling head of bovine downwards. Detail of sacrifice scene on Triumph of Tiberius Boscoreale Cup. (*Photo after Héron de Villefosse, Le trésor de Boscoreale, 1899, pl. 36.2*)

In these images, the exact type of axe or hammer varies widely. Some axes have curved blades, others straight ones. Some have a back spike while others are flat. The mallets and hammers have heads that are cylindrical, rectangular, spherical, or puck-shaped. Whether axe or hammer, almost all possess a two- or three-foot shaft and a fairly sizeable head,

[20] A list of these scenes, divided by type of implement, can be found in n. 38 below.

suggesting that they required two hands to wield[21] (Fig. 2). Based on this body of evidence, it appears that there is a trend towards an increased appearance of axes over hammers from the Late Republic through the first two centuries of the Empire. However, how and why axes were used has not been satisfactorily explained.

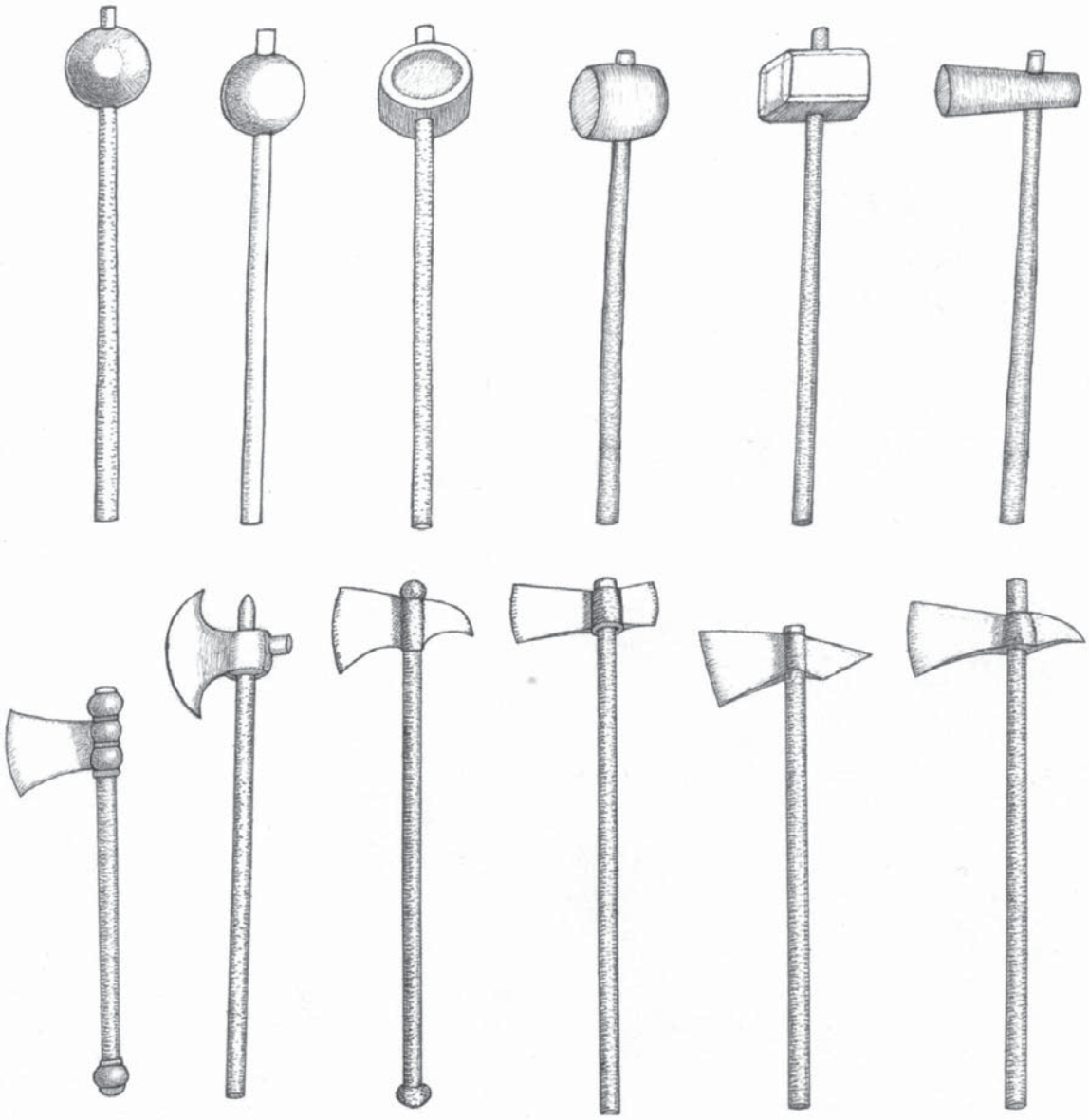


FIG. 2. Representative selection of different types of hammers (top row) and axes (bottom row) appearing in bovine sacrifice scenes in Roman art. (*Drawing by Alicia Aldrete*)

[21] Useful, detailed descriptions of the variety of sacrificial axes and hammers found in Roman art are offered by Siebert 1999: 68–75 and Schaewen 1940: 49–53. Both authors divide the axes into several types by size and shape and attempt to match each one to specific Latin terms such as *securis*, *sacena*, and *dolabra*. These are purely visual typologies, however, and there is no discussion of how these axes were actually used. For the purposes of this article, the differences among the sundry axe forms are relatively trivial. Siebert regards some of the axes seen in art as being mainly ceremonial in nature, but, while occasionally ornate, all appear potentially functional as sacrificial implements, and most are large and heavy enough to have required two hands to wield. Johansen 1932 offers an even more exhaustive visual description of the specific *sacena* type, but again fails to discuss the

Therefore, when considering ancient large animal sacrifice, a basic question is just what the preferred implement was: a hammer or an axe. If both were sometimes utilized, why was one chosen for a particular sacrifice rather than the other? For each weapon, exactly how did the *popa* employ it, where was it aimed, and what was its intended physiological effect? How did the choice and use of these weapons interact with the requirements of sacrificial ritual? Were the animals merely stunned by the initial blow, as has commonly been assumed, or were they sometimes actually killed by it? How would this affect their ability to be bled afterwards?

Given the importance of the animal's death and bleeding to the overall ritual, a deeper investigation of this process, of the personnel who carried it out, and of the weapons that they wielded is certainly warranted. The remainder of this article will therefore draw upon a combination of iconographic, literary, physiological, and comparative evidence in order to illuminate these fundamental questions concerning the procedures and implements used by the Romans in killing large bovids during sacrificial rituals.

III HAMMERS

One way to begin answering these questions is to explore the practical aspects of how a hammer or mallet can be used to stun a bovine. Here, insights can be gleaned from comparative historical evidence derived from animal-killing practices at farms and slaughterhouses.[22] One of the traditional methods utilized by farmers and butchers throughout history to stun cattle and other large animals as a prelude to slaughtering them was to strike them on the head with a heavy mallet or hammer.

While modern discussions of stunning animals tend to focus on it as a humane act done in order to spare the animal unnecessary pain, it is clear from earlier writings that the initial purpose of this practice was the safety of the slaughtermen. In particular, there was concern to avoid being kicked or injured by frenzied animals that had had their throats cut.[23] This suggests that the need to stun animals would have been even more acute in a Roman sacrifice, since not only would there have been security issues for those conducting the sacrifice, but there was also the desire that the animals seem acquiescent to the ritual.

A standard sledgehammer with a cylindrical or rectangular flat-surfaced head, such as is used to drive stakes or posts, was often employed by those tasked with stunning animals. However, when a dedicated tool was created just for the slaughterhouse, it commonly took a different form, consisting of a handle topped by a stone, wood, or metal sphere. It is interesting to note that the specialized pig- and sheep-stunning mallets of this design that were developed for the large-scale industrialized abattoirs of the nineteenth century are identical in size and shape to some of those appearing in Roman art, such as the ones borne by three *popae* in a relief of a triumphal procession from the Temple of Apollo at Rome.[24]

For bovines, the time-honoured optimal aiming point for a stunning blow was the flat portion on the top of the skull at the place where two imaginary lines drawn between the animal's right eye and its left horn, and its left eye and right horn, intersect. This spot corresponds to a relatively thin section of the creature's skull directly above

relationship between its form and its function. Key ancient discussions of sacrificial axe types include: Isid., *Orig.* 9.19.11, 19.6.9; Fest. 103, 115, 330, 413; and Hor., *Carm.* 3.23.12.

[22] On the history of slaughtering techniques, useful starting points are Gregory 1989/90 and the essays in Lee 2008. On Roman butchery methods specifically, see Rixson 1989.

[23] So, for example, the statement of an early twentieth-century British veterinary surgeon: 'Stunning was introduced mainly for the safety of the slaughterman and those handling the animals. At the time of slaughter it is, under ordinary conditions, dangerous and laborious to bleed cattle without previous stunning' (MacNaghten 1932: 10).

[24] Ryberg 1955: pl. 51a.

the brain, so that a heavy blow struck here would crush the skull and inflict massive trauma on the animal's brain. Medical studies have shown that a blow inflicted here with sufficient force can cause a depressed fracture of the roof of the cranium and extensive haemorrhaging in the brain under the impact site and in the temporal and frontal lobes, and can immediately render the animal unconscious.[25] In the context of a slaughterhouse, this is the ideal result, since it allows the animal to then be bled without either struggling or suffering.

From antiquity up until the era of industrialization, the technology and techniques involved in this procedure remained fairly constant. Images in art of Romans wielding hammers for this purpose look identical to medieval and early modern depictions, such as an illustration in the Bedford Book of Hours from 1423 which shows a farmer about to bludgeon a pig with a mallet. While in theory, this method offers an effective and humane way to stun cattle, in real life, the outcome is often less satisfactory. To successfully stun a bovid by smacking it on the head with one hit requires both a high degree of precision and considerable force. If the blow is not well-aimed or the animal jerks its head, it is easy to miss the ideal spot of thin bone. Lack of knowledge or experience regarding bovine physiology can cause those attempting to slaughter cattle to strike other zones of the head that are less vulnerable. For example, historical records suggest that sometimes the poll area at the back of the head was targeted, but this region has been proven to have a heavier bone structure and is not adjacent to the more easily damaged regions of the brain. Thus, blows directed here would be far less effective.[26]

Even when properly targeted, a perfectly-aimed hit with a heavy sledgehammer is often not enough to knock the creature insensible, and a whole sequence of blows can be necessary before the unfortunate animal drops. There is ample evidence from modern and early modern slaughterhouses attesting to the frequency with which attempts at stunning cattle with hammers were ineffective. For example, in 1885, a representative of the Board of the Butchers' Guild in Frankfurt, Germany, observed current slaughterhouse practices and reported that to completely stun just nine oxen required no fewer than seventy-one separate blows.[27]

In the nineteenth century, when truly massive commercial slaughterhouses began to appear in large cities, a number of the more industrialized countries, including England, France, and the United States, replaced hammers with the pole axe, which was supposedly more efficient. Despite its name, the version of the pole axe used in slaughterhouses did not employ a blade to stun the animal, but instead consisted of a long handle to which was attached a heavy metal head, from which protruded a hollow, round rod about 2 cm in diameter and 8–13 cm long. The wielder of the pole axe struck the animal on the head, causing the rod to punch through the skull and penetrate the brain.[28] An elaborate study on pole axe use in slaughterhouses conducted in 1923 found that only 55 per cent of the animals were felled by one hit, with some requiring up to ten blows.[29] While this might make it sound as if something was wrong with the procedure, the report noted that these statistics were produced in a reputable plant by 'skilled men working under reasonable conditions'. If highly experienced men wielding the apparently more efficient pole axe frequently failed to stun cattle with the first blow,

[25] For a detailed account of the physiological effects of non-penetrating stunning blows aimed at this point on the head of cattle, see Finnie 1995.

[26] The relative ineffectiveness of strikes to the poll region has been confirmed by a number of modern scientific studies. See, for example, Daly 1987 and Lambooy and Spanjaard 1981.

[27] MacNaghten 1932: 20–1. Percentage statistics cited and calculated by Gregory 1989/90: 78.

[28] For a good description of the pole axe and its use, including graphic photographs and drawings, see MacNaghten 1932. On early modern slaughterhouses generally and the methods of slaughtering used in them, see MacLachlan 2008; Gregory 1989/90; and the informative collection of essays in Lee 2008.

[29] The median number of strikes per animal was 1.74. Study cited in MacLachlan 2008: 113.

it can safely be assumed that less-skilled ones using hammers would also have met with high rates of failure.[30]

To a farmer or slaughterhouse worker, failure to stun a cow at the first blow might be annoying or psychologically disturbing, but it would be viewed as only a temporary inconvenience readily solvable by another hit. To the officiants in an ancient Roman sacrifice, such an occurrence could have had much graver consequences. It might have been viewed as a serious enough mishap to invalidate the entire sacrifice and necessitate its repetition from scratch. If the failed stunning attempt resulted in a negative reaction from the animal, such as struggling or vocalizations of distress, then it destroyed the fiction that the creature was a willing participant, again potentially invalidating the ritual. Thus, while a hammer might be a perfectly adequate implement for simply slaughtering an animal, the inherent variability in its effectiveness would constitute an unwelcome and problematic element in a sacrificial ritual.

Violently hitting a creature on the head with a heavy weapon can also be a hazardous and uncertain proposition for those doing the killing. This was especially true for *victimarii* in ancient Rome. Because sacrificial animals were not heavily restrained, there was an even greater chance than in the slaughterhouse that the animal might flinch at the crucial moment, causing the *popa* to miss his target or resulting in the hammer glancing off at a deadly angle. Any of these occurrences could have diverted the weapon into the leg of the *popa*. Even more at risk was the *cultrarius*, who had to kneel beside the animal, holding its head. This position meant that the *cultrarius*' own head was mere centimetres away from the target zone of the *popa's* hammer. A poorly aimed blow, a jerk from the animal, or an unfortunate bounce could have sent the weapon crashing into the head, neck, or back of the *cultrarius*. The moment just before the strike must always have been a nervous one for the *cultrarius*.

Two incidents, one ancient and one modern, vividly illustrate these dangers. One of the examples cited by Suetonius to demonstrate the sadism of Caligula was that once, when performing the rôle of *popa* at a sacrifice, he deliberately brought down the mallet not on the skull of the sacrifice but on the adjacent head of the unfortunate *cultrarius*, killing him instead of the animal (*Cal.* 32.2). A more modern caveat is provided by the experience of a slaughterman in York, England, who completely missed the head of his target animal, plunging the pole axe into his own leg, which subsequently required amputation.[31] Both the pressing need to immobilize the animal with the first blow and safety considerations for those involved would have placed a premium on skilled *popae* who would minimize the chance of mishaps that might mar or invalidate the ceremony.

There is an anatomical factor that makes a reliance on hammers in ancient sacrifice even more uncertain. While most animals killed in modern and early modern slaughterhouses are cows or calves, a favoured animal in major ancient Roman sacrifices was the bull. Bulls have much heavier cranial bone structures, so that the difficulty in stunning them

[30] Today, most cattle in industrialized countries are killed in slaughterhouses with a modern analogue to the pole axe. This is a machine known as a captive bolt stunner, which, when placed against the head of a bovid, plunges a metal rod into its brain, and then withdraws it back into the device. When used properly, captive bolt stunning can approach 100 per cent effectiveness, although many factors can erode the success rate, including incorrect aiming, insufficiently powerful cartridges, poor maintenance and cleaning of the equipment, and operator error. How much these factors can affect the process is exemplified by a study of rates of successful stunning in a sample of beef plants. In six out of eleven of the observed slaughterhouses, more than 10 per cent of cattle were insufficiently stunned by the first shot from the captive bolt stunner and required one or more additional shots (Grandin 1998: 37).

On the evolution of techniques for stunning cattle, see Gregory 1989/90 and Lee 2008. For medical studies assessing the effectiveness of captive bolt stunning in rendering cattle unconscious, see Grandin 2002; Gregory and Shaw 2000; Lambooy and Spanjaard 1981; and Daly *et al.* 1988.

[31] Corsair and Fitzell 1975: 33. Here, negligence seems to have played a rôle, since the slaughterman was inebriated at the time of the accident.

would have been even more pronounced. In the 1923 pole axe study, the average number of blows needed to stun a cow was 1.27 hits, whereas bulls required an average of 2.5 strikes each.[32] A sense of how tough it is to stun a bull is offered by the following anecdote from an early twentieth-century slaughterhouse inspector: 'I was on duty at Leeds public slaughterhouse when I heard the loud bellowing of a bull in the large slaughterhouse. On proceeding there, I saw a crowd of men and boys watching the slaughtering of a roan bull ... The bull was struck with the poleaxe at least a half a dozen times on its forehead before it was knocked down. The bull bellowed fearfully at each blow except the last ... This went on for quite five minutes.'[33] This sort of repeated bludgeoning and the accompanying vigorous bellows of protest would have been highly undesirable, and potentially unacceptable, in the context of a Roman sacrifice.[34] Additionally, a bull is much more likely to respond in an aggressive manner to a botched attempt at stunning, and, due to its size and horns, would have posed a very real danger to both participants and onlookers at a sacrifice, should it run amuck. Therefore, while a hammer might have sufficed when sacrificing a pig or a cow, it would not have been an effective tool for sacrificing bulls.

Finally, examination of the evidence preserved in ancient art representing the sacrifice of a bull reveals yet another problem. These images consistently and clearly portray the animal's head being held in a position that could not be less optimal for the striking of a stunning blow to the top of its head. Most reliefs that illustrate the moment before the blow is struck depict a *victimarius* kneeling beside the head of the bull, gripping its head or horns and pulling the head very sharply downwards so that the target zone on the top of the skull is perpendicular to the ground, or even angled away from the direction of the blow (Fig. 3).

If you are trying to stun the animal with a blow directed from above, as the images show, the best bet would be to position the animal's head parallel to the ground. In many modern slaughterhouses, when the animal reaches the killing site, a mechanized lift is brought up under its chin in order to raise its head up parallel to the ground, thus presenting the worker wielding the captive bolt stunner with an ideal flat surface on the top of the skull to aim for. Early twentieth-century photographs of cattle being struck with either a pole axe or a sledgehammer show the animals' heads in a similarly raised posture.[35] The Roman reliefs depict just the opposite position, with the flat top of the head nearly perpendicular to the ground. In the pose shown in ancient art, the *popa*'s weapon would have had to strike a steeply inclined plane. In some of these images, the angle is so acute that it is hard to imagine how the *popa* would even have been able to make contact with the desired strike zone. In most of them, he would actually have been better off swinging his implement sideways like a golf club in order to hit the right spot. Even if he managed to strike the top of the animal's skull, the weapon would almost certainly have bounced off in a downward direction, straight onto the arms and head of the kneeling man holding the animal, likely resulting in his becoming an additional victim.

Thus, there are a number of problems with the interpretation that hammers or mallets were employed to stun the biggest and most dangerous sacrificial animals in ancient Roman religious rituals: they are unreliable tools for immobilizing a large animal with the first blow, as the ceremony demanded; they would have had an especially high rate

[32] MacNaghten 1932: 20–1 and MacLachlan 2008: 113. On stunning bulls, see also Daly 1991.
[33] Cited by MacNaghten 1932: 23.
[34] The greater toughness of bulls' skulls is borne out by contemporary cattle industry research. For example, in a study conducted at a modern slaughterhouse where workers employed a captive bolt stunner, 100 per cent of the cows were effectively stunned on the first attempt, but fully 33 per cent of the bulls required multiple shots before they were rendered insensible, a difference that was attributed to the heavier bone structure of the bulls' skulls (Grandin 2002: 1260).
[35] See, for example, figs 1 (pole axe) and 8 (sledgehammer) in MacNaghten 1932.

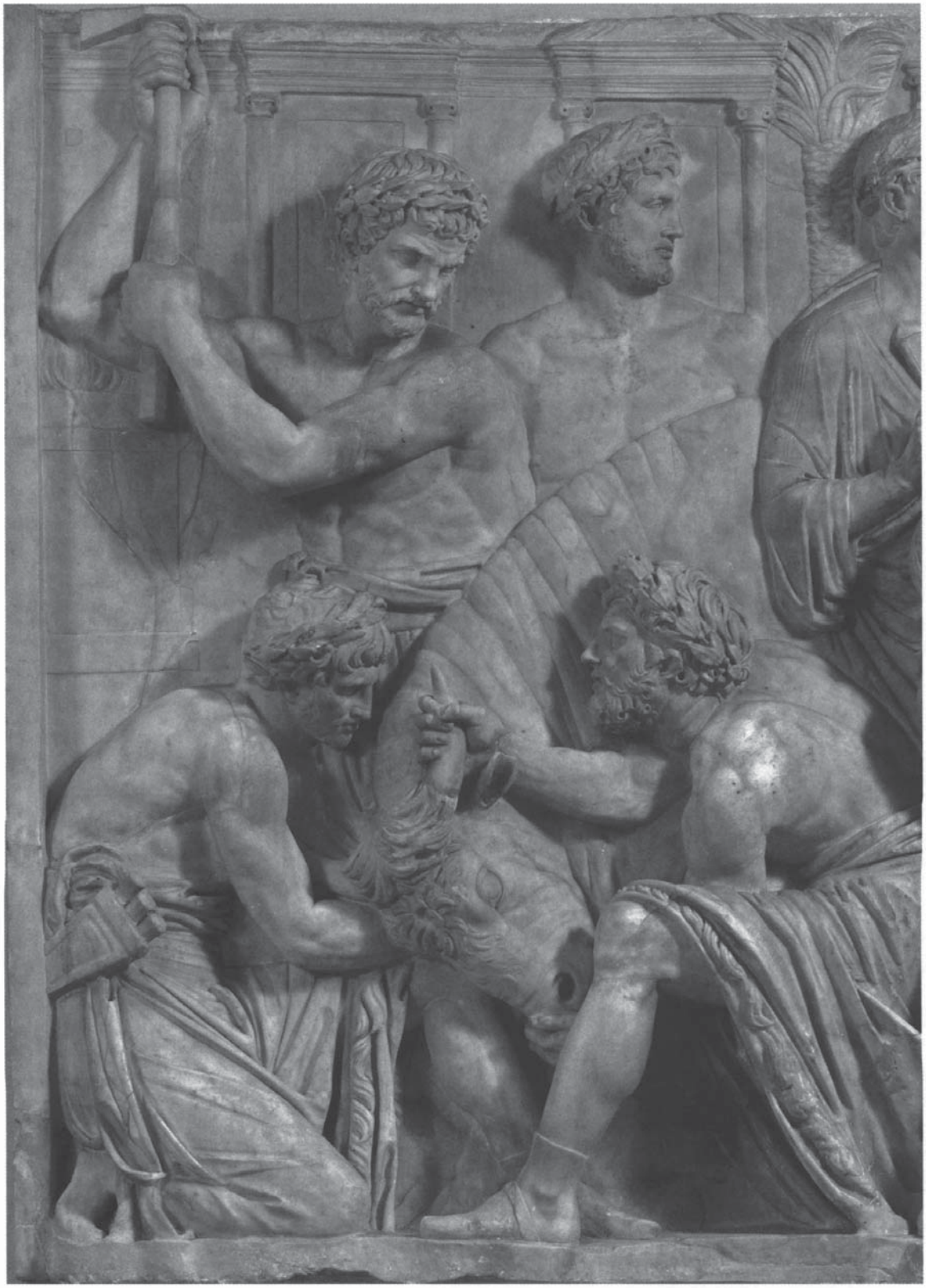


FIG. 3. Bovine sacrifice scene with *victimarius* pulling animal's head downwards depicted on Vota Decennalia of Hadrian relief panel now in the Uffizi. (*Photo: Scala/Ministero per i Beni e le Attività culturali/Art Resource, NY*)

of failure when used on bulls, an animal frequently specified as featuring in important sacrificial rituals; and the practical requirements of their use are completely inconsistent with the posture of the bulls being killed as illustrated in ancient art.

IV AXES

At this point, it is necessary to consider the other tool attested by both literary and visual evidence as having been utilized in Roman sacrificial rituals: the axe.[36] Unlike hammers and mallets, axes have not commonly been employed by farmers and slaughterhouse workers to stun or kill animals, but they were plainly used in ancient sacrifices. In nearly all scholarship on Roman sacrifice, these axes have been treated as being functionally interchangeable with hammers, and are described as being used to stun the animal by striking it on the head, just as one would wield a hammer. However, the blade of an axe simply cannot be employed in this manner to stun; its sole function is to inflict massive and crude gashes, not to deliver calculated taps.

One could theoretically slam a large axe blade-first onto the head of a bovid, probably splitting the skull or even lodging the axe in its brain. This would effectively render the animal compliant for whatever bleeding or other rituals followed. The angle that the animals' heads are being twisted into in the artistic images, however, is ill-suited for this, and would create an even more dangerous situation than with a hammer, since the thin edge of an axe blade would more easily slip off the animal's head than the broader blunt end of a hammer. Also, the bovine skull features many irregularities and raised surfaces, and any slight knob or ridge would be enough to divert the axe violently sideways, with disastrous consequences.

Another drawback to using an axe for stunning is that, in order to ensure success with the first stroke, the *popa* would have had to err on the side of hitting with more force than was needed, with the result that the axe would have cleaved through the skin and probably the skull as well. In the process, blood and brain tissue would be forcefully ejected from the split skull, spraying the bystanders with unwelcome gore. A significant reason for the slaughterman's preference for hammers is that the tough hide of the bovid remains intact through multiple blows, so that even when the skull beneath is thoroughly crushed, there is little external mess.

How, then, to account for the prevalence of axes in Roman depictions of bovine sacrifice? I would like to propose a reinterpretation of sacrificial procedure that would solve all of the problems listed above, that would be fully consistent with the visual evidence, and that would offer an explanation for why axes rather than hammers were sometimes preferred. I believe that, while hammers were used on smaller beasts, for the larger and more difficult or dangerous sacrificial animals, such as bulls, axes were the sacrificial implement of choice. Furthermore, these axes were not utilized to strike the top of the head in order to stun the creature, but instead were directed at the neck of the victim, severing its spinal column and killing it instantly. This would have ensured instant immobility and unconsciousness, so that there would have been no awkward struggles that might have ruined the fiction that the animal was a willing participant. It would have been an effective method even on thick-skulled bulls, and would explain the odd position of the head shown in art, which is precisely the posture that makes severing the vertebral column easiest.[37]

[36] For illustrations and descriptions of the various axes, see Siebert 1999; Schaewen 1940; and Johansen 1932.

[37] While most scholarship on sacrifice is either vague concerning the issue of how axes were employed and where they struck, or else identifies the head as the target, one notable exception is the 1990 article on emperors and sacrifice by Richard Gordon. While discussing the sacrifice relief on the Arch of Beneventum, his description of

When a bovid has its head in an upright position, the vertebrae of its neck are closely pressed together (Fig. 4A). If it is hit in the neck with an axe, there is a good possibility that the axe blade might bounce off the bone and fail to sever the spinal column. When the animal's head is pulled sharply downward, however, it arches and stretches the neck, with the result that V-shaped gaps open up between each cervical vertebra, exposing the softer tissues of the spinal cord (Fig. 4B). With the neck in this posture, even if the axe blade did not immediately find one of these gaps, the angle of the blow would have caused it to slide easily along a vertebra until it slipped into the next gap. If one's purpose were to cut the spinal column, the posture depicted in art, where the *victimarii* are shown pulling down the heads and stretching out the necks of cows and bulls, is exactly the optimal one (Fig. 4C).

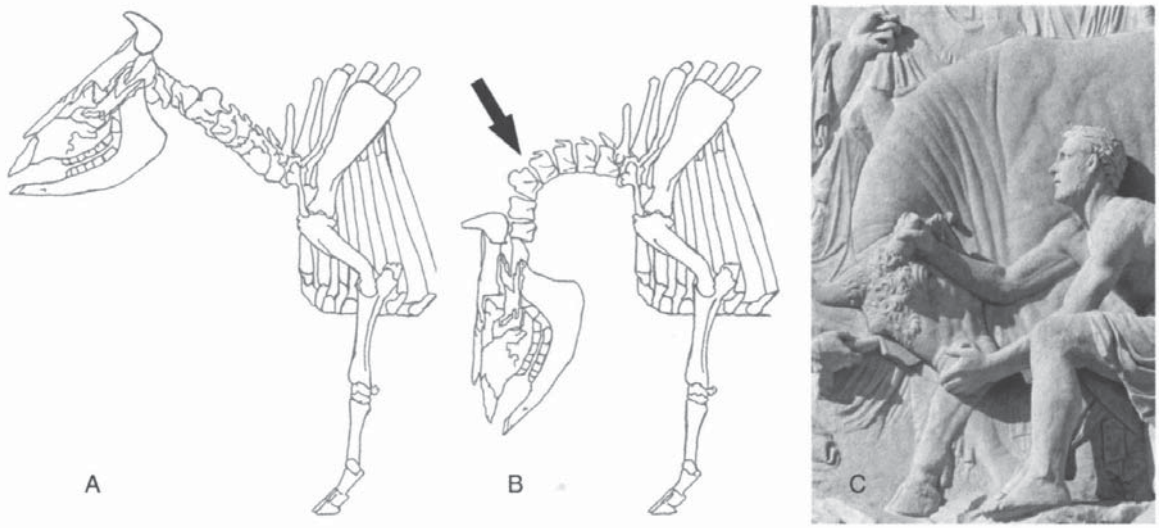


FIG. 4. A: Bovine with head in upright position. B: Bovine with head tilted downward, opening up gaps in cervical vertebrae. C: Ara Pietatis relief showing bovine with head being pulled down into ideal position for severing the spine. (*Drawings by Alicia Aldrete. Photo: The Art Archive at Art Resources, NY*)

The use of axes in sacrifice to chop at the neck rather than to strike at the head is supported by both ancient iconographic and literary evidence. Out of the twenty-one scenes in art illustrating a *popa* with a raised weapon about to kill a sacrificial animal, it is possible to discern whether the implement is a hammer or an axe in ten.[38] Of these,

the procedure is that 'the hammer or axe was brought down onto the cervical vertebrae, the victim fell partly paralysed and the carotids were opened with the *cultres*' (204) while the *victimarius* is said 'to twist the animal's head down and round so as to expose the nape of the neck to the stunning axe' (203). Later, he characterizes a medallion as depicting the moment when '... a *popa* (the *victimarius* who actually kills the animal) swings the mallet onto the victim's neck' (216). Thus, almost uniquely, Gordon switches the *popa*'s target from the head to the neck, although he describes both hammers and axes as striking here. His article does not discuss the choice of weapons, however, and these comments are undeveloped asides made while analysing other issues. Schaewen 1940: 50 vaguely refers to axe blows being directed at either the head or the neck.

[38] Scenes of *popa* with raised axe: Altar of Manlius, Mosaic of the Sacrifice to the Divi at Ostia (2), Vota Decennalia Relief of Hadrian, Boscoreale Cup, Payment of Vota to Jupiter on sarcophagus in Palazzo Ducale in Mantua, Payment of Vota to Jupiter on sarcophagus in the Uffizi in Florence, Votive Sacrifice relief from Djemila (Cuicul).

Scenes of *popa* with raised hammer: Ostian mosaic near the Shrine of Silvanus in the Caseggiato de Molini (http://www.ostia-antica.org/regio1/3/3-2.htm) and Triumphal Procession of Septimius Severus on the Arch at Lepcis. It is perhaps noteworthy that the hammers in both these instances have particularly large, heavy-looking heads.



FIG. 5. Relief from sarcophagus in Museo del Palazzo Ducale, Mantua, of sacrifice scene showing *popa* with upraised axe prior to striking at animal's neck. (*Photo: Scala/Ministero per i Beni e le Attività culturali/Art Resource, NY*)

Scenes of *popa* with raised implement in which, because of vagueness or damage, it is impossible definitively to tell what type of tool is being used: Ara Pietatis, Arch of Beneventum, Sacrifice to the Emperor on a Cippus at Antequera, Sacrifice of Two Victims Relief in the Louvre, Sacrifice to the Numina Augustorum on the Arch of the Silversmiths at Rome, Payment of Vota to Jupiter on sarcophagus in County Museum of Los Angeles,

eight show an axe, whereas only two feature a hammer. In all of these, the animal's neck is bent sharply downward and seems to be the point at which the *popa* is aiming rather than the top of its head. Thus, when animals are shown being sacrificed with the bent neck posture, the implement being used is overwhelmingly an axe (Fig. 5).

When we turn to ancient literature, there is also a consistent theme of axes being directed at animals' necks, whereas mallets were aimed at the head. In Seneca's description of Clytemnestra preparing to slay Agamemnon, she aims her axe at his neck 'just as the *popa* at the altar marks with his eyes the neck of the bull before he strikes' (Sen., *Ag.* 897–901: '... qualisque ad aras colla taurorum popa designat oculis antequam ferro petat ...'). This metaphor quite explicitly identifies the neck as the target of the *popa*'s axe, rather than the top of the head. The fourth-century A.D. writer Quintus Smyrnaeus uses a similar metaphor when describing the death in battle of some Homeric heroes: '... together they fell down, as bullocks are felled by the mighty axe of the brawny slaughterer that slices through the sinews of the neck, cutting off life' (*Fall of Troy* 1.262–4).[39] In the *Aeneid*, the cries and struggles of Laocoön are likened to 'the bellowings of a wounded bull that has fled from the altar and shaken from its neck the ill-aimed axe' (Virg., *Aen.* 2.222–4: 'qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram taurus et incertam excussit cervice securim'). All of these passages state that, when utilizing an axe, the intended strike zone was the animal's neck. Conversely, when Dionysius of Halicarnassus writes about a priest's assistants using a club on a sacrificial animal, he states that they employed it to strike the temple of the victim (*R.Ant.* 7.72.15).

Probably the most enlightening author in regards to matching tool to target zone, however, is Ovid. His *Metamorphoses* contains a number of instances of sacrificial scenes and imagery, and where details are given, almost all specify an axe chopping at the neck of a bovid. These include a sacrifice scene featuring 'axes striking at the brawny necks of sacrificial bulls' (7.427–9); a metaphor in which a character strives 'as when one shatters a bull's white neck with an axe' (12.247–50); and a pitiful description of an aged ox being slain 'with the axe smiting its toil-weary neck' (15.120–6). He consistently uses specific words for axe (*securis*) and neck (*collum* or *cervix*) in all of these passages.[40] There is a single instance when a sacrificial animal is struck on the head, and in that one case, the implement that is named is not an axe, but a hammer (*malleus*: 2.623–5). It is also notable, however, that this victim is identified as a thin-skulled suckling calf (*lactentis vituli*), whereas the animals hit with axes are bulls, oxen, or adult bovines (e.g., *taurus*, *bos*), which all would have had thicker crania. Ovid appears to have been fully aware that axes and hammers were best used on different types of bovids and against different parts of an animal's anatomy, and he accurately incorporates these key distinctions into his word choice.

Severing the spinal column followed by cutting the throat has, in certain times and places, been the preferred method in slaughterhouses. Usually this was accomplished by a technique known as the nape stab, pithing, or punctilla, in which a knife was inserted

Altar in Turin, Sacrifice relief from Poggio a Caiano, sacrifice on a sarcophagus in Frascati, and sacrifice on a sarcophagus in the Staatliche Museum in Berlin. There are also at least seven Vota Publica motif coin types minted under Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Commodus that show a *popa* with raised implement. In a number of these, the weapon appears to be an axe, but the images are sufficiently vague that I have not included any of them in the list of definitive axe scenes. For these coins, see Ryberg 1955: pl. 64.

Almost all of these images can be conveniently viewed in Ryberg 1955. The exceptions are the Djemila relief (see Vilímková 1963: pl. 9), the relief from Poggio a Caiano (see Fless 1995: pl. 39.2), and several of the sarcophagus reliefs (see Reinsberg 2006: pls 1.3, 13.2, and 21.1).

[39] Although both Seneca and Quintus Smyrnaeus are describing sacrifices set in the Homeric world rather than the Roman one, the passages indicate that these Roman authors were familiar with the sacrificial procedure of aiming an axe stroke at the neck.

[40] In another passage, bovines are depicted as 'falling beneath the killing stroke to the neck', although an axe is not specifically named as the weapon (Ov., *Met.* 10.271–2).

between the back of the cranium and the first cervical vertebra, transecting the spinal column.[41] Similarly, it was standard practice throughout the ancient world for war elephant mahouts to carry a knife or chisel which could be used to slay the animal by driving the implement between the cervical vertebrae in the event that the creature ran amuck in battle (Liv. 27.49.1; Amm. Mar. 25.1.15).[42]

The advantages of the nape stab are that it could be more precisely aimed than a hammer or pole axe blow and that it produced immediate paralysis. Thus, it offered a surer way of rendering large or dangerous animals immobile. Not surprisingly, this method was favoured by butchers 'as a way of dealing with bulls and dangerous cattle'.[43] These characteristics would have made severing the spinal cord an attractive option for ancient Roman *victimarii*, especially when dealing with very loosely restrained bulls.[44]

In using an axe for this purpose, the Romans were following a precedent set by the Greeks in their own religious rituals. For example, in an oft-cited passage in the *Odyssey*, Nestor and his sons sacrifice a cow, and Homer depicts one of Nestor's sons striking the neck of the cow with an axe, after which the animal's throat is cut and it is bled to death. The axe is specifically described as making a deep cut to the neck, severing vital connective tissue and no doubt cutting the spine and inflicting a fatal injury (Hom., *Od.* 3.442–56). In the famous Buphonia ritual in Athens, the ox was killed with an axe, and this weapon (or alternatively, in some accounts, the sacrificial knife) was put on trial for the 'murder' of the animal (Paus. 1.24.4; Porph., *De Abs.* 2.10). In Greek art, the two

[41] On the use of the nape stab to slaughter animals, see MacLachlan 2008: 115; MacNaghten 1932: 32–4; Blackmore *et al.* 1995; and Gregory 1989/90: 77.

[42] Today, this technique will also be familiar to anyone who has attended a bullfight. Sometimes when the matador has failed to kill a bull quickly but has injured it badly enough that it will no longer charge, he employs a special sword (the *descabello*), which has a crossbar about 8 cm from its tip, to jab the bull in the nape of the neck, cutting the spine and instantly dropping the animal. Once the bull is down, it is also customary for an attendant (often a butcher) to enter the arena and stab it in the neck with a short knife called a *puntilla* in order to ensure that the spine is totally severed and that there is no possibility of the creature reviving. On these aspects of bullfighting, see Marvin 1994: 31–2.

[43] MacNaghten 1932: 34. While in modern industrialized nations, the overwhelming majority of people no longer witness the killing of animals for meat production, oddly enough, many have actually viewed footage of the ritual sacrifice of a large bovid accomplished by striking its neck with a heavy-bladed weapon. This is because, near the end of the movie *Apocalypse Now*, an infamous scene shows the graphic sacrifice of a carabao (a type of water-buffalo). This was not a special effect; a real, live carabao was filmed having its head nearly hacked from its body by machete-wielding Ifugao tribesmen. While unsettling for some viewers, this episode illustrates how quickly a chopping blow to the back of the neck can immobilize a very large animal, and is perhaps the most vivid depiction of the ritual sacrifice of a sizeable bovid that the average person can readily view today.

[44] In commercial slaughter, however, one disadvantage of the nape stab (versus stunning by a hammer to the head) is that it would leave an inconvenient cut in the neck region of the hide. The marring of the valuable hide would be far greater if the animal were struck in the neck with an axe. Being less concerned than the Romans with botched procedure or having to hit an animal multiple times, farmers and slaughterhouse workers have, not surprisingly, preferred hammers.

Although extremely effective at quickly dropping an animal, this technique has drawn criticism in the last two centuries and been banned in many countries as inhumane because observers noted that, although paralysed, nape-stabbed animals appeared to retain consciousness for a considerable amount of time. This impression has been rather disturbingly confirmed by a scientific study that used electrodes implanted in the brain to demonstrate that, even after a large animal has been completely decapitated by a guillotine, its brain can retain consciousness for up to 30 seconds, and it even continues to receive information from the optic nerves (Tidswell *et al.* 1987). These experiments were carried out on sheep, but the authors noted that, based on analyses of the respective animals' physiology, the time to unconsciousness for cattle would be 'much greater than in sheep'. After decapitation, the sheep continued to move their eyes and make gasping movements of the mouth and nostrils for up to 87 seconds. The results of this study were so troubling that the researchers 'could not justify further similar experiments'. While we now know that an animal that has been nape-stabbed might be experiencing considerable terror, the severing of the spinal cord prevents any movement, and thus, at least from the Roman perspective, it would have appeared fully acquiescent to the sacrificial procedure. Although the Romans employed an overhand chop with a large axe to sever the spine in a rather more dramatic fashion than simply jabbing the neck with a knife, the physiological effects would have been the same.

vase paintings that explicitly illustrate a person killing a sacrificial bovid show the slayer holding a large, double-bladed axe poised above his head, ready to bring it down upon the animal's neck. In both cases, the bovid has its head bent sharply down toward the ground in a pose reminiscent of that in the Roman reliefs.[45]

With their lighter cranial structures, smaller animals such as pigs and calves could indeed have been effectively stunned by being struck on the head with a hammer. However, when larger beasts were involved, the iconographic evidence, literary texts, comparative historical accounts, and bovine physiology all combine to create a consistent picture which contradicts the traditional interpretation that axes were used to stun the animal by hitting it on the head. Instead, the very same evidence indicates that axe blows were directed at the nape of the neck in order to cut its spine.[46] While the explicitness of ancient sources and art identifying the neck as the axe's target may make this conclusion seem obvious, this distinction has not yet been widely recognized. Hacking at the neck of a bull with a heavy axe in order to sever its spinal cord may seem a brutal process, but some sort of immobilization procedure was needed, and this one admirably served the specific requirements of Roman sacrificial ritual.

V BLOOD

One potential objection to this interpretation could be that it might change the time and cause of death, from being bled after the slitting of the throat to the instant when the axe severs the spinal column. The usual reason given for why the animal must be stunned and rendered unconscious but not immediately killed is so that it will bleed when its throat is cut. This argument rests on the assumption that the only way to bleed an animal to death without protest is by knocking it unconscious without inflicting any other fatal injury. In fact, even after the spinal column has been completely severed, the autonomous electrical impulses of the heart enable it to continue beating for a considerable amount of time, potentially up to three or four minutes. Therefore, the axe could be used to cut the spinal column, instantaneously rendering the animal limp with absolutely no chance that it might struggle or regain consciousness, but it could still be exsanguinated quite satisfactorily.

Both literary descriptions and iconographic depictions of sacrifices indicate that the animal's throat was slashed immediately after the *popa* struck his blow. Just as with the site of the stunning blow, scholars have been vague about the exact location and purpose of this cut, with a few specifying that the carotid arteries were severed, others naming the jugular veins, and most merely saying that the throat was cut. The position of the *cultrarius* suggests that he most likely made a diagonal slash across the underside of the animal's throat, which would have severed both the carotid arteries and the jugular veins.

These major vessels connect directly to the heart via, respectively, the aorta and the superior vena cava, and would produce copious and dramatic bleeding. These vessels are so large, in fact, that the actual reason that most animals' hearts would stop beating would not be due to the severing of the spinal column, but rather because the animal would lose such a large volume of blood so rapidly that its heart would literally run out of blood to pump. During this process, probably about 3.5 litres — 50 per cent of the

[45] On depictions of all stages of sacrifice in Greek art, including these vases, see Van Straten 1995: 107–13, pls 113 and 114.

[46] It would be nice to be able to further confirm this interpretation archaeologically through indications of trauma on animal bones found in deposits at religious sanctuaries. While there are indeed suggestive cut marks on such bones, unfortunately it is impossible to distinguish tool marks that were made at the time of sacrifice from those caused by the subsequent butchering of the carcass. On these issues, see, for example, Rixson 1989 and King 2005.

animal's total volume of blood — would be drained in under a minute, with the animal losing consciousness in 20–30 seconds. In a Roman sacrifice, the animal appears to have simply been allowed to collapse onto the ground, where it bled out. In slaughterhouses, the animals are usually suspended in the air by their rear legs during the bleeding stage so as to maximize the amount of blood that is drained from the carcass. While this method would extract somewhat more blood, the Roman procedure would still have resulted in the majority of the animal's blood being pumped out through the slash in the throat.

The throat-cutting action of the *cultrarius* was likely quite similar to the technique known as 'sticking', which has been used for centuries by those killing bovines for food and is still utilized in slaughterhouses today.[47] In this process, a sharp knife is employed to make an incision in the neck or chest of the animal and to sever the carotid and jugular vessels. It is also akin to the method used by Jews in shechita (kosher) slaughter of animals for food.[48] In the Jewish tradition, however, the animals cannot be stunned, but instead have their throats slashed and then bleed to death.[49] In schechita slaughter, a typical time to collapse for cattle is 20 seconds, although one study found that 8 per cent took more than 60 seconds to collapse, and 14 per cent fell and then stood up again before terminally collapsing.[50] A study of cattle brain function during shechita slaughter showed loss of brain functions varying between 20 seconds and about two minutes, with an average time of around 75 seconds.[51]

It is worth noting that the time until unconsciousness measured in cattle after sticking is notably longer than it is in pigs or sheep because in cows the vertebral artery continues to supply some blood to the brain, prolonging consciousness, even if the other vessels have been severed.[52] This is another reason why bovids would have been more problematic to deal with in ancient sacrificial rituals than other animals. Comparisons of shechita slaughter with that of cattle shot with a captive bolt stunner before bleeding demonstrate that it is still possible to exsanguinate an animal thoroughly even after its brain has effectively been destroyed. Thus, in a Roman sacrifice, a satisfactory volume of blood could have been obtained even after the victim had been felled by a hammer or an axe.

In both ancient sacrifice and later slaughterhouses, the animals were, in essence, receiving two fatal injuries in quick succession. The stunning blow, whether delivered to the head or the neck, would have inflicted sufficient damage to eventually kill the animal, but this was rapidly followed by the cutting of the vessels in the neck, resulting in such massive loss of blood that the creature would technically expire from its heart stopping before its other injuries could produce its death by asphyxiation, brain trauma, blood loss, or other causes.

In ancient art, there are numerous depictions of the distinctive triangular knife used in this procedure, and several reliefs show the *cultrarius* kneeling beside the animal just before it is stunned, presumably ready to perform the throat-cutting.[53] A particularly fine example is the sacrifice scene on the Triumph of Tiberius Boscoreale Cup, in which one *victimarius* stands with axe raised to strike, while another kneels beside the animal's head, pulling it toward the ground[54] (see Fig. 1). A third man crouches beside the bovine, holding the

[47] Guerrero-Legarreta and Pérez-Chabela 2012.

[48] For an introductory overview of the requirements and practices of Jewish and Muslim meat preparation, see Regenstein and Regenstein 2012.

[49] Another comparison is the Muslim Halal slaughter of animals. Traditionally in Halal slaughter, cattle were not stunned prior to having their throats cut, although in some modern Halal slaughterhouses, captive bolt stunning is now used. As in commercial sticking and schechita slaughter, the Halal process involves severing the carotid and jugular vessels. For some recent studies of issues concerning Halal slaughter, see Gregory *et al.* 2010; Cenci-Goga *et al.* 2010; Gregory *et al.* 2012; and Anil *et al.* 2006.

[50] Gregory *et al.* 2010.

[51] Daly *et al.* 1988.

[52] Gregory *et al.* 2010; Daly *et al.* 1988.

[53] For a detailed description of the knives used in Roman sacrifices, see Siebert 1999: 75–85.

[54] See Ryberg 1955: pl. 50.

triangular knife poised to be driven into the animal's throat. Also informative is a relief from the Arch of Septimius Severus at Lepcis Magna, featuring a bovine sacrifice scene that seems to conflate three separate stages of the killing into one image.[55] A *popa* holds a hammer over his head in the usual posture, but the animal is represented as if the blow has already been struck, collapsed and with its front legs folded onto the ground. Most interestingly, the kneeling *cultrarius* appears to have his knife plunged to the hilt into the creature's throat. This would constitute a unique depiction of the moment when the throat is slashed and the animal is bled out.

The issue of bleeding and the messiness of sacrifices raises a host of other practical questions. Severing the carotids and jugulars would produce copious spurts of blood, which could jet out a distance of over a metre. Therefore, Lucretius' description of altars drenched in blood can probably be taken quite literally (Lucr. 5.1200–2). In many iconographic images of sacrifice, the group consisting of the bovid and its accompanying *victimarii* is visually separated from the chief priest (often the emperor) and his attendants. Considering the messiness of sacrifices, with blood and other matter being sprayed and splattered about, this segregation may not be solely due to aesthetic considerations on the part of the artist or the desire to differentiate high and low status individuals, but instead may well reflect the practical concern of the priest and his companions to avoid soiling their togas. A need for easy clean-up and some protection from blood-spray may also explain why the *victimarii* are typically portrayed bare-chested, wearing just an apron-like garment, much like a butcher's or cook's apron, wrapped around their waists.[56]

If each animal in an ancient sacrifice was spewing several litres of blood, what does this imply for how we envision an event such as Caligula's accession, when 160,000 cattle were supposedly slaughtered in less than three months (Suet., *Cal.* 14.1)? Slaughterhouses usually have graded floors and drains to carry away the blood, but ancient sacrifices were often performed near altars without obvious drainage facilities. Of course, the viscera and the butchered carcasses of these animals all had to be disposed of as well.

VI CONCLUSION

The ideology of Roman blood sacrifice demanded that the animals whose slaughter lay at its core were expected, at least superficially, to appear compliant and accepting of their deaths. This requirement created a formidable set of practical problems for those charged with actually carrying out their slaughter. Chief among these was the necessity of rendering a large, potentially dangerous, and only lightly restrained animal instantly insensible and immobile, and maintaining it in that condition while its throat was cut and it was bled to death. The solution was to stun it with a heavy weapon.

This article has argued that there were two distinct tools and methods that were employed to accomplish the essential task of stunning. Hammers were best suited for stunning medium-sized animals such as pigs, calves, and some cattle, and, when using a hammer, the *popa* struck the animal on the top of the head, crushing its skull and causing severe haemorrhaging in the brain. For the largest animals, such as bulls, oxen, or large cattle, whose heavier skull structure and potential dangerousness called for an alternative process, the preferred implement was an axe, which was directed at the neck in order to sever the spinal cord. These two techniques are consistent with the descriptions found in ancient literary sources, the tools and postures depicted in Roman art, comparative data from slaughterhouses over a wide span of time, and the unique

[55] For reproductions of this relief, see Ryberg 1955: fig. 88a and Elsner 2012: fig. 6.1.
[56] This distinctive garment is known as the *limus*. For an analysis of it in art, see Fless 1995: 75–7.

features of bovine physiology. Both methods would have immobilized the creatures but left their hearts still beating, so that the *cultrarius* could have slashed the carotid arteries and jugular veins and caused the beasts' deaths via exsanguination.

Given the broad geographic and temporal range over which Roman sacrifice was performed, there were undoubtedly many variations in sacrificial practices. Also, various gods, cults, and rituals may well have dictated certain procedures or tools in particular situations. Nevertheless, the preponderance of evidence suggests that it is possible to draw some general conclusions regarding the specifics of how these animals were stunned and killed. While there might be a natural reluctance to deal with the brutal realities of animal sacrifice, it is only by doing so that we can gain a fuller understanding of ancient Roman religious ritual.

University of Wisconsin-Green Bay
aldreteg@uwgb.edu

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anil, M. H., Yesildere, T., Aksu, H., Matur, E., McKinstry, J. L., Weaver, H. R., Erdogan, O., Hughes, S., and Mason, C. 2006: 'Comparison of Halal slaughter with captive bolt stunning and neck cutting in cattle: exsanguination and quality parameters', *Animal Welfare* 15.4, 325–30

Beard, M., and North, J. (eds) 1990: *Pagan Priests: Religion and Power in the Ancient World*, Ithaca, NY

Blackmore, D. K., Daly, C. C., and Cook, C. J. 1995: 'Electroencephalographic studies on the nape shooting of sheep', *New Zealand Veterinary Journal* 43, 160–3

Bonnefoy, Y. (ed.) 1981: *Dictionnaire des mythologies et des religions des sociétés traditionelles et du monde antique, K–Z*, Paris

Brendel, O. 1930: 'Immolatio Boum', *Mitteilungen des Deutschen Archaeologischen Instituts, Römische Abteilung* 45, 196–226, pls 67–82

Burkert, W. 1972: *Homo Necans*, Berlin

Cenci-Goga, B. T., Mattiacci, C., De Angelis, G., Marini, P., Cuccurese, A., Rossi, R., and Catanese, B. 2010: 'Religious slaughter in Italy', *Veterinary Research Communications* 34, Suppl. 1, S139–S143

Centers for Disease Control 2009: 'Fatalities caused by cattle', *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report* 58.29, 800–4

Corsair, B. A., and Fitzell, W. L. 1975: *The York Butchers' Gild* [sic], York

Daly, C. C. 1987: 'Recent developments in captive bolt stunning. Humane slaughter of animals for food', in R. Ewbank (ed.), *Proceedings of a Symposium Organized by the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare*, Potters Bar, 15–20

Daly, C. C. 1991: *Captive Bolt Stunning of Bulls*, Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food Report: Tolworth

Daly, C. C., and Warriss, P. B. 1986: 'The time to loss of brain responsiveness following exsanguination in adult cattle', *Proceedings of the European Meeting of Meat Research Workers* 32, 103–4

Daly, C. C., Kallweit, E., and Ellendorf, F. 1988: 'Cortical function in cattle during slaughter: conventional captive bolt stunning followed by exsanguination compared with shechita slaughter', *The Veterinary Record* 122 (April 2, 1988), 325–9

Detienne, M., and Vernant, J.-P. (eds) 1998: *The Cuisine of Sacrifice among the Greeks*, Chicago

Elsner, J. 1991: 'Cult and sculpture: sacrifice in the Ara Pacis Augustae', *Journal of Roman Studies* 81, 50–61, pls I–VII

Elsner, J. 2012: 'Sacrifice in late Roman art', ch. 6 in Faraone and Naiden 2012, 120–63

Faraone, C., and Naiden, F. S. (eds) 2012: *Greek and Roman Animal Sacrifice: Ancient Victims, Modern Observers*, Cambridge/New York

Finnie, J. W. 1995: 'Neuropathological changes produced by non-penetrating percussive captive bolt stunning of cattle', *New Zealand Veterinary Journal* 43, 183–5

Fless, F. 1995: *Opferdiener und Kultmusiker auf stadtrömischen historischen Reliefs: Untersuchungen zur Ikonographie, Funktion und Benennung*, Mainz am Rhein

Georgoudi, S., Koch Piettre, R., and Schmidt, F. (eds) 2005: *La Cuisine et l'autel: Les sacrifices en questions dans les sociétés de la Méditerranée ancienne*, Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Études Sciences Religieuses Vol. 124, Turnhout
Gordon, R. 1989: 'At the moment of death: art and the ritual of Greek sacrifice', in I. Lavin (ed.), *World Art: Themes of Unity in Diversity*, Vol. III, University Park, PA, 567–73
Gordon, R. 1990: 'The veil of power: emperors, sacrificers, and benefactors', ch. 8 in Beard and North 1990, 199–231
Grandin, T. 1998: 'Objective scoring of animal handling and stunning practices at slaughter plants', *Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association* 212.1 (January 1, 1998), 36–9
Grandin, T. 2002: 'Return-to-sensibility problems after penetrating captive bolt stunning of cattle in commercial beef slaughter plants', *Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association* 221.9 (November 1, 2002), 1258–61
Gregory, G. 1989/90: 'Slaughtering methods and equipment', *Veterinary History* 6.2 (new series), 73–84
Gregory, N., and Shaw, F. 2000: 'Penetrating captive bolt stunning and exsanguination of cattle in abattoirs', *Journal of Applied Animal Welfare Science* 3.3, 215–30
Gregory, N. G., Fielding, H. R., von Wenzlawowicz, M., and von Holleben, K. 2010: 'Time to collapse following slaughter without stunning in cattle', *Meat Science* 85, 66–9
Gregory, N. G., von Wenzlawowicz, M., Holleben, K., Fielding, H. R., Gibson, T. J., Mirabito, L., and Kolesar, R. 2012: 'Complications during shechita and halal slaughter without stunning in cattle', *Animal Welfare* 21, 81–6
Grottanelli, C., and Parise, N. F. (eds) 1988: *Sacrificio e società nel mondo antico*, Bari
Grunow, M. 2002: *Architectural Images in Roman State Reliefs, Coins, and Medallions: Imperial Ritual, Ideology, and the Topography of Rome*, unpub. Ph.D. dissertation, University of Michigan
Guerrero-Legarreta, I., and Pérez-Chabela, M. de Lourdes 2012: 'Slaughtering operations and equipment', ch. 21 in Hui 2012, 407–14
Hägg, R., and Alroth, B. (eds) 2005: *Greek Sacrificial Ritual, Olympian and Chthonian*, Stockholm
Hemelrijk, E. 2009: 'Women and sacrifice in the Roman Empire', in O. Hekster, S. Schmidt-Hofner and C. Witschel (eds), *Ritual Dynamics and Religious Change in the Roman Empire*, Leiden, 253–67
Horster, M. 2011: 'Living on religion: professionals and personnel', ch. 24 in Rüpke 2011, 331–41
Hui, Y. H. (ed.) 2012: *Handbook of Meat and Meat Processing* (2nd edn), Hoboken, NJ
Johansen, K. F. 1932: 'Sacena. Zur Geschichte der römischen Opfergeräte', *Acta Archaeologica* 3.2, Copenhagen, 113–56
Kadletz, E. 1976: *Animal Sacrifice in Greek and Roman Religion*, unpub. Ph.D. dissertation, University of Washington
King, A. 2005: 'Animal remains from temples in Roman Britain', *Britannia* 36, 329–69
Kleiner, D. 1983: 'The sacrifice in armor in Roman art', *Latomus* 42, 287–302
Knust, J. W., and Várhelyi, Z. (eds) 2011: *Ancient Mediterranean Sacrifice*, Oxford/New York
Krause, C. 1931: 'Hostia', in G. Wissowa and W. Kroll (eds), *Paulys Realencyclopädie der classichen Altertumswissenschaft*, Supp. V, Stuttgart, 236–82
Kron, G. 2002: 'Archaeozoological evidence for the productivity of Roman livestock farming', *Münstersche Beiträge zur antiken Handelsgeschichte* 21.2, 53–73
Lambooy, E., and Spanjaard, W. 1981: 'Effect of the shooting position on the stunning of calves by captive bolt', *The Veterinary Record* (17 October, 1981), 359–61
Latte, K. 1914: 'Immolatio', in G. Wissowa and W. Kroll (eds), *Paulys Realencyclopädie der classischen Altertumswissenschaft*, Vol. IX, Stuttgart, 1112–33.
Latte, K. 1960: *Römische Religionsgeschichte*, Munich
Lee, P. Y. (ed.) 2008: *Meat, Modernity, and the Rise of the Slaughterhouse*, Durham, NH
MacKinnon, M. 2004: *Production and Consumption of Animals in Roman Italy: Integrating the Zooarchaeological and Textual Evidence*, Journal of Roman Archaeology Supplementary Series 54, Portsmouth, RI
MacKinnon, M. 2007a: 'Osteological research in Classical archaeology', *American Journal of Archaeology* 111, 473–504
MacKinnon, M. 2007b: 'Osteological research in Classical archaeology: extended bibliography', *AJA Online Publications* 111.3, 1–40 (www.ajaonline.org/sites/default/files/AJA1113_MacKinnon_BIB.pdf)
MacKinnon, M. 2010: 'Cattle "breed" variation and improvement in Roman Italy: connecting the zooarchaeological and ancient textual evidence', *World Archaeology* 42.1, 55–73

MacLachlan, I. 2008: 'Humanitarian reform, slaughter technology, and butcher resistance in nineteenth-century Britain', in Lee 2008, 107–26
MacNaghten, L. 1932: *Pistol v. Poleaxe: A Handbook on Humane Slaughter*, London
Marquardt, J. 1889: *Le culte chez les Romains*, Vol. 1, Paris
Marvin, G. 1994: *Bullfight* (rev. edn), Champaign, IL
McDonough, C., Prior, R., and Stansbury, M. (trans.) 2004: *Servius' Commentary on Book Four of Virgil's Aeneid*, Wauconda, IL
Moede, K. 2011: 'Reliefs, public and private', in Rüpke 2011, 164–75
Naiden, F. S. 2007: 'The fallacy of the willing victim', *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 127, 61–73 and pl. 2
Naiden, F. S. 2013: *Smoke Signals for the Gods: Ancient Greek Sacrifice from the Archaic through Roman Periods*, Oxford/New York
Nasrallah, L. 2011: 'The embarrassment of blood: early Christians and others on sacrifice, war, and rational worship', in Knust and Várhelyi 2011, 142–66
Newhook, J. C., and Blackmore, D. K. 1982: 'Electroencephalographic studies of stunning and slaughter of sheep and calves — Part 2: the onset of permanent insensibility in calves during slaughter', *Meat Science* 6, 295–300
Petropoulou, M.-Z. 2008: *Animal Sacrifice in Ancient Greek Religion, Judaism, and Christianity, 100 BC–AD 200*, Oxford/New York
Phillips, C. R. 2000: 'Opfer: Part IV. Rom', in H. Cancik and H. Schneider (eds), *Der Neue Pauly Enzyklopädie der Antike, Band* 8, Stuttgart, 1246–9
Prescendi, F. 2007: *Décrire et comprendre le sacrifice: Les réflexions des Romains sur leur propre religion à partir de la litérature antiquaire*, Stuttgart
Regenstein, J., and Regenstein, C. 2012: 'A review of Kosher laws with an emphasis on meat and meat products', ch. 22 in Hui 2012, 415–43
Reinsberg, C. 2006: *Die Sarkophage mit Darstellungen aus dem Menschenleben: Dritter Teil, Vita Romana*, Berlin
Rives, J. 2006: *Religion in the Roman Empire*, Malden, MA
Rixson, D. 1989: 'Butchery evidence on animal bones', *Circaea* 6.1, 49–62
Rudhardt, J., and Reverdin, O. (eds) 1981: *Le sacrifice dans l'antiquité*, Entretiens sur l'Antiquité Classique 27, Geneva
Rüpke, J. 2001: *Die Religion der Römer: Eine Einführung*, Munich
Rüpke, J. 2008: *Fasti Sacerdotum: A Prosopography of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian Religious Officials in the City of Rome, 300 BC to AD 499*, trans. D. Richardson, Oxford/New York
Rüpke, J. (ed.) 2011: *A Companion to Roman Religion*, Malden, MA
Ryberg, I. S. 1955: *Rites of the State Religion in Roman Art*, Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome 22, Rome
Schaewen, R. von 1940: *Römische Opfergeräte, ihr Verwendung im Kultus und in der Kunst*, Berlin
Scheid, J. 2003: *An Introduction to Roman Religion*, J. Lloyd (trans.), Bloomington
Scheid, J. 2011: 'Sacrifices for gods and ancestors', ch. 19 in Rüpke 2011, 263–71
Siebert, A. V. 1999: *Instrumenta Sacra: Untersuchungen zu römischen Opfer-, Kult- und Priestergeräten*, New York
Siebert, A. V. 2003: 'Victimarius', in H. Cancik and H. Schneider (eds), *Der Neue Pauly Enzyklopädie der Antike*, Vol. 12, Pt. 2, Stuttgart
Tidswell, S. J., Blackmore, D. K., and Newhook, J. C. 1987: 'Slaughter methods: electroencephalographic (EEG) studies on spinal cord section, decapitation and gross trauma of the brain in lambs', *New Zealand Veterinary Journal* 35, 46–9
Torelli, M. 1982: *Typology and Structure of Roman Historical Reliefs*, Ann Arbor
Van Straten, F. T. 1995: *Hiera Kala: Images of Animal Sacrifice in Archaic and Classical Greece*, New York
Vilímková, M. 1963: *Roman Art in Africa*, T. Gottheimer (trans.), London
Warrior, V. 2002: *Roman Religion: A Sourcebook*, Newburyport, MA
Warrior, V. 2006: *Roman Religion*, Cambridge/New York
Watts, M., Meisel, E., and Densie, I. 2013: 'Cattle-related trauma, injuries and deaths', *Trauma* 16.1, 3–8
Weinstock, S. 1958: 'Victimarius', in G. Wissowa and W. Kroll (eds), *Paulys Realencyclopädie der classischen Altertumswissenschaft*, Vol. 8, Stuttgart, 2483–5
Wissowa, G. 1912: *Religion und Kultus der Römer* (2nd edn), Munich

Item #7

Celia E. Schultz, "Sacrifice, Inside and Out," *Journal of Roman Studies* 106 (2016): 58-76.

Roman Sacrifice, Inside and Out*

CELIA E. SCHULTZ

I

Those working in the social sciences have, for some time, been wrestling with the 'insider-outsider problem': how can one person genuinely understand the thoughts, beliefs, and actions of another? Insiders can report their own subjective experience, but very often this diverges from the assessments of those observing from the outside, from what is perceived as a more objective position. The problem was cleverly illustrated in a classic article that is standard reading for introductory anthropology and religious studies courses but that is generally unfamiliar to classicists, entitled 'Body rituals of the Nacirema' by the anthropologist Horace Miner. The article offers a brief account of the daily habits of this North American tribe whose members place a great deal of emphasis on maintaining and improving the body, for example:

> The fundamental belief underlying the whole system appears to be that the human body is ugly and that its natural tendency is to debility and disease. Incarcerated in such a body, man's only hope is to avert these characteristics through the use of the powerful influences of ritual and ceremony. Every household has one or more shrines devoted to this purpose. The more powerful individuals in the society have several shrines in their houses and, in fact, the opulence of a house is often referred to in terms of the number of such ritual centers it possesses. Most houses are of wattle and daub construction, but the shrine rooms of the more wealthy are walled with stone. Poorer families imitate the rich by applying pottery plaques to their shrine walls.[1]

* I owe many thanks to C. P. Mann, B. Nongbri, and J. N. Dillon for their thoughtful, challenging responses to earlier drafts of this article, and to audiences at Trinity College, Baylor University, and Bryn Mawr College for comments on an oral version of it. J. B. Rives provided valuable consultation on specific points and V. C. Moses generously shared her work-in-progress on the osteoarchaeological evidence from S. Omobono. I also thank the anonymous reviewers for helpful comments, suggestions and objections that have greatly improved this piece. I have tried to respond to them all. The errors and flaws that remain are all my own.

[1] Miner 1956: 503. The article is reprinted in McCutcheon 1999, a volume that offers in its introductory chapter

JRS 106 (2016), pp. 58–76. © *The Author(s) 2016.*
Published by The Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies.
doi:10.1017/S0075435816000319

Although it is sixty years old, the lesson still works well. Those poor Nacirema, who despise their physical form and try to improve it through 'ritual and ceremony', at first seem so different from us: primitive, superstitious, unsophisticated. But then they turn out to *be* us. Nacirema is American spelt backwards, and Miner shows to, and interprets for, us our own bathroom habits.[2] Yet so stark is the discrepancy between his (assumed) outsider perspective and our own insider understanding of the value of a bathroom, that most readers do not recognize themselves the first time they read this piece. This is the insider-outsider problem *in nuce*. Neither Miner's nor his reader's understanding is right and the other wrong: they are two different views of the same set of data, and both are valuable. Working with the two of them together, we can get a more nuanced understanding of a cultural habit. Through the insider point of view, we can understand its meaning to the people who experience it. Through the outsider point of view, we can interpret it in light of comparable behaviours in other cultures.

The present study turns the insider-outsider lens on the study of Roman sacrifice: it aims to trace, through an analysis of a set of Latin religious terminology, how Romans thought about sacrifice and to highlight how this conception, which I refer to by the Latin term *sacrificium*, relates to two dominant aspects of modern theorizations of sacrifice as a universal human behaviour: sacrifice as violence and sacrifice as ritual meal. The argument I lay out here pertains to sacrificial practice as it was conceived by Romans living in Rome and those areas of Italy that came under their control early on, during the Republic and the early Empire. It is likely, but admittedly not certain, that the concept of *sacrificium* I delineate here was also at play in citizen communities throughout the Empire, at least at moments when those communities performed public rituals in the same manner as did people in the capital. The survival beyond the early Empire of most aspects of the distinction among ritual forms discussed in Section IV cannot be asserted with any confidence.

I concede that, to a certain extent, the insider-outsider lens does not show us difficulties that were previously invisible. Those studying ancient Greece and Rome in general and those focusing on Roman religion in particular have been wrestling with these issues for some time even if the terms of the discussion have not been explicit.[3] But it does bring things into sharper focus, helping the student of Roman religion to keep in view the extent to which we have interpreted the ancient sources to fit our own (rather than the Romans') intellectual categories. Here I use it as a tool to get at one aspect of Roman religious thought; I do not offer a sustained methodological critique of contemporary approaches of Roman antiquity. The present study argues that looking at the relationship between *sacrificium* as it is presented in Roman sources and comparing that with modern notions of sacrifice reveals that some important, specific aspects of what has been conceived of as Roman sacrifice are not there in the ancient sources and may not be part of how the Romans perceived their ritual.

Let me be clear. Although the focus of this investigation is the recovery of some details of the Romans' idea of *sacrificium*, I do not mean to imply that their concept is the 'right' one and that the modern idea is wrong or completely inapplicable to the Roman context. Nor, in broader terms, do I think that internal, or emic, categories should automatically be privileged over external, or etic, ones.[4] Although much work in anthropology and other

a very good overview of the insider-outsider problem and that includes a selection of some of the most important scholarly contributions to the debate within the study of religion. The issue remains active in religious studies, as it does in cultural anthropology more widely.

[2] I presume that Miner's observations apply also to bathroom habits elsewhere in North America and Europe.

[3] See, for example, Feeney 2004, an excellent discussion of the application of theoretical models of sacrifice to the poetry of Vergil and Ovid. For a treatment of this methodological issue on a broader scale, see the rather pointed critique in Hopkins 1978: 180–8.

[4] Emic and etic, terms drawn originally from the field of linguistics (Pike 1967: 37–44; reprinted in McCutcheon

social sciences has debated the relative merits of emic versus etic approaches, I find most useful recent research that has highlighted the value of the dynamic interplay that can develop between them.[5] An emic explanation is essential for understanding how people within a given system understand that system, but because it is culturally and historically bounded, its use is somewhat limited. An etic approach allows the researcher to see functions, causes, and consequences of insider behaviours and habits that may be invisible to the people who perform them, as Miner illustrated for us. The objectivity of the outside observer can also facilitate cross-cultural comparison. Our modern idea of sacrifice can, with some refinement and clarification, remain a useful concept for constructing accounts of how and why the Romans dealt with their gods in the ways they did[6] and for looking at Roman religion in the context of other religious traditions.

Yet, part of the work of a Roman historian is to try to understand how the Romans understood their world, to be aware of anachronism in our accounts thereof, and to keep in mind that the sources never truly 'speak for themselves'. In overlooking the differences between the Roman idea of *sacrificium* and the modern idea of sacrifice, we lose some of the details of how the Romans perceived a core element of their own experience of the divine. Those details, once recovered, can in turn subtly reshape our own idea of what sacrifice is and what it does. Therefore, instead of privileging either the emic or etic, I argue for an increased awareness of the insider-outsider distinction and for an approach to Roman religion that makes use of both emic and etic concepts. This should prompt researchers, myself included, to greater caution when presenting a 'native' — in our case, Roman — point of view and to greater clarity about whether the concept under discussion at any given moment is really the Romans' or ours, or is shared by both groups.

In what follows, I aim to clear away a few of the accretions that have arisen from more than a century of modern theorizing about the nature and meaning of sacrifice as a universal human phenomenon in order to gain a better understanding of those actions that the Romans identify by the Latin words *sacrificium* and *sacrificare*.[7] The ultimate conclusion of this investigation is that, although in many important ways this ritual comes close to aligning with the dominant modern understanding of sacrifice, Roman *sacrificium* is both more and less than the ritualized killing of a living being as an offering to the divine:[8] more because the Romans sacrificed things that are not animals, and less because *sacrificium* is not a term that encompasses every Roman ritual that involves the death of a living being. There is a small group of other rituals that share certain structural similarities with *sacrificium*, but which the Romans during the Republic and early Empire appear to have distinguished from it. Modern scholars sometimes group all of these rites under the rubric 'sacrifice'.[9] Furthermore, there is reason to think that the crucial moment, or perhaps the first crucial moment, in the

1999: 28–36), are one of several pairs of words used to present the insider-outsider distinction. Others include first-order vs. second-order categories, particular vs. universal, descriptive vs. redescriptive, and local vs. global.

[5] See, for example, Morris *et al.* 1999 and Berry 1990.

[6] See, however, C. Ando's concluding essay in Faraone and Naiden 2012 along with A. Hollman's review of that same volume in *BMCR* 2013.04.44 and, in the same vein but with reference to ancient Egypt, Frankfurter 2011.

[7] For this discussion, the metaphorical extension of the English word 'sacrifice', by which one can sacrifice for one's family or hit a sacrifice fly in baseball, is not relevant: this meaning is completely unknown to the Romans of the Classical period. Also unfamiliar to the Romans would be another use of 'sacrifice' now current in the life sciences, as a term for euthanasia of research animals with no real religious significance The plea of an editorial in the *Canadian Journal of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science* from 1967 (p. 241) that researchers abandon the term because there is no deity involved in the act of euthanizing laboratory animals, fell on deaf ears: 'sacrifice' remains common in animal management literature.

[8] *OED*, s.v. 'sacrifice, n.'.

[9] e.g., J. Scheid, s.v. 'sacrifice, Roman' in *OCD*^{3}, 1345–6; Prescendi 2007: 122–5; Rüpke 2007: 137–8. Cf., n. 89 below.

whole ritual process of *sacrificium* for the Romans was the sprinkling of *mola salsa* onto the victim, whereas several important modern theorizations of sacrifice place the greatest emphasis on, and see the essential meaning of sacrifice in, the moment of slaughter.

II SLAUGHTER OR CONSECRATION

As has long been recognized, *sacrificare* and *sacrificium* are compounds of the phrase *sacrum facere* ('to render sacred'), and what is *sacrum* is anything that belongs to the gods.[10] As in other cultures, Roman sacrifice was not a single act, but instead comprised a series of actions that gain importance in relationship to each other.[11] As Scheid has reconstructed Roman public sacrifice,[12] the ritual began with a procession that was followed by a *praefatio*, a preliminary offering of prayers, wine and incense. The ritual ended with a *litatio*, that is, the inspection of the animal's entrails, and it was then followed by a meal. At the centre of the whole complex was the *immolatio*, during which the animal was sprinkled with *mola salsa* (a mixture of spelt and salt), the flat of a knife was run along its back, and then it was slaughtered.

Scheid's reconstruction focuses on a living victim, and this is in keeping with the ancient sources' own emphasis on blood sacrifice. Although there is substantial evidence for other types of sacrificial offerings in the literary sources (see below, Section III), Roman authors do not discuss them at length, preferring instead to talk about grand public sacrifices of multiple animal victims. The tendency is intensified in Christian sources, which discuss pagan sacrifice exclusively in terms of blood sacrifice, distinguishing the shameful blood of animal victims from the sacred blood of Christ.[13] The Christian fathers' equation of sacrifice with violence has shaped twentieth-century theorizations of sacrifice as a universal human phenomenon,[14] most famously those of Burkert, who identifies sacrificial slaughter as the 'basic experience of the "sacred"', and Girard, who begins his investigation into the origin of sacrifice by asserting its close kinship to murder and criminal violence.[15]

The apparent alignment of emic (Roman) and etic (modern) perceptions of the centrality of slaughter to the Roman sacrificial process, however, is not complete. While the attention of our Roman sources is drawn most frequently to blood sacrifice, there is good reason to think that, if there was indeed a climax to the ritual,[16] the killing of the animal was not it, at least in an early period. Admittedly the Romans often used as a metonym for the whole of *sacrificium* the term *immolatio*, the stage of the ritual that includes slaughter, suggesting the special importance of that portion of the ritual sequence.[17] Yet to limit the

[10] Macr., *Sat.* 3.3.2, citing the late republican jurist Trebatius; Prescendi 2007: 25–6.

[11] McClymond treats sacrificial events as 'clusters of different types of activities', including prayer, killing, cooking, and consumption, which are not in and of themselves sacrificial (they are frequently performed in other contexts), but which become sacrificial in the aggregate (McClymond 2008: 25–34).

[12] Scheid 2005: 44–57; 2007: 263–9. Scheid's reconstruction and interpretation is followed by Prescendi 2007: 31–48. Rüpke 2005 offers a different interpretation of the meal that follows the sacrifice.

[13] On the early Christian appropriation and transformation of Roman sacrificial imagery and discourse, see Castelli 2004: 50–9.

[14] 'Arguably, then, it is the Christians who bequeathed to future generations the metonymic equivalence of sacrifice and violence', Knust and Várhelyi 2011: 17. Elsner 2012 emphasizes the heavy influence of early Christian writers on modern theorizations of sacrifice.

[15] Burkert 1983: 3; Girard 1977: 1. Concise surveys of the major modern theories of sacrifice in the ancient world can be found in Knust and Várhelyi 2011: 4–18, Lincoln 2012, and Graf 2012. A wider range of scholarly approaches is presented by McClymond 2008: 1–24.

[16] It is entirely possible that the search for a single, critical moment where a change from profane to sacred occurs is, in fact, a modern preoccupation.

[17] This is made clear in numerous passages from several Roman authors. As an example, I offer Var., *R.* 1.2.19: 'Itaque propterea institutum diversa de causa ut ex caprino genere ad alii dei aram hostia adduceretur, ad alii non

consideration of *immolatio* to the moment of killing is to overlook the other actions (running a knife along the animal's back, cutting a few hairs from it) that Scheid has identified as being part of that stage of *sacrificium*[18] and the fact that the word *immolatio* itself derives from the Indo-European root *melh$_{2}$- ('to crush, to grind'): *immolatio* is cognate with English 'mill'.[19] From this same root also derives the name for the mixture sprinkled on the animal before it was killed, *mola salsa*.[20] The Romans were aware of the link, as is made clear by Paul. ex. Fest. 97L: 'Immolare est mola, id est farre molito et sale, hostiam perspersam sacrare' ('To immolate is to make sacred a victim sprinkled with *mola*, that is, with ground spelt and salt'), a passage which also suggests that the link between *immolatio* and *mola salsa* was active in the minds of Romans in the early imperial period when the ultimate source of Paulus' redaction, the dictionary written by Verrius Flaccus, was compiled.[21] Studies of sacrifice have noted the etymological connection between *immolare* and *mola salsa*, but have not, for the most part, pressed its value for what it may reveal about where the Romans may have placed the emphasis. [22] Further support for the idea that the act of sprinkling *mola salsa* was either the single, critical moment or an especially important moment in a process that transferred the animal to the divine realm, is that *mola salsa* seems to be the only major element of sacrifice that is not documented explicitly by a Roman source as appearing in any other ritual or in any other area of daily life: processions, libations, prayers, slaughter, and dining all occurred in non-sacrificial contexts.[23]

The importance of sprinkling *mola salsa* might explain a pattern in Roman public artwork from the republican through the high imperial periods. The most common images of blood sacrifice in Roman art are procession scenes of animals being led to the altar or standing before it, waiting for *mola salsa* to be applied to them.[24] More rare are images like those on the arches of Trajan at Benevento and of Septimius Severus at Lepcis Magna which show the moment that the axe is swung.[25] Rarest of all are images depicting the *litatio*, the inspection of the animal's entrails that Romans performed after ritual slaughter to determine the will of the gods.[26]

In light of the importance of ritual killing in modern theoretical treatments of sacrifice, the relative paucity of slaughter scenes in Roman art requires some explanation. Art historians have debated whether 'the choice to encapsulate the entirety of sacrificial experience in a scene of libation rather than a scene of animal slaughter (or vice versa)

sacrificaretur, cum ab eodem odio alter videre nollet, alter etiam videre pereuntem vellet. Sic factum ut Libero patri, repertori vitis, hirci immolarentur, proinde ut capite darent poenas; contra ut Minervae caprini generis nihil immolarent propter oleam, quod eam quam laeserit fieri dicunt sterilem' ('And so therefore, it has been established by opposing justifications that victims of the caprine sort are brought to the altar of one deity, but they are not sacrificed at the altar of another, since on account of the same hatred, one does not want to see a goat and the other desires to see one perish. Thus it happens that goats are immolated to Liber Pater, who discovered the vine, so that they pay him a penalty and, by a contrary logic, caprine victims are never immolated to Minerva on account of the olive: they say that whatever olive plant a goat bites becomes sterile').

[18] Scheid 2005: 50–5.

[19] Ernout and Meillet 1979: 411 s.v. *molo*; Walde and Hofmann 1954: 2.104–6 s.v. *molo*; de Vaan 2008: 386–7 s.v. *molo*.

[20] Fest. 124L, s.v. *mola*.

[21] cf. Serv., *A.* 4.57 and 10.541.

[22] e.g., Faraone and Naiden 2012: 4; Prescendi 2007: 36 and 108–9. An exception is Scheid 2005: 52.

[23] Plin., *N.H.* 31.89 is usually taken to refer to sacrifice (so Prescendi 2007: 105) but the text mentions only *sacra*, not *sacrificia*.

[24] Two famous examples are found on the altar of Domitius Ahenobarbus (Ryberg 1955: fig. 17a–c) and the Cancellaria relief (Ryberg 1955: fig. 37a–b). I follow Elsner 2012: 121 in setting aside the plethora of images of the tauroctony of Mithras and the taurobolium of Cybele and Attis.

[25] Ryberg 1955: figs 83 and 89b. Another famous instance of this scene is on the Boscoreale cup (Aldrete 2014: 33, fig. 1).

[26] As in a relief from the Forum of Trajan now in the Louvre (Ryberg 1955: fig. 69a).

may tell us something about what was being emphasized as significant about sacrifice at that time or context'.[27] There is growing consensus that the answer is affirmative. While there has been tentative speculation that the reason behind a preference for procession scenes in Greek representations of sacrifice in the Archaic and Classical periods is due to a 'growing squeamishness inside Greek culture',[28] van Straten has offered a stronger explanation: the absence of slaughter scenes in Greek art is due to a 'lack of interest in this particular aspect of sacrifice on the part of those Greeks whose religious beliefs are reflected in this material, shall we say, the common people of the Classical period'.[29] The basic argument transfers well to the Roman context. Huet explains the rarity of killing scenes in sacrificial reliefs from Italy by pointing out that the emphasis in these reliefs is really on the piety of the sacrificant who stands before the altar.[30] Elsner has proposed that the choice, increasingly frequent in the third century C.E., to represent the whole sacrificial ritual with libation and incense-burning scenes rather than with images involving animals is an indication of the increased emphasis on vegetarian sacrifice in that period.[31] Thinking along the same lines, it is reasonable to conclude that there are relatively few images of slaughter among Roman sacrificial scenes in public artwork of the Classical period because the emphasis in state-sponsored sacrifice lay elsewhere. The prevalence of Roman images of sacrificial victims standing before the altar, that is, of the instant before *mola salsa* is sprinkled on them, is due to the importance of that moment. From here, we can speculate that sacrifice was not understood by the Romans *primarily* as the ritual slaughter of an animal. Instead they seem to have conceived of it as the ritual consecration of an animal which was afterwards killed and eaten.

III OBJECTS OF SACRIFICE

Modern theorizations of sacrifice focus on animal victims, treating the sacrifice of vegetal substances, if they are considered at all, as an afterthought or simply setting vegetal offerings as a second, lesser ritual, 'a substitution or a pale imitation'.[32] Ubiquitous in the scholarship is the assumption that if the gods receive an animal, it is sacrifice, but if the gods receive vegetable produce and other inanimate edibles, those are something different: they are offerings. Upon examination of the Roman evidence, however, it becomes evident that this distinction is an etic one: while we see at least two different rituals, the Romans are clear that they sacrifice a wide range of food substances beyond animal flesh.

The equation of sacrifice with the offering of an animal is not completely divorced from the ancient sources. Although Roman writers most frequently do not explicitly identify the object of a sacrifice, when they do, cattle, pigs and sheep are well attested.[33] Goats and dogs are less common, and we can expand the range of species to include horses and birds if we admit animals that are identified only as the object of *immolatio*, if not of *sacrificium* itself.[34] At present, large-scale analysis of faunal remains from sacred sites in

[27] Elsner 2012: 123.
[28] Graf 2012: 46–7.
[29] Van Straten 1995: 188.
[30] Huet 2005; 2007.
[31] Elsner 2012: 160–1.
[32] The lack of interest in vegetal sacrifice is widespread in the field of religious studies (McClymond 2008: 65). Significant exceptions to this rule in the study of Roman sacrifice are the treatment of the sacrifice of wheat and wine in Scheid 2012 and the argument for the increased popularity of vegetal sacrifice in Late Antiquity advanced by Elsner 2012. The quotation comes from Frankfurter 2011: 75.
[33] This assertion is based on a search of 'sacrific*' on the Brepolis Library of Latin Texts A.
[34] Goats: Var., *R.* 1.2.19; Liv. 45.16.6. Dogs: Fest. 358L. Horses: Plin., *N.H.* 28.146; Fest. 190L s.v. *October equus*. Birds: Suet., *Calig.* 22.

Roman Italy remains a desideratum, but analysis of deposits of animal bones from the region seems to bear out the prevalence of these species in the Roman diet and as the object of religious ritual (whether *sacrificium* or not it is difficult to say).[35] It is also clear from literary sources that on a handful of occasions, including instances well within the historical period, the Roman state sacrificed human victims to the gods, a topic we shall address more fully later on.

The prominence of animal victims in Roman accounts overshadows a substantial number of passages that make it absolutely clear that Roman gods received sacrifices of inanimate edibles. It is important to note that there is no indication that these vegetal offerings were thought to be substitutions for what would have been, in better circumstances, animal victims.[36] When the Romans sacrificed plant matter to the gods, it appears to be because that is what it was appropriate to do in the specific circumstance. The most famous vegetal offering occurred at the Liberalia, the festival of the god Liber, described by Varro: 'Liberalia dicta, quod per totum oppidum eo die sedent sacerdotes Liberi anus hedera coronatae cum libis et foculo pro emptore sacrificantes' ('The Liberalia is so called because on that day priestesses of Liber, old women crowned with ivy, settle themselves throughout the whole town with cakes and a brazier, making sacrifices on behalf of the customer').[37] Sacrifices of various cakes (*liba, popana, pthoes*) to the Ilythiae and to Apollo and Diana were part of Augustus' celebration of the Secular Games in 17 B.C.E., a clear indication that vegetal offerings were not limited to the lower social classes.[38] There are many other non-meat sacrifices the Romans could offer. If we allow only items explicitly identified as *sacrificia* in Roman sources, our list includes beans,[39] wine,[40] incense,[41] milk,[42] wheat,[43] and first fruits.[44] It is unfortunate that the ancient sources on vegetal sacrifice are as exiguous as they are: it is not possible to determine what relationship its outward form bore to blood sacrifice. Were these items sprinkled with *mola salsa*?[45] Were they always burnt on an altar or brazier? Were they used in some form of divination?[46] Was a portion consumed later? The answers to these questions might reshape our understanding of what were the crucial elements of *sacrificium*.

Thus far, we have identified two points on which emic and etic ideas of what constitutes a Roman sacrifice do not align: when the critical transition from profane to sacred occurs and what kinds of things can be presented to the gods through the act of *sacrificium*. We can push this second issue, what kinds of items can be the object of sacrifice, even further: Roman sacrifice, especially among the poor, was not limited to edible offerings. The literary evidence for this is slender but persuasive.

The elder Pliny, in his *Natural History*, discusses the high regard in which ancient Romans held simple vessels made of beechwood. As proof, he recounts a story about M'. Curius Dentatus, famous for his victory over Pyrrhus in 275 B.C.E. and for his

[35] MacKinnon 2004: 59–74.
[36] Scheid 2005: 100–2; 2012: 84. *Contra* Prescendi 2007: 22–3.
[37] Var., *L.* 6.3.14. Compare Var., *R.* 2.8.1.
[38] *CIL* 6.32323.139–40 = *ILS* 5050.139–40 = Pighi 1965: 117 (from Rome).
[39] Paul. ex Fest. 77L, s.v. *fabam* and Fest. 344L, s.v. *refriva faba*.
[40] Var., *L* 5.122. See also Scheid 2012: 90–1.
[41] Sacrifices of wine and incense are common in the *Commentarii Fratrum Arvalium*, e.g. Scheid 1998: nn. 58.47, 64.1.46–7, and 68.1.49.
[42] Var., *R.* 2.11.5.
[43] Paul. ex Fest. 423L, s.v. *sacrima*.
[44] Fest. and Paul. ex Fest. 286L and 287L, s.v. *pecunia sacrificium*; Paul. ex Fest. 423L s.v. *sacrima*.
[45] This is suggested by Ov., *F.* 1.127–8.
[46] There is a small amount of evidence for a form of *auspicium* performed with beans: Fest. and Paul. ex Fest. 344L and 345L, s.v. *refriva faba*; Plin., *N.H.* 18.119.

old-fashioned frugality and incorruptibility.[47] According to Pliny, Curius declared under oath that he had appropriated for himself no booty 'praeter guttum faginum, quo sacrificaret' (*N.H.* 16.185). For many readers of Latin, the most obvious translation of the Latin is 'except a beechwood cruet with which he would offer sacrifice', taking *quo* as an instrumental ablative and thereby making the vessel an instrument of sacrifice rather than the object of sacrifice itself. *Sacrificare* is frequently accompanied by an instrumental ablative, but in almost all cases it is clear that the ablative is the object of sacrifice, as in the phrase *maioribus hostiis sacrificaverant*.[48] Thus the most likely reading of the passage in Pliny is that Curius sacrificed the *guttum faginum* to the gods. This draws further support from the fact that the object referred to by the instrumental ablatives that accompany the verb *sacrificare* is almost never a knife, an axe, a hammer, or other weapon.[49] In Latin, one does not sacrifice with a knife or with an axe. One does, however, sacrifice with a cow, with a pig, or with a little cruet.

A parallel use of *sacrificare* is found in Apuleius' *Apologia* 18, a passage which also shares Pliny's focus on poverty:

> paupertas, inquam, prisca aput saecula omnium civitatium conditrix, omnium artium repertrix, omnium peccatorum inops, omnis gloriae munifica, cunctis laudibus apud omnis nationes perfuncta. eadem est enim paupertas apud Graecos in Aristide iusta, in Phocione benigna, in Epaminonda strenua, in Socrate sapiens, in Homero diserta. eadem paupertas etiam populo Romano imperium a primordio fundavit, proque eo in <h>odiernum diis immortalibus simpulo et catino fictili sacrificat.
>
> Poverty, I say, is the ancient founder of all states throughout the ages, the discoverer of all arts, devoid of all transgressions, resplendent in every type of glory, and enjoying every praise among all the nations. For this same poverty is, among the Greeks, just in Aristides, kind in Phocion, vigorous in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. Also the same poverty has established from the very beginning an empire for the Roman people and, on behalf of this, still today she sacrifices to the immortal gods a little ladle and a dish made of clay.

In both the passages from Pliny and Apuleius, the ritual implements are of diminutive size. The small size of the *guttus* and *simpulum* is assured by Varro (*L.* 5.124), who identifies both as vessels that pour out liquid *minutatim*. The *catinus* is a piece of everyday ware used to serve food that contains a lot of liquid (*L.* 5.120). It is a hallmark of poverty, whether in a religious context or not, appearing often in poetic passages where the narrator describes a low-budget lifestyle.[50]

From all this, it is reasonable to conclude that the poor could substitute small vessels for more expensive, edible sacrificial offerings. While vegetal and meat offerings were on a par, inedible gifts could be sacrificed only as substitutes for edible offerings when money was a concern. These two passages from Pliny and Apuleius may provide an explanation for the hundreds of thousands of miniature fictile vessels (plates, cups, etc.) uncovered in votive deposits throughout Italy. Although they are universally referred to as votive offerings in the scholarly literature, it is possible that they are, technically, sacrifices. Furthermore, it

[47] Analyses of the traditions about Curius and his contemporary Fabricius, both famous for *prudentia* and *paupertas*, are found in Berrendonner 2001 and Vigourt 2001.

[48] e.g., Liv. 22.1.19; 45.16.6; Plin., *N.H.* 36.39; Tac., *Ann.* 6.34. Cf. Macr., *Sat.* 3.2.16.

[49] To my knowledge, the sole exception is a phrase preserved twice in the *Commentarii Fratrum Arvalium* (Scheid 1998: nn. 55.1.20 and 58.13) where the presence of an accusative object of *immolare* necessitates that *cultro* be instrumental in the traditional sense: 'ture et vino in igne in foculo fecit immolavitque vino mola cultroque Iovi o(ptimo) m(aximo) b(ovem) m(arem), Iunoni reginae b(ovem) f(eminam), Minervae b(ovem) f(eminam), Saluti publicae populi Romani Quiritium b(ovem) f(eminam).'

[50] Lucil. frag. 450 Krenkel; Hor., *Sat.* 1.3.90 and 1.6.115; Juv. 6.343 and 11.108.

seems reasonable to conclude that the miniature clay cows, birds, and other animals that are also commonly found in votive collections were also substitutes for live sacrificial victims.[51]

There is, of course, a large leap in scale from two literary references to an explanation for a ritual practice performed in hundreds of locations over many centuries. But in reality, the relative silence of our sources about a ritual form that seems to have been available to the poor is not unique. As a comparandum, we can point to the Roman habit of creating votive deposits, collections of usually relatively inexpensive items buried in the ground: gifts to the gods that had been cleaned out of overstuffed temples and intentionally buried. Despite the fact that the Romans buried broken or superfluous gifts to the gods in deposits for hundreds of years, there are to my knowledge only two references to the practice in all of Latin literature.[52] Another example of the bias of our sources away from rituals performed by the lower classes is the dearth of references to a particular type of item found in votive deposits: anatomical votives, fictile representations of parts of the human body offered to the gods as requests for cures for physical ailments. These offerings, ubiquitous in Roman Italy through to the end of the Republic, are mentioned at most twice in extant Latin literature.[53]

At first glance, the Roman habit of sacrificing items that people cannot eat (cruets and small plates) suggests that another dominant strain in modern theorizations of sacrifice might not really apply to the Roman case. Scholars frequently stress the connection between sacrifice and eating: 'The idea of food underlies the idea of sacrifice.'[54] But upon further reflection, in fact, the use of cruets and plates actually emphasizes the importance of the meal that concluded a Roman sacrifice. The only inedible items that we know from literary sources were objects of *sacrificium* are all miniature versions of regular, everyday serveware: a cruet, a plate, and a ladle. It appears that if a worshipper could not afford to sacrifice something that was itself tasty, he might fulfill his obligation by giving something that evoked the idea of it.[55]

The link between consumption and sacrifice is also reinforced by a second category of sacrificial items that Romans did not eat: animals, including human animals, that were not regularly included in the Roman diet. While there is a growing body of work done on the osteoarchaeological material from other regions of the Empire, especially the north-western provinces,[56] there is a relative dearth of published studies that deal in any serious way with the collections of bones found on various sites from Roman Italy.[57] One relatively well documented example is the collection of bones dating to the seventh and sixth centuries B.C.E. from the archaic temple at the site of S. Omobono in Rome.[58] Although the remains come from a known sacred area, it should not be assumed that all of them are evidence of *sacrificium* or other rituals: some may be garbage, material used as fill, or even the remains of animals (like mice) that died while exploring the refuse

[51] As suggested by Bouma 1996: 1.238–41.

[52] Aul. Gel. 2.10.3–4, quoting a letter of Varro, and Paul. ex Fest. 78L, s.v. *favisae*.

[53] Augustine, *Civ. D.* 6.9 (which probably draws on Varro) and possibly Paul. ex Fest. 93L, s.v. *ipsilles* with 398L, s.v. *subsilles*.

[54] Douglas 1982: 117. This line of interpretation has enjoyed a wider influence in the study of Classical Antiquity than work along the lines of Burkert 1983 and Girard 1977, and the bibliography is enormous. Foundational is the collection of essays on Greek sacrifice in Detienne and Vernant 1989.

[55] It is entirely possible that miniature ceramics were not, in reality, less expensive offerings than actual foodstuffs. Pliny and Apuleius may reflect an élite misconception about the religious praxis of lower class worshippers, offering an incorrect, emic interpretation of an observable phenomenon. Even if this is the case, the argument still stands that these passages underscore how essential was consumption to the ritual of *sacrificium*.

[56] e.g., Martens 2004 and Lentacker, Ervynck and Van Neer 2004 on a mithraeum at Tienen in Belgium, King 2005 on Roman Britain, and the various contributions to Lepetz and Van Andringa 2008 on Roman Gaul.

[57] A brief survey of the bone assemblages from sites in west-central Italy is offered by Bouma 1996: 1.228–41.

[58] Ioppolo 1972; Tagliacozzo 1989.

heap. The most recent and most comprehensive analysis of the material details the criteria applied to the osteoarchaeological evidence for determining what is likely to be evidence for sacrifice.[59] Among these criteria are a clear preference for specific parts of an animal or for animals of a specific age/sex/species, unusual butchery patterns, burning or other alterations to the remains, and the association of the remains with other material (e.g., votive offerings) linked to ritual activity. The S. Omobono material shows a definite preference for certain species (sheep, goats, pigs),[60] for young animals (including foetal and neonatal specimens),[61] and for front limbs.[62]

Despite the fact that the S. Omobono assemblage dates to several centuries before the Classical period, the range of faunal remains from the site are primarily what one would expect from a sanctuary based on what we know from literary texts. There is a difference, however. The vast majority of the bones come from pigs, sheep, and goats. Somewhat surprising is the considerably smaller presence of bovines,[63] a more expensive offering that dominates in literary accounts of sacrifice. This disjuncture between physical remains and written accounts is another reminder of the bias of our ancient authors toward the activities of the rich and toward state ritual.

Far less common in the S. Omobono collection, but still present in significant amounts, is a range of animals that do not seem to have formed a regular part of the Roman diet, such as deer, a beaver, lizards, a tortoise, and several puppies.[64] Of these, only dogs are attested in the written sources as victims of Roman sacrifice, albeit rarely.[65] The most famous instance occurred annually at the festival of the Robigalia in June when a red dog and a sheep were sacrificed by the Flamen Quirinalis to ward off rust from the crops.[66] Dogs had other ritual uses as well. At *N.H.* 29.57–8, Pliny tells us that a dog was crucified annually at a particular location in Rome, and that puppies used to be considered to be such pure eating that they were used in place of victims (*hostiarum vice*) to appease the divine; puppy was still on the menu at banquets for the gods in Pliny's own day. Neither of the acts that Pliny mentions is explicitly identified as *sacrificium*, or as any other rite in particular. The skeletal remains of dogs sometimes found interred with human remains or inside city walls are often interpreted as sacrifice by archaeologists.[67] Yet the problem remains that dogs did not form a regular or significant part of the Romans' diet, nor did wild animals of any sort.[68] How, if these animals did not make desirable entrees, could they be considered suitable for sacrifice?

[59] Moses, forthcoming.

[60] Moses (forthcoming, table 2) reports that these species account for 89.9 per cent of the total number of individual animal specimens recovered.

[61] Tagliacozzo 1989: 66.

[62] Moses, forthcoming, table 8.

[63] 8.9 per cent of the total, according to Moses, forthcoming, table 2.

[64] There is some limited zooarchaeological evidence for the consumption of dogs at some Roman sites, such as the inclusion of dog bones bearing marks of butchery among bone deposits that comprise primarily bovine and ovine remains, but it is not widespread. As the most extensive survey of meat production in Roman Italy has concluded, 'Dogs were variously trained as guards, protectors, companions, and pets, but they were not raised to be eaten' (MacKinnon 2004: 74).

[65] The only Roman reference to the sacrifice of a deer pertains to a Greek context: Ov., *F.* 1.387–8 where the deer is sacrificed to Diana as a substitute for Iphigenia.

[66] Ov., *F.* 4.901–42 with Fest. 358L, s.v. *rutilae canes*; Var., *L.* 6.16. The offering of a dog to Robigus may be the same ritual as the *augurium canarium* referred to by Plin., *N.H.* 18.14. Columella 2.21.4 might also refer to dog sacrifice, but the verb (*feceris*) leaves it ambiguous as to which ritual was being performed. Pliny reports a ritual, possibly sacrifice ('res divina fit', 29.58), involving a dog in honour of the little-known goddess, Genita Mana (cf. Plut., *RQ* 52 = *Mor.* 277A–C). Plutarch is the only source for dog sacrifice at the Lupercalia (*RQ* 68 and 111 = *Mor.* 280 B–C and 290D; *Rom.* 21.5).

[67] See, for example, Wilkens 2006 and De Grossi Mazzorin and Minniti 2006.

[68] On the general absence of wild meat from the Roman diet, see MacKinnon 2004: 190–2. Although there is some evidence for Roman consumption of dog in the form of canine skeletons with butchery marks (e.g., De Grossi Mazzorin and Tagliacozzo 1997: 437–8), there is no evidence that dogs were raised for meat

Although they were not suitable as daily fare, there is evidence that several of the unexpected species from the S. Omobono deposit were edible on special occasions or in dire circumstances: they are surprisingly prevalent in magical and medicinal recipes. In Books 29 and 30 of his *Natural History*, the elder Pliny includes lizards in numerous medicinal recipes to cure everything from hair loss (29.108) to lower back pain (30.53) to dysentery (30.55), and the only text we have that identifies the contents of a *bulla*, the amulet worn by young Roman boys, instructs the reader to put lizard eyes inside it.[69] Beavers, too, had curative properties — for example, a mixture of honey wine, anise seed, and beaver oil was thought to cure flatulence (Plin., *N.H.* 20.193) — and their anal scent glands (mistaken for testicles) were part of the Roman trade in luxury goods.[70] Dogs, and puppies in particular, were thought to have some medicinal and magical properties: Pliny reports that some people thought the ashes of a dog's cranium, when consumed with a beverage, could cure abdominal pain (*N.H.* 30.53) and, when mixed with honey wine in particular, could cure jaundice (*N.H.* 30.93). Dog corpses were sometimes deposited with tablets that contained curses, and dog figurines are among the required items for performing some spells.[71]

The presence of bones from these species at S. Omobono should not be taken to mean that the site was what scholars call a 'healing sanctuary', or that it was a place where people came to cast spells on their enemies. Instead, their presence should be attributed to the status of those species as valuable and efficacious: the prevalence of dogs, lizards, and beavers in medicinal and magical recipes for potions is an indication of the exceptional value the animals were thought to have, an indication that they were somehow special, and therefore might be worthy of the gods.

Another animal sometimes sacrificed by the Romans but not regularly eaten by them is the human animal. On three occasions during the Republic (228,[72] 216,[73] and again in 114 or 113 B.C.E.[74]), the Romans followed instructions from the Sibylline Books to bury alive pairs of Gauls and Greeks, one man and one woman of each, in the Forum Boarium. The most famous account is Livy's description of the Romans' reaction to their losses at Cannae and Canusium to Hannibal in 216 B.C.E.,[75] which I quote at some length because we shall return to this passage later on:

> Territi etiam super tantas clades cum ceteris prodigiis, tum quod duae Vestales eo anno, Opimia atque Floronia, stupri compertae et altera sub terra, uti mos est, ad portam Collinam necata fuerat, altera sibimet ipsa mortem consciverat; ... Hoc nefas cum inter tot, ut fit, clades in prodigium versum esset, decemviri libros adire iussi sunt et Q. Fabius Pictor Delphos ad oraculum missus est sciscitatum quibus precibus suppliciisque deos possent placare et quaenam futura finis tantis cladibus foret. Interim ex fatalibus libris sacrificia aliquot extraordinaria facta, inter quae Gallus et Galla, Graecus et Graeca in foro boario sub terram vivi demissi sunt in locum saxo consaeptum, iam ante hostiis humanis, minime Romano sacro, imbutum.
>
> In addition to such great disasters, the people were terrified both by other prodigies and because in this year two Vestals, Opimia and Floronia, were discovered to have had illicit

production (MacKinnon 2004: 74). For an argument that wild animals are more common in ancient Mediterranean, and specifically in Etruscan, sacrifice than is generally acknowledged, see Rask 2014.

[69] Marcellus, *de Medicamentis* 8.50; Palmer 1996: 23–4.

[70] Devecka 2013.

[71] Ankarloo and Clark 1999: 75–6; Wilburn 2012: 87–90.

[72] The numerous sources for this event are collected and analysed in Engels 2007: 416–18, 443–8. For the possible link between this instance and the revelation of an unchaste Vestal, see Schultz 2012: 126 n. 18

[73] Liv. 22.57.2–6; Cass. Hemina fr. 32 Peter = *FRH* F33.

[74] Plu., *RQ* 83 = *Mor.* 283F–284C; Liv., *Per.* 63.

[75] Liv. 22.57.2–6, discussed also in Schultz 2012: 126–7.

> affairs. One was killed at the Colline Gate, under the earth as is the custom and the other took her own life ... Since this horrible event which occurred in the midst of so many terrible things, as is wont to happen, was turned into a prodigy, the Board of Ten Men was ordered to consult the Books. Q. Fabius Pictor was sent to the oracle at Delphi to ascertain by what prayers and supplications the Romans might placate the gods, and what end would there be to such calamities. Meanwhile, from the Sibylline Books some unusual sacrifices were ordered, among which was one where a Gallic man and woman and a Greek man and woman were sent down alive into an underground room walled with rock, a place that had already been tainted before by human victims — hardly a Roman rite.

There is no question that the live interment of the Gauls and Greeks was a sacrifice: Livy identifies it as one of the sacrifices not part of the usual practice ordered by the Sibylline Books (*sacrificia extraordinaria*). Livy also uses the language of sacrifice when he describes the underground room as a place that had already seen human victims.[76]

Now, the Romans did not eat people, so how does their performance of human sacrifice reinforce the link between sacrifice and dining? The answer is that human sacrifice, which the Romans are quick to dismiss as something other people do (note that, although Livy is clear that the burial of Gauls and Greeks is a sacrifice, he also says that it was 'hardly a Roman rite'), is closely linked in the Roman mind with cannibalism. For illustration, we can turn once again to the elder Pliny, who writes about the habits of the Gallic tribes north of the Alps: 'et nuperrime trans Alpis hominem immolari gentium earum more solitum, quod paulum a mandendo abest' ('And very recently, on the other side of the Alps, in accordance with the custom of those peoples, individuals were habitually sacrificed, which is not all that far from eating them' *N.H.* 7.9).

IV ONE RITUAL AMONG SEVERAL

The preceding discussion has, I hope, made clear that the Romans' own notion of sacrifice is broader and more complex than is generally perceived. The modern assumption that sacrifice requires an animal victim obfuscates the full range of *sacrificium* among the Romans. In this section, I make the case that the related and equally widespread notion that all Roman rituals that required the death of an animal were sacrifices obfuscates the variety of rituals that Romans had available to them, effacing some of the fine distinctions Romans made about the ways they approached their gods. Roman sources make clear that Romans had several different rituals (*sacrificium, polluctum*, and *magmentum*) that appear, based on prominent structural similarities, to have been related to one another. Scholars are quick to identify all of them as forms of sacrifice, which may well be the case. It is important to remember, however, that no ancient source articulates any sort of relationship among these rituals. Furthermore, although all of these rites were performed on foodstuffs at altars or at least in sanctuaries, there are some critical differences among them and the ways they are discussed by the Romans. Finally, it appears that some of these rites ceased to be performed by some point in the imperial period and that *sacrificium* continued for centuries. Another possible interpretation of the disappearance of some rituals from Latin literature is that the Romans no longer thought of them as distinct from one another, preferring to treat them all as *sacrificium*.

It is understandable that, from the etic viewpoint, two rituals performed in roughly the same way should appear to be identical to each other, even if emic accounts distinguish between them. As illustration, let us return to Livy and the human sacrifice in 216 B.C.E.

[76] On the Latin terminology for living sacrificial victims, see Prescendi 2009.

Our author makes clear that the sacrifice of two Gauls and two Greeks happened alongside another ritual: the punishment of an unchaste Vestal Virgin. The same two interment rituals would be performed alongside one another again just about a century later, in 113 B.C.E. This repeated coincidence of ritual performances suggests that the two forms of ritual killing[77] were linked.[78] Indeed these two rituals appear at first glance to be identical — live interment in underground chambers, though admittedly in different locations within the city and with different victims. Livy, however, treats each burial in a distinct way. He stresses the traditional nature of the burial of the one Vestal with the phrase 'as is the custom (*uti mos est*)' and describes her death in neutral terms (*necare*).[79] He does not use the language of sacrifice, that is, he does not call the ritual a *sacrificium* nor does he identify the Vestal as a victim.[80] In contrast, as I have pointed out, Livy uses the language of sacrifice to describe the second interment and in the next breath expressly distances Roman tradition from it, calling it 'a rite scarcely Roman (*minime Romano sacro*)'. Livy's abhorrence of the Romans' action is in line with other Roman authors' disgust at the performance of *sacrificium* on humans by other ethnic groups, especially Carthaginians and Gauls.[81]

Here we have two rituals that look, to an outsider, almost identical, but Livy takes pains to distinguish between them. The burial of Gauls and Greeks was a sacrifice, but one that Romans ought not to have performed. We do not know what name the Romans gave the ritual burial of an unchaste Vestal Virgin, but we know it was not sacrifice. Nor was it secular, capital punishment; the punishment of criminals usually took a more direct and swift form: strangulation, beating, crucifixion, or precipitation (i.e., throwing someone off a cliff).[82]

Live interment was only performed by the Romans as ritual killing, but live interment was not the only form of ritual killing (whether human sacrifice or not) that the Romans had available to them. There are at least two other rituals that the Romans performed that also required the death of a person. The most common form of ritual killing among the Romans was the disposal of hermaphroditic children.[83] On fourteen occasions between 209 and 92 B.C.E., androgyne infants and children were included among the prodigies reported to the Roman Senate. The children were drowned by the *haruspices*, usually in the sea. The Romans then observed a regular set of expiatory rituals, most importantly offerings made to the goddesses Ceres and Proserpina by matrons of the city and the procession of a chorus of twenty-seven virgins.

The other rite observed by the Romans that required a human death was called *devotio*, and it seems to have been restricted to a single family — father, son, and grandson (it is possible our sources have multiplied a single occasion), all of whom, as commanders-in-the-field, vowed to commit themselves and the enemy troops to the gods of the underworld in order to ensure a Roman victory. *Devotio* is frequently called 'self-sacrifice' by modern scholars,[84] and indeed it certainly fits the modern notion of an act by which one suffers great loss for the benefit of others. It was used by Cicero in the

[77] I use 'ritual killing' as a blanket term for any rite, including but not limited to sacrifice, that involves the death of a human being. For the difference in Roman attitudes toward human sacrifice and other forms of ritual killing, see Schultz 2010.

[78] The exact nature of the connection between the two rituals is not clear, but I agree with Eckstein 1982 that we should not see the sacrifice of Gauls and Greeks as some sort of atonement for the unchastity of the Vestals.

[79] Adams 1973: 280–90.

[80] There is no evidence, *contra* Parker 2004 and Wildfang 2006: 58–9, that the Romans ever perceived the punishment of a Vestal as sacrifice. For a more extended analysis of the distinction between the punishment of unchaste Vestals and, on the one hand, sacrifice and, on the other, secular capital punishment, see Schultz 2012.

[81] For example, Cic., *Rep.* 3.15 and *Font.* 31; Plin., *N.H.* 36.39; Tac., *Ann.* 14.30; Sil. 3.763–829.

[82] Prescendi 2007: 224–41 and, arriving at the same conclusion by a different path, Schultz 2012: 132–3.

[83] MacBain 1982: 127–35; Schultz 2010: 529–30; 2012: 129–30.

[84] e.g., O'Gorman 2010: 121–7 and Versnel 1976.

opening of his speech *Post Reditum* and by the figure of Cotta, consul of 75 B.C.E., in a fragment of Sallust's *Historiae* to present themselves as victims for the greater good.[85] But while Roman *devotio* aligns well with our idea of self-sacrifice, it appears that the Romans did not draw a similar connection between *devotio* and *sacrificium*. It appears that no Roman source ever uses the language of *sacrificium* to describe *devotio*,[86] nor does any Roman author ever express any sort of discomfort with this rite akin to Livy's shrinking back from the sacrifice of Gauls and Greeks. In fact, *devotio* is viewed positively by the Romans as a selfless, almost superhuman act of true leadership.[87] Of the various forms of ritual killing that were part of their religious experience, the Romans only reacted with disgust to that form they identified as human sacrifice, a distinction in value sometimes lost when all these ritual forms are grouped together under the rubric 'sacrifice'.[88]

The Romans performed at least four forms of ritual killing, only one of which was sacrifice. There is also evidence that the Romans had a variety of rites, only one of which was *sacrificium*, that involved presenting foodstuffs to the gods. While the evidence does not allow us to recover precise distinctions made among these rites (*sacrificium, magmentum*, and *polluctum*), it does strongly suggest that the Romans — at least through the period of the Republic — conceived of these rituals as somehow different from one another. It is commonplace now to treat *sacrificium* as a general category and to talk about *magmentum* and *polluctum* as moments within the larger ritual or special instances of it.[89] It is possible that this genus-species relationship in fact existed in the Roman mind, as is perhaps suggested by the fact that *sacrificare* means 'to make sacred', and these other rituals seem to be different ways of doing the same work, namely transferring items from human to divine ownership. It is important to note, however, that we cannot determine conclusively from the extant sources what relationship, if any, existed among them in the Roman mind.

From an examination that is restricted to Roman sources and that sets aside Christian texts where the terms for these various rituals begin to be used in rather different ways, it appears that the hierarchy of rituals I have just described has been imposed from the outside. Although Roman sources identify some specific types of sacrifice (e.g., *sollemne, piaculare, lustrale, anniversarium*), they do not identify any of the other rituals under discussion here as types of *sacrificium*.[90] Of this class of rituals, *sacrificium* does seem to have been somehow different from the others. It is the only one of these terms that does

[85] Cic., *Red. pop.* 1; Sall., *Hist.* 2.47.10 (M) = 2.44.10 McGushin. See Rosenblitt 2011 for the connection between these two passages.

[86] The closest any Roman source comes to linking *devotio* and sacrifice is Cic., *Off.* 3.95: 'Quid <quod> Agamemnon, cum devovisset Dianae quod in suo regno pulcherrimum natum esset illo anno, immolavit Iphigeniam, qua nihil erat eo quidem anno natum pulchrius?' Because the context is Greek, it is safe to assume that Cicero is using, as he often does elsewhere when addressing a general audience, technical terms in a very general way. *Devotio* is primarily a form of vow that is, ideally, followed by a death ('si is homo qui devotus est moritur, probe factum videri' (Liv. 8.10.)). See Oakley 1998: 481 and Sacco 2004: 316. In Livy's account of the first *devotio* in 340 B.C.E. at the battle of the Veseris between Rome and the Latins (8.9.1–14), the ritual consists of the recitation of the dedicatory formula by the consul P. Decius Mus while in the midst of battle. The description of Decius' ensuing death is very spare and devoid of any sacrificial imagery or terminology. At 8.10.11–12, Livy notes that a commander could devote one of his soldiers rather than himself. If the *devotio* was not successful (i.e., the *devotus* somehow survived), expiatory steps had to be taken: the burial of a larger-than-life-sized statue and *piaculum hostia<m> caedi*. If the commander who devoted himself did not die in battle, he was interdicted from performing any ritual on behalf of the state (*publicum divinum*).

[87] As illustrated by Livy's description of the first Decius to perform the ritual as he rode out to meet the enemy: 'aliquanto augustior humano visu, sicut caelo missus' (8.9.10).

[88] Schultz 2010: 520–2.

[89] As is implied in all the relevant entries in the *OLD*. See also n. 9 above.

[90] This statement and much of what follows is based on a series of searches in the Brepolis on-line database of Latin literature, Libraries A and B (http://apps.brepolis.net/BrepolisPortal/default.aspx) conducted throughout the summer of 2015. The database is a very useful, but not infallible tool.

not come to be used outside the realm of the divine. It is also noteworthy that *sacrificium* appears to be the only member of this class to require *mola salsa*. Finally, while other rituals seem to have fallen into desuetude, or at least to have fallen out of the literature, by the late Republic or early Empire, *sacrificium* remained a vital part of Roman religious life for centuries.

The distinction between *sacrificare* and *mactare* was lost by Late Antiquity, but it was still active in the Republic and early Empire.[91] *Mactare* is another ritual performed on animals (referred to as *hostiae* and *victimae*) at an altar, but also on porridge (Nonius 539L). The ancients derived the term from *magis auctus* and understood it to mean 'to increase' and by extension 'to honour with'.[92] The corresponding substantive is *magmentum*, a type of offering laid out only at certain temples.[93] Unlike *sacrificare*, which remained solely in the divine realm, *mactare* did not need to involve the gods: *mactare* is something that one Roman could do to another, both literally (one can *mactare* someone else with a golden cup, for example) and metaphorically (with misfortune or expense). Another way that *mactare* is different is that gods can *mactare* mortals — at least in comedy, where characters sometimes wish that the gods would honour their enemies with trouble.[94]

Another example of a ritual that looks a lot like *sacrificium* but is not identical to it is *polluctum*. *Pollucere* is an old word, appearing mostly in literature of the second century B.C.E.,[95] but in later texts as well. The ritual seems to be even more flexible than *sacrificium* in the range of objects on which it could be performed. The elder Cato instructs his reader to *pollucere* a cup of wine and a *daps* (ritual meal) to Jupiter Dapalis (*Agr.* 132.1–2). One can also *pollucere* grain, wine, oil, cheese, meat, fish with scales, a host of other food items, and even unidentified (and presumably inedible) goods.[96] The ritual is so closely tied to the notion of dining that *polluctum* could be used for everyday meals (e.g., Plaut., *Rud.* 1419). In the sacred realm, Romans could also *pollucere* a tithe to the god Hercules.[97] Other than the range of items that can be *polluctum*, the only other thing we know about the ritual is that it involved an altar, which is, of course, the proper *locus* of sacrifice. *Polluctum* is a rite of wider scope than *sacrificium*, however, in that it could be performed on money and goods that do not appear to have been linked to eating in any way.

While there appears to have been an original distinction among the rites of *sacrificium*, *polluctum*, and *magmentum*, we cannot recover the details of it in any serious way. The hypothesis that only *sacrificium* required *mola salsa* is strongly supported by the sources, but because that is an argument *ex silentio*, it cannot be proved beyond all

[91] The distinction is preserved by Suet., *Prat.* 176 and Serv., *A.* 4.57. Nonius 539L identifies *mactare* with *immolare*, but the texts he cites do not really support his claim. Plaut., *Amph.* 1034 seems to draw an equivalence between *sacrificare* and *mactare* (cf. Val. Max. 9.7.mil.Rom.2). The relationship between *magmentum* and *augmentum* (Paul. ex Fest. 113L, s.v. *magmentum*; Serv., *A.* 4.57) is not clear.

[92] Paul. ex Fest. 112–13L, s.v. *mactus*; Serv., *A.* 9.641. Modern etymologists disagree on the origin of the term. Ernout and Meillet 1979: 376 s.v. *mactus*; Walde and Hofmann 1954: 2.4 s.v. *mactus*; de Vaan 2008: 357 s.v. *mactus*.

[93] Var., *L.* 5.112; see also Cic., *Har. Resp.* 31. *Magmentum* also appears in two imperial *leges sacrae* pertaining to the observance of the Imperial cult preserved in inscriptions found in the Roman colonies of Salona in Dalmatia (*CIL* 3.1933, dated to 137 C.E.) and Narbo in Gallia Narbonensis (*CIL* 12.4333, dated to 11 C.E.). The two texts are nearly identical and perhaps go back to the original *lex sacra* of the altar of Diana on the Aventine hill in Rome, to which the inscriptions explicitly appeal.

[94] See, for example, citations from Pomponius and Afranius in Non. Mar. 540–1L.

[95] Plaut., *Stich* 233; Cato, *Agr.* 132; Cass. Hemina fr. 13 Peter = *FRH* F17.

[96] Fest. 298L, s.v. *pollucere*.

[97] Plaut., *Stich.* 233; *CIL* 1^2.1531 = *ILLRP* 136 = *ILS* 3411 (from Sora). Also Var., *Men.* 413 = Macr., *Sat.* 3.12.2. It is probable, but not certain, that this is the same as the *polluctum* of *ex mercibus libamenta* mentioned by Varro at *L.* 6.54. Cato's instruction to *pollucere* to Jupiter an *assaria pecunia* refers to produce valued at one as (*Agr.* 132.2; Scheid 2005: 136–9). Paul. ex Fest. 287L, s.v. *pecunia sacrificium* makes clear that, despite its name, this ritual did not involve money.

doubt. Some more support for the notion that these were not interchangeable can be drawn from material evidence, visual representations of the moment of ritual slaughter. Aldrete's survey of images commonly identified as sacrifice scenes makes clear that Roman art depicts different procedures (hitting with a hammer, chopping with an axe) and implements (hammers, axes, knives), and that the preference of implement changes over time. Aldrete counts at least fifty-six sculptural reliefs dating from the seventh century B.C.E. to the fourth century C.E. that contain scenes of ritual slaughter where the implements can be clearly discerned.[98] Of the fifty-six reliefs, forty-one show officials carrying axes. Hammers appear in only fifteen scenes, two-thirds of which date between the first century B.C.E. and the second century C.E. Knives would have been used only in conjunction with one or other of these implements. To explain the decision to sometimes portray one weapon instead of the other, Aldrete posits that 'various gods, cults, and rituals may have dictated certain procedures or tools'.[99] Perhaps these reliefs preserve the performance of one or more of the rituals that seem to have faded in popularity by the high imperial period: *magmentum* and *polluctum*.

That we cannot fully recover what were the critical differences among these rites is frustrating, but the situation is certainly not unique in the study of Roman religion. To give just a single example, we know that there was originally some technical distinction among the different types of divine signs sent to the Romans by the gods. But we can no longer recover — indeed it appears that Romans of the early Empire could no longer recover — what was the difference between a *monstrum*, a *prodigium*, a *portentum*, and an *ostentum*.[100] The limited sources we have are imprecise in their use of the terms — even Cicero, who was an augur and was surely aware of the distinction.[101]

V CONCLUSION

Looking at Roman sacrifice through the insider-outsider lens lets us see more clearly that, for the Romans, sacrifice was both more and less than it is for many scholars writing about it today. Once we have recognized that there are two notions of sacrifice at play, we can set aside our etic, outsider ideas for the moment and look at the Roman sources anew. What we find is that for the Romans, to sacrifice was not simply to kill in a ritual fashion. *Sacrificium* is the performance of a complex of actions that presents the gods with an edible gift by the sprinkling of *mola salsa* and the ultimate goal of which seems to be the feeding of both gods and men. We also find that the gods were open to receiving sacrifices of vegetables, grains, liquids, and, when those were not available, miniature versions of the serveware that would normally have contained them. In this way, the native, or emic, Roman view of sacrifice is more expansive than ours. The expanded range of *sacrificium* suggests that meat and vegetal produce were both welcomed by the gods, and that we should not assume that meat offerings were necessarily privileged over other gifts in every circumstance. In addition, the acceptability of miniature serveware as objects of *sacrificium* shows the ability of the ritual to accommodate the varying social status of those performing it. All of this indicates a certain flexibility and elasticity in the ritual of *sacrificium* that suggests, especially if a similar flexibility could

[98] Aldrete 2014: 32. Of these, three-fourths come from the first and second centuries C.E.

[99] Aldrete 2014: 48.

[100] The problem is widely acknowledged, but see specifically Moussy 1977; 1990; Engels 2007: 259–82. Similar difficulties beset efforts, both ancient and modern, to reconstruct the technical differences among the concepts of *sacer, sanctus*, and *religiosus*: see Rives 2011.

[101] Throughout his corpus Cicero uses a range of technical divinatory terms, including *augur, ostentum*, and *portentum*, in rather general ways, even in *De Divinatione* where one might reasonably expect him to be more precise.

be demonstrated in other ritual forms, a need to moderate the emphasis — both ancient and modern — on the orthopractic nature of Roman religion. On a wider scale, the arguments made here about the nature of Roman *sacrificium* further undermine the increasingly discredited idea that sacrifice as a universal human behaviour is primarily, if not exclusively, about the violence of killing an animal victim.

Sacrifice was just one of several rites (alongside *polluctum* and *magmentum*) that the Romans had available to them that look to us, standing outside their religious system, as if they were all identical — or nearly so. By placing this variety of rites that the Romans had under the single rubric of 'sacrifice', we have lost sight of some of the complexity and nuance of Roman ritual life. This has repercussions for our understanding of some elements of Roman religious thought. For example, the apparent contradiction between Roman abhorrence of ritual killing and the frequency with which Romans performed various forms of it is, to a large extent, explicable once it is recognized that the Romans objected only to the performance (by themselves as much as by others) of *sacrificium* on human victims. Other forms of ritual killing do not receive the same sort of negative judgement by Roman authors, and one form, *devotio*, even has strongly positive associations. Furthermore, because there were multiple rituals — not just *sacrificium* — through which the Romans could share food and other goods with their gods, we can see that the Romans had a wider range of ritual tools available to them for communicating with the divine. By looking at Roman *sacrificium* through the insider-outsider lens, by keeping in sight what is there in the sources, what we add to it, and where our modern notion of sacrifice does and does not align with the Romans' own idea, we have a sharper, more detailed picture of one aspect of Roman antiquity.

University of Michigan
celiaes@umich.edu

ABBREVIATIONS

FRH	Cornell, T. J. (ed.) 2013: *The Fragments of the Roman Historians*, 3 vols, Oxford
OCD^3	Hornblower, S., and Spawforth, A. 1996: *The Oxford Classical Dictionary* (3rd edn), Oxford

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Adams, J. N. 1973: 'Two Latin words for "kill"', *Glotta* 51, 280–92

Aldrete, G. S. 2014: 'Hammers, axes, bulls, and blood: some practical aspects of Roman animal sacrifice', *Journal of Roman Studies* 104, 28–50

Ankarloo, B., and Clark, S. (eds) 1999: *Witchcraft and Magic in Europe: Ancient Greece and Rome*, Philadelphia

Berrendonner, C. 2001: 'La formation de la tradition sur M'. Curius Dentatus et C. Fabricius Luscinus: un homme nouveau peut-il être un grand homme?', in Coudry and Späth 2001, 97–116

Berry, J. W. 1990: 'Imposed etics, emics, and derived etics: their conceptual and operational status in cross-cultural psychology', in T. N. Headland, K. L. Pike and M. Harris (eds), *Emics and Etics: The Insider/Outsider Debate*, Newbury Park, 84–99

Bouma, J. W. 1996: *Religio Votiva: The Archaeology of Latial Votive Religion*, 3 vols, Drachten/Groningen

Bradley, M., and Stow, K. (eds) 2012: *Rome, Pollution and Propriety: Dirt, Disease and Hygiene in the Eternal City from Antiquity to Modernity*, Cambridge

Burkert, W. 1983: *Homo Necans: The Anthropology of Ancient Greek Sacrificial Ritual and Myth*, trans. P. Bing, Berkeley

Castelli, E. A. 2004: *Martyrdom and Memory: Early Christian Culture Making*, New York

Coudry, M., and Späth, T. (eds) 2001: *L'Invention des grands hommes de la Rome antique*, Paris

De Grossi Mazzorin, J., and Minniti, C. 2006: 'Dog sacrifice in the ancient world: a ritual passage?', in Snyder and Moore 2006, 62–6
De Grossi Mazzorin, J., and Tagliacozzo, A. 1997: 'Dog remains in Italy from the Neolithic to the Roman period', *Anthropozoologica* 25/26, 429–40
Detienne, M., and Vernant, J. P. 1989: *The Cuisine of Sacrifice among the Greeks*, trans. P. Wissing, Chicago
De Vaan, M. 2008: *Etymological Dictionary of Latin and the Other Italic Languages*, Leiden
Devecka, M. 2013: 'The traffic in glands', *Journal of Roman Studies* 103, 88–95
Douglas, M. 1982. 'Food is not feed', in M. Douglas, *In the Active Voice*, London, 117–24 (originally published in J. Kuper (ed.) 1977: *The Anthropologist's Cookbook*, New York, 1–7)
Eckstein, A. M. 1982: 'Human sacrifice and fear of military disaster in Republican Rome', *American Journal of Ancient History* 7, 69–95
Elsner, J. 2012: 'Sacrifice in late Roman art', in Faraone and Naiden 2012, 120–63
Engels, D. 2007: *Das römische Vorzeichenwesen (753–27 v. Chr.)*, Potsdamer Altertumswissenschaftliche Beiträge 22, Stuttgart
Ernout, A., and Meillet, A. 1979: *Dictionnaire étymologique de la langue latine* (4th edn), Paris
Faraone, C. A., and Naiden, F. S. (eds) 2012: *Greek and Roman Animal Sacrifice*, Cambridge
Feeney, D. 2004: 'Interpreting sacrificial ritual in Roman poetry: disciplines and their models', in A. Barchiesi, J. Rüpke and S. Stephens (eds), *Rituals in Ink: A Conference on Religion and Literary Production in Ancient Rome*, Potsdamer Altertumswissenschaftliche Beiträge 10, Stuttgart, 1–21
Frankfurter, D. 2011: 'Egyptian religion and the problem of the category "sacrifice"', in Knust and Várhelyi 2011, 75–93
Girard, R. 1977: *Violence and the Sacred*, trans. P. Gregory, Baltimore
Graf, F. 2012: 'One generation after Burkert and Girard: where are the great theories?', in Faraone and Naiden 2012, 32–51
Hopkins, K. 1978: 'Rules of evidence', *Journal of Roman Studies* 68, 178–86
Huet, V. 2005: 'La mise à mort sacrificielle sur les reliefs romains', in J.-M. Bertrand (ed.), *La Violence dans les mondes grec et romain*, Paris, 91–119
Huet, V. 2007: 'Le sacrifice disparu: les reliefs de boucherie', in W. van Andringa (ed.), *Sacrifices, marché de la viande et pratiques alimentaires dans les cités du monde romain*, Food and History 5, Turnhout, 197–223
Ioppolo, G. 1972: 'I reperti ossei animali nell'area archeologica di S. Omobono (1962–1964)', *Rendiconti della Pontificia Accademia Romana di Archeologia* 44, 3–39
Johnston, S. I. (ed.) 2004: *Religions of the Ancient World*, Cambridge, MA
King, A. 2005: 'Animal remains from temples in Roman Britain', *Britannia* 36, 329–69
Knust, J. W., and Várhelyi, Z. (eds) 2011: *Ancient Mediterranean Sacrifice*, Oxford
Krenkel, W. 1970: *Lucilius Satiren* (2 vols), Leiden
Lentacker, A., Ervynck, A., and Van Neer, W. 2004: 'The symbolic meaning of the cock: the animal remains from the *Mithraeum* at Tienen (Belgium)', in M. Martens and G. De Boe (eds), *Roman Mithraism: the Evidence of the Small Finds*, Brussels, 57–80
Lepetz, S., and van Andringa, W. (eds) 2008: *Archéologie du sacrifice animal en Gaule romaine*, Montagnac
Lincoln, B. 2012: 'From Bergaigne to Meuli: how animal sacrifice became a hot topic', in Faraone and Naiden 2012, 13–31
MacBain, B. 1982: *Prodigy and Expiation: A Study in Religion and Politics in Republican Rome*, Collection Latomus 177, Brussels
MacKinnon, M. 2004: *Production and Consumption of Animals in Roman Italy*, Journal of Roman Archaeology Supplementary Series 54, Portsmouth, RI
Martens, M. 2004: 'Re-thinking sacred "rubbish": the ritual deposits of the temple of Mithras at Tienen (Belgium)', *Journal of Roman Archaeology* 17, 333–53
McClymond, K. 2008: *Beyond Sacred Violence: A Comparative Study of Sacrifice*, Baltimore
McCutcheon, R. T. (ed.) 1999: *The Insider/Outsider Problem in the Study of Religion: A Reader*, London
Miner, H. 1956: 'Body ritual among the Nacirema', *American Anthropologist* 58, 503–7
Morris, M. W., Leung, K., Ames, D., and Lickel, B. 1999: 'Views from inside and outside: integrating emic and etic insights about culture and justice judgment', *The Academy of Management Review* 24, 781–96

Moses, V. C. forthcoming: 'Zooarchaeological report on the *Area Sacra di Sant'Omobono*', in P. Brocato and N. Terrenato (eds), *Ricerche nell'area dei templi di Fortuna e Mater Matuta*
Moussy, C. 1977: 'Esquisse de l'histoire de *monstrum*', *Revue des études latines* 55, 345–69
Moussy, C. 1990: 'Un problème de synonymie: *ostentum* et *portentum*', *Revue de philologie, de littérature et d'histoire anciennes* 64, 47–60
Oakley, S. P. 1998: *A Commentary on Livy, Books VI–X*, vol. 2, Oxford
O'Gorman, E. 2010: 'History as group fantasy', *Cultural Critique* 74, 117–30
Palmer, R. E. A. 1996: 'Locket gold, lizard green', in J. F. Hall (ed.), *Etruscan Italy: Etruscan Influences on the Civilizations of Italy from Antiquity to the Modern Era*, Provo, 17–27
Parker, H. 2004: 'Why were the Vestals virgins? Or the chastity of women and the safety of the state', *American Journal of Philology* 125, 563–601
Peter, H. 1914: *Historicorum Romanorum Reliquiae* (2nd edn), 2 vols, Leipzig
Pighi, I. B. 1965: *De Ludis Saecularibus* (2nd edn), Amsterdam
Pike, K. L. 1967: *Language in Relation to a Unified Theory of the Structure of Human Behavior* (2nd edn), The Hague
Prescendi, F. 2007: *Décrire et comprendre le sacrifice*, Potsdamer Altertumswissenschaftliche Beiträge 19, Stuttgart
Prescendi, F. 2009: 'La vittima non è un'ostia: Riflessioni storiche e linguistiche su un termine di uso corrente', *Mythos* 3, 145–56
Rask, K. A. 2014: 'Etruscan animal bones and their implications for sacrificial studies', *History of Religions* 53, 269–312
Rives, J. 2011: 'Control of the sacred in Roman law', in O. Tellegen-Couperus (ed.), *Law and Religion in the Roman Republic*, Mnemosyne Supplement 336, Leiden, 165–80
Rosenblitt, J. A. 2011: 'The "devotio" of Sallust's Cotta', *American Journal of Philology* 132, 397–427
Rüpke, J. 2005: 'Gäste der Götter – Götter als Gäste: zur Konstrucktion des römischen Opferbanketts', in S. Georgoudi, R. Koch Piettre and F. Schmidt (eds), *La Cuisine et l'autel: les sacrifices en questions dans les sociétés de la Méditerranée ancienne*, Turnhout, 227–39
Rüpke, J. 2007: *Religion of the Romans*, trans. R. Gordon, Cambridge
Ryberg, I. 1955: *Rites of the State Religion in Roman Art*, American Academy in Rome Memoirs 22, Rome
Sacco, L. 2004: 'Devotio', *Studi Romani* 52, 312–52
Scheid, J. 1998: *Commentarii Fratrum Arvalium Qui Supersunt: les copies épigraphiques des protocoles annuels de la confrérie Arvale (21 av.–304 ap. J. C.)*, Roma Antica 4, Rome
Scheid, J. 2005: *Quand faire, c'est croire: les rites sacrificiels des romains*, Paris
Scheid, J. 2007: 'Sacrifices for gods and ancestors', in J. Rüpke (ed.), *A Companion to Roman Religion*, Malden, 263–71
Scheid, J. 2012: 'Roman animal sacrifice and the system of being', in Faraone and Naiden 2012, 84–95
Schultz, C. E. 2010: 'The Romans and ritual murder', *Journal of the American Academy of Religion* 78, 516–41
Schultz, C. E. 2012: 'On the burial of unchaste Vestal Virgins', in Bradley and Stow 2012, 122–35
Snyder, L. M., and Moore, E. A. (eds) 2006: *Dogs and People in Social, Working, Economic or Symbolic Interaction, Proceedings of the 9th ICAZ Conference, Durham 2002*, Oxford
Tagliacozzo, A. 1989: 'Annalisi dei resi faunistici dell'area sacra di S. Omobono', in *Il Viver quotidiano in Roma arcaica: materiali dagli scavi del tempio arcaico nell'area sacra di S. Omobono*, Rome, 65–9
Van Straten, F. T. 1995: *Hiera Kala: Images of Animal Sacrifice in Archaic and Classical Greece*, Leiden
Versnel, H. 1976: 'Two types of *devotio*', *Mnemosyne* 29, 365–410
Vigourt, A. 2001: 'M'. Curius Dentatus et C. Fabricius Luscinus: les grands hommes ne sont pas exceptionnels', in Coudry and Späth 2001, 117–29
Walde, A., and Hofmann, J. B. 1954: *Lateinisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch* (3rd edn), 3 vols, Heidelberg
Wilburn, A. 2012: *Materia Magica: The Archaeology of Magic in Roman Egypt, Cyprus, and Spain*, Ann Arbor
Wildfang, R. L. 2006: *Rome's Vestal Virgins: A Study of Rome's Vestal Priestesses in the Late Republic and Early Empire*, London
Wilkens, B. 2006: 'The sacrifice of dogs in ancient Italy', in Snyder and Moore 2006, 132–7

Item #8

Malcolm W. Browne, "Relics of Carthage Show Brutality Amid the Good Life," *New York Times*, 1 September 1987: C1, C3.

Relics of Carthage Show Brutality Amid the Good Life



The New York Times/Keith Meyers

The collection includes the urns of sacrificed children.

By MALCOLM W. BROWNE

A TROVE of relics now arriving in New York contains evidence that the ritual slaying of children in ancient Carthage was so common that it helped control the growth of the population and helped families keep fortunes intact over generations, archeologists say.

And through these indirect economic effects, some scholars assert, the practice of infanticide helped produce Carthage's great wealth and its flowering of artistic achievement.

Among the treasures being uncrated at the American Museum of Natural History in New York are magnificent bronze figures, opulent jewelry and ornaments, and some of the most beautiful mosaics of antiquity. Such masterpieces, scholars believe, were made possible by the patronage of the merchant rulers of Carthage, whose wealth was without equal in the ancient world.

But the collection also includes cremation urns and religious paraphernalia of the kind used to sacrifice some 20,000 children from about 800 B.C. until Carthage's destruction by Roman invaders in 146 B.C. At the site where Carthage stood, now a wealthy suburb of Tunis on the north African coast, is a place scholars regard as the largest cemetery of sacrificed humans ever discovered.

The 175 pieces in the Carthaginian collection, whose five-month display at the museum begins in December, were lent by six Tunisian museums, which are the repositories of all Carthaginian relics. Some artifacts were found in current excavations.

Dr. David Soren of the University of Arizona, who spent seven years organizing the collection on behalf of the museum here and other sponsoring institutions, believes that it casts new light on a longstanding paradox. Carthage, the most important commercial center of its day, produced one of the greatest civilizations of antiquity, and yet it practiced ritual barbarities that horrified even its brutal contemporaries.

"There was a peculiar dualism in Carthage," Dr. Soren said, "in which the thrust for commerce, prosperity and the good life were blended with a religion so intense that the richest Carthaginian could cheerfully consign a son or daughter to the flames of the sacrificial pit to redeem a pledge to the gods."

Not all scholars believe that the sacrifice of children in Carthage was widespread or systematic. The Carthaginian artifacts now in New York

Continued on Page C3

Relics of Carthage Show Brutality Amid (and Some Say For) the Good Life

Continued From Page C1

typify the kind of evidence that is fueling scientific debate on the issue.

"This debate has something in common with disagreements among anthropologists as to whether or not any society ever practiced ritual cannibalism," said Dr. Lawrence E. Stager, professor of Middle Eastern archeology at Harvard University, In both debates, he said in an interview, scholars have sometimes been influenced by their feelings about the societies involved. "Some scholars," he said, "regard Carthaginian civilization as so advanced and sophisticated that widespread human sacrifice would have been unthinkable."

He suggested that this view may have influenced the opinions of the French archeologists Claude Schaeffer and Hélène Benicho-Safar and Moshe Weinfeld of Israel, who are among the scholars who doubt Carthaginian human sacrifice was extensive.

Some See 'a Bad Rap'

"Their contention," he said, "is this: Carthage was vanquished and its records were destroyed. Carthaginian history was therefore handed down by the enemies of Carthage, namely Greece and Rome, and Carthage has therefore had a bad rap."

For example, the 3d-century B.C. Greek author Kleitarchos is credited with the following report from Carthage, in which the author refers to the the Greek equivalent of the Carthaginian god Ba'al Hammon:

"Out of reverence for Kronos the Phoenicians, and especially the Carthaginians, whenever they seek to obtain some great favor, vow one of their children, burning it as a sacrifice to the deity, if they are especially eager to gain success. There stands in their midst a bronze statue of Kronos, its hands extended over a bronze brazier, the flames of which engulf the child. When the flames fall upon the body, the limbs contract and the open mouth seems almost to be laughing, until the body slips quietly into the brazier."

But anti-Carthaginian propaganda or not, the evidence of classical writers is now supported by some of the pathetic objects at the American Museum of Natural History gathered from the Precinct of Tanit, the huge and sinister children's cemetery of ancient Carthage.

"Some have argued that those children died natural deaths and that the Precinct of Tanit is an ordinary cemetery," Dr. Stager said. "But in an ordinary Carthaginian necropolis, one finds normal proportions of both adults and children, some cremated and some not.

"At the Precinct of Tanit, however, there are only cremated children ranging in age from still-born fetuses to children four years old. There are also bodies of young cremated animals. The charred bones of both children and animals were buried individually in special clay urns with stone markers dedicating them by a special symbol to Tanit, the preeminent Carthaginian goddess, and to Ba'al Hammon, of whom Tanit was the consort. The graves in normal cemeteries do not have these dedicatory markers."

> 'The richest Carthaginian could cheerfully consign a son or daughter to the flames.'

Grave Markers' Stick Figures

The art and artifacts assembled in New York include urns and markers gathered in recent expeditions from the Precinct of Tanit. The grave markers are decorated with a peculiarly primitive stick figure representing the bloodthirsty goddess.

From its earliest days in the 8th century B.C., Carthage sacrificed animals (lambs and kids) to Ba'al and Tanit, dedicating the offerings as "substitutes for children." Traditionally, Dr. Stager said, archeologists have tended to the view that as Carthage advanced over the following 600 years, the practice of human sacrifice subsided as the sacrifice of animal substitutes increased. This is in keeping with the supposition by historians that human sacrifice, at first transformed into animal sacrifice, eventually evolved into the bloodless wine-and-wafer Eucharist of Christianity.

But excavations led by Dr. Stager and others have shown, he said, that in Carthage, the trend was reversed. The oldest burial layers at the Precinct of Tanit hold urns containing burned skeletal remains in the ratio of three children for one animal, but in a later era, the 3d century B.C., the ratio increased to ten children for one animal.

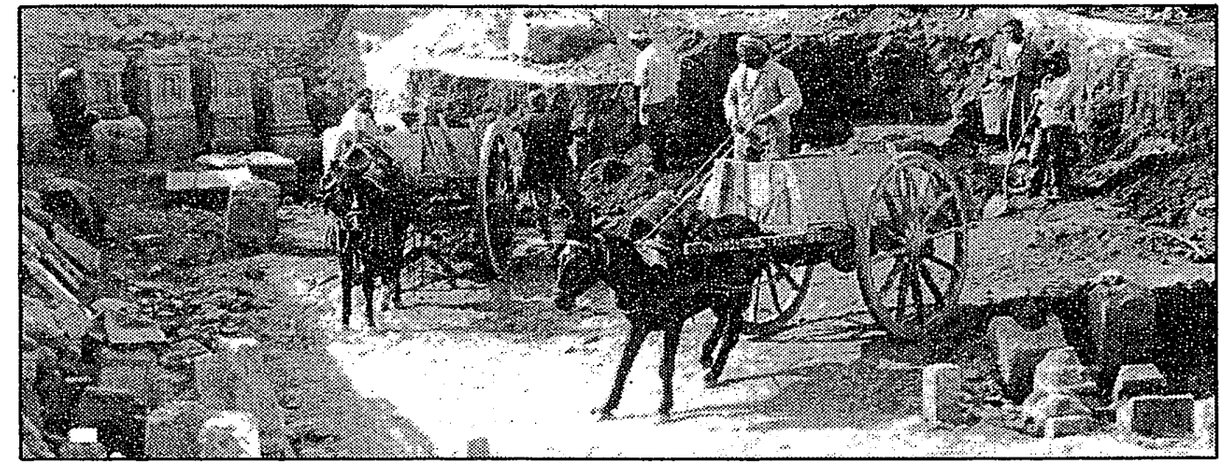
"It has yet to be proved," he said, "but the evidence is accumulating that Carthage found religion to be a convenient basis for controlling the size of the population.

"In the first place, Carthage became extremely crowded as it prospered. According to the Greek geographer Strabo, the capital city had 800,000 people at its peak, and even allowing for exaggeration, Carthage probably had a minimum of 100,000. Farmers and nomads, including ancient Berbers closely related to today's Berbers, moved in large numbers to the city. This would have been a huge population for the time, and might have stretched food and other resources."

Dr. Stager believes that a major reason for the depletion of resources may have been the large-scale abandonment of farms as farmers sought the opportunities afforded by life in the big city.

Lower Classes, Too

Dr. Stager sees an important clue in the fact that a very high proportion of sacrificed children seem to have come from the wealthy class that ruled plutocratic Carthage. Rich Carthaginians were anxious to avoid having to divide their estates among many offspring, he believes, and solved potential inheritance problems by handing unwanted heirs over to the priests of the cult of Tanit. During the Tokugawa period in Japan, he said, child sacrifice for similar reasons became common. In feudal Europe, the rule of primogeniture helped to ensure that an estate would descend intact to a single heir.



Wide World Photos

First excavation of the Precinct of Tanit, where Carthaginians buried the cremated remains of the victims of child sacrifice. The photograph was made in the 1920's.

Child sacrifice in Carthage was gradually "democratized," he said. The children sacrificed during the 5th century B.C. were nearly all "offered" by parents of the elite class; by the 3d century B.C., many of the offeratory markers were from parents in the professional classes and even mere artisans.

Excavations have been hampered by modern housing developments since the children's bones were first discovered in 1921. Carthage, a fashionable seaside suburb, is the site of the Tunisian presidential palace, and real estate values there have soared.

In 1974 the United Nations, assisted by institutions from 12 countries, began a drive to "save Carthage" by preserving or studying as many ancient Carthaginian sites as possible in the face of rapid urban sprawl.

"We were already too late," Dr. Stager said, "and it is now harder than ever to get permission to dig in the garden of somebody's villa. We have not even been able to determine the exact boundaries of the Precinct of Tanit."

Archeologists point out, too, that in the sack of Carthage in 146 B.C. the Romans razed the city, even exporting the multicolored marble rubble for use in Roman construction projects abroad. Any Carthaginian documents or literature that may have been written on parchment or papyrus has long perished. Even the last-ditch expeditions of the past several years to save what was left have failed to turn up ostraca — texts written in ink on fragments of pottery. Such records made by the Phoenicians, the ancestors of the Carthaginians, are often found elsewhere.

Another threat to the vanishing traces of Carthage is water, Dr. Stager said. A rise in the water table linked to changes in land use has immersed the pre-Roman layers of Carthage, and pumps are needed for excavation.

In the 3d century B.C., Carthage was the equal of Rome in power, wealth and pomp, but in 146 B.C., at the conclusion of the three bitter Punic wars, Rome wiped the Carthaginian capital off the map. However, in its place arose a new Roman Carthage, and Dr. Soren points out that Carthage did not entirely die with the Roman conquest. Rome forced the Carthaginians to learn Latin and to give up human sacrifices, but Carthaginian sculptors and artists were soon enriching the Roman empire with their unique gifts. They also continued to worship Ba'al in his new incarnation as the Roman god Saturn.

Hannibal's Elephant

Some of Carthage's most magnificent polychrome mosaics of hunting scenes, feasts and gladiatorial contests date from its period as a colony of Rome. One mosaic on loan for this exhibit depicts a fanciful elephant in the coils of an immense python.

The great Carthaginian general Hannibal used elephants in crossing the Alps to Italy in 218 B.C. and in the course of his campaigns, Hannibal almost wiped out Rome's defenses. But 38 years after Hannibal's death, Rome won its revenge: the destruction of its rival.

The anonymous artist who created the great elephant mosaic may have been thinking of Hannibal's elephants and the lost greatness of Carthage as he worked. "In any case," a museum official said, "the artist certainly left us something beautiful to take our minds off those poor Carthaginian children."

Item #9

Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow, "'*ita pestilens est odore taeterrimo*': Reading Roman Sanitation from the Sources," *The Classical Outlook* 93 (2018): 53-61.

ita pestilens est odore taeterrimo[1]: Reading Roman Sanitation from the Sources

Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow
Brandeis University
aoko@brandeis.edu

INTRODUCTION

Pliny the Younger's governorship in the crisis province of Bithynia-Pontus clearly demonstrated his ability to work with local elites to gain their cooperation on a number of issues. In his *Ep*. 10.98-99 to the Emperor Trajan (98-117 CE) about conditions in the city of Amastris (modern Turkey), Pliny here reminds us of the fact that he had once been responsible for the sewers of Rome.

> Among the chief features of Amastris (a city which is well built and laid out) is a long street of great beauty. Throughout the length of this street, however, runs what is called a stream, but is, in fact, a filthy sewer, *a disgusting eyesore that gives off a noxious stench* (*ita pestilens est odore taeterrimo*). The health and appearance alike of the city will benefit if it is covered in, and with your permission this shall be done. I will see that money is not lacking for a large-scale work of such importance.[2]

Pliny the Younger's job led him to inspect not only specific expenditures in the towns of his province, but also to check on the incomes of the towns. Most of his measures, in fact, focused on the reorganization of public finances. Only rarely did he try to change things structurally or take on a building project, as he recommended for Amastris. This particular letter, therefore, has always stuck me as especially noteworthy, since Pliny the Younger actually proposes a strikingly practical solution to a specific urban problem: the covering of the polluted open sewer in Amastris. He justifies his solution with a description of the hideous proportions of the problem (*ita pestilens est odore taeterrimo*). The letter, however, does not mention the disgusting sewer as a deterioration of a public health standard, as we would see it today, but merely addresses the unpleasant problem as a stinking mess.

Over the past one hundred and fifty years, we can identify two key factors that have shaped our modern notions of public sanitation and the development of a public health system: first, the growth of scientific knowledge about sources of diseases and means of controlling them; second, a growing public acceptance of disease control as both a possibility and a public responsibility. As understanding of the sources of contagion, germ theory, and various means for controlling disease became more refined, officials developed more effective interventions against various health threats.

Eventually public organizations and agencies were formed to employ newly discovered interventions against dangerous health hazards. As scientific knowledge grew, public authorities expanded to take on new tasks, including better definitions and implementation of sanitation, immunization, regulation, health education, and better personal health care.[3] The eventual constitution of a public health system for protection against disease depended both on scientific discovery and on social action. Scientific understanding of diseases spearheaded efforts to alleviate pain and suffering, and social values about the worthiness of protecting the general population encouraged the feasibility of more and more public measures. In the Roman period, when little was known about the causes of any diseases, society tended to regard most illnesses with a degree of resignation, and few public actions were taken to control or eradicate them.

People often assume that the Romans understood public sanitation in the same way that we do today, that is, as a necessary step in avoiding pubic health hazards. Because they built sewers and toilets that flushed into them, we often assume that the Romans enjoyed a relatively high standard of public health in their cities. To argue that the Romans built sewers and toilets to improve general standards of public health, however, would be making a mistake, although the measures they did take likely improved cleanliness in cities to some degree.

In this article, I challenge some common modern perceptions about a variety of Roman beliefs concerned with health, attempt to understand more about the Roman tolerance for filth in their cities, and also reveal why imposing our standards on the Romans can lead to serious misconceptions about the realities of Roman daily life. We seek to know: Did the Romans even have

a concept of sanitation akin to ours, at least to ours in the modern western world? Did the Romans proactively try to improve public sanitation in their cities? What are the pitfalls of attempting to discover Roman ideas about public sanitation from both the fragmentary literary and archaeological records? Can we learn anything, in the end, from such an exercise?

LITERARY EVIDENCE, MOSTLY CONCERNING THE CITY OF ROME

Sewers, toilets, dirty rivers, and their excretory contents barely show up at all in Roman literary works, and when they do (sometimes in the most surprising authors), we must be very careful about how we "read" them if we are seeking clarity on Roman attitudes towards personal hygiene, rituals of elimination and bodily evacuation, or the function of so-called sanitary installations.[4] I have given this topic a more thorough coverage elsewhere,[5] but here are just a few examples from a variety of Roman authors to demonstrate why talk about sewers in the Roman context does not necessarily equate to talk about sanitation.

In works of Roman comedy, satire, epigrams, letters, and novels, the sewer and its contents take on new shades of meaning beyond the purely functional. Cicero, for example, superimposes a sewer system of a Roman house on the workings of a human intestinal system.[6] The sewer system for him operates as a metaphor for stages of a hierarchical system. He critiques Roman political and social structures through a comparison with the structural systems of the human body—head at the top and excretory channels near the bottom. Elsewhere, Cicero shows no qualms about applying the language of the sewer and its disgusting contents to those he considered Rome's lowest scum, society's dregs, like the lees of wine, *infima faex populi*, "the lowest dregs of the people."[7]

Livy also treats the city of Rome by way of the same metaphor of the human body and the way its evacuation systems work from top to bottom. The capital city was built on the site of "the head" (*caput rerum*, "the head of the world"). But Livy also recognizes the value of the city's foundations, the Cloaca Maxima, in particular, a major *immensum opus* or "huge work," famed for its structural solidity and durability.[8] The sewer was the gift of the Tarquin kings, while at the same time a dirty and dangerous underbelly of the city. Pliny the Elder also praised the Cloaca Maxima in Rome as powerful and impregnable, a mighty accomplishment for historians to note, but revolting and clogged with refuse and murdered bodies.[9] The point is that none of these Roman authors talks about the Cloaca as the savior of sanitation.

Petronius' fragmentary novel, *Satyricon*, is likewise rich in allusions to bowels, effluvia, bathing dirt away, and the foul language of the sewers and latrines.[10] Characters in the novel, especially in the longest preserved section known as the *Cena Trimalchionis*, eat, drink, vomit, urinate, defecate, fornicate, sweat, fart, and burp so frequently that lines between what is good and acceptable behavior and what is gross and rude are blurred and confused. Food begins to look like excrement or is composed of the excretory parts of animals (testicles, guts, and other offal).[11] Petronius' remarkably inventive imagery, his "toilet talk," and the excessive behaviors of his characters represent dark humor, not desirable sanitary practices.

Juvenal[12] gives us a vivid, if satirical, image of street life in Rome of the first century CE. Much of what he laments about is noise, chaos, and smell. Still, we can sense a powerful Roman reality from the text: from wet mud—the mud on the streets is ultimately compared to the horrid "muddy whirlpool" of the River Styx itself; from the sweat of too many people crowded into too little space; from the slowly lumbering animals with their nasty habit of voiding onto the streets; from the steaming foods filling the pots and pans on the heads of kitchen slaves scurrying by; and even from the construction materials precariously carried through the streets towards their unknown building sites. Juvenal's cacophony of sounds and smells would indeed make "the sick die from insomnia," but his motives for telling us about these issues are for humorous effect, not for instruction regarding health or sanitation.

These literary examples lay out for the reader a colorful mixture of sounds, tastes, sights, and smells trapped inside the house, stuck in the sewers, or wafting through the narrow streets of the city. None of these images, however, conjures up health, sanitation, or cleanliness.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE: POMPEII, HERCULANEUM, OSTIA, AND ROME

Much of Roman urban daily life with all of its powerful stimulation for all five senses was dangerously unsanitary by modern standards. The smells of freshly baked goods[13] and recently picked vegetables and fruits in the markets and the sour odors of the streets (dirty runoff, bloody carcasses, and human and animal excre-

ment and urine[14]) would have mixed with the fumes from the endlessly burning funeral pyres sizzling with human flesh at the edges of the inhabited city.[15] Many aspects of Roman urban life deserve further exploration, but here we limit ourselves to only a few. Let us begin with a word about sewers.

The sewers of Pompeii are virtually unexplored,[16] but they were likely constructed in close conjunction with two sets of the city's public baths (Forum and Stabian), and their main purpose was to remove out of the city and away from the baths substantial quantities of dirty water. This same dirty water simultaneously flushed some public toilets on its way to outside the city walls. From what we know about urban infrastructure at Pompeii so far, substantial parts of the city simply had no sewers at all, so filth, manure, and dirty water were just washed down the sloping streets at whatever pace the cycle of winter rains allowed. The same situation existed in Herculaneum.

Early excavators at Herculaneum[17] found an ancient deposit of hardened sludge[18] measuring about 1.35 meters high at the bottom of the sewer under Cardo V. No amount of water, no matter how fast flowing, was ever able to remove it. Several ancient sources state that Roman *cloacae* needed manual cleaning from time to time, and Pliny the Younger mentions prisoners conscripted for this job in Rome.[19] I would argue that the discovery of deposits such as the one in Herculaneum strongly supports the notion that urban sewer systems provided minimal sanitary benefits overall.

No one has yet charted the full extent of the sewers of Ostia either, but many sewer covers are visible, so by following them, we can identify the main sewer lines from the surface.[20] As this town was also very close to the Tiber, flooding was a constant problem, so construction of cesspit toilets was not practicable everywhere in the city. We do often find them, however, in some apartment houses, and they are usually located off the courtyard. We can, at least, accurately surmise that the Ostian sewer system received excreta as well as water runoff.

The Cloaca Maxima in Rome was not constructed with much thought about what we would call sanitary engineering. The sewer instead did help remove water pooling[21] on the uneven streets, either because the water got stuck in low-lying areas, or because flooding from the Tiber River would have turned the streets into rivers of dirty water without the sewer and its run-off channels. As it turns out, the Tiber flooded quite frequently.[22] Apart from what often was stuck in the channels of the sewer itself, all of the mud and other debris in the sewer drained off directly into the Tiber. As the Tiber was Rome's major drinking supply before the aqueducts, clearly no one was paying much attention to the sanitary quality of the water supply with such polluted detritus being dumped into it.[23] I would argue that drainage was the primary function of Roman sewers. Sewer builders were not thinking about removing disease-causing waste, but instead about draining water from low-lying areas. The "Roman perspective" on sewers, then, has little or no connection to issues of health and sanitation.[24] Because of their drainage capacity, the sewers inevitably did, to a certain extent, clean up the streets, but they did not contribute much at all to improved urban sanitation, and the drainage of Rome's sewer contents into the Tiber, the drinking supply, caused more health hazards than it solved.[25]

So, what about toilets and their relationship to sanitation? While finding Roman toilets in Rome is a complicated process as it is a lived-in city and much of such evidence has been destroyed, the inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the first century CE, at least, had a clear preference for internal cesspit toilets in domestic dwellings without sewer connections in those dwellings. Ulpian (writing 211-222 CE, whose works were compiled in the *Digest* in the sixth century CE) tells us that connections to the sewers from private dwellings certainly were legal,[26] so we must wonder why so few property owners connected their toilets to public *cloacae*, a fact we are exploring more closely amid the ruins of toilets (public and private) in the city of Rome now.[27]

Almost every private house in Pompeii and Herculaneum, and many apartment houses in Ostia, had private, usually one-seater, toilets that were not connected to the main sewer lines. Romans often sited these cesspit toilets in or near kitchens, where food was prepared, such as the one in the House of the Grand Doorway (V.35) in Herculaneum (Fig. 1) and in the House of the Ceii (I.6.15) in Pompeii (Fig. 2, reconstruction). The warm and homey smells from a hearty stew would have intertwined with the the gross odors from the open cesspit in the kitchen (Fig. 2).



Figure 1. Herculaneum, House of the Grand Doorway (V.35), cesspit toilet in kitchen.
Photo Credit: Koloski-Ostrow



Figure 2. Pompeii, Kitchen scene – Villa of Ceius in Pompeii: Kitchen scene with toilet under the stairs.
akg-images / Peter Connolly

This discomforting arrangement must have been outweighed by something—and I propose that the convenience of preserving the contents of the cesspit, namely human excrement, as a valuable household commodity is our answer. Fertilizing household gardens and plants with human excrement or selling it to farmers for fertilizer were common practices.[28]

Another serious sanitary problem inside Roman houses was leakage from downpipes of toilets located on upper floors. At least fifteen upper storey latrines have been identified at Pompeii, especially in regions V, VI, VII, VIII, and IX,[29] and the situation was similar at Herculaneum (Fig. 3). The fittings of these terracotta downpipes loosened over time, and their contents would have spilled down the outside of the pipes, causing stink everywhere.



Figure 3. Herculaneum, House VI.29, leaky downspout.
Photo Credit: Koloski-Ostrow

Since Roman sewer openings had no traps, one could never be sure what might climb out of an open sewer leading to a toilet and therefore into a house, so this would be one reason to resist a sewer connection. The story told by Aelian[30] (175-235 CE) elucidates the concern clearly. He tells us about a giant octopus that swam every night from the sea into the city sewer and up the

drain of a toilet into a house owned by a wealthy Iberian merchant in the city of Dichearchia (Roman Puteoli, modern Pozzuoli). When the clever octopus arrived by way of the hole in the house toilet, he ate all the pickled fish stored in the merchant's well-stocked pantry. In Aelian's fable, the poor, hungry octopus is bludgeoned to death, but the story illustrates very well why house owners anywhere might think twice before desiring that their house toilet(s) be connected to the sewer.

Public toilets, however, multi-seater latrines, were almost always connected to the main sewer lines of a city (Fig. 4). These toilets posed their own set of serious threats to their users. They were notorious for terrifying customers by exploding flames from their seat openings. Gas explosions of hydrogen sulphide (H_2S) and methane (CH_4) that were rank as well as frightening must have occurred frequently, and such occurrences would have strengthened a general urban superstition about sewers and toilets. Superstition regarding demons provided another good reason for avoiding sewer connections.[31] Customers in public latrines also had to worry about the rats and other small vermin threatening to bite their bottoms. Lots of anxiety must have been generated by those black holes. Under these circumstances, Romans were not likely to see their toilets in terms of improved sanitary conditions, as we view them today.



Figure 4. Ostia, Forum Latrine
Photo Credit: Koloski-Ostrow

Digest (Ulpian) warns about contaminating public water supplies or covering anyone with dung or mud,[32] which again suggests that these indiscretions occurred often enough for officials to take some notice. In Herculaneum in the House of the Black Salon (VI.11-13) on a half column of the peristyle is one inscription recording the payment of eleven *asses* for the removal of ordure.[33] Another painted notice is on the side of the water tower at the northern end of Cardo IV, just as this street meets the Decumanus Maximus. This inscription bans the dumping of rubbish in the vicinity of the water tower.[34] People living in houses or tenement buildings very likely dumped debris wherever they could find a space on a side street or alley or abandoned lot, and unfortunately, no system for its removal was in place and no one had developed an efficient way to police such disturbing practices.

The Romans did develop sophisticated methods for managing dirt and detritus, including the provision of fresh water from aqueducts, sewers for removing dirty water from baths, from open plazas, and roads, and the building of public and private latrines. These constructions, however, do not automatically tie closely to notions of public sanitation that we hold today, and the sooner we realize and acknowledge this fact, the closer we shall come to a better, more accurate appreciation of Roman daily realities.

CONCLUSIONS

When we look more closely at the conditions in impoverished and crowded Roman apartment complexes, we can easily see how they generated a mass of unsanitary situations that must have been almost overwhelming every day. Apartment dwellers regularly experienced everything from bad breath, to lice-encrusted hair on themselves and their neighbors, to stench from infected and oozing wounds, to the hopeless, unceasing presence of disease and chronic pain. The buildings themselves were moldy, damp, smoke-filled, and serviced by often-stagnant wells and clogged cesspits (not connected to sewers).

The same Roman psyche that ultimately called for the ordering and removal of filth by the sewers seems to have inspired the development of massive urban cemeteries and dumps over time. The separation of the living from the dead was a vital feature in cities of the Roman world. That is not to say that all dead Romans immediately found their way into well-ordered cemeteries.[35] Nevertheless, most cemeteries in first-century BCE and CE Rome were outside the city walls. For whatever reason, the practice in Rome of dumping bodies in open pits on the Esquiline Hill was eventually abandoned, presumably late in the first century BCE around the time of Augustus, probably because of noxious smells, superstitious taboos, or both. City officials would slowly have come to realize, at least on a superficial level, the health risks of keeping the pits open, but proper dis-

posal of the dead had little connection to public health and sanitation.

We have explored some of the more powerful sanitary issues of the Roman city through textual and archaeological evidence and how knowing about them clarifies our understanding of Roman streets, public spaces, and private dwellings and shows how they shaped, and ultimately changed, urban society. Major disasters, such as citywide fires and floods, would also have shaped urban landscapes in various cities. These examples are far from exhaustive, but they should be sufficient to stress the complexity of understanding sanitary concerns from a Roman perspective.

We know today that efficient sewer systems and toilets in urban settings play a crucial role in creating strong economies, improving health, and protecting safety and dignity, particularly for women and girls. Any quick search of the data from UNICEF on the four pathogens (E. coli, shigella, cryptosporidium, and rotavirus) that are most commonly spread through food and water contaminated by feces and how these conditions improve with proper sanitary facilities, especially in places like rural India, are proof enough.[36] When women and young girls are forced to go outside to flimsy outhouses or into the bush for their evacuation needs, they are exposed to the dangers of rape and other violent crimes on a daily basis. Poor sanitation fosters harsh realities in our world, as it did for the Romans. In the Roman city, poor living conditions certainly must have played a role in shaping urban spaces (for example, forcing many activities outside), but such conditions did not really change the tenacious institutions and structures of Roman urban society for a very long time in the ways that might have had a real impact on improved sanitation.[37]

NOTES

[1]Pliny the Younger, *Ep*. 10.98-99 on the sewer at Amastris - "a filthy sewer, a disgusting eyesore that gives off a noxious stench."

[2]Pliny the Younger, *Ep* 10.98. *Ep*. 10.99 is Trajan's reply in which the emperor gives Pliny the Younger permission to cover the eyesore of a sewer.

[3]For general studies on this history see: S. P. W. Chave, 1984. "The Origins and Development of Public Health." In *Oxford Textbook of Public Health, Vol. 1: History, Determinants, Scope, and Strategies*, W. W. Holland, R. Detels and G. Knox, eds. *Oxford Medical Publications*, Oxford University Press, New York, 1984 and Elizabeth Fee, *Disease and Discovery: A History of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health* 1916–1939. Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, 1987.

[4]See Bradley, ed., 2012, for many valuable papers on the city of Rome, on pollution, on propriety, and on dirt, disease, and hygiene in context.

[5]Koloski-Ostrow, 2015, 102-22.

[6]Cicero, *Nat. D.* 2.56.141-42.

[7]Cicero, *Ad QFr.* 2.4.5. I am grateful to the two anonymous reviewers of this article for pointing out to me that Cicero's use of *faex* in this passage may be a reference to the "dregs" or lees of wine more accurately than to the contents of the sewers. I would still argue that Cicero's language definitely recalls the "scum" of the underbelly of the city, like the disgusting contents of the sewers in this literary metaphor.

[8]Livy 1.55.5-6 and see Gowers 24 and 26. For a general guide to the monuments of Rome with some coverage of the Cloaca Maxima, see A. Claridge, 2010, 62 and 68.

[9]Pliny the Elder, *HN* 36.24. 105-106.

[10]Petronius, *Sat*. 27, 36, 60, for a few specific examples.

[11]Petronius, *Sat*. 35.

[12]Juvenal, 3, 229-255.

[13]For an up-to-date discussion of the more than 150 fast food establishments in Pompeii, see Ellis, 2004, 371-84. For the standard work on Pompeii and its spatial relationships, see Laurence, 1994.

[14]Wilson, 2003, 442-46, discusses the archaeology of the Roman *fullonica*, whereby urine plays a role in the cleaning of clothes. Wilson and Flohr in Jansen, Koloski-Ostrow, and Moormann, eds., 2011, 147-56, review the economy of ordure in Pompeii and Herculaneum.

[15]Bodel, 128-151; Hope, 2009, 65-96. See also Hope and Marshall, eds., 2000, for a more general discussion of death and disease in the ancient city.

[16]Koloski-Ostrow, 2015, Fig. 92, for a plan with the known Pompeian sewers. On the drainage system at Pompeii (the mechanisms for water removal as opposed to water supply), see also Poehler, 2012, 95-120. Two valuable sources for an overview of Pompeian archaeology and inscriptional evidence from the site are these: A. and M. De Vos, 1982, and A. and M. G. L. Cooley, 2004.

[17]Maiuri, 1958, 469. For a more recent view of the excavations of Herculaneum, see Wallace-Hadrill, 2011.

[18]Carmardo in Jansen, Koloski-Ostrow, and Moormann, 2011, 91-94.

[19]Pliny the Younger, *Ep*. 10.32.2. See also Scobie, 1986, 408. *Dig*. (Ulpian) 43.23.1-2 records an edict of a *praetor* in Rome stating that the sewers were to be kept clean and in a good state of repair because they might cause the collapse of buildings (*ruinas minantur immunditiae cloacarum*). Major clogs in the Cloaca might have led the backup of water to scour out the foundations of cheaply constructed buildings (especially mud-brick structures) therefore causing collapses.

[20]Meiggs, 1960, is still an excellent guide to the entire site. See Koloski-Ostrow, 2015, Fig. 93, for a plan of the sewers of Ostia.

[21]Such pools are well attested in our sources for seventeenth and eighteenth-century Paris. Cf. Corbin, 1986, 31-34. See also Reid, 1991, 187 and ns. 14 and 15.

[22]Dio. 39. 61. 1-2. gives a vivid account of a flood in Rome in the year 54 BCE. For a list of the main inundations of the Tiber, especially in ancient times, see Lugli, 1934, 231 ff. and Aldrete, 2006, 91-165, for the immediate and delayed effect of floods.

[23]See Rinne, 2011, for a full overview of water in Rome and its sources from aqueducts to fountains and to the birth of the Baroque City.

[24]Even the famous Shrine to Cloacina (or to Venus and Cloacina who were ultimately amalgamated) in the Roman Forum has no tradition of honoring the Cloaca Maxima for health benefits. The cult, traditionally associated with the Sabine king, Titus Tatius, seems to have had more to do with the course of the Velabrum, the stream in the bottom of the Forum valley that was later canalized as the Cloaca Maxima. For discussion see Claridge, 2010, 68.

[25]Koloski-Ostrow, 2015, 52-83, and Hopkins in Bradley, 2012, 81-102. For older sources on the Cloaca: Bauer, 1989, 43-67; Bauer in Steinby, 1993, 288-90; Reimers, 1989, 137-41; and Remiers, 1991, 111-16.

[26]*Dig*. (Ulpian) 43.23.1-2.

[27]I am currently engaged in a book project (co-authored and co-edited with Gemma C. M. Jansen) called, *Roman Toilets of the Capital City*, under contract with BABESCH in Leuven, Belgium, forthcoming in 2019.

[28]Varro, *Rust.* 1.13.4. and Columella, *Rust.* 1.6.24, on human excrement as fertilizer. Also see Wilson and Flohr in Jansen, Koloski-Ostrow, and Moormann, eds., 2011, 147-50.

[29]For details and a full list of locations, see Hobson, 2009, 71-77.

[30]Aelian, *NA*, 13.6.

[31]Jansen in Jansen, Koloski-Ostrow, and Moormann, eds., 2011, 165-66, on the life of Saint Thecla.

[32]*Dig*. (Ulpian or Papinian) 43.11.1.1.

[33]Scobie, 414, n. 117: *exemta ste(r)cora a(ssibus)* XI.

[34]Wallace-Hadrill, 2011, 291. Marcus Rufellius Robia and Aulus Tetteius were the magistrates who had the ban painted into the announcement.

[35]Bodel, 128-151, especially 131-33; Toynbee, 45; and Hope, 2009, 65-96. On open burial pits on the Esquiline Hill in Rome, see Lanciani, 64-65. Also, there is a mention of these pits in Horace, *Sat*. 1. 8.8-16.

[36]https://www.npr.org/sections/goatsandsoda/2016/11/18/325219210/diarrhea-101-time-to-talk-about-something-we-dont-usually-talk-about; See also https://data.unicef.org/topic/child-health/diarrhoeal-disease/ on diarrhoeal diseases killing upwards of 480,000 children in Third World countries.

[37]I am very grateful to Professors Ronnie Ancona and Joanne Spurza of Hunter College for the invitation to speak at Hunter College in May 2017 as The Josephine Earle Memorial Lecturer on the topic that inspired this article. I am also grateful to the two anonymous *Classical Outlook* reviewers, who diligently spared me from several errors and many smaller stylistic blemishes. Any remaining mistakes or omissions are completely my responsibility.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Aldrete, G. S. *Floods of the Tiber in Ancient Rome*, Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2006.

Bauer, H. "Die Cloaca Maxima." *Braunschweig Mitteilungen Rome* 103 (1989): 43-67.

——. "*cloaca, Cloaca Maxima*." In *Lexicon Topographicum Urbis Romae (LTUR) I, (A-C)*, edited by E. M. Steinby, 288-290, Rome: Edizioni Quasar, 1993.

Bodel, J. "Dealing with the Dead." In *Death and Disease in the Ancient City*, edited by Valerie M. Hope and Eireann Marshall, 128-51. London and New York: Routledge, 2000.

Bradley, M. ed. *Rome, Pollution and Propriety: Dirt, Disease, and Hygiene in the Eternal City from Antiquity to Modernity*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012.

Carmardo, D. "Case Study: Ercolano: La riscostruzione

dei sistemi Fognari." In Jansen, Koloski-Ostrow, and Moormann. eds., 2011, 91-94.

Claridge, A. *Rome: An Oxford Archaeological Guide*. New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010.

Cooley, A. and M. G. L. Cooley. eds. *Pompeii. A Sourcebook*. London: Routledge, 2004.

Corbin, A. *The Foul and the Fragrant: Odor and the French Social Imagination*, trans. M. Kochan. New York: Berg, 1986.

De Vos, A. and M. *Guide archeologiche Laterza Pompei, Ercolano, Stabia*. Roma-Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli, 1982.

Ellis, S. "The Distribution of Bars at Pompeii: Archaeological, Spatial, and Viewshed Analyses." *Journal of Roman Archaeology* 17 (2004): 371-84.

Hobson, B. *Latrinae et Foricae: Toilets in the Roman World*. London: Duckworth, 2009.

Hope, V. M. *Roman Death: The Dying and the Dead in Ancient Rome*. London and New York: Continuum, 2009.

Hope, V. M. and E. Marshall. eds. *Death and Disease in the Ancient City*. London and New York: Routledge, 2000.

Hopkins, J. "The 'sacred sewer': Tradition and Religion in the Cloaca Maxima." In Bradley, 2012, 81-102.

Jansen, G., A. O. Koloski-Ostrow, and E. Moormann eds. *Roman Toilets: Their Archaeology and Cultural History*. Leuven: BABESCH, 2011.

Koloski-Ostrow, A. O. *The Archaeology of Sanitation in Roman Italy: Toilets, Sewers, and Water Systems*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2015.

Lanciani, R. *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, 1890.

Laurence, R. *Roman Pompeii: Space and Society*. London: Routledge, 1994.

Lugli, G. *Monumenti antichi di Roma e suburbia*. vol. 2, Rome: G. Bardi, 1934.

Mauri, A. *Ercolano, I nuovi scavi* (1927-1958) *I*, Rome: Intituto Poligrafico dello Stato P.V., 1958.

Meiggs, R. *Roman Ostia*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1960.

Poehler, E. "The Drainage System at Pompeii: Mechanisms, Operation, and Design." *Journal of Roman Archaeology* 25 (2012): 95-120.

Reid, D. *Paris Sewers and Sewermen: Realities and Representations*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1991.

Reimers, P. "'Opus Omnium Dictu Maximum' Literary Sources for the Knowledge of Roman City Drainage." *Opuscula Romana* XVII: 10 (1989): 137-41.

——. "Roman Sewers and Sewerage Networks: Neglected Areas of Study." *Munuscula Romana* (1991): 111-16.

Rinne, K. W. *The Waters of Rome: Aqueducts, Fountains, and the Birth of the Baroque City*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2011.

Scobie, A. "Slums, Sanitation, and Mortality in the Roman World." *Klio* 68:2 (1986): 399-433.

Toynbee, J. M. C. *Death and Burial in the Roman World*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1971.

Wallace-Hadrill, A. *Herculaneum: Past and Future*. Los Altos, CA: The Packard Humanities Institute, 2011.

Wilson, A. "The Archaeology of the Roman *fullonica*." *Journal of Roman Archaeology* 16 (2003): 442-46.

Wilson, A. and M. Flohr. "The Economy of Ordure." In Jansen, Koloski-Ostrow, and Moormann eds., 2011, 147-56.

INTERNET SOURCES

Diarrhoea remains a leading killer of young children, despite the availability of a simple treatment solution: https://data.unicef.org/topic/child-health/diarrhoeal-disease/

Diarrhea 101: Time To Talk About Something We Don't Usually Talk About November 18, 2016 12:00 PM ET: https://www.npr.org/sections/goatsandsoda/2016/11/18/325219210/diarrhea-101-time-to-talk-about-something-we-dont-usually-talk-about

---

Ann Olga Koloski-Ostrow is Kevy and Hortense Kaiserman Endowed Chair in the Humanities at Brandeis and Co-Director of the MA program in Ancient Greek and Roman Studies. She has done fieldwork at Herculaneum and Pompeii and in Jordan and Tunisia. Her specialties are Roman daily life, plumbing and hydraulics, and Roman baths, toilets, and sanitation. Her MA in Latin and Greek language and literature and PhD in Classical Art and Archaeology are from the University of Michigan. Her publications include: *The Archaeology of Sanitation in Roman Italy: Toilets, Sewers, and Water Systems* (2015); *Roman Toilets: Their Archaeology and Cultural History* (2011); and *Making Sense of Pompeii*

and Herculaneum: Daily Life and the Sensorium of the Roman City (Cambridge University Press, forthcoming). She won the award for Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching from the Archaeological Institute of America in 2016.

Item #10

Livy, *History of Rome*, vol. 3: Books *Twenty-Seven to Thirty-Six*, trans. Cyrus Edmonds (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1850), 1490-1500.

BOOK XXXIV.

The Oppian law, respecting the dress of the women, after much debate, repealed, notwithstanding it was strenuously supported by Marcus Porcius Cato, the consul. The consul's successes in Spain. Titus Quinctius Flamininus finishes the war with the Lacedæmonians and the tyrant Nabis; makes peace with them, and restores liberty to Argos. Separate seats at the public games, for the first time, appointed for the senators. Colonies sent forth. Marcus Porcius Cato triumphs on account of his successes in Spain. Further successes in Spain against the Boians and Insubrian Gauls. Titus Quinctius Flamininus, having subdued Philip, king of Macedonia, and Nabis, the Lacedæmonian tyrant, and restored all Greece to freedom, triumphs for three days. Carthaginian ambassadors bring intelligence of the hostile designs of Antiochus and Hannibal.

---

1. Amid the serious concerns of important wars, either scarcely brought to a close or impending, an incident intervened, trivial indeed to be mentioned, but which, through the zeal of the parties concerned, issued in a violent contest. Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, plebeian tribunes, proposed to the people the repealing of the Oppian law. This law, which had been introduced by Caius Oppias, plebeian tribune, in the consulate of Quintus Fabius and Tiberius Sempronius, during the heat of the Punic war, enacted that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of various colours, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses, in a city, or any town, or any place nearer thereto than one mile; except on occasion of some public religious solemnity." Marcus and Publius Junius Brutus, plebeian tribunes, supported the Oppian law, and declared, that they would never suffer it to be repealed; while many of the nobility stood forth to argue for and against the motion proposed. The Capitol was filled with crowds, who favoured or opposed the law; nor could the matrons be kept at home, either by advice or shame, nor even by the commands of their husbands; but beset every street and pass in the city, beseeching the men as they went down to the forum, that in the present flourishing state of the commonwealth, when the private fortune of all was daily increasing, they would suffer the women to have their former ornaments of dress restored. This throng of women increased daily, for they arrived even from the country towns and villages; and they had at length the boldness to come up to the consuls, prætors, and magistrates, to urge their request. One of the consuls, however, they found especially inexorable—Marcus Porcius Cato, who, in support of the law proposed to be repealed, spoke to this effect:—

2. "If, Romans, every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and authority of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now, our privileges, overpowered at home by female contumacy, are, even here in the forum, spurned and trodden under foot; and because we are unable to withstand each separately, we now dread their collective body. I was accustomed to think it a fabulous and fictitious tale, that, in a certain island, the whole race of males was utterly extirpated by a conspiracy of the women. But the utmost danger may be apprehended equally from either sex, if you suffer cabals, assemblies, and secret consultations to be held: scarcely, indeed, can I determine, in my own mind, whether the act itself, or the precedent that it affords, is of more pernicious tendency. The latter of these more particularly concerns us consuls, and the other magistrates: the former, yourselves, my fellow-citizens. For, whether the measure proposed to your consideration be profitable to the state or not, is to be determined by you, who are about to go to the vote. As to the outrageous behaviour of these women, whether it be merely an act of their own, or owing to your instigations, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, it unquestionably implies culpable conduct in magistrates. I know not whether it reflects greater disgrace on you, tribunes, or on the consuls: on you certainly, if you have, on the present occasion, brought these women hither for the purpose of raising tribunitian seditions; on us, if we suffer laws to be imposed on us by a secession of women, as was done formerly by that of the common people. It was not without painful emotions of shame, that I, just now, made my way into the forum through the midst of a band of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be

seen rebuked by a consul, I should have said to them, 'What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request to her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seducing in public than in private; and with other women's husbands, than with your own? Although if the modesty of matrons confined them within the limits of their own rights, it did not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about what laws might be passed or repealed here.' Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be ever under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the management of state affairs, and to introduce themselves into the forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election. For, what are they doing, at this moment, in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing, some in support of the motion of the plebeian tribunes; others, for the repeal of the law? Will you give the reins to their intractable nature, and their uncontrolled passions, and then expect that themselves should set bounds to their licentiousness, when you have failed to do so? This is the smallest of the injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all which women bear with impatience: they long for liberty; or rather, to speak the truth, for unbounded freedom in every particular. For what will they not attempt, if they now come off victorious?

3. "Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which our forefathers restrained their undue freedom, and by which they subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, you can scarcely keep them within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any longer tolerable by you? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will have become your superiors. But, forsooth, they only object to any new law being made against them: they mean to deprecate, not justice, but severity. Nay, their wish is, that a law which you have admitted, established by your suffrages, and confirmed by the practice and experience of so many years to be beneficial, should

now be repealed; that is, that, by abolishing one law, you should weaken all the rest. No law perfectly suits the convenience of every member of the community: the only consideration is, whether, upon the whole, it be profitable to the greater part. If, because a law proves obnoxious to a private individual, that circumstance should destroy and sweep it away, to what purpose is it for the community to enact general laws, which those, with reference to whom they were passed, could presently repeal? I should like, however, to hear what this important affair is which has induced the matrons thus to run out into public in this excited manner, scarcely restraining from pushing into the forum and the assembly of the people. Is it to solicit that their parents, their husbands, children, and brothers may be ransomed from captivity under Hannibal? By no means: and far be ever from the commonwealth so unfortunate a situation. Yet, even when such was the case, you refused this to their prayers. But it is not duty, nor solicitude for their friends; it is religion that has collected them together. They are about to receive the Idæan Mother, coming out of Phrygia from Pessinus! What motive, that even common decency will allow to be mentioned, is pretended for this female insurrection? Why, say they, that we may shine in gold and purple; that, both on festal and common days, we may ride through the city in our chariots, triumphing over vanquished and abrogated law, after having captured and wrested from you your suffrages; and that there may be no bounds to our expenses and our luxury.

4. "Often have you heard me complain of the profuse expenses of the women—often of those of the men; and that not only of men in private stations, but of the magistrates: and that the state was endangered by two opposite vices, luxury and avarice; those pests, which have been the ruin of all great empires. These I dread the more, as the circumstances of the commonwealth grow daily more prosperous and happy; as the empire increases; as we have now passed over into Greece and Asia, places abounding with every kind of temptation that can inflame the passions; and as we have begun to handle even royal treasures: so much the more do I fear that these matters will bring us into captivity, rather than we them. Believe me, those statues from Syracuse were brought into this city with hostile effect. I already

hear too many commending and admiring the decorations of Athens and Corinth, and ridiculing the earthen images of our Roman gods that stand on the fronts of their temples. For my part I prefer these gods,—propitious as they are, and I hope will continue to be, if we allow them to remain in their own mansions. In the memory of our fathers, Pyrrhus, by his ambassador Cineas, made trial of the dispositions, not only of our men, but of our women also, by offers of presents: at that time the Oppian law, for restraining female luxury, had not been made; and yet not one woman accepted a present. What, think you, was the reason? That for which our ancestors made no provision by law on this subject: there was no luxury existing which needed to be restrained. As diseases must necessarily be known before their remedies, so passions come into being before the laws which prescribe limits to them. What called forth the Licinian law, restricting estates to five hundred acres, but the unbounded desire for enlarging estates? What the Cincian law, concerning gifts and presents, but that the plebeians[1] had become vassals and tributaries to the senate? It is not therefore in any degree surprising, that no want of the Oppian law, or of any other, to limit the expenses of the women, was felt at that time, when they refused to receive gold and purple that was thrown in their way, and offered to their acceptance. If Cineas were now to go round the city with his presents, he would find numbers of women standing in the public streets to receive them. There are some passions, the causes or motives of which I can no way account for. For that that should not be lawful for you which is permitted to another, may perhaps naturally excite some degree of shame or indignation; yet, when the dress of all is alike, why should any one of you fear, lest she should not be an object of observation? Of all kinds of shame, the worst, surely, is the being ashamed of frugality or of poverty; but the law relieves you with regard to both; since that which you have not it is unlawful for you to possess. This equalization, says the rich matron, is the very thing that I cannot endure. Why do not I make

[1] Previous to the passing of the Cincian law, about ten years before this time, the advocates who pleaded in the courts received fees and presents: and as all or most of these were senators, the plebeians are here represented as tributary to the senate. By the above law they were forbidden to receive either fees or presents.

a figure, distinguished with gold and purple? Why is the poverty of others concealed under this cover of a law, so that it should be thought that, if the law permitted, they would have such things as they are not now able to procure? Romans, do you wish to excite among your wives an emulation of this sort, that the rich should wish to have what no other can have; and that the poor, lest they should be despised as such, should extend their expenses beyond their means? Be assured, that when a woman once begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of, she will not be ashamed of what she ought. She who can, will purchase out of her own purse; she who cannot, will ask her husband. Unhappy is the husband, both he who complies with the request, and he who does not; for what he will not give himself, he will see given by another. Now, they openly solicit favours from other women's husbands; and, what is more, solicit a law and votes. From some they obtain them; although, with regard to yourself, your property, or your children, they would be inexorable. So soon as the law shall cease to limit the expenses of your wife, you yourself will never be able to do so. Do not suppose that the matter will hereafter be in the same state in which it was before the law was made on the subject. It is safer that a wicked man should even never be accused, than that he should be acquitted; and luxury, if it had never been meddled with, would be more tolerable than it will be, now, like a wild beast, irritated by having been chained, and then let loose. My opinion is, that the Oppian law ought, on no account, to be repealed. Whatever determination you may come to, I pray all the gods to prosper it."

5. After him the plebeian tribunes, who had declared their intention of protesting, added a few words to the same purport. Then Lucius Valerius spoke thus in support of the measure which he himself had introduced:—"If private persons only had stood forth to argue for and against the proposition which we have submitted to your consideration, I for my part, thinking enough to have been said on both sides, would have waited in silence for your determination. But since a person of most respectable judgment, the consul, Marcus Porcius, has reprobated our motion, not only by the influence of his opinion, which, had he said nothing, would carry very great weight, but also in a long and careful discourse, it be-

comes necessary to say a few words in answer. He has spent more words in rebuking the matrons, than in arguing against the measure proposed; and even went so far as to mention a doubt, whether the matrons had committed the conduct which he censured in them spontaneously or at our instigation. I shall defend the measure, not ourselves: for the consul threw out those insinuations against us, rather for argument's sake, than as a serious charge. He has made use of the terms cabal and sedition; and, sometimes, secession of the women: because the matrons had requested of you, in the public streets, that, in this time of peace, when the commonwealth is flourishing and happy, you would repeal a law that was made against them during a war, and in times of distress. I know that these and other similar strong expressions, for the purpose of exaggeration, are easily found; and, mild as Marcus Cato is in his disposition, yet in his speeches he is not only vehement, but sometimes even austere. What new thing, let me ask, have the matrons done in coming out into public in a body on an occasion which nearly concerns themselves? Have they never before appeared in public? I will turn over your own Antiquities,[1] and quote them against you. Hear, now, how often they have done the same, and always to the advantage of the public. In the earliest period of our history, even in the reign of Romulus, when the Capitol had been taken by the Sabines, and a pitched battle was fought in the forum, was not the fight stopped by the interposition of the matrons between the two armies? When, after the expulsion of the kings, the legions of the Volscians, under the command of Marcius Coriolanus, were encamped at the fifth stone, did not the matrons turn away that army, which would have overwhelmed this city? Again, when Rome was taken by the Gauls, whence was the city ransomed? Did not the matrons, by unanimous agreement, bring their gold into the public treasury? In the late war, not to go back to remote antiquity, when there was a want of money, did not the funds of the widows supply the treasury? And when even new gods were invited hither to the relief of our distressed affairs, did not the matrons go out in a body to the sea-shore to receive the Idæan Mother? The cases, you will say, are dissimilar. It is not my purpose to produce similar instances; it is sufficient that I clear these women of having done any thing new. Now, what nobody wondered at their doing in cases which concerned all in common, both men and women, can we wonder at their doing in a case peculiarly affecting themselves? But what have they done? We have proud ears, truly, if, though masters disdain not the prayers of slaves, we are offended at being asked a favour by honourable women.

[1] Alluding to a treatise by Cato, upon the antiquities of Italy, entitled "Origines," which is the word used here by Valerius.

6 "I come now to the question in debate, with respect to which the consul's argument is twofold: for, first, he is displeased at the thought of any law whatever being repealed; and then, particularly, of that law which was made to restrain female luxury. His former argument, in support of the laws in general, appeared highly becoming of a consul; and that on the latter, against luxury, was quite conformable to the rigid strictness of his morals. There is, therefore, a danger lest, unless I shall show what, on each subject, was inconclusive, you may probably be led away by error. For while I acknowledge, that of those laws which are instituted, not for any particular time, but for eternity, on account of their perpetual utility, not one ought to be repealed; unless either experience evince it to be useless, or some state of the public affairs render it so; I see, at the same time, that those laws which particular seasons have required, are mortal, (if I may use the term,) and changeable with the times. Those made in peace are generally repealed by war; those made in war, by peace; as in the management of a ship, some implements are useful in good weather, others in bad. As these two kinds are thus distinct in their nature, of which kind does that law appear to be which we now propose to repeal? Is it an ancient law of the kings, coeval with the city itself? Or, what is next to that, was it written in the twelve tables by the decemvirs, appointed to form a code of laws? Is it one, without which our ancestors thought that the honour of the female sex could not be preserved? and, therefore, have we also reason to fear, that, together with it, we should repeal the modesty and chastity of our females? Now, is there a man among you who does not know that this is a new law, passed not more than twenty years ago, in the consulate of Quintus Fabius and Tiberius Sempronius? And as, without

it, our matrons sustained, for such a number of years, the most virtuous characters, what danger is there of their abandoning themselves to luxury on its being repealed? For, if that law had been passed for the purpose of setting a limit to the passions of the sex, there would be reason to fear lest the repeal of it might operate as an incitement to them. But the real reason of its being passed, the time itself will show. Hannibal was then in Italy, victorious at Cannæ: he already held possession of Tarentum, of Arpi, of Capua, and seemed ready to bring up his army to the city of Rome. Our allies had deserted us. We had neither soldiers to fill up the legions, nor seamen to man the fleet, nor money in the treasury. Slaves, who were to be employed as soldiers, were purchased on condition of their price being paid to the owners at the end of the war. The farmers of the revenues had declared, that they would contract to supply corn and other matters, which the exigencies of the war required, to be paid for at the same time. We gave up our slaves to the oar, in numbers proportioned to our properties, and paid them out of our own incomes. All our gold and silver, in imitation of the example given by the senators, we dedicated to the use of the public. Widows and minors lodged their money in the treasury. It was provided by law that we should not keep in our houses more than a certain quantity of wrought gold or silver, or more than a certain sum of coined silver or brass. At such a time as this, were the matrons so eagerly engaged in luxury and dress, that the Oppian law was requisite to repress such practices; when the senate, because the sacrifice of Ceres had been omitted, in consequence of all the matrons being in mourning, ordered the mourning to end in thirty days? Who does not clearly see, that the poverty and distress of the state, requiring that every private person's money should be converted to the use of the public, enacted that law, with intent that it should remain in force so long only as the cause of enacting the law should remain? For if all the decrees of the senate and orders of the people, which were then made to answer the necessities of the times, are to be of perpetual obligation, why do we refund their money to private persons? Why do we contract for public works for ready money? Why are not slaves brought to serve in the army? Why do not we, private subjects, supply rowers as we did then?

7. "Shall, then, every other class of people, every individual, feel the improvement in the condition of the state; and shall our wives alone reap none of the fruits of the public peace and tranquillity? Shall we men have the use of purple, wearing the purple-bordered gown in magistracies and priests' offices? Shall our children wear gowns bordered with purple? Shall we allow the privilege of wearing the toga prætexta to the magistrates of the colonies and borough towns, and to the very lowest of them here at Rome, the superintendents of the streets; and not only of wearing such an ornament of distinction while alive, but of being buried with it when dead; and shall we interdict the use of purple to women alone? And when you, the husband, may wear purple in your great coat, will you not suffer your wife to have a purple mantle? Shall your horse be more splendidly caparisoned than your wife is clothed? But with respect to purple, which will be worn out and consumed, I can see an unjust, indeed, but still a sort of reason, for parsimony; but with respect to gold, in which, excepting the price of the workmanship, there is no waste, what objection can there be? It rather serves as a reserve fund for both public and private exigencies, as you have already experienced. He says there will be no emulation between individuals, when no one is possessed of it. But, in truth, it will be a source of grief and indignation to all, when they see those ornaments allowed to the wives of the Latin confederates of which they themselves have been deprived; when they see those riding through the city in their carriages, and decorated with gold and purple, while they are obliged to follow on foot, as if the seat of empire were in the country of the others, not in their own. This would hurt the feelings even of men, and what do you think must be its effect on those of weak women, whom even trifles can disturb? Neither offices of state, nor of the priesthood, nor triumphs, nor badges of distinction, nor military presents, nor spoils, can fall to their share. Elegance of appearance, and ornaments, and dress, these are the women's badges of distinction; in these they delight and glory; these our ancestors called the women's world. What else do they lay aside when in mourning, except their gold and purple? And what else do they resume when the mourning is over? How do they distinguish themselves on occasion of public thanksgivings and

supplications, but by adding unusual splendour of dress? But then, (it may be said,) if you repeal the Oppian law, should you choose to prohibit any of those particulars which the law at present prohibits, you will not have it in your power; your daughters, wives, and even the sisters of some, will be less under control. The bondage of women is never shaken off without the loss of their friends; and they themselves look with horror on that freedom which is purchased with the condition of the widow or the orphan. Their wish is, that their dress should be under your regulation, not under that of the law; and it ought to be your wish to hold them in control and guardianship, not in bondage; and to prefer the title of father or husband to that of master. The consul just now made use of some invidious terms, calling it a female sedition and secession; because, I suppose, there is danger of their seizing the sacred mount, as formerly the angry plebeians did; or the Aventine. Their feeble nature must submit to whatever you think proper to enjoin; and, the greater power you possess, the more moderate ought you to be in the exercise of your authority."

8. Although all these considerations had been urged against the motion and in its favour, the women next day poured out into public in much greater numbers, and in a body beset the doors of the tribunes who had protested against the measure of their colleagues; nor did they retire until this intervention was withdrawn. There was then no further doubt but that every one of the tribes would vote for the repeal of the law. Thus was this law annulled, in the twentieth year after it had been made.

Item #11

"Sepulchral Inscriptions" and "The Humble Townspeople: From the Walls of Pompeii," in *Roman Civilization*, vol. 2, edited by Naphtali Lewis and Meyer Reinhold (New York: Columbia University Press, 1955), 2: 282-286, 358-360.

72. *Sepulchral Inscriptions*

Both inhumation and cremation were practiced in the Roman Empire. Burials and funerary monuments were protected by law against disturbance. As we have already seen in §§ 70–71, testators frequently included in their wills specific provisions for their funerals and for the upkeep of their tombs. The stipulations most commonly encountered in connection with sepulchres are (1) the property—tomb and site—is retained in the family in perpetuity by a permanent prohibition against alienation; (2) all persons are forbidden to damage the monument; (3) all persons are forbidden to violate the sepulture or place therein the remains of a stranger; (4) specified persons are allowed or forbidden access to the tomb. Tombstones and other memorials of the dead constitute the most numerous category of extant inscriptions, having been found by the thousands in all parts of the Mediterranean world. They tell their mournful story in an infinite variety of ways, some in trite, conventional phrases and some in genuine personal outpourings of love and grief, ranging in length from "the short and simple annals of the poor" to the long and often very flowery memorials of the well-to-do. A few samples follow;

142 That is, four in addition to the three witnesses mentioned above, thus making the requisite seven witnesses (cf. Note 138 above).

these should be read in association with the funerary inscriptions included in §§ 30–31, 66, and 68.

Dessau, No. 7,663

[Pompeii, Italy]

Laturnia Januaria, lime burner, lived 45 years.

CIL, Vol. IX, No. 1,721 (= Dessau, No. 7,668)

[Beneventum, Italy]

Publius Marcius Philodamus, freedman of Publius, plasterer, [built this] for himself and his family. Jucunda, his darling, is buried [here].

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 11,602 (= Dessau, No. 8,402)

[Rome]

Here lies Amymone, wife of Marcus, most good and most beautiful, wool spinner, dutiful, modest, careful, chaste, stay-at-home.

CIL, Vol. XIV, No. 4,827

[Ostia, Italy]

To the spirits of the departed. Gaius Calpenius Hermes built this for himself and his family, and for his freedmen and freedwomen and their descendants, and for Antistia Coetonis, his wife. This place of burial shall not pass to an heir belonging to another family. He built a chamber on the right of the entrance; [placed] sarcophagi on the pavement outside; and opposite [the entrance] and to the left, in two walls, made niches with [funerary] urns and sarcophagi.

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 36,467 (= Dessau, No. 8,184)

[Rome]

To the spirits of the departed. Gaius Tullius Hesper built [this] tomb for himself, where his bones are to be placed. If anyone does violence to them or removes them hence, I wish for him that he may live a long time in bodily pain, and that when he dies the gods below may not receive him.

CIL, Vol. V, No. 952 (= Dessau, No. 8,239)

[Aquileia, Italy]

Marcus Vocusius Crescens, freedman of Marcus, built this in his lifetime for himself and Vocusia Veneria, his very good wife, and Petronius Vocusianus, his son, soldier of the Third Praetorian Cohort, aged 18 years, 3 months, 18 days. If anyone tries to sell, buy, or break

open this repository, then he shall pay a penalty of 20,000 sesterces to the municipality of Aquileia, and the informer shall receive one fourth.

CIL, Vol. XI, No. 137 (= Dessau, No. 1,980)

[Ravenna, Italy]

Gaius Julius Mygdonius, a Parthian by origin, born a freeman, captured when a youth and sold into slavery in Roman territory. When I became a citizen with fate's kind help, I got together a nest egg against the day when I reached fifty. Ever since youth I sought to attain my old age; now receive me gladly, O stone; with you I shall be freed from care.

AE, 1947, No. 187, and 1948, p. 90 (= L. Robert, *Hellenica*, III [Paris, 1946], 119)

[Nicomedia, Bithynia]

You see me a corpse, passers-by. My civilian name [143] was Apollonis, my native town Apamea, but now in [?] the soil of Nicomedia the thread of destiny spun by the Fates holds me fast to the ground. Eight times he won in athletic games, but in the ninth boxing match he met his fated end. Play, laugh, passer-by, knowing that you too must die. His wife Alexandria erected this memorial out of his money as a remembrance. If anyone dares to disturb this monument, he shall pay a fine of 2,500 *denarii* to the fisc.

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 35,887 (= Dessau, No. 8,168)

[Rome]

I lived dear to my family, I gave up my life yet a maiden.
Here I lie dead and I am ashes, and these ashes are earth.
But if the earth is a goddess, I am a goddess, I am not dead.
I beg you, stranger, do not desecrate my bones.
Mus, lived thirteen years.

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 14,672 (= Dessau, No. 8,156), abridged

[Rome]

To the spirits of the departed. To Cerellia Fortunata, dearest wife, with whom he lived forty years without the slightest cause for complaint,[144] Marcus Antonius Encolpus [145] built this. . . .

[143] As opposed to his professional name or nickname.
[144] This is a stock phrase in Latin sepulchral inscriptions (cf. also the following text), so much so that it is frequently reduced to its initials, *s.u.q.* (*sine ulla querela*).
[145] Interestingly enough, both Encolpus and Fortunata are the names of characters in Petronius' *Satyricon*.

Do not pass by this epitaph, wayfarer,
But stop, listen, and learn, then go.
There is no boat in Hades, no ferryman Charon,
No caretaker Aeacus, no Cerberus dog.
All we dead below
Have become bones and ashes, nothing more.
I have spoken you true; go now, wayfarer,
Lest even though dead I seem to you garrulous. . . .

CIL, Vol. XIII, No. 1,983 (= Dessau, No. 8,158)

[Lyons, France]

To the spirits of the departed. To the eternal memory of Blandinia Martiola, most blameless girl, who lived 18 years, 9 months, 5 days, Pompeius Catussa, Sequanian, plasterer, to his wife incomparable and most kind to him, who lived with me 5 years, 6 months, 18 days without any kind of fault, erected this in his lifetime for himself and his wife, and consecrated it while under construction.[146] You who read this, go bathe in the baths of Apollo, as I used to do with my wife—I wish I still could.

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 9,663 (= Dessau, No. 7,518)

[Rome]

To the spirits of the departed. In this tomb lies a lifeless body, whose spirit was received among the gods, for thus he deserved, Lucius Statius Onesimus, merchant of the Appian Way for many years, a man most trustworthy above all men, whose reputation is recorded forever, who lived sixty-eight years, more or less, without blemish. Statia Crescentina, his wife, built this for her well-deserving husband most worthy and deserving, with whom she lived in good accord without dissension.[147]

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 9,792 (= Dessau, No. 7,674)

[Rome]

To the spirits of the departed. You wanted to precede me, most sainted wife, and you have left me behind in tears. If there is anything good in the regions below—as for me, I lead a worthless life without you—be happy there too, sweetest Thalassia, nurse of a *vir clarissimus* and married to me for forty years. Paprius Vitalis, of the painters' craft, her husband, built this for his incomparable wife, himself, and their family.

[146] That is, in order to acquire for it, even while still empty, the religious and legal protection afforded tombs.
[147] Literally, "without hurting one another's feelings," "without getting on each other's nerves."

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 7,579 (= Dessau, No. 8,190)

[Rome]

To the departed spirit of Mevia Sophe. Gaius Maenius Cimber to his most sainted wife and protectress, my heart's desire, who lived with me 18 years, 3 months, 13 days, which I lived with her without cause for complaint. But now I complain to her spirit and demand her back of Dis,[148] or else, [ye gods], give me back to my wife, who lived with me so harmoniously to her dying day. Mevia Sophe, bring it to pass, if the spirits of the departed have any influence, that I need not suffer such a criminal separation any longer. Stranger, so may the earth rest lightly upon you after death as you do no damage here; or if anyone does damage, may the gods above not approve of him and the gods below not receive him, and may the earth rest heavily upon him.

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 18,817 (= Dessau, No. 8,006)

[Rome]

[Tomb of] a sainted cherished soul, sacred to the spirits of the departed. Furia Spes, freedwoman, to Sempronius Firmus, husband most dear to me. As boy and girl we were bound by mutual love at first sight. I lived with him but a very short time, and during the time we should have lived [together] we were separated by an evil hand. I beg of you, most holy spirit of the departed, take good care of my dear one, and please be most kind to him in the hours of the night, so that I may see him and he may wish me too to persuade fate to let me come and be with him tenderly and speedily.

CIL, Vol. VI, No. 18,131 (= Dessau, No. 8,155*a*)

[Rome]

To the spirits of the departed. Titus Flavius Martialis lies here. What I ate and drank is with me here; what I left behind is gone forever.

CIL, Vol. VIII, No. 3,463 (= Dessau, No. 8,162)

[Lambaesis, Africa]

Sacred to the spirits of the departed. To Aurelia Vercella, my wife most sweet, who lived seventeen years, more or less. I was not, I was, I am not, I have no more desires. Anthimus, her husband.

[148] The Roman god of the underworld, counterpart of the Greek Pluto.

93. *The Humble Townspeople: From the Walls of Pompeii*

The house walls of Pompeii facing the streets were usurped not only for election appeals (see Vol. I, p. 430; Vol II, § 84) but for messages and jottings of every kind, from notices of entertainments, market days, properties to let, boldly painted in bright red, to the scribblings and scratchings (*graffiti*) of shoppers, drunkards, lovelorn swains—in short, a kaleidoscope as varied as the pulsating life of the community itself. A few examples are given here to illustrate this vast body of material.

[98] In honor of his election to the presidency of the Lycian League.
[99] The more important acts of municipal legislation were subject to approval by the governor of the province or by the emperor: cf. § 82, and § 95, first selection.
[100] Cf. Chapter II, Note 44.

CIL, Vol. IV, Nos. 3,884, 5,380, 1,679, 64, 1,824, 1,928, 5,372 (= E. Diehl, *Pompeianische Wandinschriften* [Bonn, 1910], Nos. 242, 390, 34, 432, 27, 1, 463), and H. Geist, *Pompeianische Wandinschriften* (Munich, 1936), pp. 98, 58, 74

i

Twenty pairs of gladiators [101] of Decimus Lucretius Satrius Valens, lifetime *flamen* of Nero son of Caesar Augustus, and ten pairs of gladiators of Decimus Lucretius Valens, his son, will fight at Pompeii on April 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. There will be a full card of wild beast combats, and awnings [for the spectators]. Aemilius Celer [painted this sign], all alone in the moonlight.

ii

Market days: Saturday in Pompeii, Sunday in Nuceria, Monday in Atella, Tuesday in Nola, Wednesday in Cumae, Thursday in Puteoli, Friday in Rome.[102]

iii

6th: cheese 1, bread 8, oil 3, wine 3 [103]
7th: bread 8, oil 5, onions 5, bowl 1, bread for the slave[?] 2, wine 2
8th: bread 8, bread for the slave[?] 4, grits 3
9th: wine for the winner 1 *denarius*, bread 8, wine 2, cheese 2
10th: . . . 1 *denarius*, bread 2, for women 8, wheat 1 *denarius*, cucumber 1, dates 1, incense 1, cheese 2, sausage 1, soft cheese 4, oil 7

iv

Pleasure says: "You can get a drink here for an *as*, a better drink for two, Falernian [104] for four.

v

A copper pot is missing from this shop. 65 sesterces reward if anybody brings it back, 20 sesterces if he reveals the thief so we can get our property back.

vi

The weaver Successus loves the inkeeper's slave girl, Iris by name.

[101] Another similar notice speaks of "twenty pairs of gladiators and their replacements."
[102] In Latin the days of the week are called those of Saturn, Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus; cf. their names in the Romance languages.
[103] The initial number is the day of the month, the numbers following the items of food indicate expenditures in *asses*, except where *denarii* are specified.
[104] One of the prized wines of the Italian countryside (named after a district in Campania), best known from the poems of Horace which sing its praises.

She doesn't care for him, but he begs her to take pity on him. Written by his rival. So long.

[Answer by the rival:] Just because you're bursting with envy, don't pick on a handsomer man, a lady-killer and a gallant.

[Answer by the first writer:] There's nothing more to say or write. You love Iris, who doesn't care for you.

vii

Take your lewd looks and flirting eyes off another man's wife, and show some decency on your face!

viii

Anybody in love, come here. I want to break Venus' ribs with a club and cripple the goddess' loins. If she can pierce my tender breast, why can't I break her head with a club?

ix

I write at Love's dictation and Cupid's instruction;
But damn it! I don't want to be a god without you.

x

[A prostitute's sign:] I am yours for 2 *asses* cash.

Item #12

Justin Martyr, "The First Apology," in *Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Translations of the Writings of the Fathers down to A.D. 325*, vol. 2: *Justin Martyr and Athenagoras*, edited by Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1867), 7-17.

München

THE FIRST APOLOGY OF JUSTIN.

CHAP. I.—*Address.*

TO the Emperor Titus Ælius Adrianus Antoninus Pius Augustus Cæsar, and to his son Verissimus the philosopher, and to Lucius the philosopher, the natural son of Cæsar, and the adopted son of Pius, a lover of learning, and to the sacred senate, with the whole people of the Romans, I, Justin, the son of Priscus and grandson of Bacchius, natives of Flavia Neapolis in Palestine, present this address and petition in behalf of those of all nations who are unjustly hated and wantonly abused, myself being one of them.

CHAP. II.—*Justice demanded.*

Reason directs those who are truly pious and philosophical to honour and love only what is true, declining to follow traditional opinions,[1] if these be worthless. For not only does sound reason direct us to refuse the guidance of those who did or taught anything wrong, but it is incumbent on the lover of truth, by all means, and if death be threatened, even before his own life, to choose to do and say what is right. Do you, then, since ye are called pious and philosophers, guardians of justice and lovers of learning, give good heed, and hearken to my address; and if ye are indeed such, it will be manifested. For we have come, not to flatter you by this writing, nor please you by our address, but to beg that you pass judgment, after an accurate and searching investigation, not flattered by prejudice or by a desire of pleasing superstitious men, nor induced by irrational impulse or evil

[1] Literally, "the opinions of the ancients."

rumours which have long been prevalent, to give a decision which will prove to be against yourselves. For as for us, we reckon that no evil can be done us, unless we be convicted as evil-doers, or be proved to be wicked men; and you, you can kill, but not hurt us.

CHAP. III.—*Claim of judicial investigation.*

But lest any one think that this is an unreasonable and reckless utterance, we demand that the charges against the Christians be investigated, and that, if these be substantiated, they be punished as they deserve; [or rather, indeed, we ourselves will punish them.][1] But if no one can convict us of anything, true reason forbids you, for the sake of a wicked rumour, to wrong blameless men, and indeed rather yourselves, who think fit to direct affairs, not by judgment, but by passion. And every sober-minded person will declare this to be the only fair and equitable adjustment, namely, that the subjects render an unexceptionable account of their own life and doctrine; and that, on the other hand, the rulers should give their decision in obedience, not to violence and tyranny, but to piety and philosophy. For thus would both rulers and ruled reap benefit. For even one of the ancients somewhere said, "Unless both rulers and ruled philosophize, it is impossible to make states blessed."[2] It is our task, therefore, to afford to all an opportunity of inspecting our life and teachings, lest, on account of those who are accustomed to be ignorant of our affairs, we should incur the penalty due to them for mental blindness;[3] and it is your business, when you hear us, to be found, as reason demands, good judges. For if, when ye have learnt the truth, you do not what is just, you will be before God without excuse.

[1] Thirlby regarded the clause in brackets as an interpolation. There is considerable variety of opinion as to the exact meaning of the words amongst those who regard them as genuine.

[2] Plat. *Rep.* v. 18.

[3] That is to say, if the Christians refused or neglected to make their real opinions and practices known, they would share the guilt of those whom they thus kept in darkness.

CHAP. IV.—*Christians unjustly condemned for their mere name.*

By the mere application of a name, nothing is decided, either good or evil, apart from the actions implied in the name; and indeed, so far at least as one may judge from the name we are accused of, we are most excellent people.[1] But as we do not think it just to beg to be acquitted on account of the name, if we be convicted as evil-doers, so, on the other hand, if we be found to have committed no offence, either in the matter of thus naming ourselves, or of our conduct as citizens, it is your part very earnestly to guard against incurring just punishment, by unjustly punishing those who are not convicted. For from a name neither praise nor punishment could reasonably spring, unless something excellent or base in action be proved. And those among yourselves who are accused you do not punish before they are convicted; but in our case you receive the name as proof against us, and this although, so far as the name goes, you ought rather to punish our accusers. For we are accused of being Christians, and to hate what is *excellent* (Chrestian) is unjust. Again, if any of the accused deny the name, and say that he is not a Christian, you acquit him, as having no evidence against him as a wrong-doer; but if any one acknowledge that he is a Christian, you punish him on account of this acknowledgment. Justice requires that you inquire into the life both of him who confesses and of him who denies, that by his deeds it may be apparent what kind of man each is. For as some who have been taught by the Master, Christ, not to deny Him, give encouragement to others when they are put to the question, so in all probability do those who lead wicked lives give occasion to those who, without consideration, take upon them to accuse all the Christians of impiety and wickedness. And this also is not right. For of philosophy, too, some

[1] Justin avails himself here of the similarity in sound of the words Χριστὸς (Christ) and χρηστὸς (good, worthy, excellent). The play upon these words is kept up throughout this paragraph, and cannot be always represented to the English reader.

assume the name and the garb who do nothing worthy of their profession; and you are well aware, that those of the ancients whose opinions and teachings were quite diverse, are yet all called by the one name of philosophers. And of these some taught atheism; and the poets who have flourished among you raise a laugh out of the uncleanness of Jupiter with his own children. And those who now adopt such instruction are not restrained by you; but, on the contrary, you bestow prizes and honours upon those who euphoniously insult the gods.

CHAP. V.—*Christians charged with atheism.*

Why, then, should this be? In our case, who pledge ourselves to do no wickedness, nor to hold these atheistic opinions, you do not examine the charges made against us; but, yielding to unreasoning passion, and to the instigation of evil demons, you punish us without consideration or judgment. For the truth shall be spoken; since of old these evil demons, effecting apparitions of themselves, both defiled women and corrupted boys, and showed such fearful sights to men, that those who did not use their reason in judging of the actions that were done, were struck with terror; and being carried away by fear, and not knowing that these were demons, they called them gods, and gave to each the name which each of the demons chose for himself. And when Socrates endeavoured, by true reason and examination, to bring these things to light, and deliver men from the demons, then the demons themselves, by means of men who rejoiced in iniquity, compassed his death, as an atheist and a profane person, on the charge that "he was introducing new divinities;" and in our case they display a similar activity. For not only among the Greeks did reason (Logos) prevail to condemn these things through Socrates, but also among the Barbarians were they condemned by Reason (or the Word, the Logos) Himself, who took shape, and became man, and was called Jesus Christ; and in obedience to Him, we not only deny that they who did such things as these are

gods,[1] but assert that they are wicked and impious demons,[1] whose actions will not bear comparison with those even of men desirous of virtue.

CHAP. VI.—*Charge of atheism refuted.*

Hence are we called atheists. And we confess that we are atheists, so far as gods of this sort are concerned, but not with respect to the most true God, the Father of righteousness and temperance and the other virtues, who is free from all impurity. But both Him, and the Son who came forth from Him and taught us these things, and the host of the other good angels who follow and are made like to Him,[2] and the prophetic Spirit, we worship and adore, knowing them in reason and truth, and declaring without grudging to every one who wishes to learn, as we have been taught.

CHAP. VII.—*Each Christian must be tried by his own life.*

But some one will say, Some have ere now been arrested and convicted as evil-doers. For you condemn many, many a time, after inquiring into the life of each of the accused severally, but not on account of those of whom we have been

[1] The word δαίμων means in Greek a god, but the Christians used the word to signify an evil spirit. Justin uses the same word here for god and demon. The connection which Justin and other Christian writers supposed to exist between evil spirits and the gods of the heathens will be apparent from Justin's own statements. The word διάβολος, devil, is not applied to these demons. There is but one devil, but many demons.

[2] This is the literal and obvious translation of Justin's words. But from c. 13, 16, and 61, it is evident that he did not desire to inculcate the worship of angels. We are therefore driven to adopt another translation of this passage, even though it be somewhat harsh. Two such translations have been proposed: the first connecting "us" and "the host of the other good angels" as the common object of the verb "taught;" the second connecting "these things" with "the host of," etc., and making these two together the subject taught. In the first case the translation would stand, "taught these things to us and to the host," etc.; in the second case the translation would be, "taught us about these things, and about the host of the others who follow Him, viz. the good angels."

speaking.[1] And this we acknowledge, that as among the Greeks those who teach such theories as please themselves are all called by the one name "Philosopher," though their doctrines be diverse, so also among the Barbarians this name on which accusations are accumulated is the common property of those who are and those who seem wise. For all are called Christians. Wherefore we demand that the deeds of all those who are accused to you be judged, in order that each one who is convicted may be punished as an evil-doer, and not as a Christian; and if it is clear that any one is blameless, that he may be acquitted, since by the mere fact of his being a Christian he does no wrong.[2] For we will not require that you punish our accusers;[3] they being sufficiently punished by their present wickedness and ignorance of what is right.

CHAP. VIII.—*Christians confess their faith in God.*

And reckon ye that it is for your sakes we have been saying these things; for it is in our power, when we are examined, to deny that we are Christians; but we would not live by telling a lie. For, impelled by the desire of the eternal and pure life, we seek the abode that is with God, the Father and Creator of all, and hasten to confess our faith, persuaded and convinced as we are that they who have proved to God[4] by their works that they followed Him, and loved to abide with Him where there is no sin to cause disturbance, can obtain these things. This, then, to speak shortly, is what we expect and have learned from Christ, and teach. And Plato, in like manner, used to say that Rhadamanthus and Minos would punish the wicked who came before them; and we say that the same thing will be done, but at the hand of Christ, and upon the wicked in the same bodies united again to their spirits which are now to

[1] *i.e.* according to Otto, "not on account of the sincere Christians of whom we have been speaking." According to Trollope, "not on account of (or at the instigation of) the demons before mentioned."

[2] Or, "as a Christian who has done no wrong."

[3] Compare the Rescript of Adrian appended to this Apology.

[4] Literally, "persuaded God."

undergo everlasting punishment; and not only, as Plato said, for a period of a thousand years. And if any one say that this is incredible or impossible, this error of ours is one which concerns ourselves only, and no other person, so long as you cannot convict us of doing any harm.

CHAP. IX.—*Folly of idol worship.*

And neither do we honour with many sacrifices and garlands of flowers such deities as men have formed and set in shrines and called gods; since we see that these are soulless and dead, and have not the form of God (for we do not consider that God has such a form as some say that they imitate to His honour), but have the names and forms of those wicked demons which have appeared. For why need we tell you who already know, into what forms the craftsmen, carving and cutting, casting and hammering, fashion the materials? And often out of vessels of dishonour, by merely changing the form, and making an image of the requisite shape, they make what they call a god; which we consider not only senseless, but to be even insulting to God, who, having ineffable glory and form, thus gets His name attached to things that are corruptible, and require constant service. And that the artificers of these are both intemperate, and, not to enter into particulars, are practised in every vice, you very well know; even their own girls who work along with them they corrupt. What infatuation! that dissolute men should be said to fashion and make gods for your worship, and that you should appoint such men the guardians of the temples where they are enshrined; not recognising that it is unlawful even to think or say that men are the guardians of gods.

CHAP. X.—*How God is to be served.*

But we have received by tradition that God does not need the material offerings which men can give, seeing, indeed, that He Himself is the provider of all things. And we have been taught, and are convinced, and do believe, that He accepts those only who imitate the excellences which reside in Him, temperance, and justice, and philanthropy, and as

many virtues as are peculiar to a God who is called by no proper name. And we have been taught that He in the beginning did of His goodness, for man's sake, create all things out of unformed matter; and if men by their works show themselves worthy of this His design, they are deemed worthy, and so we have received—of reigning in company with Him, being delivered from corruption and suffering. For as in the beginning He created us when we were not, so do we consider that, in like manner, those who choose what is pleasing to Him are, on account of their choice, deemed worthy of incorruption and of fellowship with Him. For the coming into being at first was not in our own power; and in order that we may follow those things which please Him, choosing them by means of the rational faculties He has Himself endowed us with, He both persuades us and leads us to faith. And we think it for the advantage of all men that they are not restrained from learning these things, but are even urged thereto. For the restraint which human laws could not effect, the Word, inasmuch as He is divine, would have effected, had not the wicked demons, taking as their ally the lust of wickedness which is in every man, and which draws variously to all manner of vice, scattered many false and profane accusations, none of which attach to us.

CHAP. XI.—*What kingdom Christians look for.*

And when you hear that we look for a kingdom, you suppose, without making any inquiry, that we speak of a human kingdom; whereas we speak of that which is with God, as appears also from the confession of their faith made by those who are charged with being Christians, though they know that death is the punishment awarded to him who so confesses. For if we looked for a human kingdom, we should also deny our Christ, that we might not be slain; and we should strive to escape detection, that we might obtain what we expect. But since our thoughts are not fixed on the present, we are not concerned when men cut us off; since also death is a debt which must at all events be paid.

CHAP. XII.—*Christians live as under God's eye.*

And more than all other men are we your helpers and allies in promoting peace, seeing that we hold this view, that it is alike impossible for the wicked, the covetous, the conspirator, and for the virtuous, to escape the notice of God, and that each man goes to everlasting punishment or salvation according to the value of his actions. For if all men knew this, no one would choose wickedness even for a little, knowing that he goes to the everlasting punishment of fire; but would by all means restrain himself, and adorn himself with virtue, that he might obtain the good gifts of God, and escape the punishments. For those who, on account of the laws and punishments you impose, endeavour to escape detection when they offend (and they offend, too, under the impression that it is quite possible to escape your detection, since you are but men), those persons, if they learned and were convinced that nothing, whether actually done or only intended, can escape the knowledge of God, would by all means live decently on account of the penalties threatened, as even you yourselves will admit. But you seem to fear lest all men become righteous, and you no longer have any to punish. Such would be the concern of public executioners, but not of good princes. But, as we before said, we are persuaded that these things are prompted by evil spirits, who demand sacrifices and service even from those who live unreasonably; but as for you, we presume that you who aim at [a reputation for] piety and philosophy will do nothing unreasonable. But if you also, like the foolish, prefer custom to truth, do what you have power to do. But just so much power have rulers who esteem opinion more than truth, as robbers have in a desert. And that you will not succeed is declared by the Word, than whom, after God who begat Him, we know there is no ruler more kingly and just. For as all shrink from succeeding to the poverty or sufferings or obscurity of their fathers, so whatever the Word forbids us to choose, the sensible man will not choose. That all these things should come to pass, I say, our Teacher foretold, He who is

both Son and Apostle of God the Father of all and the Ruler, Jesus Christ; from whom also we have the name of Christians. Whence we become more assured of all the things He taught us, since whatever He beforehand foretold should come to pass, is seen in fact coming to pass; and this is the work of God, to tell of a thing before it happens, and as it was foretold so to show it happening. It were possible to pause here and add no more, reckoning that we demand what is just and true; but because we are well aware that it is not easy suddenly to change a mind possessed by ignorance, we intend to add a few things, for the sake of persuading those who love the truth, knowing that it is not impossible to put ignorance to flight by presenting the truth.

CHAP. XIII.—*Christians serve God rationally.*

What sober-minded man, then, will not acknowledge that we are not atheists, worshipping as we do the Maker of this universe, and declaring, as we have been taught, that He has no need of streams of blood and libations and incense; whom we praise to the utmost of our power by the exercise of prayer and thanksgiving for all things wherewith we are supplied, as we have been taught that the only honour that is worthy of Him is not to consume by fire what He has brought into being for our sustenance, but to use it for ourselves and those who need, and with gratitude to Him to offer thanks by invocations and hymns[1] for our creation, and for all the means of health, and for the various qualities of the different kinds of things, and for the changes of the seasons; and to present before Him petitions for our existing again in incorruption through faith in Him. Our teacher of these things is Jesus Christ, who also was born for this purpose, and was crucified under Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judæa, in the times of Tiberius Cæsar; and that we reasonably worship Him, having

[1] πομπὰς καὶ ὕμνους. "Grabe, and it should seem correctly, understands πομπὰς to be *solemn prayers*. . . . He also remarks, that the ὕμνοι were either psalms of David, or some of those psalms and songs made by the primitive Christians, which are mentioned in Eusebius, *H. E.* v. 28."—TROLLOPE.

learned that He is the Son of the true God Himself, and holding Him in the second place, and the prophetic Spirit in the third, we will prove. For they proclaim our madness to consist in this, that we give to a crucified man a place second to the unchangeable and eternal God, the Creator of all; for they do not discern the mystery that is herein, to which, as we make it plain to you, we pray you to give heed.

CHAP. XIV.—*The demons misrepresent Christian doctrine.*

For we forewarn you to be on your guard, lest those demons whom we have been accusing should deceive you, and quite divert you from reading and understanding what we say. For they strive to hold you their slaves and servants; and sometimes by appearances in dreams, and sometimes by magical impositions, they subdue all who make no strong opposing effort for their own salvation. And thus do we also, since our persuasion by the Word, stand aloof from them (*i.e.* the demons), and follow the only unbegotten God through His Son—we who formerly delighted in fornication, but now embrace chastity alone; we who formerly used magical arts, dedicate ourselves to the good and unbegotten God; we who valued above all things the acquisition of wealth and possessions, now bring what we have into a common stock, and communicate to every one in need; we who hated and destroyed one another, and on account of their different manners would not live[1] with men of a different tribe, now, since the coming of Christ, live familiarly with them, and pray for our enemies, and endeavour to persuade those who hate us unjustly to live conformably to the good precepts of Christ, to the end that they may become partakers with us of the same joyful hope of a reward from God the ruler of all. But lest we should seem to be reasoning sophistically, we consider it right, before giving you the promised[2] explanation, to cite a few precepts given by Christ Himself. And be it yours, as powerful rulers, to inquire whether we have been taught and do teach these things truly.

[1] Literally, "would not use the same hearth or fire."

[2] See the end of chap. xiii.

Item #13

Pliny, "Letter to Trajan" in *Pliny's Letters*, edited by Alfred Church and W.J. Brodribb (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, New York: John B. Alden Publisher, 1872), 152-155.

PLINY TO THE EMPEROR.*

"It is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful. Who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charge against them, or what is the usual punishment. Whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years—whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon—whether the very profession of Christianity, unaccompanied by any criminal act, or whether only the crime itself involved in the profession, is a subject of punishment; on all these points I am in great doubt. Meanwhile, as to those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following method. I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice, and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished. I could not doubt that whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me, possessed with the same infatuation, who were Roman citizens; these I took care should be sent to Rome. As often happens, the accusation spread, from being followed, and various phases of it came under my notice. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a great number of names. Some said they neither were and

* Epist. x. 97, 98.

never had been Christians; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and offered wine and incense before your statue (which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these acts. These I thought ought to be discharged. Some among them, who were accused by a witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned that they had once been Christians, but had now (some above three years, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced the profession. They all worshipped your statue and those of the gods, and uttered imprecations against the name of Christ. They declared that their offence or crime was summed up in this, that they met on a stated day before daybreak, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their word, or to deny a trust when called on to deliver it up: after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, and to eat together a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the proclamation of my edict, by which, according to your command, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. In consequence of their declaration, I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could

discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you. It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes. The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities, it has spread into the villages and the country. Still I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples which were almost abandoned again begin to be frequented, and the sacred rites, so long neglected, are revived, and there is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who repent of their error."

The following is the Emperor's reply :—

TRAJAN TO PLINY.

"You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offence is proved, you must punish them, but with this restriction, that when the person denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned,

notwithstanding any former suspicion against him. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age."

Pliny remained in his province two years, and then returned to Rome.

Item #14

"The Passion of the Holy Martyrs Perpetua and Felicitas," in *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, vol 3: *Latin Christianity: Its Founder, Tertullian*, eds. Alexander Roberts, James Donaldson, and A. Cleveland Cox (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1903), 699-706.

THE PASSION OF THE HOLY MARTYRS PERPETUA AND FELICITAS.

PREFACE.[1]

If ancient illustrations of faith which both testify to God's grace and tend to man's edification are collected in writing, so that by the perusal of them, as if by the reproduction of the facts, as well God may be honoured, as man may be strengthened; why should not new instances be also collected, that shall be equally suitable for both purposes,—if only on the ground that these modern examples will one day become ancient and available for posterity, although in their present time they are esteemed of less authority, by reason of the presumed veneration for antiquity? But let men look to it, if they judge the power of the Holy Spirit to be one, according to the times and seasons; since some things of later date must be esteemed of more account as being nearer to the very last times, in accordance with the exuberance of grace manifested to the final periods determined for the world. For "in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and their sons and their daughters shall prophesy. And upon my servants and my handmaidens will I pour out of my Spirit; and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."[2] And thus we—who both acknowledge and reverence, even as we do the prophecies, modern visions as equally promised to us, and consider the other powers of the Holy Spirit as an agency of the Church for which also He was sent, administering all gifts in all, even as the Lord distributed to every one[3] as well needfully collect them in writing, as commemorate them in reading to God's glory; that so no weakness or despondency of faith may suppose that the divine grace abode only among the ancients, whether in respect of the condescension that raised up martyrs, or that gave revelations; since God always carries into effect what He has promised, for a testimony to unbelievers, to believers for a benefit. And we therefore, what we have heard and handled, declare also to you, brethren and little children, that as well you who were concerned in these matters may be reminded of them again to the glory of the Lord, as that you who know them by report may have communion with the blessed martyrs, and through them with the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and honour, for ever and ever.[4] Amen.

CHAP. I.—ARGUMENT.—WHEN THE SAINTS WERE APPREHENDED, ST. PERPETUA SUCCESSFULLY RESISTED HER FATHER'S PLEADING, WAS BAPTIZED WITH THE OTHERS, WAS THRUST INTO A FILTHY DUNGEON. ANXIOUS ABOUT HER INFANT, BY A VISION GRANTED TO HER, SHE UNDERSTOOD THAT HER MARTYRDOM WOULD TAKE PLACE VERY SHORTLY.

1. The young catechumens, Revocatus and his fellow-servant Felicitas, Saturninus and Secundulus, were apprehended. And among them also was Vivia Perpetua, respectably born, liberally educated, a married matron, having a father and mother and two brothers, one of whom, like herself, was a catechumen, and a son an infant at the breast. She herself was about twenty-two years of age. From this point onward she shall herself narrate the whole course of her martyrdom, as she left it described by her own hand and with her own mind.

2. "While," says she, "we were still with the persecutors, and my father, for the sake of his affection for me, was persisting in seeking to turn me away, and to cast me down from the faith,—'Father,' said I, 'do you see, let us say, this vessel lying here to be a little pitcher, or something else?' And he said, 'I see it to be so.' And I replied to him, 'Can it be called by any other name than what it

[1] [Both Perpetua and Felicitas were evidently Montanistic in character and impressions, but, the fact that they have never been reputed other than Catholic, goes far to explain Tertullian's position for years after he had withdrawn from communion with the vacillating Victor.]

[2] Joel ii. 28, 29. [The quotation here is a note of Montanistic prepossessions in the writer.]

[3] [Routh notes this as undoubted evidence of a Montanistic author. *Reliquiæ*, Vol. I. p. 455.]

[4] [St. Augustine takes pains to remind us that these *Acta* are not canonical. *De Anima*, cap. 2, opp. Tom. x. p. 481.]

is?' And he said, 'No.' 'Neither can I call myself anything else than what I am, a Christian.' Then my father, provoked at this saying, threw himself upon me, as if he would tear my eyes out. But he only distressed me, and went away overcome by the devil's arguments. Then, in a few days after I had been without my father, I gave thanks to the Lord; and his absence became a source of consolation[1] to me. In that same interval of a few days we were baptized, and to me the Spirit prescribed that in the water *of baptism* nothing else was to be sought for than bodily endurance.[2] After a few days we are taken into the dungeon, and I was very much afraid, because I had never felt such darkness. O terrible day! O the fierce heat of the shock of the soldiery, because of the crowds! I was very unusually distressed by my anxiety for my infant. There were present there Tertius and Pomponius, the blessed deacons who ministered to us, and had arranged by means of a gratuity that we might be refreshed by being sent out for a few hours into a pleasanter part of the prison. Then going out of the dungeon, all attended to their own wants.[3] I suckled my child, which was now enfeebled with hunger. In my anxiety for it, I addressed my mother and comforted my brother, and commended to their care my son. I was languishing because I had seen them languishing on my account. Such solicitude I suffered for many days, and I obtained leave for my infant to remain in the dungeon with me; and forthwith I grew strong and was relieved from distress and anxiety about my infant; and the dungeon became to me as it were a palace, so that I preferred being there to being elsewhere.

3. "Then my brother said to me, 'My dear sister, you are already in a position of great dignity, and are such that you may ask for a vision, and that it may be made known to you whether this is to result in a passion or an escape.'[4] And I, who knew that I was privileged to converse with the Lord, whose kindnesses I had found to be so great, boldly promised him, and said, 'To-morrow I will tell you.' And I asked, and this was what was shown me. I saw a golden ladder of marvellous height, reaching up even to heaven, and very narrow, so that persons could only ascend it one by one; and on the sides of the ladder was fixed every kind of iron weapon. There were there swords, lances, hooks, daggers; so that if any one went up carelessly, or not looking upwards, he would be torn to pieces, and his flesh would cleave to the iron weapons. And under the ladder itself was crouching a dragon of wonderful size, who lay in wait for those who ascended, and frightened them from the ascent. And Saturus went up first, who had subsequently delivered himself up freely on our account, not having been present at the time that we were taken prisoners. And he attained the top of the ladder, and turned towards me, and said to me, 'Perpetua, I am waiting for[5] you; but be careful that the dragon do not bite you.' And I said, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall not hurt me.' And from under the ladder itself, as if in fear of me, he slowly lifted up his head; and as I trod upon the first step, I trod upon his head. And I went up, and I saw an immense extent of garden, and in the midst of the garden a white-haired man sitting in the dress of a shepherd,[6] of a large stature, milking sheep; and standing around were many thousand white-robed ones. And he raised his head, and looked upon me, and said to me, 'Thou art welcome, daughter.' And he called me, and from the cheese as he was milking he gave me as it were a little cake, and I received it with folded hands; and I ate it, and all who stood around said Amen. And at the sound of their voices I was awakened, still tasting a sweetness which I cannot describe. And I immediately related this to my brother, and we understood that it was to be a passion, and we ceased henceforth to have any hope in this world.

CHAP. II.—ARGUMENT. PERPETUA, WHEN BESIEGED BY HER FATHER, COMFORTS HIM. WHEN LED WITH OTHERS TO THE TRIBUNAL, SHE AVOWS HERSELF A CHRISTIAN, AND IS CONDEMNED WITH THE REST TO THE WILD BEASTS. SHE PRAYS FOR HER BROTHER DINOCRATES, WHO WAS DEAD.

1. "After a few days there prevailed a report that we should be heard. And then my father came to me from the city, worn out with anxiety. He came up to me, that he might cast me down, saying, 'Have pity my daughter, on my grey hairs. Have pity on your father, if I am worthy to be called a father by you. If with these hands I have brought you up to this flower of your age, if I have preferred you to all your brothers, do not deliver me up to the scorn of men. Have regard to your brothers, have regard to your mother and your aunt, have regard to your son, who will not be able to live after you.

1 "Refrigeravit," Græce *ἀνέπαυσεν*, *scil.* "requiem dedit."
2 i. e. the grace of martyrdom.
3 Sibi vacabant.
4 Commeatus.
5 "Sustineo," Græce *ὑπομένω*, *scil.* "exspecto."
6 This was an ordinary mode of picturing our Lord in the oratories and on the sacred vessels of those days. [This passage will recall the allegory of Hermas, with which the martyr was doubtless familiar.]

Lay aside your courage, and do not bring us all to destruction; for none of us will speak in freedom if you should suffer anything.' These things said my father in his affection, kissing my hands, and throwing himself at my feet; and with tears he called me not Daughter, but Lady. And I grieved over the grey hairs of my father, that he alone of all my family would not rejoice over my passion. And I comforted him, saying, 'On that scaffold[1] whatever God wills shall happen. For know that we are not placed in our own power, but in that of God.' And he departed from me in sorrrow.

2. "Another day, while we were at dinner, we were suddenly taken away to be heard, and we arrived at the town-hall. At once the rumour spread through the neighbourhood of the public place, and an immense number of people were gathered together. We mount the platform. The rest were interrogated, and confessed. Then they came to me, and my father immediately appeared with my boy, and withdrew me from the step, and said in a supplicating tone, 'Have pity on your babe.' And Hilarianus the procurator, who had just received the power of life and death in the place of the proconsul Minucius Timinianus, who was deceased, said, 'Spare the grey hairs of your father, spare the infancy of your boy, offer sacrifice for the well-being of the emperors.' And I replied, 'I will not do so.' Hilarianus said, 'Are you a Christian?' And I replied, 'I am a Christian.' And as my father stood there to cast me down *from the faith*, he was ordered by Hilarianus to be thrown down, and was beaten with rods. And my father's misfortune grieved me as if I myself had been beaten, I so grieved for his wretched old age.[2] The procurator then delivers judgment on all of us, and condemns us to the wild beasts, and we went down cheerfully to the dungeon. Then, because my child had been used to receive suck from me, and to stay with me in the prison, I send Pomponius the deacon to my father to ask for the infant, but my father would not give it him. And even as God willed it, the child no long desired the breast, nor did my breast cause me uneasiness, lest I should be tormented by care for my babe and by the pain of my breasts at once.

3. "After a few days, whilst we were all praying, on a sudden, in the middle of our prayer, there came to me a word, and I named Dinocrates; and I was amazed that that name had never come into my mind until then, and I was grieved as I remembered his misfortune. And I felt myself immediately to be worthy, and to be called on to ask on his behalf.[3] And for him I began earnestly to make supplication, and to cry with groaning to the Lord. Without delay, on that very night, this was shown to me in a vision.[4] I saw Dinocrates going out from a gloomy place, where also there were several others, and he was parched and very thirsty, with a filthy countenance and pallid colour, and the wound on his face which he had when he died. This Dinocrates had been my brother after the flesh, seven years of age,[5] who died miserably with disease—his face being so eaten out with cancer, that his death caused repugnance to all men. For him I had made my prayer, and between him and me there was a large interval,[6] so that neither of us could approach to the other. And moreover, in the same place where Dinocrates was, there was a pool full of water, having its brink higher than was the stature of the boy; and Dinocrates raised himself up as if to drink. And I was grieved that, although that pool held water, still, on account of the height to its brink, he could not drink. And I was aroused, and knew that my brother was in suffering. But I trusted that my prayer would bring help to his suffering; and I prayed for him every day until we passed over into the prison of the camp, for we were to fight in the camp-show. Then was the birth-day of Geta Cæsar, and I made my prayer for my brother day and night, groaning and weeping that he might be granted to me.

4. "Then, on the day on which we remained in fetters,[7] this was shown to me. I saw that that place which I had formerly observed to be in gloom was now bright; and Dinocrates, with a clean body well clad, was finding refreshment. And where there had been a

[1] "Catasta," a raised platform on which the martyrs were placed either for trial or torture.

[2] [St. August. opp. iv. 541.]

[3] [The story in 2 Maccab. xii. 40–45, is there narrated as a thought suggested to the soldiers under Judas, and not discouraged by him, though it concerned men guilty of idolatry and dying in mortal sin, by the vengeance of God. It may have occurred to early Christians that their heathen kindred might, therefore, not be beyond the visitations of the Divine compassion. But, obviously, even were it not an Apocryphal text, it can have no bearing whatever on the case of Christians. The doctrine of Purgatory is that nobody dying in mortal sin can have the benefit of its discipline, or any share in the prayers and oblations of the Faithful, whatever.]

[4] "Oromate." [This vision, it must be observed, has nothing to do with prayers for the *Christian* dead, for this brother of Perpetua was a heathen child whom she supposed to be in the *Inferi*. It illustrates the anxieties Christians felt for those of their kindred who had not died in the Lord; even for children of seven years of age. Could the gulf be bridged and they received into Abraham's bosom? This dream of Perpetua comforted her with a trust that so it should be. Of course this story has been used fraudulently, to help a system of which these times knew nothing. Cyprian says expressly: "Apud Inferos confessio non est, nec exomologesis *illic fieri* potest." *Epistola lii.* p. 98. Opp. Paris, 1574. In the Edinburgh series (translations) this epistle is numbered 51, and elsewhere 54.]

[5] [There is not the slightest reason to suppose that this child had been baptized: the father a heathen and Perpetua herself a recent catechumen. Elucidation.]

[6] "Diadema," or rather "diastema." [Borrowed from Luke xvi. 26. But that gulf could not be passed according to the evangelist.]

[7] "Nervo."

wound, I saw a scar; and that pool which I had before seen, *I saw now* with its margin lowered even to the boy's navel. And one drew water from the pool incessantly, and upon its brink was a goblet filled with water; and Dinocrates drew near and began to drink from it, and the goblet did not fail. And when he was satisfied, he went away from the water to play joyously, after the manner of children, and I awoke. Then I understood that he was translated from the place of punishment.

CHAP. III.—ARGUMENT. PERPETUA IS AGAIN TEMPTED BY HER FATHER. HER THIRD VISION, WHEREIN SHE IS LED AWAY TO STRUGGLE AGAINST AN EGYPTIAN. SHE FIGHTS, CONQUERS, AND RECEIVES THE REWARD.

1. "Again, after a few days, Pudens, a soldier, an assistant overseer[1] of the prison, who began to regard us in great esteem, perceiving that the great power of God was in us, admitted many brethren to see us, that both we and they might be mutually refreshed. And when the day of the exhibition drew near, my father, worn with suffering, came in to me, and began to tear out his beard, and to throw himself on the earth, and to cast himself down on his face, and to reproach his years, and to utter such words as might move all creation. I grieved for his unhappy old age.[2]

2. "The day before that on which we were to fight, I saw in a vision that Pomponius the deacon came hither to the gate of the prison, and knocked vehemently. I went out to him, and opened the gate for him; and he was clothed in a richly ornamented white robe, and he had on manifold calliculæ.[3] And he said to me, 'Perpetua, we are waiting for you; come!' And he held his hand to me, and we began to go through rough and winding places. Scarcely at length had we arrived breathless at the amphitheatre, when he led me into the middle of the arena, and said to me, 'Do not fear, I am here with you, and I am labouring with you;' and he departed. And I gazed upon an immense assembly in astonishment. And because I knew that I was given to the wild beasts, I marvelled that the wild beasts were not let loose upon me. Then there came forth against me a certain Egyptian, horrible in appearance, with his backers, to fight with me. And there came to me, as my helpers and encouragers, handsome youths; and I was stripped, and became a man.[4] Then my helpers began to rub me with oil, as is the custom for contest; and I beheld that Egyptian on the other hand rolling in the dust.[5] And a certain man came forth, of wondrous height, so that he even overtopped the top of the amphitheatre; and he wore a loose tunic and a purple robe between two bands over the middle of the breast; and he had on *calliculæ* of varied form, made of gold and silver; and he carried a rod, as if he were a trainer of gladiators, and a green branch upon which were apples of gold. And he called for silence, and said, 'This Egyptian, if he should overcome this woman, shall kill her with the sword; and if she shall conquer him, she shall receive this branch.' Then he departed. And we drew near to one another, and began to deal out blows. He sought to lay hold of my feet, while I struck at his face with my heels; and I was lifted up in the air, and began thus to thrust at him as if spurning the earth. But when I saw that there was some delay I joined my hands so as to twine my fingers with one another; and I took hold upon his head, and he fell on his face, and I trod upon his head.[6] And the people began to shout, and my backers to exult. And I drew near to the trainer and took the branch; and he kissed me, and said to me, 'Daughter, peace be with you:' and I began to go gloriously to the Sanavivarian gate.[7] Then I awoke, and perceived that I was not to fight with beasts, but against the devil. Still I knew that the victory was awaiting me. This, so far, I have completed several days before the exhibition; but what passed at the exhibition itself let who will write."

CHAP. IV.—ARGUMENT. SATURUS, IN A VISION, AND PERPETUA BEING CARRIED BY ANGELS INTO THE GREAT LIGHT, BEHOLD THE MARTYRS. BEING BROUGHT TO THE THRONE OF GOD, ARE RECEIVED WITH A KISS. THEY RECONCILE OPTATUS THE BISHOP AND ASPASIUS THE PRESBYTER.

1. Moreover, also, the blessed Saturus related this his vision, which he himself committed to writing:—"We had suffered," says he, "and we were gone forth from the flesh, and we were beginning to be borne by four angels into the east; and their hands touched

[1] Optio.

[2] [St. Aug. Opp. Tom. v. p. 1284.]

[3] It seems uncertain what may be the meaning of this word. It is variously supposed to signify little round ornaments either of cloth or metal attached to the soldier's dress, or the small bells on the priestly robe. Some also read the word *gallicula*, small sandals.

[4] [Concerning these visions, see Augustine, *De Anima*, cap. xviii. *et seq.*]

[5] "Afa" is the Greek word ἀφή, *a grip;* hence used of the yellow sand sprinkled over wrestlers, to enable them to grasp one another.

[6] [Ps. xliv. 5. Also lx. 12. xci. 13, cviii. 13.]

[7] This was the way by which the victims spared by the popular clemency escaped from the amphitheatre.

us not. And we floated not supine, looking upwards, but as if ascending a gentle slope. And being set free, we at length saw the first boundless light; and I said, 'Perpetua' (for she was at my side), 'this is what the Lord promised to us; we have received the promise.' And while we are borne by those same four angels, there appears to us a vast space which was like a pleasure-garden, having rose-trees and every kind of flower. And the height of the trees was after the measure of a cypress, and their leaves were falling[1] incessantly. Moreover, there in the pleasure-garden four other angels appeared, brighter than the previous ones, who, when they saw us, gave us honour, and said to the rest of the angels, 'Here they are! Here they are!' with admiration. And those four angels who bore us, being greatly afraid, put us down; and we passed over on foot the space of a furlong in a broad path. There we found Jocundus and Saturninus and Artaxius, who having suffered the same persecution were burnt alive; and Quintus, who also himself a martyr had departed in the prison. And we asked of them where the rest were. And the angels said to us, 'Come first, enter and greet your Lord.'

2. "And we came near to a place, the walls of which were such as if they were built of light; and before the gate of that place stood four angels, who clothed those who entered with white robes. And being clothed, we entered and saw the boundless light, and heard the united voice of some who said without ceasing, 'Holy! Holy! Holy!'[2] And in the midst of that place we saw as it were a hoary man sitting, having snow-white hair, and with a youthful countenance; and his feet we saw not. And on his right hand and on his left were four-and-twenty elders, and behind them a great many others were standing. We entered with great wonder, and stood before the throne; and the four angels raised us up, and we kissed Him, and He passed His hand over our face. And the rest of the elders said to us, 'Let us stand;' and we stood and made peace. And the elders said to us, 'Go and enjoy.' And I said, 'Perpetua, you have what you wish.' And she said to me, 'Thanks be to God, that joyous as I was in the flesh, I am now more joyous here.'

3. "And we went forth, and saw before the entrance Optatus the bishop at the right hand, and Aspasius the presbyter, a teacher,[3] at the left hand, separate and sad; and they cast themselves at our feet, and said to us, 'Restore peace between us, because you have gone forth and have left us thus.' And we said to them, 'Art not thou our father, and thou our presbyter, that you should cast yourselves at our feet?" And we prostrated ourselves, and we embraced them; and Perpetua began to speak with them, and we drew them apart in the pleasure-garden under a rose-tree. And while we were speaking with them, the angels said unto them, 'Let them alone, that they may refresh themselves;[4] and if you have any dissensions between you, forgive one another.' And they drove them away. And they said to Optatus, 'Rebuke thy people, because they assemble to you as if returning from the circus, and contending about factious matters.' And then it seemed to us as if they would shut the doors. And in that place we began to recognise many brethren, and moreover martyrs. We were all nourished with an indescribable odour, which satisfied us. Then, I joyously awoke."

CHAP. V.—ARGUMENT. SECUNDULUS DIES IN THE PRISON. FELICITAS IS PREGNANT, BUT WITH MANY PRAYERS SHE BRINGS FORTH IN THE EIGHTH MONTH WITHOUT SUFFERING. THE COURAGE OF PERPETUA AND OF SATURUS UNBROKEN.

1. The above were the more eminent visions of the blessed martyrs Saturus and Perpetua themselves, which they themselves committed to writing.[5] But God called Secundulus, while he has yet in the prison, by an earlier exit from the world, not without favour, so as to give a respite to the beasts. Nevertheless, even if his soul did not acknowledge cause for thankfulness, assuredly his flesh did.

2. But respecting Felicitas (for to her also the Lord's favour approached in the same way), when she had already gone eight months with child (for she had been pregnant when she was apprehended), as the day of the exhibition was drawing near, she was in great grief lest on account of her pregnancy she should be delayed,—because pregnant women are not allowed to be publicly punished,—and lest she should shed her sacred and guiltless blood among some who had been wicked subsequently. Moreover, also, her fellow-martyrs were painfully saddened lest they should leave so excellent a friend, and as it were companion, alone in the path of the same hope. Therefore, joining together their

1 "Cadebant;" but "ardebant"—"were burning"—seems a more probable reading. [The imitations of *the Shepherd* of Hermas, in this memoir hardly need pointing out.]

2 Agios.

3 A presbyter, that is, whose office was to teach, as distinct from other presbyters. See Cyprian, *Epistles*, vol. i. Ep. xxiii. p. 68, note 1, transl. [One of those referred to by St. James iii. 1, and by St. Paul, I. Tim. v. 17.]

4 More probably, "rest and refresh yourselves." ["Go and enjoy," or, "play," or "take pleasure," in the section preceding.]

5 [To be regarded, like *the Shepherd* of Hermas, merely as visions, or allegorical romances.]

united cry, they poured forth their prayer to the Lord three days before the exhibition. Immediately after their prayer her pains came upon her, and when, with the difficulty natural to an eight months' delivery, in the labour of bringing forth she was sorrowing, some one of the servants of the *Cataractarii*[1] said to her, "You who are in such suffering now, what will you do when you are thrown to the beasts, which you despised when you refused to sacrifice?" And she replied, "Now it is I that suffer what I suffer; but then there will be another in me, who will suffer for me, because I also am about to suffer for Him." Thus she brought forth a little girl, which a certain sister brought up as her daughter.

3. Since then the Holy Spirit permitted, and by permitting willed, that the proceedings of that exhibition should be committed to writing, although we are unworthy to complete the description of so great a glory; yet we obey as it were the command of the most blessed Perpetua, nay her sacred trust, and add one more testimony concerning her constancy and her loftiness of mind. While they were treated with more severity by the tribune, because, from the intimations of certain deceitful men, he feared lest thay should be withdrawn from the prison by some sort of magic incantations, Perpetua answered to his face, and said, "Why do you not at least permit us to be refreshed, being as we are objectionable to the most noble Cæsar, and having to fight on his birth-day?[2] Or is it not your glory if we are brought forward fatter on that occasion?" The tribune shuddered and blushed, and commanded that they should be kept with more humanity, so that permission was given to their brethren and others to go in and be refreshed with them; even the keeper of the prison trusting them now himself.

4. Moreover, on the day before, when in that last meal, which they call the free meal, they were partaking as far as they could, not of a free supper, but of an *agape;* with the same firmness they were uttering such words as these to the people, denouncing *against them* the judgment of the Lord, bearing witness to the felicity of their passion, laughing at the curiosity of the people who came together; while Saturus said, "To-morrow is not enough for you, for you to behold with pleasure that which you hate. Friends to-day, enemies to-morrow. Yet note our faces diligently, that you may recognise them on that day of judgment." Thus all departed thence astonished, and from these things many believed.

CHAP. VI.—ARGUMENT. FROM THE PRISON THEY ARE LED FORTH WITH JOY INTO THE AMPHITHEATRE, ESPECIALLY PERPETUA AND FELICITAS. ALL REFUSE TO PUT ON PROFANE GARMENTS. THEY ARE SCOURGED, THEY ARE THROWN TO THE WILD BEASTS. SATURUS TWICE IS UNHURT. PERPETUA AND FELICITAS ARE THROWN DOWN; THEY ARE CALLED BACK TO THE SANAVIVARIAN GATE. SATURUS WOUNDED BY A LEOPARD, EXHORTS THE SOLDIER. THEY KISS ONE ANOTHER, AND ARE SLAIN WITH THE SWORD.

1. The day of their victory shone forth, and they proceeded from the prison into the amphitheatre, as if to an assembly, joyous and of brilliant countenances; if perchance shrinking, it was with joy, and not with fear. Perpetua followed with placid look, and with step and gait as a matron of Christ, beloved of God; casting down the luster of her eyes from the gaze of all. Moreover, Felicitas, rejoicing that she had safely brought forth, so that she might fight with the wild beasts; from the blood and from the midwife to the gladiator, to wash after childbirth with a second baptism. And when they were brought to the gate, and were constrained to put on the clothing—the men, that of the priests of Saturn, and the women, that of those who were consecrated to Ceres—that noble-minded woman resisted even to the end with constancy. For she said, "We have come thus far of our own accord, for this reason, that our liberty might not be restrained. For this reason we have yielded our minds, that we might not do any such thing as this: we have agreed on this with you." Injustice acknowledged the justice; the tribune yielded to their being brought as simply as they were. Perpetua sang psalms, already treading under foot the head of the Egyptian; Revocatus, and Saturninus, and Saturus uttered threatenings against the gazing people about this martyrdom. When they came within sight of Hilarianus, by gesture and nod, they began to say to Hilarianus, "Thou judgest us," say they, "but God will judge thee." At this the people, exasperated, demanded that they should be tormented with scourges as they passed along the rank of the *venatores*.[3] And they indeed rejoiced that they should have incurred any one of their Lord's passions.

2. But He who had said, "Ask, and ye

[1] "The gaolers," so called from the "cataracta," or prison-gate, which they guarded.

[2] [A gentle banter, like that of St. Lawrence on the gridiron.]

[3] A row of men drawn up to scourge them as they passed along, a punishment probably similar to what is called "running the gauntlet."

shall receive,"[1] gave to them when they asked, that death which each one had wished for. For when at any time they had been discoursing among themselves about their wish in respect of their martyrdom, Saturninus indeed had professed that he wished that he might be thrown to all the beasts; doubtless that he might wear a more glorious crown. Therefore in the beginning of the exhibition, he and Revocatus made trial of the leopard, and moreover upon the scaffold they were harassed by the bear. Saturus, however, held nothing in greater abomination than a bear; but he imagined that he would be put an end to with one bite of a leopard. Therefore, when a wild boar was supplied, it was the huntsman rather who had supplied that boar who was gored by that same beast, and died the day after the shows. Saturus only was drawn out; and when he had been bound on the floor near to a bear, the bear would not come forth from his den. And so Saturus for the second time is recalled unhurt.

3. Moreover, for the young women the devil prepared a very fierce cow, provided especially for that purpose contrary to custom, rivalling their sex also in that of the beasts. And so, stripped and clothed with nets, they were led forth. The populace shuddered as they saw one young woman of delicate frame, and another with breasts still dropping from her recent childbirth. So, being recalled, they are unbound.[2] Perpetua is first led in. She was tossed, and fell on her loins; and when she saw her tunic torn from her side, she drew it over her as a veil for her middle, rather mindful of her modesty than her suffering. Then she was called for again, and bound up her dishevelled hair; for it was not becoming for a martyr to suffer with dishevelled hair, lest she should appear to be mourning in her glory. So she rose up; and when she saw Felicitas crushed, she approached and gave her her hand, and lifted her up. And both of them stood together; and the brutality of the populace being appeased, they were recalled to the Sanavivarian gate. Then Perpetua was received by a certain one who was still a catechumen, Rusticus by name, who kept close to her; and she, as if aroused from sleep, so deeply had she been in the Spirit and in an ecstasy, began to look round her, and to say to the amazement of all, "I cannot tell when we are to be led out to that cow." And when she had heard what had already happened, she did not believe it[3] until she had perceived certain signs of injury in her body and in her dress, and had recognised the catechumen. Afterwards causing that catechumen and the brother to approach, she addressed them, saying, "Stand fast in the faith, and love one another, all of you, and be not offended at my sufferings."

4. The same Saturus at the other entrance exhorted the soldier Pudens, saying, "Assuredly here I am, as I have promised and foretold, for up to this moment I have felt no beast. And now believe with your whole heart. Lo, I am going forth to that beast, and I shall be destroyed with one bite of the leopard." And immediately at the conclusion of the exhibition he was thrown to the leopard; and with one bite of his he was bathed with such a quantity of blood, that the people shouted out to him as he was returning, the testimony of his second baptism, "Saved and washed, saved and washed."[4] Manifestly he was assuredly saved who had been glorified in such a spectacle. Then to the soldier Pudens he said, "Farewell, and be mindful of my faith; and let not these things disturb, but confirm you." And at the same time he asked for a little ring from his finger, and returned it to him bathed in his wound, leaving to him an inherited token and the memory of his blood. And then lifeless he is cast down with the rest, to be slaughtered in the usual place. And when the populace called for them into the midst, that as the sword penetrated into their body they might make their eyes partners in the murder, they rose up of their own accord, and transferred themselves whither the people wished; but they first kissed one another, that they might consummate their martyrdom with the kiss of peace. The rest indeed, immoveable and in silence, received the sword-thrust; much more Saturus, who also had first ascended the ladder, and first gave up his spirit, for he also was waiting for Perpetua. But Perpetua, that she might taste some pain, being pierced between the ribs, cried out loudly, and she herself placed the wavering right hand of the youthful gladiator to her throat.[5] Possibly such a woman could not have been slain unless she herself had willed it, because she was feared by the impure spirit.

O most brave and blessed martyrs! O truly called and chosen unto the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ! whom whoever magnifies, and honours, and adores, assuredly ought to read these examples for the edification of the Church, not less than the ancient ones, so that

[1] John xvi. 24.

[2] Ita revocatæ discinguntur. Dean Milmam prefers reading this, "Thus recalled, they are clad in loose robes."

[3] [Routh, *Reliq.* Vol. I. p. 360.]

[4] A cry in mockery of what was known as the effect of Christian baptism.

[5] [Routh, Reliquiæ, Vol. I. p. 358.]

new virtues also may testify that one and the same Holy Spirit is always operating even until now, and God the Father Omnipotent, and His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, whose is the glory and infinite power for ever and ever. Amen.

Item #15

Alexander Calandra, "Angels on a Pin," *ETC: A Review of General Semantics* 32 (September 1975): 257-258.

ANGELS ON A PIN

ALEXANDER CALANDRA*

Some time ago, I received a call from a colleague who asked if I would be the referee on the grading of an examination question. He was about to give a student a zero for his answer to a physics question, while the student claimed he should receive a perfect score and would if the system were not set up against the student. The instructor and the student agreed to submit this to an impartial arbiter, and I was selected.

I went to my colleague's office and read the examination question: "Show how it is possible to determine the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer."

The student had answered: "Take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower the barometer to the street, and then bring it up, measuring the length of the rope. The length of the rope is the height of the building."

I pointed out that the student really had a strong case for full credit, since he had answered the question completely and correctly. On the other hand, if full credit were given, it could well contribute to a high grade for the student in his physics course. A high grade is supposed to certify competence in physics, but the answer did not confirm this. I suggested that the student have another try at answering the question. I was not surprised that my colleague agreed, but I was surprised that the student did.

I gave the student six minutes to answer the question, with the warning that his answer should show some knowledge of physics. At the end of five minutes, he had not written anything. I asked if he wished to give up, but he said no. He had many answers to this problem; he was just thinking of the best one. I excused myself for interrupting him, and asked him to please go on. In the next minute, he dashed off his answer which read:

"Take the barometer to the top of the building and lean over the edge of the roof. Drop the barometer, timing its fall with a

*Chairman of the Science Department at Webster College and Professor of Physical Science, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. Reprinted by permission of the author.

stopwatch. Then, using the formula $S = \frac{1}{2}at^2$, calculate the height of the building.

At this point, I asked my colleague if *he* would give up. He conceded, and I gave the student almost full credit.

In leaving my colleague's office, I recalled that the student had said he had other answers to the problem, so I asked him what they were. "Oh, yes," said the student. "There are many ways of getting the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer. For example, you could take the barometer out on a sunny day and measure the height of the barometer, the length of its shadow, and the length of the shadow of the building, and by the use of a simple proportion, determine the height of the building."

"Fine," I said. "And the others?"

"Yes," said the student. "There is a very basic measurement method that you will like. In this method, you take the barometer and begin to walk up the stairs. As you climb the stairs, you mark off the length of the barometer along the wall. You then count the number of marks, and this will give you the height of the building in barometer units. A very direct method.

"Of course, if you want a more sophisticated method, you can tie the barometer to the end of a string, swing it as a pendulum, and determine the value of 'g' at the street level and at the top of the building. From the difference between the two values of 'g,' the height of the building can, in principle, be calculated."

Finally he concluded, there are many other ways of solving the problem. "Probably the best," he said, "is to take the barometer to the basement and knock on the superintendent's door. When the superintendent answers, you speak to him as follows: 'Mr. Superintendent, here I have a fine barometer. If you will tell me the height of this building, I will give you this barometer.' "

At this point, I asked the student if he really did not know the conventional answer to this question. He admitted that he did, but said that he was fed up with high school and college instructors trying to teach him how to think, to use the "scientific method," and to explore the deep inner logic of the subject in a pedantic way, as is often done in the new mathematics, rather than teaching him the structure of the subject. With this in mind, he decided to revive scholasticism as an academic lark to challenge the Sputnik-panicked classrooms of America.

Item #16

Richard P. Feynman, *"Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!": Adventures of a Curious Character*, edited by Ralph Leighton and Edward Hutchings (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company, 1985), 199-219.

O Americano, Outra Vez!

ONE TIME I picked up a hitchhiker who told me how interesting South America was, and that I ought to go there. I complained that the language is different, but he said just go ahead and learn it—it's no big problem. So I thought, that's a good idea: I'll go to South America.

Cornell had some foreign language classes which followed a method used during the war, in which small groups of about ten students and one native speaker speak only the foreign language—nothing else. Since I was a rather young-looking professor there at Cornell, I decided to take the class as if I were a regular student. And since I didn't know yet where I was going to end up in South America, I decided to take Spanish, because the great majority of the countries there speak Spanish.

[. . . . .]

Some time later I was at a Physics Society meeting in New York, and I found myself sitting next to Jaime Tiomno, from Bra-

zil, and he asked, "What are you going to do next summer?"

"I'm thinking of visiting South America."

"Oh! Why don't you come to Brazil? I'll get a position for you at the Center for Physical Research."

So now I had to convert all that Spanish into Portuguese!

I found a Portuguese graduate student at Cornell, and twice a week he gave me lessons, so I was able to alter what I had learned.

On the plane to Brazil I started out sitting next to a guy from Colombia who spoke only Spanish: so I wouldn't talk to him because I didn't want to get confused again. But sitting in front of me were two guys who were talking Portuguese. I had never heard *real* Portuguese; I had only had this teacher who had talked very slowly and clearly. So here are these two guys talking a blue streak, *brrrrrr-a-ta brrrrrr-a-ta,* and I can't even hear the word for "I," or the word for "the," or *anything.*

[. . . . .]

I got off the plane in Recife (the Brazilian government was going to pay the part from Recife to Rio) and was met by the father-in-law of Cesar Lattes, who was the director of the Center for Physical Research in Rio, his wife, and another man. As the men were off getting my luggage, the lady started talking to me in Portuguese: "You speak Portuguese? How nice! How was it that you learned Portuguese?"

I replied slowly, with great effort. "First, I started to learn Spanish . . . then I discovered I was going to Brazil . . ." Now I wanted to say, "So, I learned Portuguese," but I couldn't think of the word for "so." I knew how to make BIG words, though, so I finished the sentence like this: *"CONSEQUENTEMENTE, apprendi Portugues!"*

When the two men came back with the baggage, she said, "Oh, he speaks Portuguese! And with such wonderful words: *CONSEQUENTEMENTE!"*

Then an announcement came over the loudspeaker. The flight to Rio was canceled, and there wouldn't be another one till next Tuesday—and I had to be in Rio on Monday, at the latest.

I got all upset. "Maybe there's a cargo plane. I'll travel in a cargo plane," I said.

"Professor!" they said, "It's really quite nice here in Recife. We'll show you around. Why don't you relax—you're in *Brazil.*"

That evening I went for a walk in town, and came upon a small crowd of people standing around a great big rectangular hole in the road—it had been dug for sewer pipes, or something—and there, sitting exactly in the hole, was a car. It was marvelous: it fitted absolutely perfectly, with its roof level with the road. The workmen hadn't bothered to put up any signs at the end of the day, and the guy had simply driven into it. I noticed a difference: When *we'd* dig a hole, there'd be all kinds of detour signs and flashing lights to protect us. There, they dig the hole, and when they're finished for the day, they just leave.

Anyway, Recife *was* a nice town, and I *did* wait until next Tuesday to fly to Rio.

[. . . . .]

When I got to the center, we had to decide when I would give my lectures—in the morning, or afternoon.

Lattes said, "The students prefer the afternoon."

"So let's have them in the afternoon."

"But the beach is nice in the afternoon, so why don't you give the lectures in the morning, so you can enjoy the beach in the afternoon."

"But you said the students prefer to have them in the afternoon."

"Don't worry about that. Do what's most convenient for *you!* Enjoy the beach in the afternoon."

So I learned how to look at life in a way that's different from the way it is where I come from. First, they weren't in the same hurry that I was. And second, if it's better for you, never mind! So I gave the lectures in the morning and enjoyed the beach in the afternoon. And had I learned that lesson earlier, I would have learned Portuguese in the first place, instead of Spanish.

I thought at first that I would give my lectures in English, but I noticed something: When the students were explaining something to me in Portuguese, I couldn't understand it very well, even though I knew a certain amount of Portuguese. It was not exactly clear to me whether they had said "increase," or "decrease," or "not increase," or "not decrease," or "decrease slowly." But when they struggled with English, they'd say "ahp" or "doon," and I knew which way it was, even though the pronunciation was lousy and the grammar was all screwed up. So I realized that if I was going to talk to them and try to teach them, it would be better for me to talk in Portuguese, poor as it was. It would be easier for them to understand.

[. . . . .]

But the language was always difficult for me, and I kept working on it all the time, reading the newspaper, and so on. I kept on giving my lectures in Portuguese—what I call "Feynman's Portuguese," which I knew couldn't be the same as real Portuguese, because I could understand what I was saying, while I couldn't understand what the people in the street were saying.

Because I liked it so much that first time in Brazil, I went again a year later, this time for ten months. This time I lectured at the University of Rio, which was supposed to pay me, but they never did, so the center kept giving me the money I was supposed to get from the university.

I finally ended up staying in a hotel right on the beach at Copacabana, called the Miramar. For a while I had a room on the thirteenth floor, where I could look out the window at the ocean and watch the girls on the beach.

[. . . . . .]

There was a man at the U.S. Embassy who knew I liked samba music. I think I told him that when I had been in Brazil the first time, I had heard a samba band practicing in the street, and I wanted to learn more about Brazilian music.

He said a small group, called a "regional," practiced at his apartment every week, and I could come over and listen to them play.

There were three or four people—one was the janitor from the apartment house—and they played rather quiet music up in his apartment; they had no other place to play. One guy had a

tambourine that they called a *pandeiro,* and another guy had a small guitar. I kept hearing the beat of a drum somewhere, but there was no drum! Finally I figured out that it was the tambourine, which the guy was playing in a complicated way, twisting his wrist and hitting the skin with his thumb. I found that interesting, and learned how to play the pandeiro, more or less.

Then the season for Carnaval began to come around. That's the season when new music is presented. They don't put out new music and records all the time; they put them all out during Carnaval time, and it's very exciting.

It turned out that the janitor was the composer for a small samba "school"—not a school in the sense of education, but in the sense of fish—from Copacabana Beach, called *Farçantes de Copacabana,* which means "Fakers from Copacabana," which was just right for me, and he invited me to be in it.

Now this samba school was a thing where guys from the *favelas* —the poor sections of the city—would come down, and meet behind a construction lot where some apartment houses were being built, and practice the new music for the Carnaval.

I chose to play a thing called a "*frigideira,*" which is a toy frying pan made of metal, about six inches in diameter, with a little metal stick to beat it with. It's an accompanying instrument which makes a tinkly, rapid noise that goes with the main samba music and rhythm and fills it out. So I tried to play this thing and everything was going all right. We were practicing, the music was roaring along and we were going like sixty, when all of a sudden the head of the *batteria* section, a great big black man, yelled out, "STOP! Hold it, hold it—wait a minute!" And everybody stopped. "Something's wrong with the *frigideiras!*" he boomed out. "*O Americano, outra vez!*" ("The American again!")

So I felt uncomfortable. I practiced all the time. I'd walk along the beach holding two sticks that I had picked up, getting the twisty motion of the wrists, practicing, practicing, practicing. I kept working on it, but I always felt inferior, that I was some kind of trouble, and wasn't really up to it.

Well, it was getting closer to *Carnaval* time, and one evening there was a conversation between the leader of the band and another guy, and then the leader started coming around, picking people out: "You!" he said to a trumpeter. "You!" he said to a

singer. "You!"—and he pointed to me. I figured we were finished. He said, "Go out in front!"

We went out to the front of the construction site—the five or six of us—and there was an old Cadillac convertible, with its top down. "Get in!" the leader said.

There wasn't enough room for us all, so some of us had to sit up on the back. I said to the guy next to me, "What's he doing —is he putting us out?"

"*Não sé, não sé.*" ("I don't know.")

We drove off way up high on a road which ended near the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea. The car stopped and the leader said, "Get out!"—and they walked us right up to the edge of the cliff!

And sure enough, he said, "Now line up! You first, you next, you next! Start playing! Now march!"

We would have marched off the edge of the cliff—except for a steep trail that went down. So our little group goes down the trail—the trumpet, the singer, the guitar, the *pandeiro,* and the *frigideira*—to an outdoor party in the woods. We weren't picked out because the leader wanted to get rid of us; he was sending us to this private party that wanted some samba music! And afterwards he collected money to pay for some costumes for our band.

After that I felt a little better, because I realized that when he picked the *frigideira* player, he picked *me!*

Another thing happened to increase my confidence. Some time later, a guy came from another samba school, in Leblon, a beach further on. He wanted to join our school.

The boss said, "Where're you from?"

"Leblon."

"What do you play?"

"*Frigideira.*"

"OK. Let me hear you play the *frigideira.*"

So this guy picked up his *frigideira* and his metal stick and . . . "*brrra-dup-dup; chick-a-chick.*" Gee whiz! It was wonderful!

The boss said to him, "You go over there and stand next to *O Americano,* and you'll learn how to play the *frigideira!*"

My theory is that it's like a person who speaks French who comes to America. At first they're making all kinds of mistakes,

and you can hardly understand them. Then they keep on practicing until they speak rather well, and you find there's a delightful twist to their way of speaking—their accent is rather nice, and you love to listen to it. So I must have had some sort of accent playing the *frigideira,* because I couldn't compete with those guys who had been playing it all their lives; it must have been some kind of dumb accent. But whatever it was, I became a rather successful *frigideira* player.

[. . . . .]

Well, in order to go to these rehearsals, I didn't want to go dressed in my regular clothes that I wore to the university. The people in the band were very poor, and had only old, tattered clothes. So I put on an old undershirt, some old pants, and so forth, so I wouldn't look too peculiar. But then I couldn't walk out of my luxury hotel on Avenida Atlantica in Copacabana Beach through the lobby. So I always took the elevator down to the bottom and went out through the basement.

A short time before Carnaval, there was going to be a special competition between the samba schools of the beaches—Copacabana, Ipanema, and Leblon; there were three or four schools, and we were one. We were going to march in costume down Avenida Atlantica. I felt a little uncomfortable about marching in one of those fancy Carnaval costumes, since I wasn't a Brazilian. But we were supposed to be dressed as Greeks, so I figured I'm as good a Greek as they are.

On the day of the competition, I was eating at the hotel restaurant, and the head waiter, who had often seen me tapping on the table when there was samba music playing, came over to me and said, "Mr. Feynman, this evening there's going to be something you will *love!* It's *tipico Brasileiro*—typical Brazilian: There's going to be a march of the samba schools right in front of the hotel! And the music is so good—you *must* hear it."

I said, "Well, I'm kind of busy tonight. I don't know if I can make it."

"Oh! But you'd love it so much! You must not miss it! It's *tipico Brasileiro!*"

He was very insistent, and as I kept telling him I didn't think I'd be there to see it, he became disappointed.

That evening I put on my old clothes and went down through the basement, as usual. We put on the costumes at the construction lot and began marching down Avenida Atlantica, a hundred Brazilian Greeks in papier-mâché, and I was in the back, playing away on the *frigideira.*

Big crowds were along both sides of the Avenida; everybody was leaning out of the windows, and we were coming up to the Miramar Hotel, where I was staying. People were standing on the tables and chairs, and there were crowds and crowds of people. We were playing along, going like sixty, as our band started to pass in front of the hotel. Suddenly I saw one of the waiters shoot up in the air, pointing with his arm, and through all this *noise* I can hear him scream, "O PROFESSOR!" So the head waiter found out why I wasn't able to be there that evening to see the competition—I was *in* it!

The next day I saw a lady I knew from meeting her on the beach all the time, who had an apartment overlooking the Avenida. She had some friends over to watch the parade of the samba schools, and when we went by, one of her friends exclaimed, "Listen to that guy play the *frigideira—he is good!*" I had succeeded. I got a kick out of succeeding at something I wasn't supposed to be able to do.

When the time came for Carnaval, not very many people from our school showed up. There were some special costumes that were made just for the occasion, but not enough people. Maybe they had the attitude that we couldn't win against the really big samba schools from the city; I don't know. I thought we were working day after day, practicing and marching for the Carnaval, but when Carnaval came, a lot of the band didn't show up, and we didn't compete very well. Even as we were marching around in the street, some of the band wandered off. Funny result! I never did understand it very well, but maybe the main excitement and fun was trying to win the contest of the beaches, where most people felt their level was. And we did win, by the way.

During that ten-month stay in Brazil I got interested in the energy levels of the lighter nuclei. I worked out all the theory for

it in my hotel room, but I wanted to check how the data from the experiments looked. This was new stuff that was being worked out up at the Kellogg Laboratory by the experts at Caltech, so I made contact with them—the timing was all arranged—by ham radio. I found an amateur radio operator in Brazil, and about once a week I'd go over to his house. He'd make contact with the ham radio operator in Pasadena, and then, because there was something slightly illegal about it, he'd give me some call letters and would say, "Now I'll turn you over to WKWX, who's sitting next to me and would like to talk to you."

So I'd say, "This is WKWX. Could you please tell me the spacing between the certain levels in boron we talked about last week," and so on. I would use the data from the experiments to adjust my constants and check whether I was on the right track.

The first guy went on vacation, but he gave me another amateur radio operator to go to. This second guy was blind and operated his station. They were both very nice, and the contact I had with Caltech by ham radio was very effective and useful to me.

As for the physics itself, I worked out quite a good deal, and it was sensible. It was worked out and verified by other people later. I decided, though, that I had so many parameters that I had to adjust—too much "phenomenological adjustment of constants" to make everything fit—that I couldn't be sure it was very useful. I wanted a rather deeper understanding of the nuclei, and I was never quite convinced it was very significant, so I never did anything with it.

In regard to education in Brazil, I had a very interesting experience. I was teaching a group of students who would ultimately become teachers, since at that time there were not many opportunities in Brazil for a highly trained person in science. These students had already had many courses, and this was to be their most advanced course in electricity and magnetism—Maxwell's equations, and so on.

The university was located in various office buildings throughout the city, and the course I taught met in a building which overlooked the bay.

I discovered a very strange phenomenon: I could ask a ques-

tion, which the students would answer immediately. But the next time I would ask the question—the same subject, and the same question, as far as I could tell—they couldn't answer it at all! For instance, one time I was talking about polarized light, and I gave them all some strips of polaroid.

Polaroid passes only light whose electric vector is in a certain direction, so I explained how you could tell which way the light is polarized from whether the polaroid is dark or light.

We first took two strips of polaroid and rotated them until they let the most light through. From doing that we could tell that the two strips were now admitting light polarized in the same direction—what passed through one piece of polaroid could also pass through the other. But then I asked them how one could tell the *absolute* direction of polarization, from a *single* piece of polaroid.

They hadn't any idea.

I knew this took a certain amount of ingenuity, so I gave them a hint: "Look at the light reflected from the bay outside."

Nobody said anything.

Then I said, "Have you ever heard of Brewster's Angle?"

"Yes, sir! Brewster's Angle is the angle at which light reflected from a medium with an index of refraction is completely polarized."

"And which way is the light polarized when it's reflected?"

"The light is polarized perpendicular to the plane of reflection, sir." Even now, I have to think about it; they knew it cold! They even knew the tangent of the angle equals the index!

I said, "Well?"

Still nothing. They had just told me that light reflected from a medium with an index, such as the bay outside, was polarized; they had even told me which *way* it was polarized.

I said, "Look at the bay outside, through the polaroid. Now turn the polaroid."

"Ooh, it's polarized!" they said.

After a lot of investigation, I finally figured out that the students had memorized everything, but they didn't know what anything meant. When they heard "light that is reflected from a medium with an index," they didn't know that it meant a material *such as water.* They didn't know that the "direction of the

light" is the direction in which you *see* something when you're looking at it, and so on. Everything was entirely memorized, yet nothing had been translated into meaningful words. So if I asked, "What is Brewster's Angle?" I'm going into the computer with the right keywords. But if I say, "Look at the water," nothing happens—they don't have anything under "Look at the water!"

Later I attended a lecture at the engineering school. The lecture went like this, translated into English: "Two bodies . . . are considered equivalent . . . if equal torques . . . will produce . . . equal acceleration. Two bodies, are considered equivalent, if equal torques, will produce equal acceleration." The students were all sitting there taking dictation, and when the professor repeated the sentence, they checked it to make sure they wrote it down all right. Then they wrote down the next sentence, and on and on. I was the only one who knew the professor was talking about objects with the same moment of inertia, and it was hard to figure out.

I didn't see how they were going to learn anything from that. Here he was talking about moments of inertia, but there was no discussion about how hard it is to push a door open when you put heavy weights on the outside, compared to when you put them near the hinge—*nothing!*

After the lecture, I talked to a student: "You take all those notes—what do you do with them?"

"Oh, we study them," he says. "We'll have an exam."

"What will the exam be like?"

"Very easy. I can tell you now one of the questions." He looks at his notebook and says, " 'When are two bodies equivalent?' And the answer is, 'Two bodies are considered equivalent if equal torques will produce equal acceleration.' " So, you see, they could pass the examinations, and "learn" all this stuff, and not *know* anything at all, except what they had memorized.

Then I went to an entrance exam for students coming into the engineering school. It was an oral exam, and I was allowed to listen to it. One of the students was absolutely super: He answered everything nifty! The examiners asked him what diamagnetism was, and he answered it perfectly. Then they asked, "When light comes at an angle through a sheet of material with

a certain thickness, and a certain index N, what happens to the light?"

"It comes out parallel to itself, sir—displaced."

"And how much is it displaced?"

"I don't know, sir, but I can figure it out." So he figured it out. He was very good. But I had, by this time, my suspicions.

After the exam I went up to this bright young man, and explained to him that I was from the United States, and that I wanted to ask him some questions that would not affect the result of his examination in any way. The first question I ask is, "Can you give me some example of a diamagnetic substance?"

"No."

Then I asked, "If this book was made of glass, and I was looking at something on the table through it, what would happen to the image if I tilted the glass?"

"It would be deflected, sir, by twice the angle that you've turned the book."

I said, "You haven't got it mixed up with a mirror, have you?"

"No, sir!"

He had just told me in the examination that the light would be displaced, parallel to itself, and therefore the image would move over to one side, but would not be turned by any angle. He had even figured out how *much* it would be displaced, but he didn't realize that a piece of glass is a material with an index, and that his calculation had applied to my question.

I taught a course at the engineering school on mathematical methods in physics, in which I tried to show how to solve problems by trial and error. It's something that people don't usually learn, so I began with some simple examples of arithmetic to illustrate the method. I was surprised that only about eight out of the eighty or so students turned in the first assignment. So I gave a strong lecture about having to actually *try* it, not just sit back and watch *me* do it.

After the lecture some students came up to me in a little delegation, and told me that I didn't understand the backgrounds that they have, that they can study without doing the problems, that they have already learned arithmetic, and that this stuff was beneath them.

So I kept going with the class, and no matter how complicated

or obviously advanced the work was becoming, they were never handing a damn thing in. Of course I realized what it was: They couldn't *do* it!

One other thing I could never get them to do was to ask questions. Finally, a student explained it to me: "If I ask you a question during the lecture, afterwards everybody will be telling me, 'What are you wasting our time for in the class? We're trying to *learn* something. And you're stopping him by asking a question.' "

It was a kind of one-upmanship, where nobody knows what's going on, and they'd put the other one down as if they *did* know. They all fake that they know, and if one student admits for a moment that something is confusing by asking a question, the others take a high-handed attitude, acting as if it's not confusing at all, telling him that he's wasting their time.

I explained how useful it was to work together, to discuss the questions, to talk it over, but they wouldn't do that either, because they would be losing face if they had to ask someone else. It was pitiful! All the work they did, intelligent people, but they got themselves into this funny state of mind, this strange kind of self-propagating "education" which is meaningless, utterly meaningless!

At the end of the academic year, the students asked me to give a talk about my experiences of teaching in Brazil. At the talk there would be not only students, but professors and government officials, so I made them promise that I could say whatever I wanted. They said, "Sure. Of course. It's a free country."

So I came in, carrying the elementary physics textbook that they used in the first year of college. They thought this book was especially good because it had different kinds of typeface—bold black for the most important things to remember, lighter for less important things, and so on.

Right away somebody said, "You're not going to say anything bad about the textbook, are you? The man who wrote it is here, and everybody thinks it's a good textbook."

"You promised I could say whatever I wanted."

The lecture hall was full. I started out by defining science as an understanding of the behavior of nature. Then I asked, "What is a good reason for teaching science? Of course, no country

can consider itself civilized unless . . . yak, yak, yak." They were all sitting there nodding, because I know that's the way they think.

Then I say, "That, of course, is absurd, because why should we feel we have to keep up with another country? We have to do it for a *good* reason, a *sensible* reason; not just because other countries do." Then I talked about the utility of science, and its contribution to the improvement of the human condition, and all that—I really teased them a little bit.

Then I say, "The main purpose of my talk is to demonstrate to you that *no* science is being taught in Brazil!"

I can see them stir, thinking, "What? No science? This is absolutely crazy! We have all these classes."

So I tell them that one of the first things to strike me when I came to Brazil was to see elementary school kids in bookstores, buying physics books. There are so many kids learning physics in Brazil, beginning much earlier than kids do in the United States, that it's amazing you don't find many physicists in Brazil —why is that? So many kids are working so hard, and nothing comes of it.

Then I gave the analogy of a Greek scholar who loves the Greek language, who knows that in his own country there aren't many children studying Greek. But he comes to another country, where he is delighted to find everybody studying Greek—even the smaller kids in the elementary schools. He goes to the examination of a student who is coming to get his degree in Greek, and asks him, "What were Socrates' ideas on the relationship between Truth and Beauty?"—and the student can't answer. Then he asks the student, "What did Socrates say to Plato in the Third Symposium?" the student lights up and goes, "*Brrrrrrrr-up*"—he tells you everything, word for word, that Socrates said, in beautiful Greek.

But what Socrates was talking about in the Third Symposium was the relationship between Truth and Beauty!

What this Greek scholar discovers is, the students in another country learn Greek by first learning to pronounce the letters, then the words, and then sentences and paragraphs. They can recite, word for word, what Socrates said, without realizing that those Greek words actually *mean* something. To the student they

are all artificial sounds. Nobody has ever translated them into words the students can understand.

I said, "That's how it looks to me, when I see you teaching the kids 'science' here in Brazil." (Big blast, right?)

Then I held up the elementary physics textbook they were using. "There are no experimental results mentioned anywhere in this book, except in one place where there is a ball, rolling down an inclined plane, in which it says how far the ball got after one second, two seconds, three seconds, and so on. The numbers have 'errors' in them—that is, if you look at them, you think you're looking at experimental results, because the numbers are a little above, or a little below, the theoretical values. The book even talks about having to correct the experimental errors—very fine. The trouble is, when you calculate the value of the acceleration constant from these values, you get the right answer. But a ball rolling down an inclined plane, *if it is actually done,* has an inertia to get it to turn, and will, *if you do the experiment,* produce five-sevenths of the right answer, because of the extra energy needed to go into the rotation of the ball. Therefore this single example of experimental 'results' is obtained from a *fake* experiment. Nobody had rolled such a ball, or they would never have gotten those results!

"I have discovered something else," I continued. "By flipping the pages at random, and putting my finger in and reading the sentences on that page, I can show you what's the matter—how it's not science, but memorizing, in *every* circumstance. Therefore I am brave enough to flip through the pages now, in front of this audience, to put my finger in, to read, and to show you."

So I did it. *Brrrrrrup*—I stuck my finger in, and I started to read: "Triboluminescence. Triboluminescence is the light emitted when crystals are crushed . . ."

I said, "And there, have you got science? No! You have only told what a word means in terms of other words. You haven't told anything about nature—*what* crystals produce light when you crush them, *why* they produce light. Did you see any student go home and *try* it? He can't.

"But if, instead, you were to write, 'When you take a lump of sugar and crush it with a pair of pliers in the dark, you can see a bluish flash. Some other crystals do that too. Nobody knows

why. The phenomenon is called "triboluminescence." ' Then someone will go home and try it. Then there's an experience of nature." I used that example to show them, but it didn't make any difference where I would have put my finger in the book; it was like that everywhere.

Finally, I said that I couldn't see how anyone could be educated by this self-propagating system in which people pass exams, and teach others to pass exams, but nobody knows anything. "However," I said, "I must be wrong. There were two students in my class who did very well, and one of the physicists I know was educated entirely in Brazil. Thus, it must be possible for some people to work their way through the system, bad as it is."

Well, after I gave the talk, the head of the science education department got up and said, "Mr. Feynman has told us some things that are very hard for us to hear, but it appears to be that he really loves science, and is sincere in his criticism. Therefore, I think we should listen to him. I came here knowing we have some sickness in our system of education; what I have learned is that we have a *cancer!*"—and he sat down.

That gave other people the freedom to speak out, and there was a big excitement. Everybody was getting up and making suggestions. The students got some committee together to mimeograph the lectures in advance, and they got other committees organized to do this and that.

Then something happened which was totally unexpected for me. One of the students got up and said, "I'm one of the two students whom Mr. Feynman referred to at the end of his talk. I was not educated in Brazil; I was educated in Germany, and I've just come to Brazil this year."

The other student who had done well in class had a similar thing to say. And the professor I had mentioned got up and said, "I was educated here in Brazil during the war, when, fortunately, all of the professors had left the university, so I learned everything by reading alone. Therefore I was not really educated under the Brazilian system."

I didn't expect that. I knew the system was bad, but 100 percent—it was terrible!

Since I had gone to Brazil under a program sponsored by the

United States Government, I was asked by the State Department to write a report about my experiences in Brazil, so I wrote out the essentials of the speech I had just given. I found out later through the grapevine that the reaction of somebody in the State Department was, "That shows you how dangerous it is to send somebody to Brazil who is so naive. Foolish fellow; he can only cause trouble. He didn't understand the problems." Quite the contrary! I think this person in the State Department was naive to think that because he saw a university with a list of courses and descriptions, that's what it was.

Item #17

Isaac Asimov, “Foundation,” *Astounding Science-Fiction* 24 (May 1942): 38-53.

FOUNDATION

By Isaac Asimov

● It's a characteristic of a decadent civilization that their "scientists" consider all knowledge already known—that they spend their time making cyclopedic gatherings of that knowledge. But that Foundation was something rather tricky—

Illustrated by M. Isip

Hari Seldon was old and tired. His voice, roared out though it was, by the amplifying system, was old and tired as well.

There were few in that small assemblage that did not realize that Hari Seldon would be dead before the next spring. And they listened in respectful silence to the last official words of the Galaxy's greatest mind.

"This is the last meeting," that tired voice said, "of the group I had called together over twenty years ago." Seldon's eyes swept the seated scientists. He was alone on the platform, alone in the wheel chair to which a stroke had confined him two years before, and on his lap was the last volume—the fifty-second—of the minutes of previous meetings. It was opened to the last page.

He continued: "The group I called together represented the best the Galactic Empire could offer of its philosophers, its psychologists, its historians, and its physical scientists. And in the twenty years since, we have considered the greatest problem ever to confront any group of fifty men—perhaps the greatest ever to confront any number of men.

"We have not always agreed on methods or on procedure. We have spent months and, doubtless, years on futile debates over relatively minor issues. On more than one occasion, sizable sections of our group threatened to break away altogether.

"And yet"—his old face lit in a gentle smile—"we solved the problem. Many of the original members died and were replaced by others. Schemes were abandoned; plans voted down; procedures proven faulty.

"Yet we solved the problem; and not one member, while yet alive, left our group. I am glad of that."

He paused, and allowed the subdued applause to die.

"We have done; and our work is over. The Galactic Empire is falling, but its culture shall not die, and provision has been made for a new and greater culture to develop therefrom. The two Scientific Refuges we planned have been established: one at each end of the Galaxy, at Terminus and at Star's End. They are in operation and already moving along the inevitable lines we have drawn for them.

"For us is left only one last item, and that fifty years in the future. That item, already worked out in detail, will be the instigation of revolts in the key sectors of Anacreon and Loris. It will set that final machinery in motion to work itself out in the millennium that follows."

Hari Seldon's tired head dropped. "Gentlemen, the last meeting of our group is hereby adjourned. We began in secret; we have worked throughout in secret; and now end in secret—to wait for our reward a thousand years hence with the establishment of the Second Galactic Empire."

The last volume of minutes closed, and Hari Seldon's thin hand fell away from it.

"I am finished!" he whispered.

Lewis Pirenne was busily engaged at his desk in the one well-lit corner of the room. Work had to be co-ordinated. Effort had to be organized. Threads had to be woven into a pattern.

Fifty years now; fifty years to establish themselves and set up Encyclopedia Foundation Number One into a smoothly working unit. Fifty years to gather the raw material. Fifty years to prepare.

It had been done. Five more years would see the publication of the first volume of the most monumental work the Galaxy had ever conceived. And then at ten-year intervals—regularly—like clockwork—volume after volume after volume. And with them there would be supplements; special articles on events of current interest, until—



Pirenne stirred uneasily, as the muted buzzer upon his desk muttered peevishly. He had almost forgotten the appointment. He shoved the door release and out of an abstracted corner of one eye saw the door open and the broad figure of Salvor Hardin enter. Pirenne did not look up.

Hardin smiled to himself. He was in a hurry, but he knew better than to take offense at Pirenne's cavalier treatment of anything or anyone that disturbed him at his work. He buried himself in the chair on the other side of the desk and waited.

Pirenne's stylus made the faintest scraping sound as it raced across paper. Otherwise, neither motion nor sound. And then Hardin withdrew a two-credit coin from his vest pocket. He flipped it and its stainless-steel surface caught glitters of light as it tumbled through the air. He caught it and flipped it again, watching the flashing reflections lazily. Stainless steel made good medium of exchange on a planet where all metal had to be imported.

Pirenne looked up and blinked. "Stop that!" he said querulously.

"Eh?"

"That infernal coin tossing. Stop it."

"Oh." Hardin pocketed the metal disk. "Tell me when you're ready, will you? I promised to be back at the City Council meeting before the new aqueduct project is put to a vote."

Pirenne sighed and shoved himself away from the desk. "I'm ready. But I hope you aren't going to bother me with city affairs. Take care of that yourself, please. The Encyclopedia takes up all my time."

"Have you heard the news?" questioned Hardin, phlegmatically.

"What news?"

"The news that the Terminus City ultrawave set received two hours ago. The Royal Governor of the Prefect of Anacreon has assumed the title of king."

"Well? What *of* it?"

"It means," responded Hardin, "that we're cut

off from the inner regions of the Empire. Do you realize that Anacreon stands square across what was our last remaining trade route to Santanni and to Trantor and to Vega itself? Where is our metal to come from? We haven't managed to get a steel or aluminum shipment through in six months and now we won't be able to get any at all, except by grace of the King of Anacreon."

Pirenne *tch-tched* impatiently. "Get them through him, then."

"But can we? Listen, Pirenne, according to the charter which established this Foundation, the Board of Trustees of the Encyclopedia Committee has been given full administrative powers. I, as Mayor of Terminus City, have just enough power to blow my own nose and perhaps to sneeze if you countersign an order giving me permission. It's up to you and your Board then. I'm asking you in the name of the City, whose prosperity depends upon uninterrupted commerce with the Galaxy, to call an emergency meeting—"

"Stop! A campaign speech is out of order. Now, Hardin, the Board of Trustees has not barred the establishment of a municipal government on Terminus. We understand one to be necessary because of the increase in population since the Foundation was established fifty years ago, and because of the increasing number of people involved in non-Encyclopedia affairs. *But* that does not mean that the first and *only* aim of the Foundation is no longer to publish the definitive Encyclopedia of all human knowledge. We are a State-supported, scientific institution, Hardin. We cannot—must not—*will* not interfere in local politics."

"Local politics! By the Emperor's left big toe, Pirenne, this is a matter of life and death. The planet, Terminus, by itself cannot support a mechanized civilization. It lacks metals. You know that. It hasn't a trace of iron, copper, or aluminum in the surface rocks, and precious little of anything else. What do you think will happen to the Encyclopedia if this whatchamacallum King of Anacreon clamps down on us?"

"On *us?* Are you forgetting that we are under the direct control of the Emperor himself? We are not part of the Prefect of Anacreon or of any other prefect. Memorize that! We are part of the Emperor's personal domain, and no one touches us. The Empire can protect its own."

"Then why didn't it prevent the Royal Governor of Anacreon from kicking over the traces? And only Anacreon? At least twenty of the outermost prefects of the Galaxy, the entire Periphery as a matter of fact, have begun steering things their own way. I tell you I feel darned uncertain of the Empire and its ability to protect us."

"Hokum! Royal Governors, Kings—what's the difference? The Empire is always shot through with a certain amount of politics and with different men pulling this way and that. Governors have rebelled, and, for that matter, Emperors have been deposed or assassinated before this. But what has that to do with the Empire itself? Forget it, Hardin. It's none of our business. We are first of all and last of all—scientists. And our concern is the Encyclopedia. Oh, yes, I'd almost forgotten. Hardin!"

"Well?"

"Do something about that paper of yours!" Pirenne's voice was angry.

"The Terminus City *Journal?* It isn't mine; it's privately owned. What's it been doing?"

"For weeks now it has been recommending that the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Foundation be made the occasion for public holidays and quite inappropriate celebrations."

"And why not? The radium clock will open the First Vault in three months. I would call that a big occasion, wouldn't you?"

"Not for silly pageantry, Hardin. The First Vault and its opening concern the Board of Trustees alone. Anything of importance will be communicated to the people. That is final and please make it plain to the *Journal.*"

"I'm sorry, Pirenne, but the City Charter guarantees a certain minor matter known as freedom of the press."

"It may. But the Board of Trustees does not. I am the Emperor's representative on Terminus, Hardin, and have full powers in this respect."

Hardin's expression became that of a man counting to ten, mentally. He said grimly: "In connection with your status as Emperor's representative, then, I have a final piece of news to give you."

"About Anacreon?" Pirenne's lips tightened. He felt annoyed.

"Yes. A special envoy will be sent to us from Anacreon. In two weeks."

"An envoy? Here? From Anacreon?" Pirenne chewed that. "What for?"

Hardin stood up, and shoved his chair back up against the desk. "I give you one guess."

And he left—quite unceremoniously.

Anselm haut Rodric—"haut" itself signifying noble blood—Sub-prefect of Pluema and Envoy Extraordinary of his Highness of Anacreon—plus half a dozen other titles—was met by Salvor Hardin at the spaceport with all the imposing ritual of a state occasion.

With a tight smile and a low bow, the subprefect had flipped his blaster from its holster and presented it to Hardin butt first. Hardin returned the compliment with a blaster specifically borrowed for the occasion. Friendship and good will were thus established, and if Hardin noted

the barest bulge at Haut Rodric's shoulder, he prudently said nothing.

The ground car that received them then—preceded, flanked, and followed by the suitable cloud of minor functionaries—proceeded in a slow, ceremonious manner to Cyclopedia Square, cheered on its way by a properly enthusiastic crowd.

Sub-prefect Anselm received the cheers with the complaisant indifference of a soldier and a nobleman.

He said to Hardin, "And this city is all your world?"

Hardin raised his voice to be heard above the clamor. "We are a young world, your eminence. In our short history we have had but few members of the higher nobility visiting our poor planet. Hence, our enthusiasm."

It is certain that "higher nobility" did not recognize irony when he heard it.

He said thoughtfully: "Founded fifty years ago. Hm-m-m! You have a great deal of unexploited land here, mayor. You have never considered dividing it into estates?"

"There is no necessity as yet. We're extremely centralized; we have to be, because of the Encyclopedia. Some day, perhaps, when our population has grown—"

"A strange world! You have no peasantry?"

Hardin reflected that it didn't require a great deal of acumen to tell that his eminence was indulging in a bit of fairly clumsy pumping. He replied casually, "No—nor nobility."

Haut Rodric's eyebrows lifted. "And your leader—the man I am to meet?"

"You mean Dr. Pirenne? Yes! He is the Chairman of the Board of Trustees—and a personal representative of the Emperor."

"*Doctor?* No other title? A *scholar?* And he rates above the civil authority?"

"Why, certainly," replied Hardin, amiably. "We're all scholars more or less. After all, we're not so much a world as a scientific foundation—under the direct control of the Emperor."

There was a faint emphasis upon the last phrase that seemed to disconcert the sub-prefect. He remained thoughtfully silent during the rest of the slow way to Cyclopedia Square.

If Hardin found himself bored by the afternoon and evening that followed, he had at least the satisfaction of realizing that Pirenne and Haut Rodric—having met with loud and mutual protestations of esteem and regard—were detesting each other's company a good deal more.

Haut Rodric had attended with glazed eye to Pirenne's lecture during the "inspection tour" of the Encyclopedia Building. With polite and vacant smile, he had listened to the latter's rapid patter as they passed through the vast storehouses of reference films and the numerous projection rooms.

It was only after he had gone down level by level into and through the composing departments, editing departments, publishing departments, and filming departments that he made his first comprehensive statement.

"This is all very interesting," he said, "but it seems a strange occupation for grown men. What good is it?"

It was a remark, Hardin noted, for which Pirenne found no answer, though the expression of his face was most eloquent.

The dinner that evening was much the mirror image of the events of that afternoon, for Haut Rodric monopolized the conversation by describing—in minute technical detail and with incredible *zest*—his own exploits as battalion head during the recent war between Anacreon and the neighboring newly proclaimed Kingdom of Smyrno.

The details of the sub-prefect's account were not completed until dinner was over and one by one the minor officials had drifted away. The last bit of triumphant description of mangled spaceships came when he had accompanied Pirenne and Hardin onto the balcony and relaxed in the warm air of the summer evening.

"And now," he said, with a heavy joviality, "to serious matters."

"By all means," murmured Hardin, lighting a long cigar of Vegan tobacco—not many left, he reflected—and teetering his chair back on two legs.

The Galaxy was high in the sky and its misty lens shape stretched lazily from horizon to horizon. The few stars here at the very edge of the universe were insignificant twinkles in comparison.

"Of course," said the sub-prefect, "all the formal discussions—the paper signing and such dull technicalities, that is—will take place before the—What is it you call your Council?"

"The Board of Trustees," replied Pirenne, coldly.

"Queer name! Anyway, that's for tomorrow. We might as well clear away some of the underbrush, man to man, right now, though. Hey?"

"And this means—" prodded Hardin.

"Just this. There's been a certain change in the situation out here in the Periphery and the status of your planet has become a trifle uncertain. It would be very convenient if we succeeded in coming to an understanding as to how the matter stands. By the way, mayor, have you another one of those cigars?"

Hardin started and produced one reluctantly.

Anselm haut Rodric sniffed at it and emitted a clucking sound of pleasure. "Vegan tobacco! Where did you get it?"

"We received some last shipment. There's

hardly any left. Space knows when we'll get more —if ever."

Pirenne scowled. He didn't smoke—and, for that matter, detested the odor. "Let me understand this, your eminence. Your mission is merely one of clarification?"

Haut Rodric nodded through the smoke of his first lusty puffs.

"In that case, it is soon over. The situation with respect to Encyclopedia Foundation Number One is what it always has been."

"Ah! And what is it that it always has been?"

"Just this: A State-supported scientific institution and part of the personal domain of his august majesty, the Emperor."

The sub-prefect seemed unimpressed. He blew smoke rings. "That's a nice theory, Dr. Pirenne. I imagine you've got charters with the Imperial Seal upon it—but what's the actual situation? How do you stand with respect to Smyrno? You're not fifty parsecs from Smyrno's capital, you know. And what about Konom and Daribow?"

Pirenne said: "We have nothing to do with any prefect. As part of the Emperor's—"

"They're not prefects," reminded Haut Rodric; "they're kingdoms now."

"Kingdoms then. We have nothing to do with them. As a scientific institution—"

"Science be dashed!" swore the other, via a bouncing soldierly oath that ionized the atmosphere. "What the devil has that got to do with the fact that we're liable to see Terminus taken over by Smyrno at any time?"

"And the Emperor? He would just sit by?"

Haut Rodric calmed down and said: "Well, now, Dr. Pirenne, you respect the Emperor's property and so does Anacreon, but Smyrno might not. Remember, we've just signed a treaty with the Emperor—I'll present a copy to that Board of yours tomorrow—which places upon us the responsibility of maintaining order within the borders of the old Prefect of Anacreon on behalf of the Emperor. Our duty is clear, then, isn't it?"

"Certainly. But Terminus is not part of the Prefect of Anacreon."

"And Smyrno—"

"Nor is it part of the Prefect of Smyrno. It's not part of any prefect."

"Does Smyrno know that?"

"I don't care what it knows."

"*We* do. We've just finished a war with her and she still holds two stellar systems that are ours. Terminus occupies an extremely strategic spot, between the two nations."

Hardin felt weary. He broke in: "What is your proposition, your eminence?"

The sub-prefect seemed quite ready to stop fencing in favor of more direct statements. He said briskly: "It seems perfectly obvious that, since Terminus cannot defend itself, Anacreon must take over the job for its own sake. You understand we have no desire to interfere with internal administration—"

"Uh-huh," grunted Hardin, dryly.

"—but we believe that it would be best for all concerned to have Anacreon establish a military base upon the planet."

"And that is all you would want—a military base in some of the vast unoccupied territory—and let it go at that."

"Well, of course, there would be the matter of supporting the protecting forces."

Hardin's chair came down on all four, and his elbows went forward on his knees. "Now we're getting to the nub. Let's put it into language. Terminus is to be a protectorate and to pay tribute."

"Not tribute. Taxes. We're protecting you. You pay for it."

Pirenne banged his hand on the chair with sudden violence. "Let me speak, Hardin. Your eminence, I don't care a rusty half-credit coin for Anacreon, Smyrno, or all your local politics and petty wars. I tell you this is a State-supported tax-free institution."

"State-supported? But *we* are the State, Dr. Pirenne, and we're not supporting."

Pirenne rose angrily. "Your eminence, I am the direct representative of—"

"—his august majesty, the Emperor," chorused Anselm haut Rodric sourly, "and I am the direct representative of the King of Anacreon. Anacreon is a lot nearer, Dr. Pirenne."

"Let's get back to business," urged Hardin. "How would you take these so-called taxes, your eminence? Would you take them in kind: wheat, potatoes, vegetables, cattle?"

The sub-prefect stared. "What the devil? What do we need with those? We've got hefty surpluses. Gold, of course. Chromium or vanadium would be even better, incidentally, if you have it in quantity."

Hardin laughed. "Quantity! We haven't even got iron in quantity. Gold! Here, take a look at our currency." He tossed a coin to the envoy.

Haut Rodric bounced it and stared. "What is it? Steel?"

"That's right."

"I don't understand."

"Terminus is a planet practically without metals. We import it all. Consequently, we have no gold, and nothing to pay unless you want a few thousand bushels of potatoes."

"Well—manufactured goods."

"Without metal? What do we make our machines out of?"

There was a pause and Pirenne tried again. "This whole discussion is wide of the point. Terminus is not a planet, but a scientific foundation

preparing a great encyclopedia. Space, man, have you no respect for science?"

"Encyclopedias don't win wars." Haut Rodric's brows furrowed. "A completely unproductive world, then—and practically unoccupied at that. Well, you might pay with land."

"What do you mean?" asked Pirenne.

"This world is just about empty and the unoccupied land is probably fertile. There are many of the nobility on Anacreon that would like an addition to their estates."

"You can't propose any such—"

"There's no necessity of looking so alarmed, Dr. Pirenne. There's plenty for all of us. If it comes to what it comes, and you co-operate, we could probably arrange it so that you lose nothing. Titles can be conferred and estates granted. You understand me, I think."

Pirenne sneered, "Thanks!"

And then Hardin said ingenuously: "Could Anacreon supply us with adequate quantities of praseodymium for our atomic-power plant? We've only a few years' supply left."

There was a gasp from Pirenne and then a dead silence for minutes. When Haut Rodric spoke it was in a voice quite different from what it had been till then:

"You have atomic power?"

"Certainly. What's unusual in that? I imagine atomic power is fifty thousand years old now. Why shouldn't we have it? Except that it's a little difficult to get praseodymium."

"Yes . . . yes." The envoy paused and added uncomfortably: "Well, gentlemen, we'll pursue the subject tomorrow. You'll excuse me—"

Pirenne looked after him and gritted through his teeth: "That insufferable, dull-witted donkey! That—"

Hardin broke in: "Not at all. He's merely the product of his environment. He doesn't understand much except that 'I got a gun and you ain't.'"

Pirenne whirled on him in exasperation. "What in space did you mean by the talk about military bases and tribute? Are you crazy?"

"No. I merely gave him rope and let him talk. You'll notice that he managed to stumble out with Anacreon's real intentions—that is, the parceling up of Terminus into landed estates. Of course, I don't intend to let that happen."

"*You* don't intend. *You* don't. And who are you? And may I ask what you meant by blowing off your mouth about our atomic-power plant? Why, it's just the thing that would make us a military target."

"Yes," grinned Hardin. "A military target to stay away from. Isn't it obvious why I brought the subject up? It happened to confirm a very strong suspicion I had had."

"And that was what?"

"That Anacreon no longer has an atomic-power economy—and that, therefore, the rest of the Periphery no longer has one as well. Interesting, wouldn't you say?"

"Bah!" Pirenne left in fiendish humor, and Hardin smiled gently.

He threw his cigar away and looked up at the outstretched Galaxy. "Back to oil and coal, are they?" he murmured—and what the rest of his thoughts were he kept to himself.

When Hardin denied owning the *Journal*, he was perhaps technically correct, but no more. Hardin had been the leading spirit in the drive to incorporate Terminus into an autonomous municipality—he had been elected its first mayor—so it was not surprising that, though not a single share of *Journal* stock was in his name, some sixty percent was controlled by him in more devious fashions.

There were ways.

Consequently, when Hardin began suggesting to Pirenne that he be allowed to attend meetings of the Board of Trustees, it was not quite coincidence that the *Journal* began a similar campaign. And the first mass meeting in the history of the Foundation was held, demanding representation of the City in the "national" government.

And, eventually, Pirenne capitulated with ill grace.

Hardin, as he sat at the foot of the table, speculated idly as to just what it was that made physical scientists such poor administrators. It might be merely that they were too used to inflexible fact and far too unused to pliable people.

In any case, there was Tomaz Sutt and Jord Fara on his left; Lundin Crast and Yate Fulham on his right; with Pirenne, himself, presiding. He knew them all, of course, but they seemed to have put on an extra-special bit of pomposity for the occasion.

Hardin half dozed through the initial formalities and then perked up when Pirenne sipped at the glass of water before him by way of preparation and said:

"I find it very gratifying to be able to inform the Board that, since our last meeting, I have received word that Lord Dorwin, Chancellor of the Empire, will arrive at Terminus in two weeks. It may be taken for granted that our relations with Anacreon will be smoothed out to our complete satisfaction as soon as the Emperor is informed of the situation."

He smiled and addressed Hardin across the length of the table. "Information to this effect has been given the *Journal*."

Hardin snickered below his breath. It seemed evident that Pirenne's desire to strut this information before him had been one reason for his admission into the sacrosanctum.

He said evenly: "Leaving vague expressions out of account, what do you expect Lord Dorwin to do?"

Tomaz Sutt replied. He had a bad habit of addressing one in the third person when in his more stately moods.

"It is quite evident," he observed, "that Mayor Hardin is a professional cynic. He can scarcely fail to realize that the Emperor would be most unlikely to allow his personal rights to be infringed."

"Why? What would he do in case they were?"

There was an annoyed stir. Pirenne said, "You are out of order," and, as an afterthought, "and are making what are near-treasonable statements, besides."

"Am I to consider myself answered?"

"Yes! If you have nothing further to say—"

"Don't jump to conclusions. I'd like to ask a question. Besides this stroke of diplomacy—which may or may not prove to mean anything—has anything concrete been done to meet the Anacreonic menace?"

Yate Fulham drew one hand along his ferocious red mustache. "You see a menace there, do you?"

"Don't you?"

"Scarcely"—this with indulgence. "The Emperor—"

"Great space!" Hardin felt annoyed. "What is this? Every once in a while someone mentions 'Emperor' or 'Empire' as if it were a magic word. The Emperor is fifty thousand parsecs away, and I doubt whether he gives a damn about us. And if he does, what can he do? What there was of the imperial navy in these regions is in the hands of the four kingdoms now and Anacreon has its share. Listen, we have to fight with guns, not with words.

"Now, get this. We've had two months of grace so far, mainly because we've given Anacreon the idea that we've got atomic weapons. Well, we all know that that's a little white lie. We've got atomic power, but only for commercial uses, and darn little at that. They're going to find that out soon, and if you think they're going to enjoy being jollied along, you're mistaken."

"My dear sir—"

"Hold on; I'm not finished." Hardin was warming up. He liked this. "It's all very well to drag chancellors into this, but it would be much nicer to drag a few great big siege guns fitted for beautiful atomic bombs into it. We've lost two months, gentlemen, and we may not have another two months to lose. What do you propose to do?"

Said Lundin Crast, his long nose wrinkling angrily: "If you're proposing the militarization of the Foundation, I won't hear a word of it. It would mark our open entrance into the field of politics. We, Mr. Mayor, are a scientific foundation and nothing else."

Added Sutt: "He does not realize, moreover, that building armaments would mean withdrawing men—valuable men—from the Encyclopedia. That cannot be done, come what may."

"Very true," agreed Pirenne. "The Encyclopedia first—always."

Hardin groaned in spirit. The Board seemed to suffer violently from Encyclopedia on the brain.

He said icily: "Has it ever occurred to the Board that it is barely possible that Terminus may have interests other than the Encyclopedia?"

Pirenne replied: "I do not conceive, Hardin, that the Foundation can have *any* interest other than the Encyclopedia."

"I didn't say the Foundation; I said *Terminus*. I'm afraid you don't understand the situation. There's a good million of us here on Terminus, and not more than a hundred and fifty thousand are working directly on the Encyclopedia. To the rest of us, this is *home*. We were born here. We're living here. Compared with our farms and our homes and our factories, the Encyclopedia means little to us. We want them protected—"

He was shouted down.

"The Encyclopedia first," ground out Crast. "We have a mission to fulfill."

"Mission, hell," shouted Hardin. "That might have been true fifty years ago. But this is a new generation."

"That has nothing to do with it," replied Pirenne. "We are scientists."

And Hardin leaped through the opening. "Are you, though? That's a nice hallucination, isn't it? Your bunch here is a perfect example of what's been wrong with the entire Galaxy for thousands of years. What kind of science is it to be stuck out here for centuries classifying the work of scientists of the last millennium? Have you ever thought of working onward, *extending* their knowledge and improving upon it? No! You're quite happy to stagnate. The whole Galaxy is, and has been for space knows how long. That's why the Periphery is revolting; that's why communications are breaking down; that's why petty wars are becoming eternal; that's why whole systems are losing atomic power and going back to barbarous techniques of chemical power.

"If you ask me," he cried, "*the Galaxy is going to pot!*"

He paused and dropped into his chair to catch his breath, paying no attention to the two or three that were attempting simultaneously to answer him.

Crast got the floor. "I don't know what you're trying to gain by your hysterical statements, Mr. Mayor. Certainly, you are adding nothing constructive to the discussion. I move, Mr. Chair-

man, that the last speaker's remarks be placed out of order and the discussion be resumed from the point where it was interrupted."

Jord Fara bestirred himself for the first time. Up to this point Fara had taken no part in the argument even at its hottest. But now his ponderous voice, every bit as ponderous as his three-hundred-pound body, burst its bass way out.

"Haven't we forgotten something, gentlemen?"

"What?" asked Pirenne, peevishly.

"That in a month we celebrate our fiftieth anniversary." Fara had a trick of uttering the most obvious platitudes with great profundity.

"What of it?"

"And on that anniversary," continued Fara, placidly, "Hari Seldon's First Vault will open. Have you ever considered what might be in the First Vault?"

"I don't know. Routine matters. A stock speech of congratulations, perhaps. I don't think any significance need be placed on the First Vault—though the *Journal*"—and he glared at Hardin, who grinned back—"did try to make an issue of it. I put a stop to that."

"Ah," said Fara, "but perhaps you are wrong. Doesn't it strike you"—he paused and put a finger to his round little nose—"that the Vault is opening at a very convenient time?"

"Very *in*convenient time, you mean," muttered Fulham. "We've got some other things to worry about."

"Other things more important than a message from Hari Seldon? I think not." Fara was growing more pontifical than ever, and Hardin eyed him thoughtfully. What was he getting at?

"In fact," said Fara, happily, "you all seem to forget that Seldon was the greatest psychologist of our time and that he was the founder of our Foundation. It seems reasonable to assume that he used his science to determine the probable course of the history of the immediate future. If he did, as seems likely, I repeat, he would certainly have managed to find a way to warn us of danger and, perhaps, to point out a solution. The Encyclopedia was very dear to his heart, you know."

An aura of puzzled doubt prevailed. Pirenne hemmed. "Well, now, I don't know. Psychology is a great science, but—there are no psychologists among us at the moment, I believe. It seems to me we're on uncertain ground."

Fara turned to Hardin. "Didn't you study psychology under Alurin?"

Hardin answered, half in reverie: "Yes. I never completed my studies, though. I got tired of theory. I wanted to be a psychological engineer, but we lacked the facilities, so I did the next best thing—I went into politics. It's practically the same thing."

"Well, what do you think of the First Vault?"

And Hardin replied cautiously, "I don't know."

He did not say a word for the remainder of the meeting—even though it got back to the subject of the Chancellor of the Empire.

In fact, he didn't even listen. He'd been put on a new track and things were falling into place—just a little. Little angles were fitting together—one or two.

And psychology was the key. He was sure of that.

He was trying desperately to remember the psychological theory he had once learned—and from it he got one thing right at the start.

A great psychologist such as Seldon could unravel human emotions and human reactions sufficiently to be able to predict broadly the historical sweep of the future.

And that meant—hm-m-m!

Lord Dorwin took snuff. He also had long hair, curled intricately and, quite obviously, artificially; to which were added a pair of fluffy, blond sideburns, which he fondled affectionately. Then, too, he spoke in overprecise statements and left out all the *r*'s.

At the moment, Hardin had no time to think of more of the reasons for the instant detestation in which he had held the noble chancellor. Oh, yes, the elegant gestures of one hand with which he accompanied his remarks and the studied condescension with which he accompanied even a simple affirmative.

But, at any rate, the problem now was to locate him. He had disappeared with Pirenne half an hour before—passed clean out of sight, blast him.

Hardin was quite sure that his own absence during the preliminary discussions would quite suit Pirenne.

But Pirenne had been seen in this wing and on this floor. It was simply a matter of trying every door. Halfway down, he said, "Ah!" and stepped into the darkened room. The profile of Lord Dorwin's intricate hair-do was unmistakable against the lighted screen.

Lord Dorwin looked up and said: "Ah, Hahdin. You ah looking foah us, no doubt?" He held out his snuffbox—overadorned and poor workmanship at that, noted Hardin—and was politely refused, whereat he helped himself to a pinch and smiled graciously.

Pirenne scowled and Hardin met that with an expression of blank indifference.

The only sound to break the short silence that followed was the clicking of the lid of Lord Dorwin's snuffbox. And then he put it away and said:

"A gweat achievement, this Encyclopedia of yoahs, Hahdin. A feat, indeed, to rank with the most majestic accomplishments of all time."

"Most of us think so, milord. It's an accom-

plishment not quite accomplished as yet, however."

"Fwom the little I have seen of the efficiency of yoah Foundation, I have no feahs on that scoah." And he nodded to Pirenne, who responded with a delighted bow.

Quite a love feast, thought Hardin. "I wasn't complaining about the lack of efficiency, milord, as much as of the definite excess of efficiency on the part of the Anacreonians—though in another and more destructive direction."

"Ah, yes, Anacweon." A negligent wave of the hand. "I have just come from theah. Most bahbawous planet. It is thowoughly inconceivable that human beings could live heah in the Pewiphewy. The lack of the most elementawy wequiahments of a cultuahed gentleman; the absence of the most fundamental necessities foah comfoht and convenience—the uttah disuetude into which they—"

Hardin interrupted dryly: "The Anacreonians, unfortunately, have all the elementary requirements for warfare and all the fundamental necessities for destruction."

"Quite, quite." Lord Dorwin seemed annoyed, perhaps at being stopped midway in his sentence. "But we ahn't to discuss business now, y'know. Weally, I'm othahwise concuhned. Doctah Piwenne, ahn't you going to show me the second volume? Do, please."

The lights clicked out and for the next half-hour Hardin might as well have been on Anacreon for all the attention they paid him. The book upon the screen made little sense to him, nor did he trouble to make the attempt to follow, but Lord Dorwin became quite humanly excited at times. Hardin noticed that during these moments of excitement the chancellor pronounced his *r*'s.

When the lights went on again, Lord Dorwin said: "Mahvelous. Twuly mahvelous. You ah not, by chance, intewested in ahchæology, ah you, Hahdin?"

"Eh?" Hardin shook himself out of an abstracted reverie. "No, milord, can't say I am. I'm a psychologist by original intention and a politician by final decision."

"Ah! No doubt intewesting studies. I, my-



self, y'know"—he helped himself to a giant pinch of snuff—"dabble in ahchaeology."

"Indeed?"

"His lordship," interrupted Pirenne, "is most thoroughly acquainted with the field."

"Well, p'haps I am, p'haps I am," said his lordship complacently. "I *have* done an awful amount of wuhk in the science. Extwemely well-read, in fact. I've gone thwough all of Jawdun, Obijasi, Kwomwill . . . oh, all of them, y'know."

"I've heard of them, of course," said Hardin, "but I've never read them."

"You should some day, my deah fellow. It would amply repay you. Why, I cutainly considah it well wuhth the twip heah to the Pewiphewy to see this copy of Lameth. Would you believe it, my libwawy totally lacks a copy. By the way, Doctah Piwenne, you have not fohgotten yoah pwomise to twansdevelop a copy foah me befoah I leave?"

"Only too pleased."

"Lameth, you must know," continued the chancellor, pontifically, "pwesents a new and most intewesting addition to my pwevious knowledge of the 'Owigin Question.'"

"Which question?" asked Hardin.

"The 'Owigin Question.' The place of the owigin of the human species, y'know. Suahly you must know that it is thought that owiginally the human wace occupied only one planetawy system."

"Well, yes, I know that."

"Of cohse, no one knows exactly which system it is—lost in the mists of antiquity. Theah ah theawies, howevah. Siwius, some say. Othahs insist on Alpha Centauwi, oah on Sol, oah on 61 Cygni—all in the Siwius sectah, you see."

"And what does Lameth say?"

"Well, he goes off along a new twail completely. He twies to show that ahchaeological wemains on the thuhd planet of the Ahctuwian System show that humanity existed theah befoah theah wah any indications of space-twavel."

"And that means it was humanity's birth planet?"

"P'haps. I must wead it closely and weigh the evidence befoah I can say foah cuhtain. One must see just how weliable his obsuhvations ah."

Hardin remained silent for a short while. Then he said, "When did Lameth write his book?"

"Oh—I should say about eight hundwed yeahs ago. Of cohse, he has based it lahgely on the pwevious wuhk of Gleen."

"Then why rely on him? Why not go to Arcturus and study the remains for yourself?"

Lord Dorwin raised his eyebrows and took a pinch of snuff hurriedly. "Why, whatevah foah, my deah fellow?"

"To get the information firsthand, of course."

"But wheah's the necessity? It seems an uncommonly woundabout and hopelessly wigmawolish method of getting anywheahs. Look heah, now, I've got the wuhks of all the old mastahs—the gweat ahchaeologists of the past. I weigh them against each othah—balance the disagweements—analyze the conflicting statements—decide which is pwobably cowwect—and come to a conclusion. That is the scientific method. At least" —patronizingly—"as *I* see it. How insuffewably cwude it would be to go to Ahctuwus, oah to Sol, foah instance, and blundah about, when the old mastahs have covahed the gwound so much moah effectually than we could possibly hope to do."

Hardin murmured politely, "I see."

Scientific method, hell! No wonder the Galaxy was going to pot.

"Come, milord," said Pirenne, "I think we had better be returning."

"Ah, yes. P'haps we had."

As they left the room, Hardin said suddenly, "Milord, may I ask a question?"

Lord Dorwin smiled blandly and emphasized his answer with a gracious flutter of the hand. "Cuhtainly, my deah fellow. Only too happy to be of suhvice. If I can help you in any way fwom my pooah stoah of knowledge—"

"It isn't exactly about archaeology, milord."

"No?"

"No. It's this: Last year we received news here in Terminus about the explosion of a power plant on Planet V of Gamma Andromeda. We got the barest outline of the accident—no details at all. I wonder if you could tell me exactly what happened."

Pirenne's mouth twisted. "I wonder you annoy his lordship with questions on totally irrelevant subjects."

"Not at all, Doctah Piwenne," interceded the chancellor. "It is quite all wight. Theah isn't much to say concuhning it in any case. The powah plant did explode and it was quite a catastwophe, y'know. I believe sevewal million people wah killed and at least half the planet was simply laid in wuins. Weally, the govuhnment is sewiously considewing placing seveah westwictions upon the indiscwiminate use of atomic powah—though that is not a thing for genewal publication, y'know."

"I understand," said Hardin. "But what was wrong with the plant?"

"Well, weally," replied Lord Dorwin indifferently, "who knows? It had bwoken down some yeahs pweviously and it is thought that the weplacements and wepaiah wuhk was most infewiah. It is *so* difficult these days to find men who *weally* undahstand the moah technical details of ouah powah systems." And he took a sorrowful pinch of snuff.

"You realize," said Hardin, "that the independ-

ent kingdoms of the Periphery have lost atomic power altogether?"

"Have they? I'm not at all suhpwised. Barbawous planets— Oh, but my deah fellow, don't call them independent. They ahn't, y'know. The tweaties we've made with them ah pwoof positive of that. They acknowledge the soveweignty of the Empewah. They'd have to, of cohse, oah we wouldn't tweat with them."

"That may be so, but they have considerable freedom of action."

"Yes, I suppose so. Considewable. But that scahcely mattahs. The Empiah is fah bettah off, with the Pewiphewy thwown upon its own wesoahces—as it is, moah oah less. They ahn't any good to us, y'know. *Most* bahbawous planets. Scahcely civilized."

"They were civilized in the past. Anacreon was one of the richest of the outlying provinces. I understand it compared favorably with Vega itself."

"Oh, but, Hahdin, that was centuwies ago. You can scahcely dwaw conclusion fwom that. Things wah diffewent in the old gweat days. We ahn't the men we used to be, y'know. But, Hahdin, come, you ah a most puhsistent chap. I've told you I simply won't discuss business today. Doctah Piwenne did pwepayah me foah you. He told me you would twy to badgah me, but I'm fah too old a hand foah that. Leave it foah next day."

And that was that.

This was the second meeting of the Board that Hardin had attended, if one were to exclude the informal talks the Board members had had with the now-departed Lord Dorwin. Yet the mayor had a perfectly definite idea that at least one other, and possibly two or three, had been held, to which he had somehow never received an invitation.

Nor, it seemed to him, would he have received notification of this one had it not been for the ultimatum.

At least, it amounted to an ultimatum, though a superficial reading of the visigraphed document would lead one to suppose that it was a friendly interchange of greetings between two potentates.

Hardin fingered it gingerly. It started off floridly with a salutation from "His Puissant Majesty, the King of Anacreon, to his friend and brother, Dr. Lewis Pirenne, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, of the Encyclopedia Foundation Number One," and it ended even more lavishly with a gigantic, multicolored seal of the most involved symbolism.

But it was an ultimatum just the same.

Hardin said: "It turned out that we didn't have much time after all—only three months. But little as it was, we threw it away unused. This thing here gives us a week. What do we do now?"

Pirenne frowned worriedly. "There must be a loophole. It is absolutely unbelievable that they would push matters to extremities in the face of what Lord Dorwin has assured us regarding the attitude of the Emperor and the Empire."

Hardin perked up. "I see. You have informed the King of Anacreon of this alleged attitude?"

"I did—after having placed the proposal to the Board for a vote and having received unanimous consent."

"And when did this vote take place?"

Pirenne climbed onto his dignity. "I do not believe I am answerable to you in any way, Mayor Hardin."

"All right. I'm not that vitally interested. It's just my opinion that it was your diplomatic transmission of Lord Dorwin's valuable contribution to the situation"—he lifted the corner of his mouth in a sour half-smile—"that was the direct cause of this friendly little note. They might have delayed longer otherwise—though I don't think the additional time would have helped Terminus any, considering the attitude of the Board."

Said Yate Fulham: "And just how do you arrive at that remarkable conclusion, Mr. Mayor?"

"In a rather simple way. It merely required the use of that much-neglected commodity—common sense. You see, there is a branch of human knowledge known as symbolic logic, which can be used to prune away all sorts of clogging deadwood that clutters up human language."

"What about it?" said Fulham.

"I applied it. Among other things, I applied it to this document here. I didn't really need to for myself because I knew what it was all about, but I think I can explain it more easily to five physical scientists by symbols rather than by words."

Hardin removed a few sheets of paper from the pad under his arm and spread them out. "I didn't do this myself, by the way," he said. "Muller Holk of the Division of Logic has his name signed to the analyses, as you can see."

Pirenne leaned over the table to get a better view and Hardin continued: "The message from Anacreon was a simple problem, naturally, for the men who wrote it were men of action rather than men of words. It boils down easily and straightforwardly to the unqualified statement, which in symbols is what you see, and which in words, roughly translated, is, 'You give us what we want in a week, or we beat the hell out of you and take it anyway.'"

There was silence as the five members of the Board ran down the line of symbols, and then Pirenne sat down and coughed uneasily.

Hardin said, "No loophole, is there, Dr. Pirenne?"

"Doesn't seem to be."

"All right." Hardin replaced the sheets. "Before you now you see a copy of the treaty between the Empire and Anacreon—a treaty, incidentally, which is signed on the Emperor's behalf by the same Lord Dorwin who was here last week—and with it a symbolic analysis."

The treaty ran through five pages of fine print and the analysis was scrawled out in just under half a page.

"As you see, gentlemen, something like ninety percent of the treaty boiled right out of the analysis as being meaningless, and what we end up with can be described in the following interesting manner:

"Obligations of Anacreon to the Empire: *None!*

"Powers of the Empire over Anacreon: *None!*"

Again the five followed the reasoning anxiously, checking carefully back to the treaty, and when they were finished, Pirenne said in a worried fashion, "That seems to be correct."

"You admit, then, that the treaty is nothing but a declaration of total independence on the part of Anacreon and a recognition of that status by the Empire?"

"It seems so."

"And do you suppose that Anacreon doesn't realize that, and is not anxious to emphasize the position of independence—so that it would naturally tend to resent any appearance of threats from the Empire? Particularly when it is evident that the Empire is powerless to fulfill any such threats, or it would never have allowed independence."

"But then," interposed Sutt, "how would Mayor Hardin account for Lord Dorwin's assurances of Empire support? They seemed—" He shrugged. "Well, they seemed satisfactory."

Hardin threw himself back in the chair. "You know, that's the most interesting part of the whole business. I'll admit I had thought his lordship a most consummate donkey when I first met him—but it turned out that he was actually an accomplished diplomat and a most clever man. I took the liberty of recording all his statements."

There was a flurry, and Pirenne opened his mouth in horror.

"What of it?" demanded Hardin. "I realize it was a gross breach of hospitality and a thing no so-called gentleman would do. Also, that if his lordship had caught on, things might have been unpleasant; but he didn't, and I have the record, and that's that. I took that record, had it copied out and sent that to Holk for analysis, also."

Lundin Crast said, "And where is the analysis?"

"That," replied Hardin, "is the interesting thing. The analysis was the most difficult of the three by all odds. When Holk, after two days of steady work, succeeded in eliminating meaningless statements, vague gibberish, useless qualifications—in short, all the goo and dribble—he found he had nothing left. Everything canceled out.

"Lord Dorwin, gentlemen, in five days of discussion *didn't say one damned thing*, and said it so you never noticed. *There* are the assurances you had from your precious Empire."

Hardin might have placed an actively working stench bomb upon the table and created no more confusion than existed after his last statement. He waited, with weary patience, for it to die down.

"So," he concluded, "when you sent threats—and that's what they were—concerning Empire action to Anacreon, you merely irritated a monarch who knew better. Naturally, his ego would demand immediate action, and the ultimatum is the result—which brings me to my original statement. We have one week left and what do we do now?"

"It seems," said Sutt, "that we have no choice but to allow Anacreon to establish military bases on Terminus."

"I agree with you there," replied Hardin, "but what do we do toward kicking them off again at the first opportunity?"

Yate Fulham's mustache twitched. "That sounds as if you have made up your mind that violence must be used against them."

"Violence," came the retort, "is the last refuge of the incompetent. But I certainly don't intend to lay down the welcome mat and brush off the best furniture for their use."

"I still don't like the way you put that," insisted Fulham. "It is a dangerous attitude; the more dangerous because we have noticed lately that a sizable section of the populace seems to respond to all your suggestions just so. I might as well tell you, Mayor Hardin, that the Board is not quite blind to your recent activities."

He paused and there was general agreement. Hardin shrugged.

Fulham went on: "If you were to inflame the City into an act of violence, you would achieve elaborate suicide—and we don't intend to allow that. Our policy has but one cardinal principle, and that is the Encyclopedia. Whatever we decide to do or not to do will be so decided because it will be the measure required to keep that Encyclopedia safe."

"Then," said Hardin, "you come to the conclusion that we must continue our intensive campaign of doing nothing."

Pirenne said bitterly: "You have yourself demonstrated that the Empire cannot help us; though how and why it can be so, I don't understand. If compromise is necessary—"

Hardin had the nightmarelike sensation of running at top speed and getting nowhere. "There *is* no compromise? Don't you realize that this bosh about military bases is a particularly in-

ferior grade of drivel? Haut Rodric told us what Anacreon was after—outright annexation and imposition of its own feudal system of landed estates and peasant-aristocracy economy upon us. What is left of our bluff of atomic power may force them to move slowly, but they will move nonetheless."

He had risen indignantly, and the rest rose with him—except for Jord Fara.

And then Jord Fara spoke. "Everyone will please sit down. We've gone quite far enough, I think. Come, there's no use looking so furious, Mayor Hardin; none of us have been committing treason."

"You'll have to convince me of that!"

Fara smiled gently. "You know you don't mean that. Let me speak!"

His little shrewd eyes were half closed, and the perspiration gleamed on the smooth expanse of his chin. "There seems no point in concealing that the Board has come to the decision that the real solution to the Anacreonian problem lies in what is to be revealed to us when the First Vault opens six days from now."

"Is that your contribution to the matter?"

"Yes."

"We are to do nothing, is that right, except to wait in quiet serenity and utter faith for the *deus ex machina* to pop out of the First Vault?"

"Stripped of your emotional phraseology, that's the idea."

"Such unsubtle escapism! Really, Dr. Fara, such folly smacks of genius. A lesser mind would be incapable of it."

Fara smiled indulgently. "Your taste in epigrams is amusing, Hardin, but out of place. As a matter of fact, I think you remember my line of argument concerning the First Vault about three weeks ago."

"Yes, I remember it. I don't deny that it was anything but a stupid idea from the standpoint of deductive logic alone. You said—stop me when I make a mistake—that Hari Seldon was the greatest psychologist in the System; that, hence, he could foresee the tight and uncomfortable spot we're in now; that, hence, he established the First Vault as a method of telling us the way out."

"You've got the essence of the idea."

"Would it surprise you to hear that I've given considerable thought to the matter these last weeks?"

"Very flattering. With what result?"

"With the result that pure deduction is found wanting. Again what is needed is a little sprinkling of common sense."

"For instance?"

"For instance, if he foresaw the Anacreonian mess, why not have placed us on some other planet nearer the Galactic centers? Why put us out here at all if he could see in advance the break in communication lines, our isolation from the Galaxy, the threat of our neighbors—and our helplessness because of the lack of metals on Terminus? That above all! Or if he foresaw all this, why not have warned the original settlers in advance that they might have had time to prepare, rather than wait, as he is doing, until one foot is over the cliff, before doing so?

"And don't forget this. Even though he could foresee the problem *then*, we can see it equally well *now*. Therefore, if he could foresee the solution then, we should be able to see the solution now. After all, Seldon was not a magician. There are no trick methods of escaping from a dilemma that he can see and we can't."

"But, Hardin," reminded Fara, "we can't!"

"But you haven't *tried*. You haven't tried once. First, you refused to admit that there was a menace at all! Then you reposed an absolutely blind faith in the Emperor! Now you've shifted it to Hari Seldon. Throughout you have invariably relied on authority or on the past—never on yourselves."

His fists balled spasmodically. "It amounts to a diseased attitude—a conditioned reflex that shunts aside the independence of your minds whenever it is a question of opposing authority. There seems no doubt ever in your minds that the Emperor is more powerful than you are, or Hari Seldon wiser. And that's wrong, don't you see?"

For some reason, no one cared to answer him.

Hardin continued: "It isn't just you. It's the whole Galaxy. Pirenne heard Lord Dorwin's idea of scientific research. Lord Dorwin thought the way to be a good archaeologist was to read all the books on the subject—written by men who were dead for centuries. He thought that the way to solve archaeological puzzles was to weigh opposing authorities. And Pirenne listened and made no objections. Don't you see that there's something wrong with that?"

Again the note of near-pleading in his voice. Again no answer.

He went on: "And you men and half of Terminus as well are just as bad. We sit here, considering the Encyclopedia the all-in-all. We consider the greatest end of science to be the classification of past data. It *is* important, but is there no further work to be done? We're receding and forgetting, don't you see? Here in the Periphery they've lost atomic power. In Gamma Andromeda, a power plant has blown up because of poor repairs, and the Chancellor of the Empire complains that atomic technicians are scarce. And the solution? To train new ones? Never! Instead, they're to restrict atomic power."

And for the third time: "Don't you *see?* It's

Galaxy-wide. It's a worship of the past. It's a deterioration—*a stagnation!*"

He stared from one to the other and they gazed fixedly at him.

Fara was the first to recover. "Well, mystical philosophy isn't going to help us here. Let us be concrete. Do you deny that Hari Seldon could easily have worked out historical trends of the future by simple psychological technique?"

"No, of course not," cried Hardin. "But we can't rely on him for a solution. At best, he might indicate the problem, but if ever there is to be a solution, we must work it out ourselves. He can't do it for us."

Fulham spoke suddenly. "What do you mean —'indicate the problem'? We *know* the problem."

Hardin whirled on him. "You think you do? You think Anacreon is all Hari Seldon is likely to be worried about. I disagree! I tell you, gentlemen, that as yet none of you has the faintest conception of what is really going on."

"And you do?" questioned Pirenne, hostilely.

"I think so!" Hardin jumped up and pushed his chair away. His eyes were cold and hard. "If there's one thing that's definite, it is that there's something smelly about the whole situation; something that is bigger than anything we've talked about yet. Just ask yourself this question: Why was it that among the original population of the Foundation not one first-class psychologist was included, except Bor Alurin? And *he* carefully refrained from training his pupils in more than the fundamentals."

A short silence and Fara said: "All right. Why?"

"Perhaps because a psychologist might have caught on to what this was all about—and too soon to suit Hari Seldon. As it is, we've been stumbling about, getting misty glimpses of the truth and no more. And that is what Hari Seldon wanted."

He laughed harshly. "Good day, gentlemen!" He stalked out of the room.

Mayor Hardin chewed at the end of his cigar. It had gone out but he was past noticing that. He hadn't slept the night before and he had a good idea that he wouldn't sleep this coming night. His eyes showed it.

He said wearily, "And that covers it?"

"I think so." Yohan Lee put a hand to his chin. "How does it sound?"

"Not too bad. It's got to be done, you understand, with impudence. That is, there is to be no hesitation; no time to allow them to grasp the situation. Once we are in a position to give orders, why, give them as though you were born to do so, and they'll obey out of habit. That's the essence of a coup."

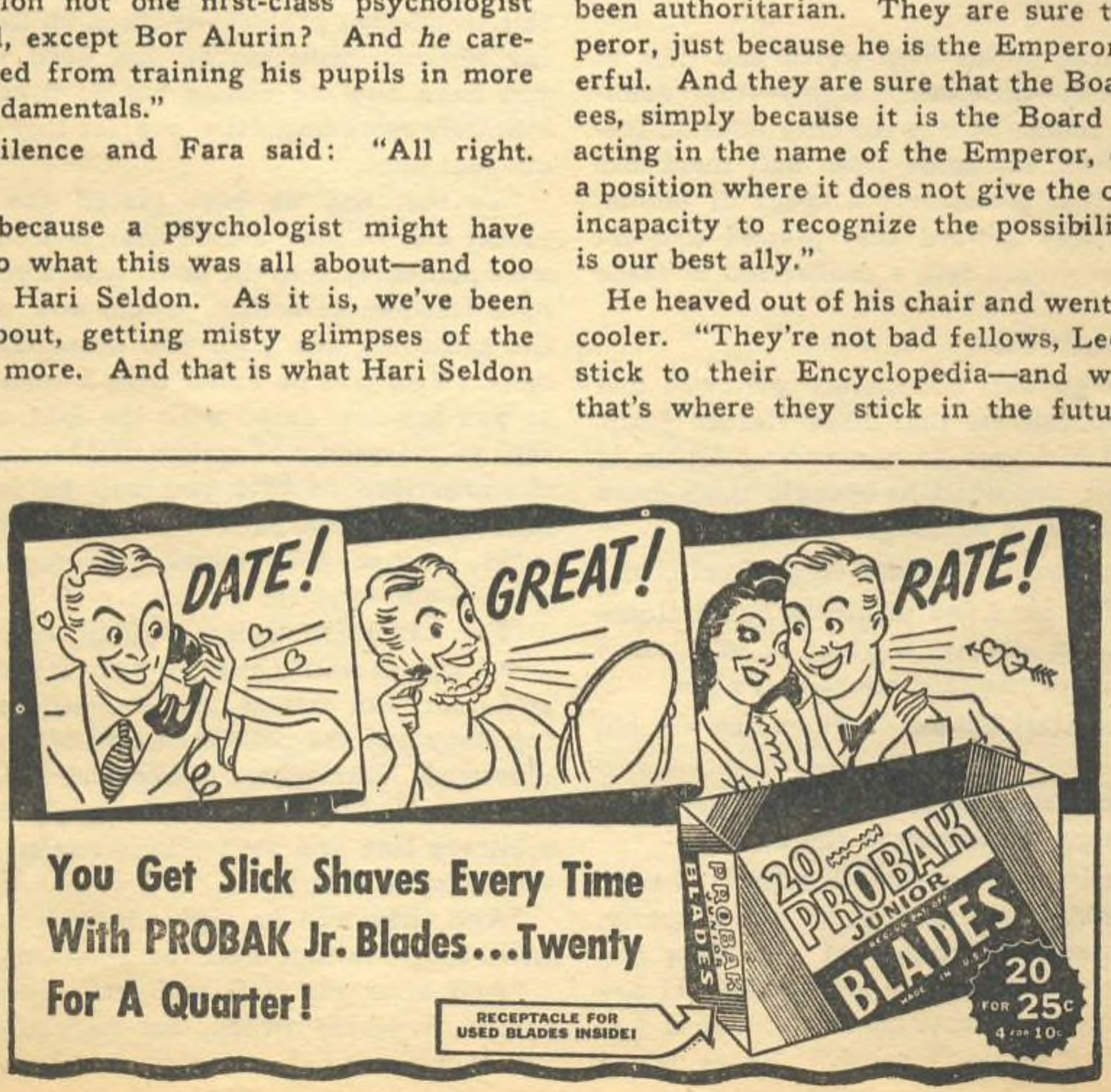
"If the Board remains irresolute for even—"

"The Board? Count them out. After tomorrow, their importance as a factor in Terminus affairs won't matter a rusty half-credit."

Lee nodded slowly. "Yet it is strange that they've done nothing to stop us so far. You say they weren't entirely in the dark."

"Fara indicated as much. And Pirenne's been suspicious of me since I was elected. But, you see, they never had the capacity of really understanding what was up. Their whole training has been authoritarian. They are sure that the Emperor, just because he is the Emperor, is all-powerful. And they are sure that the Board of Trustees, simply because it is the Board of Trustees acting in the name of the Emperor, cannot be in a position where it does not give the orders. That incapacity to recognize the possibility of revolt is our best ally."

He heaved out of his chair and went to the water cooler. "They're not bad fellows, Lee, when they stick to their Encyclopedia—and we'll see that that's where they stick in the future. They're



hopelessly incompetent when it comes to ruling Terminus. Go away, now, and start things rolling. I want to be alone."

He sat down on the corner of his desk and stared at the cup of water.

Space! If only he were as confident as he pretended! The Anacreonians were landing in two days and what had he to go on but a set of notions and half-guesses as to what Hari Seldon had been driving at these past fifty years? He wasn't even a real, honest-to-goodness psychologist—just a fumbler with a little training trying to outguess the greatest mind of the age.

If Fara were right; if Anacreon were all the problem Hari Seldon had foreseen; if the Encyclopedia were all he was interested in preserving —then what price *coup d'état?*

He shrugged and drank his water.

The First Vault was furnished with considerably more than six chairs, as though a larger company had been expected. Hardin noted that thoughtfully and seated himself wearily in a corner just as far from the other five as possible.

The Board members did not seem to object to that arrangement. They spoke among themselves in whispers, which fell off into sibilant monosyllables, and then into nothing at all. Of them all, only Jord Fara seemed even reasonably calm. He had produced a watch and was staring at it somberly.

Hardin glanced at his own watch and then at the glass cubicle—absolutely empty—that dominated half the room. It was the only unusual feature of the room, for aside from that there was no indication that somewhere a speck of radium was wasting away toward that precise moment when a tumbler would fall, a connection be made and—

The lights went dim!

They didn't go out, but merely yellowed and sank with a suddenness that made Hardin jump. He had lifted his eyes to the ceiling lights in startled fashion, and when he brought them down the glass cubicle was no longer empty.

A figure occupied it—a figure in a wheel chair!

It said nothing for a few moments, but it closed the book upon its lap and fingered it idly. And then it smiled, and the face seemed all alive.

It said, "I am Hari Seldon." The voice was old and soft.

Hardin almost rose to acknowledge the introduction and stopped himself in the act.

The voice continued conversationally: "I can't see you, you know, so I can't greet you properly. I don't even know how many of you there are, so all this must be conducted informally. If any of you are standing, please sit down; and if you care to smoke, I wouldn't mind." There was a light chuckle. "Why should I? I'm not really here."

Hardin fumbled for a cigar almost automatically, but thought better of it.

Hari Seldon put away his book—as if laying it upon a desk at his side—and when his fingers let go, it disappeared.

He said: "It is fifty years now since this Foundation was established—fifty years in which the members of the Foundation have been ignorant of what it was they were working toward. It was necessary that they be ignorant, but now the necessity is gone.

"The Encyclopedia Foundation, to begin with, is a fraud, and always has been!"

There was the sound of a scramble behind Hardin and one or two muffled exclamations, but he did not turn around.

Hari Seldon was, of course, undisturbed. He went on: "It is a fraud in the sense that neither I nor my colleagues care at all whether a single volume of the Encyclopedia is ever published. It has served its purpose, since by it we extracted an imperial charter from the Emperor, by it we attracted the hundred thousand scientists necessary for our scheme, and by it we managed to keep them preoccupied while events shaped themselves, until it was too late for any of them to draw back.

"In the fifty years that you have worked on this fraudulent project—there is no use in softening phrases—your retreat has been cut off, and you have now no choice but to proceed on the infinitely more important project that was, and is, our real plan.

"To that end we have placed you on such a planet and at such a time that in fifty years you were maneuvered to the point where you no longer have freedom of action. From now on, and into the centuries, the path you must take is inevitable. You will be faced with a series of crises, as you are now faced with the first, and in each case your freedom of action will become similarly circumscribed so that you will be forced along one, and only one, path.

"It is that path which our psychology has worked out—and for a reason.

"For centuries Galactic civilization has stagnated and declined, though only a few ever realized that. But now, at last, the Periphery is breaking away and the political unity of the Empire is shattered. Somewhere in the fifty years just past is where the historians of the future will place an arbitrary line and say: 'This marks the Fall of the Galactic Empire.'

"And they will be right, though scarcely any will recognize that Fall for additional centuries.

"And after the Fall will come inevitable barbarism, a period which, our psychohistory tells us, should, under ordinary circumstances, last

from thirty to fifty thousand years. We cannot stop the Fall. We do not wish to; for Empire culture has lost whatever virility and worth it once had. But we can shorten the period of barbarism that must follow—down to a single thousand of years.

"The ins and outs of that shortening, we cannot tell you; just as we could not tell you the truth about the Foundation fifty years ago. Were you to discover those ins and outs, our plan might fail; as it would have, had you penetrated the fraud of the Encyclopedia earlier; for then, by knowledge, your freedom of action would be expanded and the number of additional variables introduced would become greater than our psychology could handle.

"But you won't, for there are no psychologists on Terminus, and never were, but for Alurin—and he was one of us.

"But this I can tell you: Terminus and its companion Foundation at the other end of the Galaxy are the seeds of the Renascence and the future founders of the Second Galactic Empire. And it is the present crisis that is starting Terminus off to that climax.

"This, by the way, is a rather straightforward crisis, much simpler than many of those that are ahead. To reduce it to its fundamentals, it is this: You are a planet suddenly cut off from the still-civilized centers of the Galaxy, and threatened by your stronger neighbors. You are a small world of scientists surrounded by vast and rapidly expanding reaches of barbarism. You are an island of atomic power in a growing ocean of more primitive energy; but are helpless despite that, because of your lack of metals.

"You see, then, that you are faced by hard necessity, and that action is forced on you. The nature of that action—that is, the solution to your dilemma—is, of course, obvious!"

The image of Hari Seldon reached into open air and the book once more appeared in his hand. He opened it and said:

"But whatever devious course your future history may take, impress it always upon your descendants that the path has been marked out, and that at its end is new and greater Empire!"

And as his eyes bent to his book, he flicked into nothingness, and the lights brightened once more.

Hardin looked up to see Pirenne facing him, eyes tragic and lips trembling.

The chairman's voice was firm but toneless. "You were right, it seems. If you will see us tonight at six, the Board will consult with you as to the next move."

They shook his hand, each one, and left; and Hardin smiled to himself. They were fundamentally sound at that; for they were scientists enough to admit that they were wrong—but for them, it was too late.

He looked at his watch. By this time, it was all over. Lee's men were in control and the Board was giving orders no longer.

The Anacreonians were landing their first spaceships tomorrow, but that was all right, too. In six months, *they* would be giving orders no longer.

In fact, as Hari Seldon had said, and as Salvor Hardin had guessed since the day that Anselm haut Rodric had first revealed to him Anacreon's lack of atomic power—the solution to this first crisis was obvious.

Obvious as all hell!

THE END.

IN TIMES TO COME

If Asimov's little puzzle in "Foundation" is not obvious to you—the elements necessary for the solution are all there—you'll be doubly interested in "Bridle and Saddle," coming next issue. It's a sequel to "Foundation," and the second of a series that looks to me as though it had nice possibilities. There are, really, two stages in a culture that produce eras of romantic adventure; when it is collapsing, and when, renascent, it is coming out of its eclipse into a new form. Asimov has in mind a series that will follow the collapse of the Empire, and watch the tides of the new barbarism trying to tear down the Foundation. Animals of a species don't like, and try to destroy, other individuals of the species which are different. Cultures—even collapsing, barbaric cultures—tend to hate and want to destroy the different and higher cultures near them, if they can.

"Bridle and Saddle" gives a nice answer to a stiff problem.

Lester del Rey is back again next month with "My Name Is Legion," which is unquestionably a story of pure wish-fulfillment character. I imagine that most of us have, at various times during the past couple of years, devoted a certain amount of cogitation to the problem of just what would make a really suitable handling of the Hitler problem. Not the Nazi problem—the more personal one of what Herr Schickelgruber really needs in a personal way. The Elba-St. Helena sort of thing may have sufficed for Napoleon, but somehow it doesn't seem adequate for Hitler.

Del Rey proposes one of the neatest forms of exile and punishment I've seen. The nicest part about it would be that you'd have a chance to observe the entire course of the exile.

Del Rey himself, incidentally, is temporarily out of action due to an argument with a piece of ice, a concrete sidewalk, and the law of gravity. The ice ran out on him, and the law of gravity won over a bone. A cracked vertebra is no fun.

The Editor.

Item #18

Walter M. Miller, Jr., "A Canticle for Leibowitz," *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* 8 (April 1955): 93-111.

It's a strange and moving story that Walter Miller has chosen to tell on this his first (and very welcome!) appearance in F&SF. In the background is a bitter history of atomic devastation and of man's deliberate conscious creation of a new Dark Age. But this is no bitter story; for in the foreground stands little Brother Francis of Utah, gentle, humble, fallibly human — and this loving account of his trials glows with the light that must lie at the heart of the Darkest Age.

A Canticle for Leibowitz

by **WALTER M. MILLER, JR.**

BROTHER FRANCIS GERARD OF UTAH would never have discovered the sacred document, had it not been for the pilgrim with girded loins who appeared during that young monk's Lenten fast in the desert. Never before had Brother Francis actually seen a pilgrim with girded loins, but that this one was the bona fide article he was convinced at a glance. The pilgrim was a spindly old fellow with a staff, a basket hat, and a brushy beard, stained yellow about the chin. He walked with a limp and carried a small waterskin over one shoulder. His loins truly were girded with a ragged piece of dirty burlap, his only clothing except for hat and sandals. He whistled tunelessly on his way.

The pilgrim came shuffling down the broken trail out of the north, and he seemed to be heading toward the Brothers of Leibowitz Abbey six miles to the south. The pilgrim and the monk noticed each other across an expanse of ancient rubble. The pilgrim stopped whistling and stared. The monk, because of certain implications of the rule of solitude for fast days, quickly averted his gaze and continued about his business of hauling large rocks with which to complete the wolf-proofing of his temporary shelter. Somewhat weakened by a ten day diet of cactus fruit, Brother Francis found the work made him exceedingly dizzy; the landscape had been shimmering before his eyes and dancing with black specks, and he was at first uncertain that the bearded apparition was not a mirage induced by hunger, but after a moment it called to him cheerfully, "*Ola allay!*"

It was a pleasant musical voice.

The rule of silence forbade the young monk to answer, except by smiling shyly at the ground.

"Is this here the road to the abbey?" the wanderer asked.

The novice nodded at the ground and reached down for a chalk-like fragment of stone. The pilgrim picked his way toward him through the rubble. "What you doing with all the rocks?" he wanted to know.

The monk knelt and hastily wrote the words "Solitude & Silence" on a large flat rock, so that the pilgrim — if he could read, which was statistically unlikely — would know that he was making himself an occasion of sin for the penitent and would perhaps have the grace to leave in peace.

"Oh, well," said the pilgrim. He stood there for a moment, looking around, then rapped a certain large rock with his staff. "*That* looks like a handy crag for you," he offered helpfully, then added: "Well, good luck. And may you find a Voice, as y' seek."

Now Brother Francis had no immediate intuition that the stranger meant "Voice" with a capital *V*, but merely assumed that the old fellow had mistaken him for a deaf mute. He glanced up once again as the pilgrim shuffled away whistling, sent a swift silent benediction after him for safe wayfaring, and went back to his rock-work, building a coffin-sized enclosure in which he might sleep at night without offering himself as wolf-bait.

A sky-herd of cumulus clouds, on their way to bestow moist blessings on the mountains after having cruelly tempted the desert, offered welcome respite from the searing sunlight, and he worked rapidly to finish before they were gone again. He punctuated his labors with whispered prayers for the certainty of a true Vocation, for this was the purpose of his inward quest while fasting in the desert.

At last he hoisted the rock which the pilgrim had suggested.

The color of exertion drained quickly from his face. He backed away a step and dropped the stone as if he had uncovered a serpent.

A rusted metal box lay half-crushed in the rubble . . . only a rusted metal box.

He moved toward it curiously, then paused. There were things, and then there were Things. He crossed himself hastily, and muttered brief Latin at the heavens. Thus fortified, he readdressed himself to the box.

"*Apage Satanas!*"

He threatened it with the heavy crucifix of his rosary.

"Depart, O Foul Seductor!"

He sneaked a tiny aspergillum from his robes and quickly spattered the box with holy water before it could realize what he was about.

"If thou be creature of the Devil, begone!"

The box showed no signs of withering, exploding, melting away. It exuded no blasphemous ichor. It

only lay quietly in its place and allowed the desert wind to evaporate the sanctifying droplets.

"So be it," said the brother, and knelt to extract it from its lodging. He sat down on the rubble and spent nearly an hour battering it open with a stone. The thought crossed his mind that such an archeological relic — for such it obviously was — might be the Heaven-sent sign of his vocation but he suppressed the notion as quickly as it occurred to him. His abbot had warned him sternly against expecting any direct personal Revelation of a spectacular nature. Indeed, he had gone forth from the abbey to fast and do penance for 40 days that he might be rewarded with the inspiration of a calling to Holy Orders, but to expect a vision or a voice crying "Francis, where art thou?" would be a vain presumption. Too many novices had returned from their desert vigils with tales of omens and signs and visions in the heavens, and the good abbot had adopted a firm policy regarding these. Only the Vatican was qualified to decide the authenticity of such things. "An attack of sunstroke is no indication that you are fit to profess the solemn vows of the order," he had growled. And certainly it was true that only rarely did a call from Heaven come through any device other than the *inward* ear, as a gradual congealing of inner certainty.

Nevertheless, Brother Francis found himself handling the old metal box with as much reverence as was possible while battering at it.

It opened suddenly, spilling some of its contents. He stared for a long time before daring to touch, and a cool thrill gathered along his spine. Here was antiquity indeed! And as a student of archeology, he could scarcely believe his wavering vision. Brother Jeris would be frantic with envy, he thought, but quickly repented this unkindness and murmured his thanks to the sky for such a treasure.

He touched the articles gingerly — they were real enough — and began sorting through them. His studies had equipped him to recognize a screwdriver — an instrument once used for twisting threaded bits of metal into wood — and a pair of cutters with blades no longer than his thumbnail, but strong enough to cut soft bits of metal or bone. There was an odd tool with a rotted wooden handle and a heavy copper tip to which a few flakes of molten lead had adhered, but he could make nothing of it. There was a toroidal roll of gummy black stuff, too far deteriorated by the centuries for him to identify, There were strange bits of metal, broken glass, and an assortment of tiny tubular things with wire whiskers of the type prized by the hill pagans as charms and amulets, but thought by some archeologists to be remnants of the legendary *machina analytica*, supposedly dating back to the Deluge of Flame.

All these and more he examined carefully and spread on the wide flat stone. The documents he saved until last. The documents, as always, were the real prize, for so few papers had survived the angry bonfires of the Age of Simplification, when even the sacred writings had curled and blackened and withered into smoke while ignorant crowds howled vengence.

Two large folded papers and three hand-scribbled notes constituted his find. All were cracked and brittle with age, and he handled them tenderly, shielding them from the wind with his robe. They were scarcely legible and scrawled in the hasty characters of pre-Deluge English — a tongue now used, together with Latin, only by monastics and in the Holy Ritual. He spelled it out slowly, recognizing words but uncertain of meanings. One note said: *Pound pastrami, can kraut, six bagels, for Emma.* Another ordered: *Don't forget to pick up form 1040 for Uncle Revenue.* The third note was only a column of figures with a circled total from which another amount was subtracted and finally a percentage taken, followed by the word *damn!* From this he could deduce nothing, except to check the arithmetic, which proved correct.

Of the two larger papers, one was tightly rolled and began to fall to pieces when he tried to open it; he could make out the words RACING FORM, but nothing more. He laid it back in the box for later restorative work.

The second large paper was a single folded sheet, whose creases were so brittle that he could only inspect a little of it by parting the folds and peering between them as best he could.

A diagram . . . a web of white lines on dark paper!

Again the cool thrill gathered along his spine. It was a *blueprint* — that exceedingly rare class of ancient document most prized by students of antiquity, and usually most challenging to interpreters and searchers for meaning.

And, as if the find itself were not enough of a blessing, among the words written in a block at the lower corner of the document was the name of the founder of his order — of the Blessed Leibowitz *himself!*

His trembling hands threatened to tear the paper in their happy agitation. The parting words of the pilgrim tumbled back to him: "May you find a Voice, as y' seek." Voice indeed, with *V* capitalized and formed by the wings of a descending dove and illuminated in three colors against a background of gold leaf. *V* as in *Vere dignum* and *Vidi aquam*, at the head of a page of the Missal. *V*, he saw quite clearly, as in Vocation.

He stole another glance to make certain it was so, then breathed, "*Beate Leibowitz, ora pro me. . . . Sancte Leibowitz, exaudi me,*" the

second invocation being a rather daring one, since the founder of his order had not yet been declared a saint.

Forgetful of his abbot's warning, he climbed quickly to his feet and stared across the shimmering terrain to the south in the direction taken by the old wanderer of the burlap loincloth. But the pilgrim had long since vanished. Surely an angel of God, if not the Blessed Leibowitz himself, for had he not revealed this miraculous treasure by pointing out the rock to be moved and murmuring that prophetic farewell?

Brother Francis stood basking in his awe until the sun lay red on the hills and evening threatened to engulf him in its shadows. At last he stirred, and reminded himself of the wolves. His gift included no guarantee of charismata for subduing the wild beast, and he hastened to finish his enclosure before darkness fell on the desert. When the stars came out, he rekindled his fire and gathered his daily repast of the small purple cactus fruit, his only nourishment except the handful of parched corn brought to him by the priest each Sabbath. Sometimes he found himself staring hungrily at the lizards which scurried over the rocks, and was troubled by gluttonous nightmares.

But tonight his hunger was less troublesome than an impatient urge to run back to the abbey and announce his wondrous encounter to his brethren. This, of course, was unthinkable. Vocation or no, he must remain here until the end of Lent, and continue as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

A cathedral will be built upon this site, he thought dreamily as he sat by the fire. He could see it rising from the rubble of the ancient village, magnificent spires visible for miles across the desert. . . .

But cathedrals were for teeming masses of people. The desert was home for only scattered tribes of huntsmen and the monks of the abbey. He settled in his dreams for a shrine, attracting rivers of pilgrims with girded loins. . . . He drowsed. When he awoke, the fire was reduced to glowing embers. Something seemed amiss. Was he quite alone? He blinked about at the darkness.

From beyond the bed of reddish coals, the dark wolf blinked back. The monk yelped and dived for cover.

The yelp, he decided as he lay trembling within his den of stones, had not been a serious breach of the rule of silence. He lay hugging the metal box and praying for the days of Lent to pass swiftly, while the sound of padded feet scratched about the enclosure.

Each night the wolves prowled about his camp, and the darkness was full of their howling. The days were glaring nightmares of hunger, heat, and scorching sun.

He spent them at prayer and wood-gathering, trying to suppress his impatience for the coming of Holy Saturday's high noon, the end of Lent and of his vigil.

But when at last it came, Brother Francis found himself too famished for jubilation. Wearily he packed his pouch, pulled up his cowl against the sun, and tucked his precious box beneath one arm. Thirty pounds lighter and several degrees weaker than he had been on Ash Wednesday, he staggered the six mile stretch to the abbey where he fell exhausted before its gates. The brothers who carried him in and bathed him and shaved him and anointed his desiccated tissues reported that he babbled incessantly in his delirium about an apparition in a burlap loincloth, addressing it at times as an angel and again as a saint, frequently invoking the name of Leibowitz and thanking him for a revelation of sacred relics and a racing form.

Such reports filtered through the monastic congregation and soon reached the ears of the abbot, whose eyes immediately narrowed to slits and whose jaw went rigid with the rock of policy.

"Bring him," growled that worthy priest in a tone that sent a recorder scurrying.

The abbot paced and gathered his ire. It was not that he objected to miracles, as such, if duly investigated, certified, and sealed; for miracles — even though always incompatible with administrative efficiency, and the abbot was administrator as well as priest — were the bedrock stuff on which his faith was founded. But last year there had been Brother Noyen with his miraculous hangman's noose, and the year before that, Brother Smirnov who had been mysteriously cured of the gout upon handling a probable relic of the Blessed Leibowitz, and the year before that . . . *Faugh!* The incidents had been too frequent and outrageous to tolerate. Ever since Leibowitz' beatification, the young fools had been sniffing around after shreds of the miraculous like a pack of good-natured hounds scratching eagerly at the back gate of Heaven for scraps.

It was quite understandable, but also quite unbearable. Every monastic order is eager for the canonization of its founder, and delighted to produce any bit of evidence to serve the cause in advocacy. But the abbot's flock was getting out of hand, and their zeal for miracles was making the Albertian Order of Leibowitz a laughing stock at New Vatican. He had determined to make any new bearers of miracles suffer the consequences, either as a punishment for impetuous and impertinent credulity, or as payment in penance for a gift of grace in case of later verification.

By the time the young novice knocked at his door, the abbot had projected himself into the desired

state of carnivorous expectancy beneath a bland exterior.

"Come in, my son," he breathed softly.

"You sent for . . ." The novice paused, smiling happily as he noticed the familiar metal box on the abbot's table. ". . . for me, Father Juan?" he finished.

"Yes . . ." The abbot hesitated. His voice smiled with a withering acid, adding: "Or perhaps you would prefer that I come *to you*, hereafter, since you've become such a famous personage."

"Oh, no, Father!" Brother Francis reddened and gulped.

"You are seventeen, and plainly an idiot."

"That is undoubtedly true, Father."

"What improbable excuse can you propose for your outrageous vanity in believing yourself fit for Holy Orders?"

"I can offer none, my ruler and teacher. My sinful pride is unpardonable."

"To imagine that it is so great as to be unpardonable is even a vaster vanity," the priest roared.

"Yes, Father. I am indeed a worm."

The abbot smiled icily and resumed his watchful calm. "And you are now ready to deny your feverish ravings about an angel appearing to reveal to you this . . ." He gestured contemptuously at the box. ". . . this assortment of junk?"

Brother Francis gulped and closed his eyes. "I — I fear I cannot deny it, my master."

"What?"

"I cannot deny what I have seen, Father."

"Do you know what is going to happen to you now?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then prepare to take it!"

With a patient sigh, the novice gathered up his robes about his waist and bent over the table. The good abbot produced his stout hickory ruler from the drawer and whacked him soundly ten times across the bare buttocks. After each whack, the novice dutifully responded with a "*Deo Gratias!*" for this lesson in the virtue of humility.

"Do you *now* retract it?" the abbot demanded as he rolled down his sleeve.

"Father, I cannot."

The priest turned his back and was silent for a moment. "Very well," he said tersely. "Go. But do not expect to profess your solemn vows this season with the others."

Brother Francis returned to his cell in tears. His fellow novices would join the ranks of the professed monks of the order, while he must wait another year — and spend another Lenten season among the wolves in the desert, seeking a vocation which he felt had already been granted to him quite emphatically. As the weeks passed, however, he found some satisfaction in noticing that Father Juan had not been

entirely serious in referring to his find as "an assortment of junk." The archeological relics aroused considerable interest among the brothers, and much time was spent at cleaning the tools, classifying them, restoring the documents to a pliable condition, and attempting to ascertain their meaning. It was even whispered among the novices that Brother Francis had discovered true relics of the Blessed Leibowitz — especially in the form of the blueprint bearing the legend OP COBBLESTONE, REQ LEIBOWITZ & HARDIN, which was stained with several brown splotches which might have been his blood — or equally likely, as the abbot pointed out, might be stains from a decayed apple core. But the print was dated in the Year of Grace 1956, which was — as nearly as could be determined — during that venerable man's lifetime, a lifetime now obscured by legend and myth, so that it was hard to determine any but a few facts about the man.

It was said that God, in order to test mankind, had commanded wise men of that age, among them the Blessed Leibowitz, to perfect diabolic weapons and give them into the hands of latter-day Pharaohs. And with such weapons Man had, within the span of a few weeks, destroyed most of his civilization and wiped out a large part of the population. After the Deluge of Flame came the plagues, the madness, and the bloody inception of the Age of Simplification when the furious remnants of humanity had torn politicians, technicians, and men of learning limb from limb, and burned all records that might contain information that could once more lead into paths of destruction. Nothing had been so fiercely hated as the written word, the learned man. It was during this time that the word *simpleton* came to mean *honest, upright, virtuous citizen,* a concept once denoted by the term *common man.*

To escape the righteous wrath of the surviving simpletons, many scientists and learned men fled to the only sanctuary which would try to offer them protection. Holy Mother Church received them, vested them in monks' robes, tried to conceal them from the mobs. Sometimes the sanctuary was effective; more often it was not. Monastaries were invaded, records and sacred books were burned, refugees seized and hanged. Leibowitz had fled to the Cistercians, professed their vows, become a priest, and after twelve years had won permission from the Holy See to found a new monastic order to be called "the Albertians," after St. Albert the Great, teacher of Aquinas and patron saint of scientists. The new order was to be dedicated to the preservation of knowledge, secular and sacred, and the duty of the brothers was to memorize such books and papers as could be smuggled to them from all parts of the

world. Leibowitz was at last identified by simpletons as a former scientist, and was martyred by hanging; but the order continued, and when it became safe again to possess written documents, many books were transcribed from memory. Precedence, however, had been given to sacred writings, to history, the humanities, and social sciences — since the memories of the memorizers were limited, and few of the brothers were trained to understand the physical sciences. From the vast store of human knowledge, only a pitiful collection of hand-written books remained.

Now, after six centuries of darkness, the monks still preserved it, studied it, re-copied it, and waited. It mattered not in the least to them that the knowledge they saved was useless — and some of it even incomprehensible. The knowledge was there, and it was their duty to save it, and it would still be with them if the darkness in the world lasted ten thousand years.

Brother Francis Gerard of Utah returned to the desert the following year and fasted again in solitude. Once more he returned, weak and emaciated, to be confronted by the abbot, who demanded to know if he claimed further conferences with members of the Heavenly Host, or was prepared to renounce his story of the previous year.

"I cannot help what I have seen, my teacher," the lad repeated.

Once more did the abbot chastise him in Christ, and once more did he postpone his profession. The document, however, had been forwarded to a seminary for study, after a copy had been made. Brother Francis remained a novice, and continued to dream wistfully of the shrine which might someday be built upon the site of his find.

"Stubborn boy!" fumed the abbot. "Why didn't somebody else see his silly pilgrim, if the slovenly fellow was heading for the abbey as he said? One more escapade for the Devil's Advocate to cry hoax about. Burlap loincloth indeed!"

The burlap had been troubling the abbot, for tradition related that Leibowitz had been hanged with a burlap bag for a hood.

Brother Francis spent seven years in the novitiate, seven Lenten vigils in the desert, and became highly proficient in the imitation of wolf-calls. For the amusement of his brethren, he would summon the pack to the vicinity of the abbey by howling from the walls after dark. By day, he served in the kitchen, scrubbed the stone floors, and continued his studies of the ancients.

Then one day a messenger from the seminary came riding to the abbey on an ass, bearing tidings of great joy. "It is known," said the messenger, "that the documents found near here are authentic as to date of origin, and that the blueprint was somehow connected with your founder's work. It's being sent

to New Vatican for further study."

"Possibly a true relic of Leibowitz, then?" the abbot asked calmly.

But the messenger could not commit himself to that extent, and only raised a shrug of one eyebrow. "It is said that Leibowitz was a widower at the time of his ordination. If the name of his deceased wife could be discovered . . ."

The abbot recalled the note in the box concerning certain articles of food for a woman, and he too shrugged an eyebrow.

Soon afterwards, he summoned Brother Francis into his presence. "My boy," said the priest, actually beaming. "I believe the time has come for you to profess your solemn vows. And may I commend you for your patience and persistence. We shall speak no more of your, ah . . . encounter with the ah desert wanderer. You are a good simpleton. You may kneel for my blessing, if you wish."

Brother Francis sighed and fell forward in a dead faint. The abbot blessed him and revived him, and he was permitted to profess the solemn vows of the Albertian Brothers of Leibowitz, swearing himself to perpetual poverty, chastity, obedience, and observance of the rule.

Soon afterwards, he was assigned to the copying room, apprentice under an aged monk named Horner, where he would undoubtedly spend the rest of his days illuminating the pages of algebra texts with patterns of olive leaves and cheerful cherubim.

"You have five hours a week," croaked his aged overseer, "which you may devote to an approved project of your own choosing, if you wish. If not, the time will be assigned to copying the *Summa Theologica* and such fragmentary copies of the Brittanica as exist."

The young monk thought it over, then asked: "May I have the time for elaborating a beautiful copy of the Leibowitz blueprint?"

Brother Horner frowned doubtfully. "I don't know, son — our good abbot is rather sensitive on this subject. I'm afraid . . ."

Brother Francis begged him earnestly.

"Well, perhaps," the old man said reluctantly. "It seems like a rather brief project, so — I'll permit it."

The young monk selected the finest lambskin available and spent many weeks curing it and stretching it and stoning it to a perfect surface, bleached to a snowy whiteness. He spent more weeks at studying copies of his precious document in every detail, so that he knew each tiny line and marking in the complicated web of geometric markings and mystifying symbols. He pored over it until he could see the whole amazing complexity with his eyes closed. Additional weeks were spent searching painstakingly through the monastery's library for any information at all that might lead to some glimmer of understanding of the design.

Brother Jeris, a young monk who worked with him in the copy room and who frequently teased him about miraculous encounters in the desert, came to squint at it over his shoulder and asked: "What, pray, is the meaning of *Transistorized Control System for Unit Six-B?*"

"Clearly, it is the name of the thing which this diagram represents," said Francis, a trifle crossly since Jeris had merely read the title of the document aloud.

"Surely," said Jeris. "But what is the thing the diagram represents?"

"The transistorized control system for unit six-B, obviously."

Jeris laughed mockingly.

Brother Francis reddened. "I should imagine," said he, "that it represents an abstract concept, rather than a concrete *thing*. It's clearly not a recognizable picture of an object, unless the form is so stylized as to require special training to see it. In my opinion, *Transistorized Control System* is some high abstraction of transcendental value."

"Pertaining to what field of learning?" asked Jeris, still smiling smugly.

"Why . . ." Brother Francis paused. "Since our Beatus Leibowitz was an electronicist prior to his profession and ordination, I suppose the concept applies to the lost art called *electronics*."

"So it is written. But what was the subject matter of that art, Brother?"

"That too is written. The subject matter of electronics was the Electron, which one fragmentary source defines as a Negative Twist of Nothingness."

"I am impressed by your astuteness," said Jeris. "Now perhaps you can tell me how to negate nothingness?"

Brother Francis reddened slightly and squirmed for a reply.

"A negation of nothingness should yield somethingness, I suppose," Jeris continued. "So the Electron must have been a twist of *something*. Unless the negation applies to the 'twist,' and then we would be 'Untwisting Nothing,' eh?" He chuckled. "How clever they must have been, these ancients. I suppose if you keep at it, Francis, you will learn how to untwist a nothing, and then we shall have the Electron in our midst. Where would we put it? On the high altar, perhaps?"

"I couldn't say," Francis answered stiffly. "But I have a certain faith that the Electron must have existed at one time, even though I can't say how it was constructed or what it might have been used for."

The iconoclast laughed mockingly and returned to his work. The incident saddened Francis, but did not turn him from his devotion to his project.

As soon as he had exhausted the library's meager supply of information concerning the lost art of the Albertians' founder, he began preparing preliminary sketches of the designs he meant to use on the lambskin. The diagram itself, since its meaning was obscure, would be

redrawn precisely as it was in the blueprint, and penned in coal-black lines. The lettering and numbering, however, he would translate into a more decorative and colorful script than the plain block letters used by the ancients. And the text contained in a square block marked SPECIFICATIONS would be distributed pleasingly around the borders of the document, upon scrolls and shields supported by doves and cherubim. He would make the black lines of the diagram less stark and austere by imagining the geometric tracery to be a trellis, and decorate it with green vines and golden fruit, birds and perhaps a wily serpent. At the very top would be a representation of the Triune God, and at the bottom the coat of arms of the Albertian Order. Thus was the Transistorized Control System of the Blessed Leibowitz to be glorified and rendered appealing to the eye as well as to the intellect.

When he had finished the preliminary sketch, he showed it shyly to Brother Horner for suggestions or approval. "I can see," said the old man a bit remorsefully, "that your project is not to be as brief as I had hoped. But . . . continue with it anyhow. The design is beautiful, beautiful indeed."

"Thank you, Brother."

The old man leaned close to wink confidentially. "I've heard the case for Blessed Leibowitz' canonization has been speeded up, so possibly our dear abbot is less troubled by you-know-what than he previously was."

The news of the speed-up was, of course, happily received by all monastics of the order. Leibowitz' beatification had long since been effected, but the final step in declaring him to be a saint might require many more years, even though the case was underway; and indeed there was the possibility that the Devil's Advocate might uncover evidence to prevent the canonization from occurring at all.

Many months after he had first conceived the project, Brother Francis began actual work on the lambskin. The intricacies of scrollwork, the excruciatingly delicate work of inlaying the gold leaf, the hair-fine detail, made it a labor of years; and when his eyes began to trouble him, there were long weeks when he dared not touch it at all for fear of spoiling it with one little mistake. But slowly, painfully, the ancient diagram was becoming a blaze of beauty. The brothers of the abbey gathered to watch and murmur over it, and some even said that the inspiration of it was proof enough of his alleged encounter with the pilgrim who might have been Blessed Leibowitz.

"I can't see why you don't spend your time on a *useful* project," was Brother Jeris' comment, however. The skeptical monk had been using his own free-project time to make and decorate sheepskin shades for the oil lamps in the chapel.

Brother Horner, the old master

copyist, had fallen ill. Within weeks, it became apparent that the well-loved monk was on his deathbed. In the midst of the monastery's grief, the abbot quietly appointed Brother Jeris as master of the copy room.

A Mass of Burial was chanted early in Advent, and the remains of the holy old man were committed to the earth of their origin. On the following day, Brother Jeris informed Brother Francis that he considered it about time for him to put away the things of a child and start doing a man's work. Obediently, the monk wrapped his precious project in parchment, protected it with heavy board, shelved it, and began producing sheepskin lampshades. He made no murmur of protest, and contented himself with realizing that someday the soul of Brother Jeris would depart by the same road as that of Brother Horner, to begin the life for which this copy room was but the staging ground; and afterwards, please God, he might be allowed to complete his beloved document.

Providence, however, took an earlier hand in the matter. During the following summer, a monsignor with several clerks and a donkey train came riding into the abbey and announced that he had come from New Vatican, as Leibowitz advocate in the canonization proceedings, to investigate such evidence as the abbey could produce that might have bearing on the case, including an alleged apparition of the beatified which had come to one Francis Gerard of Utah.

The gentleman was warmly greeted, quartered in the suite reserved for visiting prelates, lavishly served by six young monks responsive to his every whim, of which he had very few. The finest wines were opened, the huntsman snared the plumpest quail and chaparral cocks, and the advocate was entertained each evening by fiddlers and a troupe of clowns, although the visitor persisted in insisting that life go on as usual at the abbey.

On the third day of his visit, the abbot sent for Brother Francis "Monsignor di Simone wishes to see you," he said. "If you let your imagination run away with you, boy, we'll use your gut to string a fiddle, feed your carcass to the wolves, and bury the bones in unhallowed ground. Now get along and see the good gentleman."

Brother Francis needed no such warning. Since he had awakened from his feverish babblings after his first Lenten fast in the desert, he had never mentioned the encounter with the pilgrim except when asked about it, nor had he allowed himself to speculate any further concerning the pilgrim's identity. That the pilgrim might be a matter for high ecclesiastical concern frightened him a little, and his knock was timid at the monsignor's door.

His fright proved unfounded. The monsignor was a suave and diplomatic elder who seemed keenly interested in the small monk's career.

"Now about your encounter with our blessed founder," he said after some minutes of preliminary amenities.

"Oh, but I never said he was our Blessed Leibo —"

"Of course you didn't, my son. Now I have here an account of it, as gathered from other sources, and I would like you to read it, and either confirm it or correct it." He paused to draw a scroll from his case and handed it to Francis. "The sources for this version, of course, had it on hearsay only," he added, "and only *you* can describe it first hand, so I want you to edit it *most* scrupulously."

"Of course. What happened was really very simple, Father."

But it was apparent from the fatness of the scroll that the hearsay account was not so simple. Brother Francis read with mounting apprehension which soon grew to the proportions of pure horror.

"You look white, my son. Is something wrong?" asked the distinguished priest.

"This . . . this . . . it wasn't like this *at all!*" gasped Francis. "He didn't say more than a few words to me. I only saw him once. He just asked me the way to the abbey and tapped the rock where I found the relics."

"No heavenly choir?"

"Oh, no!"

"And it's not true about the nimbus and the carpet of roses that grew up along the road where he walked?"

"As God is my judge, nothing like that happened at all!"

"Ah, well," sighed the advocate. "Travelers' stories are always exaggerated."

He seemed saddened, and Francis hastened to apologize, but the advocate dismissed it as of no great importance to the case. "There are other miracles, carefully documented," he explained, "and anyway — there is one bit of good news about the documents you discovered. We've unearthed the name of the wife who died before our founder came to the order."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It was Emily."

Despite his disappointment with Brother Francis' account of the pilgrim, Monsignor di Simone spent five days at the site of the find. He was accompanied by an eager crew of novices from the abbey, all armed with picks and shovels. After extensive digging, the advocate returned with a small assortment of additional artifacts, and one bloated tin can that contained a desiccated mess which might once have been saurkraut.

Before his departure, he visited the copy room and asked to see Brother Francis' copy of the famous blueprint. The monk protested that it was really nothing, and produced

it with such eagerness his hands trembled.

"Zounds!" said the monsignor, or an oath to such effect. "Finish it, man, finish it!"

The monk looked smilingly at Brother Jeris. Brother Jeris swiftly turned away; the back of his neck gathered color. The following morning, Francis resumed his labors over the illuminated blueprint, with gold leaf, quills, brushes, and dyes.

And then came another donkey train from New Vatican, with a full complement of clerks and armed guards for defense against highwaymen, this time headed by a monsignor with small horns and pointed fangs (or so several novices would later have testified), who announced that he was the *Advocatus Diaboli*, opposing Leibowitz' canonization, and he was here to investigate — and perhaps fix responsibility, he hinted — for a number of incredible and hysterical rumors filtering out of the abbey and reaching even high officials at New Vatican. He made it clear that he would tolerate no romantic nonsense.

The abbot greeted him politely and offered him an iron cot in a cell with a south exposure, after apologizing for the fact that the guest suite had been recently exposed to smallpox. The monsignor was attended by his own staff, and ate mush and herbs with the monks in refectory.

"I understand you are susceptible to fainting spells," he told Brother Francis when the dread time came. "How many members of your family have suffered from epilepsy or madness?"

"None, Excellency."

"I'm not an 'Excellency,'" snapped the priest. "Now we're going to get the truth out of you." His tone implied that he considered it to be a simple straightforward surgical operation which should have been performed years ago.

"Are you aware that documents can be aged artificially?" he demanded.

Francis was not so aware.

"Did you know that Leibowitz' wife was named Emily, and that Emma is *not* a diminutive for Emily?"

Francis had not known it, but recalled from childhood that his own parents had been rather careless about what they called each other. "And if Blessed Leibowitz chose to call her Emma, then I'm sure . . ."

The monsignor exploded, and tore into Francis with semantic tooth and nail, and left the bewildered monk wondering whether he had ever really seen a pilgrim at all.

Before the advocate's departure, he too asked to see the illuminated copy of the print, and this time the monk's hands trembled with fear as he produced it, for he might again be forced to quit the project. The monsignor only stood gazing at it however, swallowed slightly,

and forced himself to nod. "Your imagery is vivid," he admitted, "but then, of course, we all knew that, didn't we?"

The monsignor's horns immediately grew shorter by an inch, and he departed the same evening for New Vatican.

The years flowed smoothly by, seaming the faces of the once young and adding gray to the temples. The perpetual labors of the monastery continued, supplying a slow trickle of copied and re-copied manuscript to the outside world. Brother Jeris developed ambitions of building a printing press, but when the abbot demanded his reasons, he could only reply, "So we can mass-produce."

"Oh? And in a world that's smug in its illiteracy, what do you intend to do with the stuff? Sell it as kindling paper to the peasants?"

Brother Jeris shrugged unhappily, and the copy room continued with pot and quill.

Then one Spring, shortly before Lent, a messenger arrived with glad tidings for the order. The case for Leibowitz was complete. The College of Cardinals would soon convene, and the founder of the Albertian Order would be enrolled in the Calendar of Saints. During the time of rejoicing that followed the announcement, the abbot — now withered and in his dotage — summoned Brother Francis into his presence, and wheezed:

"His Holiness commands your presence during the canonization of Isaac Edward Leibowitz. Prepare to leave.

"Now don't faint on me again," he added querulously.

The trip to New Vatican would take at least three months, perhaps longer, the time depending on how far brother Francis could get before the inevitable robber band relieved him of his ass, since he would be going unarmed and alone. He carried with him only a begging bowl and the illuminated copy of the Leibowitz print, praying that ignorant robbers would have no use for the latter. As a precaution, however, he wore a black patch over his right eye, for the peasants, being a superstitious lot, could often be put to flight by even a hint of the evil eye. Thus armed and equipped, he set out to obey the summons of his high priest.

Two months and some odd days later he met his robber on a mountain trail that was heavily wooded and far from any settlement. His robber was a short man, but heavy as a bull, with a glazed knob of a pate and a jaw like a block of granite. He stood in the trail with his legs spread wide and his massive arms folded across his chest, watching the approach of the little figure on the ass. The robber seemed alone, and armed only with a knife which he did not bother to remove from his belt thong. His appearance was a disappointment, since Francis had

been secretly hoping for another encounter with the pilgrim of long ago.

"Get off," said the robber.

The ass stopped in the path. Brother Francis tossed back his cowl to reveal the eye-patch, and raised a trembling finger to touch it. He began to lift the patch slowly as if to reveal something hideous that might be hidden beneath it. The robber threw back his head and laughed a laugh that might have sprung from the throat of Satan himself. Francis muttered an exorcism, but the robber seemed untouched.

"You black-sacked jeebers wore that one out years ago," he said. "Get off."

Francis smiled, shrugged, and dismounted without protest.

"A good day to you, sir," he said pleasantly. "You may take the ass. Walking will improve my health, I think." He smiled again and started away.

"Hold it," said the robber. "Strip to the buff. And let's see what's in that package."

Brother Francis touched his begging bowl and made a helpless gesture, but this brought only another scornful laugh from the robber.

"I've seen that alms-pot trick before too," he said. "The last man with a begging bowl had half a heklo of gold in his boot. Now strip."

Brother Francis displayed his sandals, but began to strip. The robber searched his clothing, found nothing, and tossed it back to him.

"Now let's see inside the package."

"It is only a document, sir," the monk protested. "Of value to no one but its owner."

"Open it."

Silently Brother Francis obeyed. The gold leaf and the colorful design flashed brilliantly in the sunlight that filtered through the foliage. The robber's craggy jaw dropped an inch. He whistled softly.

"What a pretty! Now wouldn't me woman like it to hang on the shanty wall!"

He continued to stare while the monk went slowly sick inside. *If Thou hast sent him to test me, O Lord,* he pleaded inwardly, *then help me to die like a man, for he'll get it over the dead body of Thy servant, if take it he must.*

"Wrap it up for me," the robber commanded, clamping his jaw in sudden decision.

The monk whimpered softly. "Please, sir, you would not take the work of a man's lifetime. I spent fifteen years illuminating this manuscript, and . . ."

"Well! Did it yourself, did you?" The robber threw back his head and howled again.

Francis reddened. "I fail to see the humor, sir . . ."

The robber pointed at it between guffaws. "You! Fifteen years to make a paper bauble. So that's what you do. Tell me why. Give me one good reason. For fifteen years. Ha!"

Francis stared at him in stunned silence and could think of no reply that would appease his contempt.

Gingerly, the monk handed it over. The robber took it in both hands and made as if to rip it down the center.

"*Jesus, Mary, Joseph!*" the monk screamed, and went to his knees in the trail. "For the love of God, sir!"

Softening slightly, the robber tossed it on the ground with a snicker. "Wrestle you for it."

"Anything, sir, anything!"

They squared off. The monk crossed himself and recalled that wrestling had once been a divinely sanctioned sport — and with grim faith, he marched into battle.

Three seconds later, he lay groaning on the flat of his back under a short mountain of muscle. A sharp rock seemed to be severing his spine.

"Heh heh," said the robber, and arose to claim his document.

Hands folded as if in prayer, Brother Francis scurried after him on his knees, begging at the top of his lungs.

The robber turned to snicker. "I believe you'd kiss a boot to get it back."

Francis caught up with him and fervently kissed his boot.

This proved too much for even such a firm fellow as the robber. He flung the manuscript down again with a curse and climbed aboard the monk's donkey. The monk snatched up the precious document and trotted along beside the robber, thanking him profusely and blessing him repeatedly while the robber rode away on the ass. Francis sent a glowing cross of benediction after the departing figure and praised God for the existence of such selfless robbers.

And yet when the man had vanished among the trees, he felt an aftermath of sadness. Fifteen years to make a paper bauble . . . The taunting voice still rang in his ears. Why? Tell one good reason for fifteen years.

He was unaccustomed to the blunt ways of the outside world, to its harsh habits and curt attitudes. He found his heart deeply troubled by the mocking words, and his head hung low in the cowl as he plodded along. At one time he considered tossing the document in the brush and leaving it for the rains — but Father Juan had approved his taking it as a gift, and he could not come with empty hands. Chastened, he traveled on.

The hour had come. The ceremony surged about him as a magnificent spectacle of sound and stately movement and vivid color in the majestic basilica. And when the perfectly infallible Spirit had finally been invoked, a monsignor — it was di Simone, Francis noticed, the advocate for the saint — arose and called upon Peter to speak, through the person of Leo XXII, commanding the assemblage to hearken.

Whereupon, the Pope quietly

proclaimed that Isaac Edward Leibowitz was a saint, and it was finished. The ancient and obscure technician was of the heavenly hagiarchy, and Brother Francis breathed a dutiful prayer to his new patron as the choir burst into the *Te Deum*.

The Pontiff strode quickly into the audience room where the little monk was waiting, taking Brother Francis by surprise and rendering him briefly speechless. He knelt quickly to kiss the Fisherman's ring and receive the blessing. As he arose, he found himself clutching the beautiful document behind him as if ashamed of it. The Pope's eyes caught the motion, and he smiled.

"You have brought us a gift, our son?" he asked.

The monk gulped, nodded stupidly, and brought it out. Christ's Vicar stared at it for a long time without apparent expression. Brother Francis' heart went sinking deeper as the seconds drifted by.

"It is a nothing," he blurted, "a miserable gift. I am ashamed to have wasted so much time at . . ." He choked off.

The Pope seemed not to hear him. "Do you understand the meaning of Saint Isaac's symbology?" he asked, peering curiously at the abstract design of the circuit.

Dumbly the monk shook his head.

"Whatever it means . . ." the Pope began, but broke off. He smiled and spoke of other things. Francis had been so honored not because of any official judgment concerning his pilgrim. He had been honored for his role in bringing to light such important documents and relics of the saint, for such they had been judged, regardless of the manner in which they had been found.

Francis stammered his thanks. The Pontiff gazed again at the colorful blaze of his illuminated diagram. "Whatever it means," he breathed once more, "this bit of learning, though dead, will live again." He smiled up at the monk and winked. "And we shall guard it till that day."

For the first time, the little monk noticed that the Pope had a hole in his robe. His clothing, in fact, was threadbare. The carpet in the audience room was worn through in spots, and plaster was falling from the ceiling.

But there were books on the shelves along the walls. Books of painted beauty, speaking of incomprehensible things, copied by men whose business was not to understand but to save. And the books were waiting.

"Goodby, beloved son."

And the small keeper of the flame of knowledge trudged back toward his abbey on foot. His heart was singing as he approached the robber's outpost. And if the robber happened to be taking the day off, the monk meant to sit down and wait for his return. This time he had an answer.

Item #19

"Decree of 1059 Concerning Papal Elections" and "Documents Relating to the War of the Investitures," in *Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages*, ed. in Ernest F. Henderson (London: George Bell and Sons, 1905), 351-357, 361-409.

BOOK IV. CHURCH AND STATE.

Introduction.

The whole life of Pope Gregory VII. (1073-1085) was one long effort to raise the papacy and the priesthood into a higher sphere. It was by his influence—for although not yet pope he was at that time the power behind the throne—that in 1059 a document (see No. I.) was drawn up placing the initiative in the matter of electing the pope exclusively in the hands of the cardinal-bishops. The document, indeed, was tampered with at an early date, for two versions of it have come down to us, one of which gives to the king of the Romans a much larger share in the election than the other.

The questions at issue in the war of the investitures will be more or less clear from the documents themselves, which are given under No. II.; but a slight sketch of the course of this most important struggle is, nevertheless, necessary.

At Gregory's own election in 1073 the forms of the decree of 1059 were not regarded; but Henry IV. did not lay much stress upon this fact until some years later, when open enmity had been declared between himself and the pope. The "Dictate of the Pope" (No. II. 3) shows most clearly the attitude that Gregory was prepared to take. Exactly what the "Dictate" was intended to be is still a mystery. It may have been either a succession of headings for future elaboration, or a summary of utterances

already delivered. At any rate it is found in the register of Gregory's letters which was made in his own day, and its authenticity is undeniable.

A Roman synod in 1075 proclaimed sacerdotal celibacy, made war on simony,—excommunicating five of Henry IV.'s councillors for having attained ecclesiastical office by means of it,—and declared lay investiture to be uncanonical. The wording of the last decree has not come down to us, but was probably similar to II. 1 and 2, which were issued respectively in 1078 and 1080.

The forbiddal of lay investiture was especially directed against Henry IV., who had recently, disregarding the papal candidate, taken into his own hands the election of an archbishop of Milan. It was one of the boldest moves imaginable, this measure of Gregory's. A renunciation on the part of the king to the right of choosing the men on whom to bestow the rich bishoprics and abbeys of Germany and Italy meant practical abdication. A bishop at that time was not only a dignitary of the church, but also a prince of the realm, whose duty it was to send his contingents to the king's army, and to act as councillor at his court. The fiefs and jurisdictions of the bishoprics were given therefore to faithful followers, not only as a reward for their past services, but also in consideration of their future ones. And now the king was to desist from exercising any further influence on episcopal elections!

No. 4 of the documents under II. explains itself. Henry had continued to consort with the five councillors who were under the bann for simony, although, in a moment of discouragement, he had promised unqualified submission to the pope. He furthermore disdained to treat concerning the matter of lay investiture, although Gregory seems to have invited and courted discussion. The pope's letter reached him at a time when he was flushed with the

pride of his victory over the obdurate Saxons. Gregory's envoys, too, used even stronger terms than were contained in the writing they bore. The result was that the king, in a fury of rage, summoned a council to meet at Worms. Two of the archbishops and two-thirds of all the bishops of Germany were present. After listening to a long series of accusations against the pope, the council decreed that Gregory, having wrongfully ascended the throne of Peter, must straightway descend from it. Two letters were despatched to Rome on the same day, one from the king (see No. 5), and one from the bishops (see No. 6). When the German envoys presented them to the pope, who was sitting in council in the Lateran, a scene of wild excitement ensued, and the bearers of such haughty messages were with difficulty saved from instant death. The pope and his synod retaliated (see No. 7) by banning all the dissentient bishops, as well as the king, and by declaring the latter's royal power forfeit, and all of his subjects loosed from their allegiance. Both parties then proceeded to make public their grievances. Henry issued a summons to the princes for a new council to be held at Worms, in which document (see No. 8) he clearly defined his position, while Gregory sent a long letter of justification, couched in the most tolerant terms, to the German bishops (see No. 9).

It was most disastrous for Henry that there happened to be a strong opposition party among the princes of his own land, to whom even an ally like Gregory, the accomplishment of whose aims would have been the greatest possible national misfortune, was not unwelcome. Nor were the princes long alone in their enmity to the king. Gregory succeeded in winning over a number even of the very bishops who had signed the document of his own deposition. Henry's proposed council at Worms was so scantily attended that it was removed to Mainz. Here

too the German princes were conspicuous by their absence. Of their own accord the latter held a diet at Tribur, and forced Henry to agree to the convention of Oppenheim (see No. 10). Among themselves they agreed that, should Henry fail to obtain absolution from the bann within a year from the date of the assembly, he should be deposed from the throne. They furthermore invited Gregory to be present at an Augsburg diet, where he was to sit in judgment on their king.

The latter, meanwhile, was relegated to a species of banishment in Spires, where he was to abstain from all interference in public affairs until the pope's decision should have been rendered. It was not long, however, before Henry found this state of things unbearable, and made up his mind to the step that was to make him the most famous suppliant in history. It was absolutely necessary to break the strong league existing between the pope and the German princes. The latter demanded that the king should gain absolution from the bann. He determined to do so at any price. It must be remembered that the prime teaching of the church was that no repentant sinner who sought God's mercy in the proper way could possibly fail to obtain it. Gregory's influence as the spiritual head of Christendom would have been irrevocably shaken had he refused to pardon one who expressed himself as ready to undergo any depth of penance that might be enjoined upon him.

What happened at Canossa is described by Gregory himself in his letter to the German princes (see No. 11). Henry rode away from the Tuscan castle, bound, indeed, by promises for the future, but, in reality, a free man—free to labour and to consult for his own interests. At the price of a deep personal humiliation he had gained an undoubted diplomatic victory.

For a time, indeed, this was not apparent. Little more

than a month after the scene at Canossa an assembly of princes at Forscheim elected Rudolf of Swabia as anti-king. But it soon became evident that Henry's following was far more considerable than that of his rival. It was of the greatest advantage to him that, for a time at least, Pope Gregory remained neutral, taking upon himself the rôle of mediator. But in 1080, under pretence that Henry had hindered the calling of such a council as would have put an end to the civil war, the pope renewed the bann against him, and acknowledged Rudolf as the rightful king (see No. 12).

There is a famous manœuvre in the Spanish bull-fights, which may prove successful once, but which means death to the torreador should he attempt to repeat it. The result of Gregory's second bann was not unlike it. A storm of indignation rose against the pope, and the Lombard and German bishops rallied to Henry. First in Bamberg, then in Mainz, and finally in Brixen (see No. 13), Gregory was declared deposed. Wibert of Ravenna was made pope in his stead. Gregory's letter of justification, written to Bishop Herrmann of Metz (see No. 14), shows a power of reasoning worthy of the Jesuits. Gregory's pontificate, as is well known, marks an era in the history of the papacy. He was the first to formulate many dogmas which later formed the bases of the most extravagant claims. Boniface VIII.'s "God has constituted us over kings and kingdoms" is but another form of a doctrine of Gregory's.

It is interesting to note that many of the quotations in the present letter are from the forged Isidorian decretals, which claim for the popes the sanction of antiquity for a jurisdiction far beyond that which they had actually enjoyed.

On Easter day 1084 the anti-pope Wibert crowned Henry in St. Peter's as emperor of the Romans, and in the follow-

ing year Pope Gregory died in exile in Salerno. Henry followed him to the grave in 1106, still in the bann which Gregory and his successors had hurled against him.

But the war of the investitures was not yet fought out. Henry V. was as unwilling and as unable to give up the royal prerogative as his father had been. Various attempts were made at a settlement. In 1111 Henry compelled Pope Paschal II. to draw up an agreement (see 15 *a*) by which the crown was to receive back all the temporal grants that had been made by it in the course of centuries to the clergy. On these terms, and on no others, was the king ready to renounce the right of investiture. The document, when read in St. Peter's before the clergy assembled to celebrate the imperial coronation, aroused the most violent opposition. The ceremony could not be performed, the day ended in a general uproar, and the pope and the cardinals were taken prisoners by the king. After a few weeks of captivity Paschal was ready to make any concessions, and finally consented to an unqualified resignation of the right of investiture (see 15 *b*). In the following year, however, a Lateran council repudiated this compact, and a synod held at Vienne declared lay investiture to be heresy, at the same time placing Henry under the bann. In 1118 the question of the investitures led to the election of a new anti-pope and the beginning of a new schism. But four years later, under Calixtus II., the long struggle was at last ended. The famous Concordat of Worms (see No. 16), issued on September 23, 1122, was a compromise in which both parties made almost equal concessions. The emperor renounced the investiture with ring and staff, thus giving to the church the right of nominating and electing her servants. But the elections were to be held in the emperor's presence, and he alone, by a special investiture with the sceptre, might bestow the temporal fiefs and privileges. By refusing to do this he

could readily nullify an election, and the possibility was avoided of having men in the bishoprics who might be hostile to the German or to the imperial interests.

I.

DECREE OF 1059 CONCERNING PAPAL ELECTIONS.

(Doeberl: "Monumenta Germaniae selecta," 3rd vol.)

(*a.*) Papal Version.

In the name of the Lord God our Saviour Jesus Christ, in the year of his incarnation 1059, in the month of April, in the 12th indiction—the holy Gospel being placed before us and the most reverend and blessed apostolic pope Nicholas presiding, while the most reverend archbishops, bishops, abbots and venerable priests and deacons assisted—in the church of the Lateran patriarch, which is called the church of Constantine, this same venerable pontiff, decreeing by apostolic authority, spoke thus concerning the election of the supreme pontiff: Ye know, most blessed and beloved fellow bishops and brothers—nor has it been hidden from the lower members also—how much adversity this apostolic chair, in which by God's will I serve, did endure at the death of our master and predecessor, Stephen of blessed memory: to how many blows, indeed, and frequent wounds it was subjected by the traffickers in simoniacal heresy; so that the columns of the living God seemed almost to totter already, and the net of the chief fisher to be submerged, amid the swelling blasts, in the depths of shipwreck. Wherefore, if it please ye brethren, we ought prudently to take measures for future cases, and to provide for the state of the church hereafter, lest—which God forbid—the same evils may revive and prevail. Therefore, strengthened by the authority of our predecessors and of the other holy fathers, we decree and establish:

1. That, when the pontiff of this Roman universal church dies, the cardinal bishops, after first conferring together with most diligent consideration, shall afterwards call in to themselves the cardinal clergy; and then the remaining clergy and the people shall approach and consent to the new election.

2. That—lest the disease of venality creep in through any excuse whatever—the men of the church shall be the leaders in carrying on the election of a pope, the others merely followers. And surely this order of electing will be considered right and lawful by those who, having looked through the rules or decrees of the various fathers, also take into consideration that sentence of our blessed predecessor Leo. "No reasoning permits," he says, "that those should be considered as among the bishops who have neither been elected by the clergy, nor desired by the people, nor consecrated by the bishops of their province with the approval of the metropolitan." But since the apostolic chair is elevated above all the churches of the earth, and thus can have no metropolitan over it, the cardinal bishops perform beyond a doubt the functions of that metropolitan, when, namely, they raise their chosen pope to the apex of apostolic glory.

3. They shall make their choice, moreover, from the lap of this (Roman) church itself, if a suitable man is to be found there. But if not, one shall be chosen from another church.

4. Saving the honour and reverence due to our beloved son Henry who is at present called king, and will be in the future, as it is hoped, emperor by God's grace; according as we now have granted to him and to his successors who shall obtain this right personally from this apostolic see.

5. But, if the perversity of depraved and wicked men shall so prevail that a pure, sincere and free election can not be held in Rome, the cardinal bishops, with the clergy of the church and the catholic laity, may have the right and power, even though few in numbers, of electing a pontiff for the apostolic see wherever it may seem to them most suitable.

6. It is to be clearly understood that if, after an election has been held, a time of war, or the endeavours of any man who is prompted by the spirit of malignity, shall prevent him who has been elected from being enthroned according to custom in the apostolic chair: nevertheless he who has been elected shall, as pope, have authority to rule the holy Roman church and to have the disposal of all its resources; as we know the blessed Gregory to have done before his consecration.

But if any one, contrary to this our decree promulgated by a synodal vote, shall, through sedition or presumption or any wile, be elected or even ordained and enthroned: by the authority of God and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul he shall be subjected, as Antichrist and invader and destroyer of all Christianity, to a perpetual anathema, being cast out from the threshold of the holy church of God, together with his instigators, favourers and followers. Nor at any time shall he be allowed a hearing in this matter, but he shall irrevocably be deposed from every ecclesiastical grade, no matter what one he had previously held. Whoever shall adhere to him or show any reverence to him, or shall presume in any way to defend him, shall be bound by a like sentence. Whoever, moreover, shall scorn the import of this our decree, and shall attempt, contrary to this statute, presumptuously to confound and perturb the Roman church, shall be condemned with a perpetual anathema and excommunication and shall be considered as among the impious who do not rise at the Judgment. He shall feel against him, namely, the wrath of Almighty God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and shall experience in this life and in the next the fury of the holy apostles Peter and Paul whose church he presumes to confound. His habitation shall be made a desert, and there shall be none to dwell in his tents. His sons shall be made orphans and his wife a widow. He shall be removed in wrath, and his sons shall go begging and shall be cast out of their habitations. The usurer shall go through all his substance and strangers shall destroy the results of his labours. The whole earth shall fight against him and all the elements oppose him; and the merits of all the saints at rest shall confound him, and in this life shall take open vengeance against him. But the grace of Almighty God will protect those who observe this our decree, and the authority of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul will absolve them from the bonds of all their sins.

I, Nicholas, bishop of the holy catholic and apostolic Roman church, have signed this decree promulgated by us as it stands above. I, Boniface, by the grace of God bishop

of Albano, have signed. I, Humbert, bishop of the holy church of Sylva Candida, have signed. I, Peter, bishop of the church of Ostia, have signed. And other bishops to the number of 76, with priests and deacons have signed.

(*b.*) Imperial Version.

(The beginning and the ending of the imperial version are, with the exception of a word or two, identical with those of the papal. The differences are to be found in the numbered paragraphs. The cardinals in general and not only the cardinal-bishops are to be the prime movers in the election, and the emperor's share in their proceedings is largely increased.)

1. That, when the pontiff of this Roman church universal dies, the cardinals, after first conferring together with most diligent consideration—saving the honour and reverence due to our beloved son Henry, who is at present called king, and will be in the future, as it is hoped, emperor by God's grace, according as we now, by the mediation of his envoy W. the chancellor of Lombardy, have granted to him and to those of his successors who shall obtain this right personally from this apostolic see,—shall approach and consent to the new election.

2. That—lest the disease of venality creep in through any excuse whatever—the men of the church, together with our most serene son king Henry, shall be the leaders in carrying on the election of a pope, the others merely followers.

3. They shall make their choice, moreover, from the lap of this (Roman) church itself, if a suitable man is to be found there. But if not, one shall be chosen from another church.

4. But, if the perversity of depraved and wicked men shall so prevail that a pure, sincere and free election can not be held in Rome, they may have the right and power, even though few in numbers, of electing a pontiff for the apostolic see wherever it may seem to them, together with the most unconquerable king, Henry, to be most suitable

5. It is to be clearly understood that if, after an election has been held, a time of war, or the endeavour of any man

who is prompted by the spirit of malignity, shall prevent him who has been elected from being enthroned according to custom in the apostolic chair: nevertheless he who has been elected shall, as pope, have authority to rule the holy Roman church, and to have the disposal of all its resources; as we know the blessed Gregory to have done before his consecration.

But if, etc.

II.

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE WAR OF THE INVESTITURES.

(Doeberl: "Monumenta Germaniae selecta," pp. 16-48.)

1. *Decree of Nov. 19th*, 1078, *forbidding lay Investiture.*

Inasmuch as we have learned that, contrary to the establishments of the holy fathers, the investiture with churches is, in many places, performed by lay persons; and that from this cause many disturbances arise in the church by which the Christian religion is trodden under foot: we decree that no one of the clergy shall receive the investiture with a bishopric or abbey or church from the hand of an emperor or king or of any lay person, male or female. But if he shall presume to do so he shall clearly know that such investiture is bereft of apostolic authority, and that he himself shall lie under excommunication until fitting satisfaction shall have been rendered.

2. *Decree of March 7th*, 1080, *forbidding the same.*

Following the statutes of the holy fathers, as, in the former councils which by the mercy of God we have held, we decreed concerning the ordering of ecclesiastical dignities, so also now we decree and confirm: that, if any one henceforth shall receive a bishopric or abbey from the hand of any lay person, he shall by no means be considered as among the number of the bishops or abbots; nor shall any hearing be granted him as bishop or abbot. Moreover we further deny to him the favour of St. Peter and the entry of the church, until, coming to his senses, he shall

desert the place that he has taken by the crime of ambition as well as by that of disobedience—which is the sin of idolatry. In like manner also we decree concerning the inferior ecclesiastical dignities.

Likewise if any emperor, king, duke, margrave, count, or any one at all of the secular powers or persons, shall presume to perform the investiture with bishoprics or with any ecclesiastical dignity,—he shall know that he is bound by the bonds of the same condemnation. And, moreover, unless he come to his senses and relinquish to the church her own prerogative, he shall feel, in this present life, the divine displeasure as well with regard to his body as to his other belongings: in order that, at the coming of the Lord, his soul may be saved.

3. *The Dictate of the Pope.*

That the Roman church was founded by God alone,

That the Roman pontiff alone can with right be called universal.

That he alone can depose or reinstate bishops.

That, in a council, his legate, even if a lower grade, is above all bishops, and can pass sentence of deposition against them.

That the pope may depose the absent.

That, among other things, we ought not to remain in the same house with those excommunicated by him.

That for him alone is it lawful, according to the needs of the time, to make new laws, to assemble together new congregations, to make an abbey of a canonry; and, on the other hand, to divide a rich bishopric and unite the poor ones.

That he alone may use the imperial insignia.

That of the pope alone all princes shall kiss the feet.

That his name alone shall be spoken in the churches.

That this is the only name in the world.

That it may be permitted to him to depose emperors.

That he may be permitted to transfer bishops if need be.

That he has power to ordain a clerk of any church he may wish.

That he who is ordained by him may *preside* over another church, but may not hold a subordinate position; and that such a one may not receive a higher grade from any bishop.

That no synod shall be called a general one without his order.

That no chapter and no book shall be considered canonical without his authority.

That a sentence passed by him may be retracted by no one; and that he himself, alone of all, may retract it.

That he himself may be judged by no one.

That no one shall dare to condemn one who appeals to the apostolic chair.

That to the latter should be referred the more important cases of every church.

That the Roman church has never erred; nor will it err to all eternity, the Scripture bearing witness.

That the Roman pontiff, if he have been canonically ordained, is undoubtedly made a saint by the merits of St. Peter; St. Ennodius, bishop of Pavia, bearing witness, and many holy fathers agreeing with him. As is contained in the decrees of St. Symmachus the pope.

That, by his command and consent, it may be lawful for subordinates to bring accusations.

That he may depose and reinstate bishops without assembling a synod.

That he who is not at peace with the Roman church shall not be considered catholic.

That he may absolve subjects from their fealty to wicked men.

4. *Letter of Gregory VII. to Henry IV., Dec.* 1075.

Bishop Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to King Henry, greeting and apostolic benediction:—that is, if he be obedient to the apostolic chair as beseems a Christian king. Considering and carefully weighing with what strict judgment we shall have to render account for the ministry entrusted to us by St. Peter, chief of the apostles, it is with hesitation that we have sent unto thee the apostolic benediction. For thou art said knowingly to exercise fellowship with those excommunicated by a judgment of

the apostolic chair, and by sentence of a synod. If this be true, thou dost know thyself that thou may'st receive the favour neither of the divine nor of the apostolic benediction unless—those who have been excommunicated being separated from thee, and compelled to do penance—thou do first, with condign repentance and satisfaction, seek absolution and indulgence for thy transgression. Therefore we counsel thy Highness that, if thou dost feel thyself guilty in this matter, thou do seek the advice of some canonical bishop with speedy confession. Who, with our permission enjoining on thee a proper penance for this fault, shall absolve thee and shall endeavour by letter to intimate to us truly, with thy consent, the measure of thy penitence.

For the rest it seems strange enough to us that, although thou dost transmit to us so many and such devoted letters; and although thy Highness dost show such humility through the words of thy legates—calling thyself the son of holy mother church and of ourselves, subject in the faith, one in love, foremost in devotion;—although, finally, thou dost commend thyself with all the devotion of sweetness and reverence: thou dost, however, at heart and in deeds most stubborn, show thyself contrary to the canonical and apostolic decrees in those things which the religion of the church enjoins as the chief ones. For, not to mention other things, in the affair of Milan the actual outcome of the matter shows plainly how thou didst carry out—and with what intent thou didst make them—the promises made to us through thy mother and through our confrères the bishops whom we sent to thee. And now, indeed, inflicting wound upon wound, contrary to the establishments of the apostolic chair, thou hast given the churches of Fermo and Spoleto—if indeed a church could be given or granted by a man—to certain persons not even known to us. On whom, unless they are previously well known and proven, it is not lawful even regularly to perform the laying on of hands.

Since thou dost confess thyself a son of the church it would have beseemed thy royal dignity to look more respectfully upon the master of the church,—that is, St. Peter, the chief of the apostles. To whom, if thou art of

the Lord's sheep, thou wast given over by the Lord's voice and authority to be fed; Christ Himself saying: "Peter, feed my sheep." And again: "To thee are given over the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." Inasmuch as in his seat and apostolic ministration we, however sinful and unworthy, do act as the representative of his power: surely he himself has received whatever, through writing or in bare words, thou hast sent to us. And at the very time when we are either perusing the letters or listening to the voices of those who speak, he himself is discerning, with subtile inspection, in what spirit the instructions were issued. Wherefore thy Highness should have seen to it that no discrepancy of good will should have been found towards the apostolic chair in thy words and messages. And, in those things through which the Christian faith and the state of the church chiefly progress towards eternal salvation, thou should'st not have denied the reverence due, not to us, but to God Almighty—disregarding the fact that the Lord saw fit to say to the apostles and their successors: "Who hears you, hears me; and who scorns you, scorns me." For we know that he who does not refuse to show faithful obedience to God, does not scorn to observe our commands—even as if he had heard them from the lips of the apostle himself—and the things which, following the decrees of the holy fathers, we may have said. For if, out of reverence for the chair of Moses, the Lord ordered the apostles to observe whatever the scribes and Pharisees sitting above them should say: it is not to be doubted but that the apostolic and evangelic teaching, the seat and foundation of which is Christ, should be received—and observed—by the faithful with all veneration from the lips of those who have been chosen for the service of preaching.

In this year, indeed,—a synod being assembled around the apostolic chair, over which the heavenly dispensation willed that we should preside; at which, moreover, some of thy faithful subjects were present: seeing that the good order of the Christian religion has now for some time been falling away, and that the chief and proper methods of

gaining souls had long fallen into abeyance and, the devil persuading, been trampled under foot, we, struck by the danger and the clearly approaching ruin of the Lord's flock, reverted to the decrees and to the teachings of the holy fathers—decreeing nothing new, nothing of our own invention. We did decree, however, that, error being abandoned, the first and only rule of ecclesiastical discipline was again to be followed, and the well-worn way of the saints to be re-sought. Nor indeed do we know of any other entrance to salvation and eternal life which lies open to the sheep of Christ and their shepherds, save the one which, as we have learned in the gospel and in every page of the divine Scriptures, was shown by Him who said: "I am the door, he who entereth through me shall be saved and shall find pasture," was preached by the apostles and followed by the holy fathers. This decree, moreover, which some, preferring human to divine honours, do call an unbearable weight and immense burden—we, however, by a more suitable name, as a necessary truth and light for regaining salvation—we did judge should be devoutly received and observed, not only by thee and by those of thy kingdom, but by all the princes and peoples of the world who confess and cherish Christ. Although we much desired, and it would have most beseemed thee, that, as thou dost surpass others in glory, honour and valour, so thou should'st be superior in thy devotion to Christ. Nevertheless, lest these things should seem beyond measure burdensome or wrong to thee, we did send word to thee through thy faithful servants that the changing of an evil custom should not alarm thee; that thou should'st send to us wise and religious men from thy land, who, if they could, by any reasoning, demonstrate or prove in what, saving the honour of the Eternal King and without danger to our souls, we might moderate the decree as passed by the holy fathers, we would yield to their counsels. In which matter, indeed, even though thou had'st not been so amicably admonished by us, it would nevertheless have been but right that, before thou did'st violate apostolic decrees, thou should'st, by negotiation, make demands from us in cases where we oppressed thee or stood in the way of thy prerogatives. But of how much worth thou did'st

consider either our commands or the observance of justice, is shown by those things which were afterwards done and brought about by thee.

But since, inasmuch as the still long-suffering patience of God invites thee to amend thy ways, we have hopes that, thy perception being increased, thy heart and mind can be bent to the obedience of the mandates of God: we warn thee with paternal love, that, recognizing over thee the dominion of Christ, thou do reflect how dangerous it is to prefer thine own honour to His; and that thou do not impede, by thy present detraction from it, the liberty of the church which He considered worthy to join to Himself as His spouse in celestial union; but that thou do begin, with faithful devotion, to lend it the aid of thy valour, in order that it may best increase to the honour of God Almighty and of St. Peter; by whom also thy glory may deserve to be increased. All of which, in return for the victory recently conferred upon thee over thy enemies, thou should'st recognize to be now most clearly due from thee to them; so that, when they reward thee with noteworthy prosperity, they may see thee the more devout for the benefits granted. And, in order that the fear of God, in whose hand and power is every kingdom and empire, may remain fixed in thy heart more deeply than our admonition, bear in mind what happened to Saul after the victory which, by the prophet's order, he enjoyed; and how he was chidden by God when he boasted of his victory, not carrying out the commands of that same prophet; but what favour followed David for the merit of humility amid the distinctions of valour.

Finally, as to the things which we have seen and noted in thy letter we keep silent; nor will we give thee a sure reply until thy legates, Rapoto, Aldepreth and Udescalc, and those whom we sent with them shall return to us and more fully reveal thy will to us in those matters which we entrusted to them to treat of with thee.

Given at Rome on the 6th day before the Ides of January, in the 14th indiction.

5. *Henry IV.'s Answer to Gregory VII., Jan.* 24, 1076.

Henry, king not through usurpation but through the holy ordination of God, to Hildebrand, at present not pope but false monk. Such greeting as this hast thou merited through thy disturbances, inasmuch as there is no grade in the church which thou hast omitted to make a partaker not of honour but of confusion, not of benediction but of malediction. For, to mention few and especial cases out of many, not only hast thou not feared to lay hands upon the rulers of the holy church, the anointed of the Lord—the archbishops, namely, bishops and priests—but thou hast trodden them under foot like slaves ignorant of what their master is doing. Thou hast won favour from the common herd by crushing them; thou hast looked upon all of them as knowing nothing, upon thy sole self, moreover, as knowing all things. This knowledge, however, thou hast used not for edification but for destruction; so that with reason we believe that St. Gregory, whose name thou hast usurped for thyself, was prophesying concerning thee when he said: "The pride of him who is in power increases the more, the greater the number of those subject to him; and he thinks that he himself can do more than all." And we, indeed, have endured all this, being eager to guard the honour of the apostolic see; thou, however, hast understood our humility to be fear, and hast not, accordingly, shunned to rise up against the royal power conferred upon us by God, daring to threaten to divest us of it. As if we had received our kingdom from thee! As if the kingdom and the empire were in thine and not in God's hand! And this although our Lord Jesus Christ did call us to the kingdom, did not, however, call thee to the priesthood. For thou hast ascended by the following steps. By wiles, namely, which the profession of monk abhors, thou hast achieved money; by money, favour; by the sword, the throne of peace. And from the throne of peace thou hast disturbed peace, inasmuch as thou hast armed subjects against those in authority over them; inasmuch as thou, who wert not called, hast taught that our bishops called of God are to be despised; inasmuch as

thou hast usurped for laymen the ministry over their priests, allowing them to depose or condemn those whom they themselves had received as teachers from the hand of God through the laying on of hands of the bishops. On me also who, although unworthy to be among the anointed, have nevertheless been anointed to the kingdom, thou hast lain thy hand; me who—as the tradition of the holy Fathers teaches, declaring that I am not to be deposed for any crime unless, which God forbid, I should have strayed from the faith—am subject to the judgment of God alone. For the wisdom of the holy fathers committed even Julian the apostate not to themselves, but to God alone, to be judged and to be deposed. For himself the true pope, Peter, also exclaims: "Fear God, honour the king." But thou who dost not fear God, dost dishonour in me his appointed one. Wherefore St. Paul, when he has not spared an angel of Heaven if he shall have preached otherwise, has not excepted thee also who dost teach otherwise upon earth. For he says: "If any one, either I or an angel from Heaven, should preach a gospel other than that which has been preached to you, he shall be damned. Thou, therefore, damned by this curse and by the judgment of all our bishops and by our own, descend and relinquish the apostolic chair which thou hast usurped. Let another ascend the throne of St. Peter, who shall not practise violence under the cloak of religion, but shall teach the sound doctrine of St. Peter. I Henry, king by the grace of God, do say unto thee, together with all our bishops: Descend, descend, to be damned throughout the ages.

6. *Letter of the Bishops to Gregory VII., Jan.* 24, 1076.

Siegfried archbishop of Mainz, Udo of Treves, William of Utrecht, Herrman of Metz, Henry of Laudun, Ricbert of Verdun, Bibo of Touls, Hozemann of Spires, Burkhard of Halberstadt, Werner of Strasburg, Burkhard of Basel, Otto of Constance, Adalbero of Wurzburg, Rodbert of Bamberg, Otto of Ratisbon, Ellinard of Frising, Odalric of Eichstädt, Frederick of Münster, Eilbert of Minden, Hezil of Hildesheim, Benno of Osnabrück, Eppo of Naples,

Imadus of Paderborn, Tiedo of Brandenburg, Burkhard of Lausanne, Bruno of Verona: to brother Hildebrand.

Although it was well known to us, when thou didst first invade the helm of the church, what an unlawful and nefarious thing thou, contrary to right and justice, wast presuming with thy well-known arrogance to do: we nevertheless thought best to veil the so vicious beginnings of thy elevation by a certain excusatory silence; hoping, namely, that such wicked commencements would be rectified, and to some degree obliterated by the probity and zeal of the rest of thy reign. But now, as the lamentable state of the church universal proclaims and bemoans, thou dost, with pertinacious continuance, fulfill the promises of thy evil beginnings through the still worse progress of thy actions and decrees. For although our Lord and Saviour impressed upon his faithful followers the special advantages of peace and charity—in testimony of which too many proofs exist to be comprised in the extent of a letter—thou, on the contrary, striving after profane novelties, delighting more in a widely known than in a good name, being swelled with unheard of pride, hast, like a standard-bearer of schism, torn with proud cruelty and cruel pride all the members of the church, which, following the apostle, were enjoying a quiet and tranquil life before thy times. Thou hast, with raging madness, scattered through all the churches of Italy, Germany, Gaul and Spain the flame of discord which, through thy ruinous factions, thou didst start in the Roman church. For by taking away from the bishops, as well as thou wast able, all the power which is known to have been divinely conferred upon them through the grace of the holy Spirit, which chiefly manifests itself in ordinations; and by giving over to the fury of the people all the administration of ecclesiastical affairs—seeing that now no one is bishop or priest over any one unless he has bought this by most unworthy assent from thy magnificence—thou hast disturbed, with wretched confusion, all the vigour of the apostolic institution and that most beautiful distribution of the members of Christ which the Teacher of the nations so often commends and inculcates. And thus, through these thy boasted decrees, —we can not speak of it without tears—the name of Christ

has almost perished. Who, moreover, for the very indignity of the thing, is not astounded that thou should'st usurp and arrogate to thyself a certain new and unlawful power in order to destroy rights which are the due of the whole brotherhood? For thou dost assert that no one of us shall have any further power of binding or loosing any one of our parishioners whose crime, or even the mere rumour of it, shall reach thee—save thou alone, or him whom thou dost especially delegate for this purpose. What man that is learned in the sacred Scriptures does not see the more than madness of this decree? Since, therefore, we have decided that it is worse than any evil longer to tolerate that the church of God should be so seriously endangered—nay, almost ruined—through these and other workings of thy presumptions,—we have agreed, by common consent of all of us, to make known to thee that about which we have hitherto kept silent: why it is that thou neither now may'st, nor at any time could'st preside over the apostolic see. Thou thyself, in the time of the emperor Henry (III.) of blessed memory, did'st bind thyself by an oath in person, never while that emperor lived, or his son our master the most glorious king who is now at the head of affairs, thyself to accept the papacy, or, so far as thou could'st prevent it, to permit any one else to receive it without the assent and approbation either of the father during his life, or of the son so long as he too should live. And there are very many bishops who can to-day bear witness to this oath, having seen it at that time with their eyes and heard it with their ears. Remember this also, how, when the ambition of securing the papacy tickled some of the cardinals, thou thyself, in order to remove rivalry, did'st bind thyself by an oath, on the condition and with the understanding that they should do the same, never to accept the papacy. See how faithfully thou hast observed both these oaths! Moreover, when, in the time of pope Nicholas, a synod was held with 125 bishops in session, this was established and decreed: that no one should ever become pope except by election of the cardinals, with the approbation of the people and through the consent and authority of the king. And thou thyself wast the author, the sponsor and the signer of this decree.

Furthermore thou hast filled the whole church, as it were, with the ill odour of a most grave charge concerning the too familiar living together and cohabitation with a strange woman. By which thing our sense of shame suffers more than our cause, although this general complaint has resounded every where: that all the decrees of the apostolic see have been set in motion by women—in a word, that through this new senate of women the whole circle of the church is administered. For no amount of complaining suffices concerning the injuries and insults against bishops whom thou most unworthily dost call sons of harlots and the like. Since, therefore, thy accession has been inaugurated by such perjuries; since, through the abuse of thy innovations, the church of God is in danger through so severe a storm; and since thou has defiled thy life and conversation with such manifold infamy: we renounce the obedience which we never promised to thee, nor shall we in future at all observe it. And since, as thou did'st publicly proclaim, not one of us has been to thee thus far a bishop, so also shalt thou henceforth be pope for none of us.

7. *First Deposition and Banning of Henry IV. by Gregory VII., February* 22, 1076.

O St. Peter, chief of the apostles, incline to us, I beg, thy holy ears, and hear me thy servant whom thou hast nourished from infancy, and whom, until this day, thou hast freed from the hand of the wicked, who have hated and do hate me for my faithfulness to thee. Thou, and my mistress the mother of God, and thy brother St. Paul are witnesses for me among all the saints that thy holy Roman church drew me to its helm against my will; that I had no thought of ascending thy chair through force, and that I would rather have ended my life as a pilgrim than, by secular means, to have seized thy throne for the sake of earthly glory. And therefore I believe it to be through thy grace and not through my own deeds that it has pleased and does please thee that the Christian people, who have been especially committed to thee, should obey me. And especially to me, as thy representative and by

thy favour, has the power been granted by God of binding and loosing in Heaven and on earth. On the strength of this belief therefore, for the honour and security of thy church, in the name of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I withdraw, through thy power and authority, from Henry the king, son of Henry the emperor, who has risen against thy church with unheard of insolence, the rule over the whole kingdom of the Germans and over Italy. And I absolve all Christians from the bonds of the oath which they have made or shall make to him; and I forbid any one to serve him as king. For it is fitting that he who strives to lessen the honour of thy church should himself lose the honour which belongs to him. And since he has scorned to obey as a Christian, and has not returned to God whom he had deserted—holding intercourse with the excommunicated; practising manifold iniquities; spurning my commands which, as thou dost bear witness, I issued to him for his own salvation; separating himself from thy church and striving to rend it—I bind him in thy stead with the chain of the anathema. And, leaning on thee, I so bind him that the people may know and have proof that thou art Peter, and above thy rock the Son of the living God hath built His church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

8. *Summons of Henry IV. to the Council of Worms. Royal Justification* (1076).

Henry, king by the grace of God, sends favour, greeting, love—not to all, but to a few.

In very important matters the wisest counsels of the greatest men are needed—men who shall both outwardly have the ability and inwardly shall not be without the will to give their best advice in a matter in which they are interested. For there is nothing whatever in the carrying out of which either ability without will or will without ability avails. Both of which thou, most faithful one, dost possess, as we think, in equal measure; or to speak more truly, although thou who art very great art not lacking in very great ability,—nevertheless, if we know thee rightly and have noted thy fidelity with proper

care, thou dost abound with a good will greater even than this very great ability; to our own and to the country's advantage. For from the faithful services of the past we are led to hope for still more faithful services in the future. We rely moreover on thy love not to let thy faithfulness disappoint our expectations; for from the loyalty of none of the princes or bishops of the land do we hope for greater things than from thine, rejoicing, as we have done, not only in the showing of the past but also in what thou hast led us to expect from thee in the future. Let, therefore, thy timely good will be present now with thy ability; for it is called for not only by our own straits but also by those of all thy fellow-bishops and brothers—nay, of the whole oppressed church. Thou art not ignorant, indeed, of this oppression; only see to it that thou do not withdraw thy aid from the oppressed church, but that thou do give thy sympathy to the kingdom and the priesthood. For in both of these, even as the church has hitherto been exalted, so now, alas, in both it is humiliated and bereaved. Inasmuch as one man has claimed for himself both; nor has he helped the one, seeing that he neither would nor could help either. But, lest we keep from thee any longer the name of one who is known to thee, learn of whom we are speaking—Hildebrand, namely, outwardly, indeed, a monk; called pope, but presiding over the apostolic see rather with the violence of an invader than with the care of a pastor, and, from the seat of universal peace, sundering the chains of peace and unity—as thou thyself dost clearly know. For, to mention a few cases out of many, he usurped for himself the kingdom and the priesthood without God's sanction, despising God's holy ordination which willed essentially that they—namely the kingdom and the priesthood—should remain not in the hands of one, but, as two, in the hands of two. For the Saviour Himself, during His Passion, intimated that this was the meaning of the typical sufficiency of the two swords. For when it was said to Him: "Behold, Lord, here are two swords"—He answered: "It is enough," signifying by this sufficing duality that a spiritual and a carnal sword were to be wielded in the church, and that by them every thing evil was about to be cut off—by the sacerdotal sword, namely,

to the end that the king, for God's sake, should be obeyed; but by the royal one to the end that the enemies of Christ without should be expelled, and that the priesthood within should be obeyed. And He taught that every man should be constrained so to extend his love from one to the other that the kingdom should neither lack the honour due to the priesthood, nor the priesthood the honour due to the kingdom. In what way the madness of Hildebrand confounded this ordinance of God thou thyself dost know, if thou hast been ready or willing to know. For in his judgment no one is rightfully priest save him who has bought permission from his own capricious self. Me also whom God called to the kingdom—not, however, having called him to the priesthood—he strove to deprive of my royal power, threatening to take away my kingdom and my soul, neither of which he had granted, because he saw me wishing to hold my rule from God and not from him—because he himself had not constituted me king. Although he had often, as thou dost know, thrown out these and similar things to shame us, he was not as yet satisfied with that but needs must inflict upon us from day to day new and ingenious kinds of confusion—as he recently proved in the case of our envoys. For a page will not suffice to tell how he treated those same envoys of ours, how cruelly he imprisoned them and afflicted them, when captive, with nakedness, cold, hunger and thirst and blows; and how at length he ordered them to be led like martyrs through the midst of the city, furnishing a spectacle for all; so that one would call him and believe him as mad as Decius the tyrant, and a burner of saints. Wherefore, beloved, be not tardy—may all in common not be tardy—to give ear to my request, and to that of thy fellow-bishops, that thou do come to Worms at Pentecost; and that thou there, with the other princes, do listen to many things a few of which are mentioned in this letter; and that thou do show what is to be done. Thou art asked to do this for love of thy fellow-bishops, warned to for the good of the church, bound to for the honour of our life and of the whole land.

9. *Gregory VII.'s Justification of himself to the Germans.* 1076 A.D. (*April or May*).

Bishop Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to all the bishops, dukes, counts and other loyal defenders of the Christian faith in the land of the Germans, greeting and apostolic benediction.

We have heard that certain among you utter complaints and are doubtful, concerning the excommunication which we have passed against the king, whether he has justly been excommunicated and whether our sentence has proceeded from the authority of a censure that is permissible, and with due deliberation. Therefore, as best we could, our conscience bearing witness, we have taken care to lay before the eyes and intellects of all how we were led to excommunicate him; not so much in order to throw before the public, with our clamour as it were, the separate causes —which, alas, are too well known—as to satisfy the doubts of those who think that we have seized the spiritual sword rashly, and through a sudden impulse of our mind, rather than through fear of God and zeal of justice.

Previously, when we were exercising the office of deacon, a dark and very disgraceful report of the king's actions having reached us, we, for the sake of the imperial dignity and out of reverence for his father and mother—also with the hope and desire of correcting him—often admonished him, through letters and envoys, to desist from his wickedness and, mindful of his most distinguished race and dignity, to order his life according to rules of conduct suitable for a king and, if God should grant it, a future emperor.

Moreover, his age and his depravity keeping pace with each other,—after we, though unworthy, came to be supreme pontiff, the more diligently did we urge him in every way, by arguing, exhorting, rebuking, to amend his life; knowing that God Almighty would the more strictly demand his soul at our hands the more we, above all others, had been given permission and authority to rebuke him. He, while often sending to us devoted letters and greetings, excusing himself both with his age, which was pliable and

frail, and because evil was often recommended to him by those who had the court in their hands, promised, indeed, in words, from day to day, that he would most readily receive our warnings; but in fact, and by increasing his faults, he entirely trod them under foot.

In the mean while we called to repentance some of his associates by whose counsels and machinations he had, with simoniacal heresy, defiled bishoprics and many monasteries, introducing, for money, wolves instead of shepherds. For we wished both that, while there was yet time to make amends, they should restore to the venerable places where they belonged the goods of the church which they, through so shameful a traffic, had with sacrilegious hand received—and that they themselves, through the lamentations of penitence, should render satisfaction to God for the iniquity perpetrated. But when we learned that they had scorned the terms appointed for carrying out these things and were obstinately continuing in their accustomed iniquity, we justly separated them, as sacrilegious persons and ministers and members of the devil, from the communion and body of the whole church. And we warned the king to expel them, as excommunicate, from his palace and his counsels and from all intercourse with himself.

But meanwhile the cause of the Saxons gained the upper hand against the king. And when he saw that the forces and the protectors of the land were ready, for the most part, to abandon him, he once more directed to us a letter, supplicatory and full of all humility. In it he acknowledged his guilt towards God Almighty, St. Peter and ourselves; praying that, whatever faults he might have committed in ecclesiastical matters against the institutions of the canons and the decrees of the holy fathers, we, with our apostolic foresight and authority, should strive to correct. And in this matter he promised us, in every way, obedience, consent and faithful aid. Afterwards, being admitted to penance by our brothers and legates Humbert bishop of Praeneste and Gerald bishop of Ostia whom we sent to him, he renewed to them and confirmed this promise, swearing by the sacred stoles which they bore about their necks.

But when, after a time, a battle was fought with the

Saxons, these are the thanks and the sacrifices which he offered to God in return for the victory which he gained: he straightway broke the vows that he had made concerning his improvement, and, carrying out none of his promises, received those who had been excommunicated into companionship and intercourse with himself, dragging down the churches into the same confusion as formerly.

At this we, much afflicted—although, after his scorning the kindness of the Heavenly King, we had lost almost all hope of correcting him—decided that an attempt must still be made to reach his conscience, desiring rather that he should give ear to the apostolic clemency than experience its severity. Accordingly we sent to him admonitory letters: he was to remember what he had promised and to whom; he was not to believe that he could deceive God, whose wrath, when He commences to judge, is so much the more severe the more long suffering His patience has been; he was not to dishonour God by honouring himself, nor was he to try and extend his own power to the contempt of God and to the shame of the papacy—knowing that while God resists the proud He also gives grace to the humble. Moreover we sent to him three men of the clergy, his own faithful followers, warning him through them in secret that he should do penance for his crimes —which are indeed horrible to speak of, known moreover unto many and divulged in many places; and, on account of them, the authority of divine and human laws sanctions and orders that he should not only be excommunicated until he renders suitable satisfaction, but that he should be deprived of all honour in his kingdom without hope of regaining it. Finally we warned him that, unless he should cease to hold intercourse with those who had been banned, we could judge or decree nothing else of him than that, being cut off from the church, he should share the fate of the excommunicate, with whom he preferred to have his portion rather than with Christ. But if he should be willing to receive our warnings and to correct his life, we called and do call God to witness how greatly we should rejoice concerning his safety and honour, and with what love we would fold him in the lap of the holy church as one who, having been made prince of a people and holding

the reins of a most extended kingdom, ought to be a defender of catholic peace and justice.

But his deeds declare how much he thought either of our writings or of the messages sent through our legates. For, offended at being taken to task or rebuked by any one, he not only could not be induced to make amends for the deeds perpetrated, but, carried away by a still greater fury of spirit, did not cease until he had caused the bishops—nearly all of those in Italy; in German lands as many as he could—to shipwreck the faith of Christ, compelling them to deny the obedience and honour due to St. Peter and the apostolic see and granted to them by our Lord Jesus Christ. We, therefore, seeing his iniquity advance to a climax, for these causes:—first, namely, that he was unwilling to abstain from intercourse with those who had been excommunicated for sacrilege and for the sin of simoniacal heresy; then because, for the criminal acts of his life, he was not willing—I will not say to undergo—but even to promise penance, that repentance which he had promised before our legates having been feigned; finally because he has not flinched at rending the unity of the holy church, which is the body of Christ:—for these faults, I say, we have excommunicated him by sentence of a synod to the end that, since we could not recall him by gentleness, we might either lead him back to the way of salvation by severity, God helping us, or that, should he not even fear the censure of the bann—which God forbid —our soul might not at length succumb to the charge of negligence or fear.

If any one, therefore, thinks that this sentence has been unjustly or unreasonably imposed—if he be such a one as is able to apply his intellect to the sacred canons—let him treat with us in the matter and let him acquiesce after hearing patiently, not what we, but what the divine authority teaches, what it decrees, what the unanimous voice of the holy fathers declares. We, indeed, do not think that there is one of the faithful who, knowing the ecclesiastical statutes, is so bound by this error as not to say in his heart, even though he do not dare to publicly affirm it, that we have acted rightly. But even if we—which God forbid—had bound him with such bann for no sufficiently

grave reason or in a too irregular manner: even then, as the holy fathers assert, it would not have been right to scorn the sentence, but absolution should have been sought with all humility.

But do ye, beloved, who have not been willing because of the royal indignation or of any danger to desert the justice of God, paying little heed to those who at the last shall be announced as cursers and liars, stand boldly and be comforted in the Lord; knowing that ye defend the part of Him who, as an unconquerable King and glorious Victor, is about to judge the quick and the dead, rendering unto each man according to his works. Concerning His manifold retribution ye also can be assured if ye shall to the end have remained faithful and unshaken in His truth. Wherefore we also incessantly pray to God for ye that He may cause ye to be strengthened in His name through the Holy Spirit, and that He may so turn the heart of the king to repentance that he also at some time may know that we and ye more truly love him than those who now pander to and favour his iniquities. But if by God's inspiration he be willing to come to his senses, no matter what he shall attempt against us, he shall always, notwithstanding, find us ready to receive him into the holy communion as ye, beloved, have counselled us to do.

10. *Convention of Oppenheim.*

(*a.*) Promise of the King to offer Obedience to the Pope.

Being admonished to do so by the counsel of our faithful ones, I promise to observe in all things the obedience due to the apostolic see and to thee, pope Gregory, and will take care devoutly to correct and to render satisfaction for anything whereby a derogation to the honour of that same see, or to thine, has arisen through us. Since, moreover, certain very grave charges are brought against us concerning attempts which I am supposed to have made against that same see and against thy reverence: these, at a suitable time, I will either refute by the help of innocence and by the favour of God, or, failing this, I will at length willingly undergo a suitable penance for them. It behoves thy

holiness also, moreover, not to veil those things which, spread abroad concerning thee, cause scandal to the church —but rather, by removing this scruple too from the public conscience, to establish through thy wisdom the universal tranquillity of the church as well as of the kingdom.

(*b.*) Edict cancelling the Sentence against Gregory VII., October, 1076.

Henry, king by the grace of God, sends to the archbishops, bishops, margraves, counts and dignitaries of every rank the honourable distinction of his goodwill. Inasmuch as we have been brought to recognize, through the representations of our faithful ones, that we have been wanting in clemency, in some regards, towards the apostolic see and its venerable bishop, pope Gregory: it has pleased us, in accordance with healthful counsel, to change our former sentence and to observe, after the manner of our predecessors and progenitors, due obedience in all things to the holy see and to him who is known to preside over it, our master Gregory the pope. And if we have presumed to act too severely against him we will atone for it by rendering fitting satisfaction. We will, moreover, that ye also, warned by our Highness's example, do not hesitate to render solemn satisfaction to St. Peter and to his vicar; and that those of you who understand themselves to be bound by his bann do strive to be solemnly absolved by him—by our master, namely, Gregory the pope.

11. *Gregory VII.'s Letter to the German Princes concerning the Penance of Henry IV. at Canossa.* (1077.)

Bishop Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to all the archbishops, bishops, dukes, counts and other princes of the realm of the Germans who defend the Christian faith, greeting and apostolic benediction.

Inasmuch as for love of justice ye assumed common cause and danger with us in the struggle of Christian warfare, we have taken care to indicate to you, beloved, with sincere affection, how the king, humbled to penance,

obtained the pardon of absolution and how the whole affair has progressed since his entry into Italy up to the present time.

As had been agreed with the legates who had been sent to us on your part, we came into Lombardy about twenty days before the date on which one of the commanders was to come over the pass to meet us, awaiting his advent that we might cross over to the other side. But when the term fixed upon had already passed, and we were told that at this time on account of many difficulties—as we can readily believe—an escort could not be sent to meet us, we were involved in no little care as to what would be best for us to do, having no other means of crossing to you.

Meanwhile, however, we learned for certain that the king was approaching. He also, before entering Italy, sent on to us suppliant legates, offering in all things to render satisfaction to God, to St. Peter and to us. And he renewed his promise that, besides amending his life, he would observe all obedience if only he might merit to obtain from us the favour of absolution and the apostolic benediction. When, after long deferring this and holding frequent consultations, we had, through all the envoys who passed, severely taken him to task for his excesses: he came at length of his own accord, with a few followers, showing nothing of hostility or boldness, to the town of Canossa where we were tarrying. And there, having laid aside all the belongings of royalty, wretchedly, with bare feet and clad in wool, he continued for three days to stand before the gate of the castle. Nor did he desist from imploring with many tears the aid and consolation of the apostolic mercy until he had moved all of those who were present there, and whom the report of it reached, to such pity and depth of compassion that, interceding for him with many prayers and tears, all wondered indeed at the unaccustomed hardness of our heart, while some actually cried out that we were exercising, not the gravity of apostolic severity, but the cruelty, as it were, of a tyrannical ferocity.

Finally, conquered by the persistency of his compunction and by the constant supplications of all those who were present, we loosed the chain of the anathema and at length received him into the favour of communion and into the lap of the holy mother church, those being accepted as sponsors for him whose names are written below. And of this transaction we also received a confirmation at the hands of the abbot of Cluny, of our daughters Matilda and the countess Adelaide, and of such princes, episcopal and lay, as seemed to us useful for this purpose.

Having thus accomplished these matters, we desire at the first opportunity to cross over to your parts in order that, by God's aid, we may more fully arrange all things for the peace of the church and the concord of the kingdom, as has long been our wish. For we desire, beloved, that ye should know beyond a doubt that the whole question at issue is as yet so little cleared up—as ye can learn from the sponsors mentioned—that both our coming and the unanimity of your counsels are extremely necessary. Wherefore strive ye all to continue in the faith in which ye have begun and in the love of justice; and know that we are not otherwise bound to the king save that, by word alone as is our custom, we have said that he might have hopes from us in those matters in which, without danger to his soul or to our own, we might be able to help him to his salvation and honour either through justice or through mercy.

Oath of Henry King of the Germans.

I, king Henry, on account of the murmuring and enmity which the archbishops and bishops, dukes, counts and other princes of the realm of the Germans, and others who follow them in the same matter of dissension, bring to bear against me, will, within the term which our master pope Gregory has constituted, either do justice according to his judgment or conclude peace according to his counsels—unless an absolute impediment should stand in his way or in mine. And on the removal of this I shall be ready to continue in the same course. Likewise, if that same lord pope Gregory shall wish to go beyond the mountains or to any other part of the world, he himself, as well as those who shall be in his escort or following or who are sent by

him or come to him from any parts of the world whatever, shall be secure, while going, remaining or returning, on my part and on the part of those whom I can constrain, from every injury to life or limb, or from capture. Nor shall he by my consent have any other hindrance which is contrary to his dignity; and if any such be placed in his way I will aid him according to my ability. So help me God and this holy gospel.

Given at Canossa on the 5th day before the Calends of February (Jan. 28), in the 15th indiction, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1077—there being present the bishops Humbert of Praeneste and Gerald of Ostia; the Roman cardinals Peter of the title of St. Chrisogonus and Cono of the title of St. Anastasius; the Roman deacons Gregory and Bernard, and the sub-deacon Humbert. Likewise, on the part of the king, there were present the archbishop of Bremen, the bishops of Vercelli and Osnabruck, the abbot of Cluny and many noble men.

12. *Second Banning and Dethronement of Henry IV. through Gregory VII., March 7th,* 1080.

St. Peter, chief of the apostles, and thou St. Paul, teacher of the nations, deign, I beg, to incline your ears to me and mercifully to hear me. Do ye who are the disciples and lovers of truth aid me to tell the truth to ye without any of the falsehood which we altogether detest: to the end that my brothers may better acquiesce with me and may know and learn that, after God and his mother the ever-virgin Mary, it is in ye I trust when I resist the wicked and unholy but lend aid to your faithful followers. For ye know that I did not willingly take holy orders. And unwillingly I went with my master Gregory beyond the mountains; but more unwillingly I returned with my master pope Leo to your especial church, in which I served ye as always. Then, greatly against my will, with much grieving and groaning and wailing I was placed upon your throne, although thoroughly unworthy. I say these things thus because I did not choose ye but ye chose me and did place upon me the very heavy burden of your church. And because ye did order me to go up into a high mountain and

call out and proclaim to the people of God their crimes and to the sons of the earth their sins, the members of the devil have commenced to rise up against me and have presumed, even unto blood, to lay their hands upon me. For the kings of the earth stood by, and the secular and ecclesiastical princes; the men of the palace, also, and the common herd came together against the Lord and against ye His anointed, saying: "Let us break their chains and cast off their yoke from us." And they have in many ways attempted to rise up against me in order to utterly confound me with death or with exile.

Among them, especially, Henry whom they call king, son of Henry the emperor, did raise his heel against your church and strive, by casting me down, to subjugate it, having made a conspiracy with many ultramontane bishops. But your authority resisted and your power destroyed their pride. He, confounded and humbled, came to me in Lombardy and sought absolution from the bann. I seeing him humiliated, having received many promises from him concerning the bettering of his way of living, restored to him the communion. But only that; I did not reinstate him in his kingdom from which I had deposed him in a Roman synod, nor did I order that the fealty from which, in that synod, I had absolved all those who had sworn it to him, or were about to swear it, should be observed towards him. And my reason for not doing so was that I might do justice in the matter or arrange peace—as Henry himself, by an oath before two bishops, had promised me should be done—between him and the ultramontane bishops or princes who, being commanded to do so by your church, had resisted him. But the said ultramontane bishops and princes, hearing that he had not kept his promise to me, and, as it were, despairing of him, elected for themselves without my advice—ye are my witnesses—duke Rudolf as king. This king Rudolf hastily sent an envoy to intimate to me that he had been compelled to accept the helm of state but that he was ready to obey me in every way. And to make this the more credible he has continued from that time to send me words to the same effect, adding also that he was ready to confirm what he had promised by giving his own son and the son of his faithful follower duke Bertald as hos-

tages. Meanwhile Henry commenced to implore my aid against the said Rudolf. I answered that I would willingly grant it if I could hear the arguments on both sides so as to know whom justice most favoured. But he, thinking to conquer by his own strength, scorned my reply. But when he found that he could not do as he had hoped he sent to Rome two of his partizans, the bishops, namely, of Verdun and of Osnabruck, who asked me in a synod to do justice to him. This also the envoys of Rudolf pressed me to do. At length, by God's inspiration as I believe, I decreed in that synod that an assembly should take place beyond the mountains, where either peace should be established or it should be made known which side justice the most favoured. For I—as ye, my fathers and masters, can testify—have taken care up to this time to aid no party save the one on whose side justice should be found to be. And, thinking that the weaker side would wish the assembly not to take place, whereas justice would hold its own, I excommunicated and bound with the anathema the person of any one —whether king, duke, bishop or ordinary man—who should by any means contrive to prevent the assembly from taking place. But the said Henry with his partizans, not fearing the danger from disobedience, which is the crime of idolatry, incurred the excommunication by impeding the assembly. And he bound himself with the chain of the anathema, causing a great multitude of Christians to be given over to death and of churches to be ruined, and rendering desolate almost the whole realm of the Germans. Wherefore, trusting in the judgment and mercy of God and of his most holy mother the ever-virgin Mary, armed with your authority, I lay under excommunication and bind with the chains of the anathema the oft-mentioned Henry—the so-called king—and all his followers. And again, on the part of God Almighty and of yourselves, I deny to him the kingdom of the Germans and of Italy and I take away from him all royal power and dignity. And I forbid any Christian to obey him as king, and absolve from their oath all who have sworn or shall swear to him as ruler of the land. May this same Henry, moreover,—as well as his partizans, —be powerless in any warlike encounter and obtain no victory during his life. Whereas I grant and concede in

your name that Rudolf, whom, as a mark of fidelity to ye, the Germans have chosen to be their king, may rule and defend the land of the Germans. To all of those who faithfully adhere to him I, trusting in your support, grant absolution of all their sins and your benediction in this life and the life to come. For as Henry, on account of his pride, disobedience and falseness, is justly cast down from his royal dignity, so to Rudolf, for his humility, obedience and truthfulness, the power and dignity of kingship are granted.

Proceed now, I beg, O fathers and most holy princes, in such way that all the world may learn and know that, if ye can bind and loose in Heaven, so ye can on earth take away empires, kingdoms, principalities, duchies, margravates, counties and all possessions of men, and grant them to any man ye please according to his merits. For often have ye taken away patriarchates, primateships, archbishoprics and bishoprics from the wicked and unworthy and given them to devout men. And if ye judge spiritual offices what are we to believe of your power in secular ones? And if ye shall judge angels, who rule over all proud princes, how will it be with those subject to them? Let kings and all secular princes now learn how great ye are and what your power is; and let them dread to disregard the command of your church. And, in the case of the said Henry, exercise such swift judgment that all may know him to fall not by chance but by your power. Let him be confounded;—would it were to repentance, that his soul may be safe at the day of the Lord!

Given at Rome, on the Nones of March, in the third indiction.

13. *Decision of the Synod of Brixen, June 25th*, 1080.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 1080, when, in the presence of the most serene king Henry IV. and by his order, in the 26th year of his reign, on Friday the 7th day before the Calends of July and in the 3rd indiction, there was assembled at Brixen in Noricum a convention of thirty bishops and an army of nobles not only from Italy but also from Germany: there was heard from the mouth of

all one voice, as it were, terribly complaining over the truculent madness of a certain false monk called pope Gregory VII., and asking why the invincible king allowed the same to rage so long unhindered when Paul, the vase of election, testifies that a prince does not wield the sword without cause; and when Peter, the chief of the apostles, proclaims that not only is the king pre-eminent but that it is his place to send out commanders to punish, indeed, the evil, but to reward the good. In answer to these representations, therefore, it seemed just to the most illustrious king and to his princes that the judgment of the bishops and the sentence of the divine wrath against this same Hildebrand should precede the material sword; so that him the royal power might afterwards, with more right, declare an object of pursuit whom the bishops of the churches should first have deposed from his proud eminence. What one of the faithful, indeed, who knows him would fear to hurl against him the javelin of damnation? For from his earliest years he has striven through vain glory to commend himself in the world as more than man —no merits calling for it—and to prefer his own divinations and those of others to the divine orderings; to be a monk in dress and not by profession; to consider himself beyond ecclesiastical discipline, subject to no master; to assist, more than laymen, at obscene theatrical amusements; for the sake of sordid gain publicly to watch the tables of the money-changers in the path of the passers by. Having accumulated money, then, by such pursuits, he invaded the abbey of St. Paul's, supplanting the abbot. Then, inducing by deception a certain man named Mancius to sell him the office, he seized the archdeaconship; and, against the will of pope Nicholas, in the midst of a popular tumult he had himself raised to the office of administrator. Moreover, by the outrageous death, through poison, of four Roman pontiffs at the hand of a certain intimate of his—John Brachintus—he is convicted of being a murderer; as the minister of death himself, although repenting late, did testify with dire clamourings when in the very grasp of death—all others having kept silence. Finally this oft-mentioned pest-bearer, on the very night when the body of pope Alexander was being honoured with the funeral cere-

mony in the church of St. Salvatore, guarded the gates and bridges, towers and triumphal arches of the city of Rome with bands of armed men, occupied the Lateran palace with an armed force that he had brought together with hostile intent, frightened the clergy—lest they, none of whom wished to elect him, should dare to resist—by threatening death through the drawn swords of his satellites, and carried by assault the long-besieged chair before the body of the dead man had obtained burial. But when some persons tried to call to his mind that decree of pope Nicholas promulgated by those 125 bishops under pain of anathema, Hildebrand himself approving,—the tenor of which was that if any one, without the consent of the Roman sovereign, should presume to become pope he should be considered no pope but an apostate: he denied all knowledge of a king and asserted his own right to declare void a decree of his predecessors. What more is there to say? Not only Rome, indeed, but the whole Roman world bears witness that he was not chosen by God but that he forced his way most impudently by violence, fraud and bribery. For his fruits betray their root and his works manifest his intent, inasmuch as he subverts the order of the church; has perturbed the rule of a Christian empire; tries to kill the body and soul of a catholic and pacific king; defends as king a perjurer and traitor; has sown discord among the united, strife among the peaceful, scandals among brothers, divorce among husbands and wives; and has shattered whatever of rest he found being enjoyed by those leading a holy life. Therefore we, congregated together, as has been said, by God's authority, trusting in the legates and letters of the 19 bishops who were assembled at Mainz on the holy day of last Pentecost, do decree against this same most brazen Hildebrand, —who preaches sacrilege and arson, who defends perjury and homicide, who questions the catholic and apostolic faith concerning the body and blood of our Lord, who is an ancient disciple of the heretic Berengar, a manifest believer in dreams and divinations, a necromancer, dealing in the spirit of prophecy and therefore a wanderer from the true faith—that, he shall be canonically deposed and expelled and, unless on hearing this he descend from that

seat, forever damned. (Here follow the signatures of the bishops, etc., first the cardinal Hugo Candidus, then the king, etc.)

14. *Letter of Gregory VII. to Bishop Hermann of Metz, March 15th, 1081.*

Bishop Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to his beloved brother in Christ, Hermann bishop of Metz, greeting and apostolic benediction. It is doubtless owing to a dispensation of God that, as we learn, thou art ready to bear labours and dangers in defence of the truth. For such is His ineffable grace and wonderful mercy that He never allows His chosen ones completely to go astray—never permits them utterly to fall or to be cast down. For, after they have been afflicted by a time of persecution—a useful term of probation as it were,—He makes them, even if they have passed through some trepidation, stronger than before. Since, moreover, manly courage impels one strong man to act more bravely than another and to press forward more boldly—even as among cowards fear induces one to flee more disgracefully than another,—we wish, beloved, with the voice of exhortation, to impress this upon thee: thou should'st the more delight to stand in the army of the Christian faith among the first, the more thou art convinced that they are the most worthy and the nearest to God the victors. Thy demand, indeed, to be aided, as it were, by our writings and fortified against the madness of those who babble forth with unhallowed mouth that the authority of the holy and apostolic see had no right to excommunicate Henry—a man who despises the Christian law; a destroyer, namely, of the churches and of the empire; a favourer of heretics and a partaker with them—or to absolve any one from the oath of fealty to him, does not seem to us to be altogether necessary when so many and such absolutely certain proofs are to be found in the pages of Holy Scripture. Nor do we believe, indeed, that those who, heaping up for themselves damnation, impudently detract from the truth and run counter to it have joined these charges to the audacity of their defence so much from ignorance as from a certain madness of wretched desperation. And no wonder. For it is the custom of the wicked to strive after protection from their iniquity and to defend those like to themselves; considering it of no importance that they incur perdition for lying.

For, to cite a few passages from among many, who does not know the words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ who says in the gospel: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in Heaven"? Are kings excepted here, or do they not belong to the sheep which the Son of God committed to St. Peter? Who, I ask, in this universal concession of the power of binding and loosing, can think that he is withdrawn from the authority of St. Peter, unless, perhaps, that unfortunate man who is unwilling to bear the yoke of the Lord and subjects himself to the burden of the devil, refusing to be among the number of Christ's sheep? It will help him little to his wretched liberty, indeed, that he shake from his proud neck the divinely granted power of Peter. For the more any one, through pride, refuses to bear it, the more heavily shall it press upon him unto damnation at the judgment.

The holy fathers, indeed, as well in general councils as otherwise in their writings and doings, have called the holy Roman church the universal mother, accepting and serving with great veneration this institution founded by the divine will, this pledge of a dispensation to the church, this privilege handed over in the beginning and confirmed to St. Peter the chief of the apostles. And even as they accepted its proofs in confirmation of their faith and of the doctrines of holy religion, so also they received its judgments—consenting in this, and agreeing as it were with one spirit and one voice: that all greater matters and exceptional cases, and judgments over all churches, ought to be referred to it as to a mother and a head; that from it there was no appeal; that no one should or could retract or refute its decisions. Wherefore the blessed pope Gela-

sius, armed with the divine authority, when writing to the emperor Anastasius how and what he should think concerning the primacy of the holy and apostolic see, instructed him as follows: "Although," he said, "before all priests in common who duly exercise divine functions it is right that the necks of the faithful should be bowed, by how much more should the bishop of the Roman see be obeyed, whom both the supreme deity has willed to predominate over all priests and the subsequent piety of the whole church in common has honoured? From which thy prudence clearly sees that, with him whom the voice of Christ placed over all, and whom a venerable church has always professed and devoutly holds as its primate, no one can, by any human device whatever, gain an equal privilege and be equally acknowledged." Likewise pope Julius, when writing to the oriental bishops concerning the power of that same holy and apostolic see, said: "It would have become ye, brethren, to choose your words and not to speak ironically against the holy Roman and apostolic church, since our Lord Jesus Christ, addressing it as was fitting, said: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.' For it has the power, granted to it by a special privilege, of opening and closing for whom it will the gates of the kingdom of Heaven." Is it not lawful, then, for him to whom the power of opening and closing Heaven is granted to exercise judgment upon earth? God forbid that it should not be! Remember what the most blessed apostle Paul says: "Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more the things of earth!" The blessed pope Gregory also decreed that those kings should fall from their dignity who should dare to violate the statutes of the apostolic see, writing to a certain abbot, Senator, as follows: "But if any king, priest, judge or secular person, disregarding this the page of our decree, shall attempt to act counter to it he shall lose the dignity of his power and honour and shall know that he, in the sight of God, is guilty of committing a crime. And unless he restore the things which have been wrongfully removed by him, or unless he atone by fitting

penance for his unlawful acts, he shall be kept away from the most sacred body and blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and shall undergo a stern vengeance at the eternal judgment."

But if the blessed Gregory, the most gentle of teachers, decreed that kings who should violate his decrees in the matter of a single hospice should not only be deposed but also excommunicated and, at the last judgment, condemned: who, save one like to them, will blame us for having deposed and excommunicated Henry, who is not alone a scorner of the apostolic judgments but also, as far as in him lies, a treader under foot of holy mother church herself and a most shameless robber and atrocious destroyer of the whole realm and of the churches. As we have learned, through St. Peter's teaching, from a letter concerning the ordination of Clement in which it says: "If any one shall be a friend to those with whom he (Clement) does not speak, he also is one of those who wish to exterminate the church of God; and while, with his body, he seems to be with us, he is with heart and soul against us. And such an enemy is far more dangerous than those who are without and who are open enemies. For he, under the guise of friendship, does hostile acts, and rends and lays waste the church." Mark well, beloved, if this pope so severely judges the friend or companion of those with whom, on account of their actions he is angry, with what condemnation he will visit the man himself with whose actions he is displeased.

But to return to the matter in hand. Is not a dignity like this, founded by laymen—even by those who do not know God,—subject to that dignity which the providence of God Almighty has, in His own honour, founded and given to the world? For His Son, even as He is undoubtingly believed to be God and man, so is He considered the highest priest, the head of all priests, sitting on the right hand of the Father and always interceding for us. And He despised a secular kingdom, which makes the sons of this world swell with pride, and came of His own will to the priesthood of the cross. Who does not know that kings and leaders are sprung from those who—ignorant of God—by pride, plunder, perfidy, murders—in a word by

almost every crime, the devil, who is the prince of this world, urging them on as it were—have striven with blind cupidity and intolerable presumption to dominate over their equals; namely, over men? To whom, indeed, can we better compare them, when they seek to make the priests of God bend to their footprints, than to him who is head over all the sons of pride and who, tempting the Highest Pontiff Himself, the Head of priests, the Son of the Most High, and promising to Him all the kingdoms of the world, said: "All these I will give unto Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me?" who can doubt but that the priests of Christ are to be considered the fathers and masters of kings and princes and of all the faithful? Is it not considered miserable madness for a son to attempt to subject to himself his father, a pupil his master; and for one to bring into his power and bind with iniquitous bonds him by whom he believes that he himself can be bound and loosed not only on earth but also in Heaven? This the emperor Constantine the Great, lord of all the kings and princes of nearly the whole world, evidently understood—as the blessed Gregory reminds us in a letter to the emperor Mauritius—when, sitting last after all the bishops in the holy council of Nicæa, he presumed to give no sentence of judgment over them, but, even calling them gods, decreed that they should not be subject to his judgment but that he should be dependent upon their will. Also the afore-mentioned pope Gelasius, persuading the said emperor Anastasius not to take offence at the truth which had been made clear to his senses, added this remark: "For, indeed, O august emperor, there are two things by which this world is chiefly ruled—the sacred authority of the pontiffs and the royal power; whereby the burden of the priests is by so much the heavier according as they, at the divine judgment of men, are about to render account for the kings themselves." And a little further on he says: "Thou dost know, therefore, that in these matters thou art dependent on their judgment and that thou art not to wish to reduce them to do thy will."

Very many of the pontiffs, accordingly, armed with such decrees and with such authorities, have excommunicated—

some of them kings; some, emperors. For, if any special example of the persons of such princes is needed,—the blessed pope Innocent excommunicated the emperor Arcadius for consenting that St. John Chrysostom should be expelled from his see. Likewise another Roman pontiff —Zacchary, namely—deposed a king of the Franks, not so much for his iniquities as for the reason that he was not fitted to exercise so great power. And he substituted Pipin, father of the emperor Charles the Great, in his place—loosing all the Franks from the oath of fealty which they had sworn him. As, indeed, the holy church frequently does by its authority when it absolves servitors from the fetters of an oath sworn to such bishops as, by apostolic sentence, are deposed from their pontifical rank. And the blessed Ambrose—who, although a saint, was not, indeed, bishop over the whole church—excommunicated and excluded from the church the emperor Theodosius the Great for a fault which, by other priests, was not regarded as very grave. He shows, too, in his writings that, not by so much is gold more precious than lead, as the priestly dignity is more lofty than the royal power; speaking thus towards the beginning of his pastoral letter: "The honour and sublimity of bishops, brethren, is beyond all comparison. If one should compare them to resplendent kings and diademed princes it would be far less worthy than if one compared the base metal lead to gleaming gold. For, indeed, one can see how the necks of kings and princes are bowed before the knees of priests; and how, having kissed their right hands, they believe themselves to be fortified by their prayers." And, after a little: "Ye should know, brethren, that we have thus mentioned all these things in order to show that nothing in this life can be found more lofty than priests or more sublime than bishops."

Thou, brother, should'st also remember that more power is granted to an exorcist, when he is made a spiritual emperor for the casting out of demons, than can be granted to any layman in the matter of secular dominion. Over all kings and princes of the earth who do not live religiously and do not, in their actions, fear God as they should, demons—alas, alas—hold sway, confounding them with a

wretched servitude. For such men desire to rule, not, induced by divine love, to the honour of God and for the saving of souls—like the priests of the church; but they strive to have dominion over others in order to show forth their intolerable pride and to fulfil the lusts of their heart. Concerning whom the blessed Augustine says in the first book on the Christian teaching: "For, indeed, whoever strives to gain dominion even over those who are by nature his equals—that is, over men: his pride is altogether intolerable." Exorcists, then, have, as we have said, dominion from God over demons: how much more, therefore, over those who are subject to demons and members of demons? If, moreover, exorcists are so pre-eminent over these, how much the more so are priests!

Furthermore every Christian king, when he comes to die, seeks as a miserable suppliant the aid of a priest to the end that he may evade hell's prison, that he may pass from the shadows to the light, that, at the last judgment, he may appear absolved from the bonds of his sins. But what man—a layman even, not to speak of priests—has ever implored the aid of an earthly king for the salvation of his soul when his last hour was near? And what king or emperor is able, by reason of the office imposed upon him, to snatch any Christian from the power of the devil through holy baptism, to number him among the sons of God and to fortify him with the divine unction? And who of them —which is the greatest thing in the Christian religion—can with his own lips make the body and blood of our Lord? Or who of them possesses the power of binding and loosing in Heaven and on earth? From which things it is clearly seen how greatly priests excel in power and dignity. Or who of them can ordain any one as clerk in the holy church —much less depose him for any fault? For in the matter of ecclesiastical grades a greater power is needed to depose than to ordain. For bishops may ordain other bishops, but by no means depose them without the authority of the apostolic see. Who, therefore, that is even moderately intelligent can doubt that priests are to be preferred to kings? But if kings are to be judged by priests for their sins, by whom should they be judged with more right than by the Roman pontiff? Finally, any good Christians whatever have much more right to be considered kings than have bad princes. For the former, seeking the glory of God, strenuously rule themselves; but the latter, enemies unto themselves, seeking the things which are their own and not the things which are God's, are tyrannical oppressors of others. The former are the body of the true king, Christ; the latter, of the devil. The former restrain themselves to the end that they may eternally reign with the supreme emperor; but the sway of the latter brings about this—that they shall perish in eternal damnation with the prince of darkness who is king over all the sons of pride.

Nor, indeed, is it much to be wondered at that wicked bishops are of one mind with a bad king whom—having wrongfully obtained honours from him—they love and fear. For they, simoniacally ordaining whom they please, sell God even for a paltry price. And as the good are indivisibly united with their head, so also the bad are pertinaciously banded together—chiefly against the good—with him who is the head of evil. But against them we ought surely not so much to hold discourse as to weep for them with tears and lamentations: to the end that God Almighty may snatch them from the nooses of Satan in which they are held captive and, after their great danger, bring them at length at some time to a knowledge of the truth.

We refer to kings and emperors who, too much swollen by worldly glory, rule not for God but for themselves. But, since it belongs to our office to distribute exhortation to each person according to the rank or dignity which he adorns, we take care, God impelling us, to provide weapons of humility just for emperors and kings and other princes, that they may be able to subdue the risings of the sea and the waves of pride. For we know that mundane glory and worldly cares usually do induce to pride, especially those who are in authority. They, in consequence, neglecting humility and seeking their own glory, always desire to dominate over their brothers. Wherefore to kings and emperors especially it is of advantage, when their mind tends to exalt itself and to delight in its own particular glory, to find out a means of humbling themselves and to

be brought to realize that what they have been rejoicing in is the thing most to be feared. Let them, therefore, diligently consider how dangerous and how much to be feared the royal or imperial dignity is. For in it the fewest are saved; and those who, through the mercy of God, do come to salvation are not glorified in the holy church and in the judgment of the Holy Spirit to the same extent as many poor people. For, from the beginning of the world until these our own times, in the whole of authentic history we do not find seven emperors or kings whose lives were as distinguished for religion and as beautified by significant portents as those of an innumerable multitude who despised the world—although we believe many of them to have found mercy in the presence of God Almighty. For what emperor or king was ever honoured by miracles as were St. Martin, St Antony and St Benedict—not to mention the apostles and martyrs? And what emperor or king raised the dead, cleansed lepers, or healed the blind? See how the holy church praises and venerates the emperor Constantine of blessed memory, Theodosius and Honorius, Charles and Louis as lovers of justice, promoters of the Christian religion, defenders of the churches: it does not, however, declare them to have been resplendent with so great a glory of miracles. Moreover, for how many kings or emperors has the holy church ordered chapels or altars to be dedicated to their names, or masses to be celebrated in their honour? Let kings and other princes fear lest the more they rejoice at being placed over other men in this life, the more they will be subjected to eternal fires. For of them it is written: "The powerful shall powerfully suffer torments." And they are about to render account to God for as many men as they have had subjects under their dominion. But if it be no little task for any private religious man to guard his own soul: how much labour will there be for those who are rulers over many thousands of souls? Moreover, if the judgment of the holy church severely punishes a sinner for the slaying of one man, what will become of those who, for the sake of worldly glory, hand over many thousands to death? And such persons, although after having slain many they often say with their lips "I have sinned," nevertheless rejoice in their hearts at having extended their fame as it were. And they are unwilling not to have done what they have done, nor do they grieve at having driven their brothers into Tartarus. And, so long as they do not repent with their whole heart and are unwilling to let go what has been acquired or retained through shedding of blood, their penitence before God will remain without the worthy fruit of penitence. Surely, therefore, they ought greatly to fear. And it should frequently be recalled to their memory that, as we have said, in the different kingdoms of the earth, from the beginning of the world, very few of the innumerable multitude of kings are found to have been holy: whereas in one see alone—the Roman one, namely—almost a hundred of the successive pontiffs since the time of St. Peter the apostle are counted among the most holy. Why, then, is this—except that the kings and princes of the earth, enticed by vain glory, prefer, as has been said, the things that are their own to the things that are spiritual; but the pontiffs of the church, despising vain glory, prefer to carnal things the things that are of God? The former readily punish those who sin against themselves and are indifferent to those who sin against God; the latter quickly pardon those who sin against themselves and do not lightly spare those who sin against God. The former, too much bent on earthly deeds, think slightingly of spiritual ones; the latter, sedulously meditating on heavenly things, despise the things which are of earth.

Therefore all Christians who desire to reign with Christ should be warned not to strive to rule through ambition of worldly power, but rather to keep in view what the blessed Gregory, most holy pope, tells them to in his pastoral book when he says: "Among these things, therefore, what is to be striven for and what to be feared except that he who surpasses in virtue shall be urged and shall come to rule, and that he who is without virtues shall not be urged and shall not come?" But if those who fear God come, when urged, with great fear to the apostolic chair, in which those who are duly ordained are made better by the merits of the apostle St. Peter,—with how much fear and trembling is the throne of the kingdom to be approached, where even the good and humble—as is shown in the case of Saul and

David—become worse? For what we have said of the apostolic chair—we know it, too, by experience—is thus contained in the decrees of the blessed pope Symmachus: "He—St. Peter, namely—has sent down to posterity a perennial gift of merits together with a heritage of innocence." And a little further on: "For who can doubt that he is holy who is raised by the apex of so great a dignity? And, if the goods acquired by merit are lacking, those which are furnished by his predecessor suffice. For either he (St. Peter) exalts distinguished men to this summit, or he illumines those who are exalted."

Therefore let those whom holy church, of its own will and after proper counsel, not for transitory glory but for the salvation of many, calls to have rule or dominion, humbly obey. And let them always beware in that point as to which St. Gregory, in that same pastoral book bears witness: "Indeed, when a man disdains to be like to men, he is made like to an apostate angel. Thus Saul, after having possessed the merit of humility, came to be swelled with pride when at the summit of power. Through humility, indeed, he was advanced; through pride, reproved—God being witness who said: 'When thou wast small in thine own eyes, did I not make thee head over the tribes of Israel?'" And a little further on: "Moreover, strange to say, when he was small in his own eyes he was great in the eyes of God; but when he seemed great in his own eyes he was small in the eyes of God." Let them also carefully retain what God says in the gospel: "I do not seek my glory"; and, "He who wishes to be the first among you shall be the servant of all." Let them always prefer the honour of God to their own; let them cherish and guard justice by observing the rights of every man; let them not walk in the counsel of the ungodly but, with an assenting heart, always consort with good men. Let them not seek to subject to themselves or to subjugate the holy church as a handmaid; but chiefly let them strive, by recognizing the teachers and fathers, to honour in due form her eyes—namely the priests of God. For if we are ordered to honour our carnal fathers and mothers—how much more our spiritual ones! And if he who has cursed his carnal father or mother is to be punished with death—what does

he merit who curses his spiritual father or mother? Let them not, enticed by carnal love, strive to place one of their own sons over the flock for which Christ poured forth His blood, if they can find some one who is better and more useful than he: lest, loving their son more than God, they inflict the greatest detriment on the holy church. For he who neglects to provide to the best of his ability for such a want—and, as it were, necessity—of holy mother church is openly convicted of not loving God and his neighbour as a Christian should.

For if this virtue—namely, love—has been neglected, no matter what good any one does he shall be without every fruit of salvation. And so by humbly doing these things, and by observing the love of God and of their neighbour as they ought, they may hope for the mercy of Him who said: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." If they shall have humbly imitated Him they shall pass from this servile and transitory kingdom to a true kingdom of liberty and eternity.

15. *Negotiations between Paschal II. and Henry V.*, 1111.

(*a.*) Paschal's Privilege of the first Convention, Feb. 12th, 1111.

Bishop Paschal, servant of the servants of God. To his beloved son Henry and his successors, forever. It is both decreed against by the institutions of the divine law, and interdicted by the sacred canons, that priests should busy themselves with secular cases, or should go to the public court except to rescue the condemned, or for the sake of others who suffer injury. Wherefore also the apostle Paul says: "If ye have secular judgments constitute as judges those who are of low degree in the church." Moreover in portions of your kingdom bishops and abbots are so occupied by secular cares that they are compelled assiduously to frequent the court, and to perform military service. Which things, indeed, are scarcely if at all carried on without plunder, sacrilege, arson. For ministers of the altar are made ministers of the king's court; inasmuch as they receive cities, duchies, margravates, monies and other

things which belong to the service of the king. Whence also the custom has grown up—intolerably for the church—that elected bishops should by no means receive consecration unless they had first been invested through the hand of the king. From which cause both the wickedness of simoniacal heresy and, at times, so great an ambition has prevailed that the episcopal sees were invaded without any previous election. At times, even, they have been invested while the bishops were alive. Aroused by these and very many other evils which had happened for the most part through investitures, our predecessors the pontiffs Gregory VII. and Urban II. of blessed memory, frequently calling together episcopal councils did condemn those investitures of the lay hand, and did decree that those who should have obtained churches through them should be deposed, and the donors also be deprived of communion—according to that chapter of the apostolic canons which runs thus: "If any bishop, employing the powers of the world, do through them obtain a church: he shall be deposed and isolated, as well as all who communicate with him." Following in the traces of which (canons), we also, in an episcopal council, have confirmed their sentence. And so, most beloved son, king Henry,—now through our office, by the grace of God, emperor of the Romans,—we decree that those royal appurtenances are to be given back to thee and to thy kingdom which manifestly belonged to that kingdom in the time of Charles, Louis, and of thy other predecessors. We forbid, and under sentence of anathema prohibit, that any bishop or abbot, present or future, invade these same royal appurtenances. In which are included the cities, duchies, margravates, counties, monies, toll, market, advowsons of the kingdom, rights of the judges of the hundred courts, and the courts which manifestly belonged to the king together with what pertained to them, the military posts and camps of the kingdom. Nor shall they henceforth, unless by favour of the king, concern themselves with those royal appurtenances. But neither shall it be allowed our successors, who shall follow us in the apostolic chair, to disturb thee or thy kingdom in this matter. Furthermore, we decree that the churches, with the offerings and hereditary possessions which manifestly did not belong to the kingdom, shall remain free; as, on the day of thy coronation, in the sight of the whole church, thou didst promise that they should be. For it is fitting that the bishops, freed from secular cares, should take care of their people, and not any longer be absent from their churches. For, according to the apostle Paul, let them watch, being about to render account, as it were, for the souls of these (their people).

(*b.*) Paschal's Privilege of the second Convention, April 12th, 1111.

Bishop Paschal, servant of the servants of God, to his most beloved son in Christ, Henry, glorious king of the Germans, and, through the grace of Almighty God, august emperor of the Romans, greeting and apostolic benediction. The divine disposition has appointed that your kingdom should be singularly united with the holy Roman church. Your predecessors by reason of uprightness and greater virtue have obtained the crown of the city of Rome and the empire. To which dignity, viz.: that of the crown and the empire, the divine majesty has, most beloved son Henry, through the ministry of our priestship, brought thy person also. That prerogative, therefore, of dignity which our predecessors did grant to thy predecessors the catholic emperors, and did confirm by their charters, we also do concede to thee, beloved, and do confirm by the page of this present privilege: that, namely, thou may'st confer the investiture of staff and ring, freely, except through simony and with violence to the elected, on the bishops and abbots of thy kingdom. But after the investiture they shall receive the canonical consecration from the bishop to whom they belong. If any one, moreover, without thy consent, shall have been elected by the clergy and people, he shall be consecrated by no one unless he be invested by thee. Bishops and archbishops, indeed, shall have the right of canonically consecrating bishops or abbots invested by thee. For your predecessors have enriched the churches of their kingdom with such benefits from their royal appurtenances, that the kingdom itself should seek its chief safety in protecting the bishops and abbots; and

popular dissensions, which often happen at elections, should be restrained by the royal majesty. Wherefore the attention of thy prudence and power ought the more carefully to be applied to this end: that the greatness of the Roman, and the safety of the other churches, should be preserved through still greater benefits—God granting them. Therefore if any person, secular or ecclesiastical, knowing this page of our concession, shall with bold daring strive to act against it: he shall, unless he come to his senses, be entwined in the chain of the anathema, and shall suffer the risk of losing his honour and dignity. The divine mercy, moreover, shall guard those observing it, and shall permit thy person and power happily to reign to His honour and glory. Amen.

16. *Concordat of Worms, Sept. 23rd,* 1122.

(*a.*) Privilege of Pope Calixtus II.

I, bishop Calixtus, servant of the servants of God, do grant to thee beloved son, Henry—by the grace of God august emperor of the Romans—that the elections of the bishops and abbots of the German kingdom, who belong to the kingdom, shall take place in thy presence, without simony and without any violence; so that if any discord shall arise between the parties concerned, thou, by the counsel or judgment of the metropolitan and the co-provincials, may'st give consent and aid to the party which has the more right. The one elected, moreover, without any exaction may receive the regalia from thee through the lance, and shall do unto thee for these what he rightfully should. But he who is consecrated in the other parts of thy empire (*i.e.* Burgundy and Italy) shall, within six months, and without any exaction, receive the regalia from thee through the lance, and shall do unto thee for these what he rightfully should. Excepting all things which are known to belong to the Roman church. Concerning matters, however, in which thou dost make complaint to me, and dost demand aid,—I, according to the duty of my office, will furnish aid to thee. I give unto thee true peace,

and to all who are or have been on thy side in the time of this discord.

(*b.*) Edict of the Emperor Henry V.

In the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity, I, Henry, by the grace of God august emperor of the Romans, for the love of God and of the holy Roman church and of our master pope Calixtus, and for the healing of my soul, do remit to God, and to the holy apostles of God, Peter and Paul, and to the holy catholic church, all investiture through ring and staff; and do grant that in all the churches that are in my kingdom or empire there may be canonical election and free consecration. All the possessions and regalia of St. Peter which, from the beginning of this discord unto this day, whether in the time of my father or also in mine, have been abstracted, and which I hold: I restore to that same holy Roman church. As to those things, moreover, which I do not hold, I will faithfully aid in their restoration. As to the possessions also of all other churches and princes, and of all others lay and clerical persons which have been lost in that war: according to the counsel of the princes, or according to justice, I will restore the things that I hold; and of those things which I do not hold I will faithfully aid in the restoration. And I grant true peace to our master pope Calixtus, and to the holy Roman church, and to all those who are or have been on its side. And in matters where the holy Roman church shall demand aid I will grant it; and in matters concerning which it shall make complaint to me I will duly grant to it justice. All these things have been done by the consent and counsel of the princes. Whose names are here adjoined: Adalbert archbishop of Mainz; F. archbishop of Cologne; H. bishop of Ratisbon; O. bishop of Bamberg; B. bishop of Spires; H. of Augsburg; G. of Utrecht; Ou. of Constance; E. abbot of Fulda; Henry, duke; Frederick, duke; S. duke; Pertolf, duke; Margrave Teipold; Margrave Engelbert; Godfrey, count Palatine; Otto, count Palatine; Berengar, count.

I, Frederick, archbishop of Cologne and archchancellor, have given my recognizances.

Item #20

"The Arrival of the Plague," "The Plague in Florence," "Ordinances Against the Spread of the Plague, Pistoia, 1348," "The Persecution of Jews," "Measures Taken Against the Jews in Lausanne," "Examination of the Jews Captured in Savoy," "Letter from Cologne to Strassburg," and "Mandate of Clement VI Concerning the Jews," in *The Black Death*, ed. Rosemary Horrox (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 1994), 14-34, 194-203, 208-222.

I: The plague in continental Europe

1. The arrival of the plague

Gabriele de' Mussis was a lawyer of Piacenza who died in 1356. His *Historia de Morbo* is the main source for the arrival of the plague in Europe, although it is not true, as his first editor believed, that de' Mussis was actually a passenger on the ship which brought the plague to Genoa – he is now known to have remained in Piacenza throughout the epidemic. The factual details which de' Mussis provides have often been quoted, but this complete translation restores them to their moral framework: an extended meditation on the plague as an expression of divine anger.

A. W. Henschel, 'Document zur Geschichte des schwarzen Todes', in *Archiv für die gesammte Medicin* ed. Heinrich Haeser, II, Jena, 1841, pp. 45-57. I have checked Henschel's printed version against a microfilm of the manuscript (University of Wrocław Library, Ms R 262, fos 74-77v) and made a few emendations.

In the name of God, amen. Here begins an account of the disease or mortality which occured in 1348, put together by Gabriele de' Mussis of Piacenza.

May this stand as a perpetual reminder to everyone, now living and yet to be born, how almighty God, king of heaven, lord of the living and of the dead, who holds all things in his hand, looked down from heaven and saw the entire human race wallowing in the mire of manifold wickedness, enmeshed in wrongdoing, pursuing numberless vices, drowning in a sea of depravity because of a limitless capacity for evil, bereft of all goodness, not fearing the judgements of God, and chasing after everything evil, regardless of how hateful and loathsome it was. Seeing such things he called out to the earth: 'What are you doing, held captive by gangs of worthless men, soiled with the filth of sinners? Are you totally helpless? What are you doing? Why do you not demand human blood in vengeance for this wrongdoing? Why do you tolerate my enemies and adversaries? When confronted by such wantonness you should have swallowed my opponents. Make yourself ready to exercise the vengeance which lies within your power.'

And the earth replied, 'I, established by your power, shall open and swallow up the countless criminals as soon as you give the word. When the enraged Judge gives the signal, with violent thunder from

heaven, and leads the elements, the planets, the stars and the orders of angels against the human race in an unspeakable judgement, enlisting all forms of life to wipe out the sinners at one savage stroke, I shall refuse the usual harvest, I shall not yield grain, wine and oil.'

God said, 'The exercise of justice belongs to me. I am the life of the living. I bear the keys of death. I bring retribution, giving each individual his due. My hands shaped the heavens. I formed light, created the world and adorned it. Oh you sinner, wretched and yet more wretched, why have you chosen to resist me and to scorn all my commands, laws and judgements? Where is the faith of baptism and the price of my redemption? When I fashioned my creation I never imagined that you would fall into these snares and come to this end. I had prepared heaven for you, not hell, and look where you have brought yourself. When you compelled me, who upheld the spheres, to descend into the womb of a virgin I endured hunger, thirst, toil, crucifixion and death – and your deeds, you ingrate, condemn me still to the cross. I ought to have punished you with eternal death, but pity conquered me. Behold, I have been merciful towards you, and you have barely acknowledged the salvation you have gained through me. You are unworthy of eternal bliss, showing yourself instead to be worthy of the torments of hell. Leave my earth, I abandon you to be torn into pieces by dragons. You shall go into the shadows, where there will be perpetual wailing and gnashing of teeth. Now disaster is at hand; your strength must have an end. The sight of the vanities and lecheries to which you have abandoned yourself has provoked me to fury. May evil spirits arise with the power to devour you. May you have no escape from this time forward.

'I pronounce these judgements: may your joys be turned to mourning, your prosperity be shaken by adversity, the course of your life be passed in never-ending terror. Behold the image of death. Behold I open the infernal floodgates. Let hunger strike down those it seizes; let peace be driven from the ends of the earth; let dissensions arise; let kingdoms be consumed in detestable war; let mercy perish throughout the world; let disasters, plagues, violence, robberies, strife and all kinds of wickedness arise. Next, at my command, let the planets poison the air and corrupt the whole earth; let there be universal grief and lamentation. Let the sharp arrows of sudden death have dominion throughout the world. Let no one be spared, either for their sex or their age; let the innocent perish with the guilty and no one escape.

'Because those I appointed to be shepherds of the world have behaved

towards their flocks like ravening wolves, and do not preach the word of God, but neglect all the Lord's business and have barely even urged repentance, I shall take a savage vengeance on them. I shall wipe them from the face of the earth. The enemy and adversary will seize their hidden treasure. They, along with all other wrongdoers, will bear the heavy burden of their offences. Their office – acquired through deceit – will not avail them, and because they feared men rather than God, and valued their grace more highly, they will be branded as hypocrites. Religion, turned out of doors, will grieve. The treacherous and maleficent fellowship of priests and clergy, imperilled by their own failings, will be destroyed. No one will be given rest, poisoned arrows will strike everyone, fevers will throw down the proud, and incurable disease will strike like lightning.'

After this warning had been given to mortals, disease was sent forth; the quivering spear of the Almighty was aimed everywhere and infected the whole human race with its pitiless wounds. Orion, that cruel star, and the tail of the dragon and the angel hurling vials of poison into the sea, and the appalling weather of Saturn were given leave to harm land and sea, men and trees; advancing from east to west with plague-bearing steps they poured out the poisoned vessels throughout the countries of the world, leaving fiery tokens on the sick.[1] And so the terrible violence of death, running through the world threatening ruin, devoured mortals by a sudden blow, as I shall describe below. Mourn, mourn, you peoples, and call upon the mercy of God.

In 1346, in the countries of the East, countless numbers of Tartars and Saracens were struck down by a mysterious illness which brought

1 This rather clumsy passage mixes apocalyptic and astrological imagery. The angel pouring out the vial of poison evokes the seven angels with the seven vials full of the wrath of God in Apocalypse 15-16. De' Mussis emphasises the identification with his comment that they were permitted to harm land and sea, men and trees – a reference to Apocalypse 7.2-3 where an angel ascending from the east forbids the four angels to harm the earth, the sea and the trees until the chosen of God have been sealed.

The head and tail of the dragon are the points in the heavens where the course of the moon crosses the ecliptic (the circle which defines the path along which the sun seems to travel) – the head of the dragon in the moon's northward journey, the tail when it is travelling south. They intensify (for good and ill respectively) the power of any planet situated in the same house of the zodiac. De' Mussis is not referring to a specific astrological conjunction here but is simply using the term, along with Saturn (the most harmful of the planets) and Orion (a constellation and not, as de' Mussis has it, a star) as examples of malevolent astrological forces. For more on medieval astrology see the introduction to Part Two.

sudden death. Within these countries broad regions, far-spreading provinces, magnificent kingdoms, cities, towns and settlements, ground down by illness and devoured by dreadful death, were soon stripped of their inhabitants. An eastern settlement under the rule of the Tartars called Tana, which lay to the north of Constantinople and was much frequented by Italian merchants, was totally abandoned after an incident there which led to its being besieged and attacked by hordes of Tartars who gathered in a short space of time. The Christian merchants, who had been driven out by force, were so terrified of the power of the Tartars that, to save themselves and their belongings, they fled in an armed ship to Caffa, a settlement in the same part of the world which had been founded long ago by the Genoese.[2]

Oh God! See how the heathen Tartar races, pouring together from all sides, suddenly invested the city of Caffa and besieged the trapped Christians there for almost three years. There, hemmed in by an immense army, they could hardly draw breath, although food could be shipped in, which offered them some hope. But behold, the whole army was affected by a disease which overran the Tartars and killed thousands upon thousands every day. It was as though arrows were raining down from heaven to strike and crush the Tartars' arrogance. All medical advice and attention was useless; the Tartars died as soon as the signs of disease appeared on their bodies: swellings in the armpit or groin caused by coagulating humours, followed by a putrid fever.

The dying Tartars, stunned and stupefied by the immensity of the disaster brought about by the disease, and realising that they had no hope of escape, lost interest in the siege. But they ordered corpses to be placed in catapults and lobbed into the city in the hope that the intolerable stench would kill everyone inside. What seemed like mountains of dead were thrown into the city, and the Christians could not hide or flee or escape from them, although they dumped as many of the bodies as they could in the sea. And soon the rotting corpses tainted the air and poisoned the water supply, and the stench was so overwhelming that hardly one in several thousand was in a position to flee the remains of the Tartar army. Moreover one infected man could carry the poison to others, and infect people and places with the disease by look alone. No one knew, or could discover, a means of defence.

2 Tana (now Azov), lay at the northern end of the Sea of Azov; it was abandoned in 1343 but subsequently recolonised. Caffa (now Feodosiya), on the Crimean peninsula, was one of the chief Black Sea ports.

Thus almost everyone who had been in the East, or in the regions to the south and north, fell victim to sudden death after contracting this pestilential disease, as if struck by a lethal arrow which raised a tumour on their bodies. The scale of the mortality and the form which it took persuaded those who lived, weeping and lamenting, through the bitter events of 1346 to 1348 – the Chinese, Indians, Persians, Medes, Kurds, Armenians, Cilicians, Georgians, Mesopotamians, Nubians, Ethiopians, Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Saracens and Greeks (for almost all the East has been affected) – that the last judgement had come.

Now it is time that we passed from east to west, to discuss all the things which we ourselves have seen, or known, or consider likely on the basis of the evidence, and, by so doing, to show forth the terrifying judgements of God. Listen everybody, and it will set tears pouring from your eyes. For the Almighty has said: 'I shall wipe man, whom I created, off the face of the earth. Because he is flesh and blood, let him be turned to dust and ashes. My spirit shall not remain among man.'

– 'What are you thinking of, merciful God, thus to destroy your creation and the human race; to order and command its sudden annihilation in this way? What has become of your mercy; the faith of our fathers; the blessed virgin, who holds sinners in her lap; the precious blood of the martyrs; the worthy army of confessors and virgins; the whole host of paradise, who pray ceaselessly for sinners; the most precious death of Christ on the cross and our wonderful redemption? Kind God, I beg that your anger may cease, that you do not destroy sinners in this way, and, because you desire mercy rather than sacrifice, that you turn away all evil from the penitent, and do not allow the just to be condemned with the unjust.'

– 'I hear you, sinner, dropping words into my ears. I bid you weep.[3] The time for mercy has passed. I, God, am called to vengeance. It is my pleasure to take revenge on sin and wickedness. I shall give my signs to the dying, let them take steps to provide for the health of their souls.'

As it happened, among those who escaped from Caffa by boat were a few sailors who had been infected with the poisonous disease. Some boats were bound for Genoa, others went to Venice and to other

3 This passage incorporates a slightly strained pun. The sinner is dropping [*instillantem*] words into God's ear. God orders him instead to weep [*stille* – an error for *stilla*], an echo of Job 16.21: *ad Deum stillat oculus meus* – my eye pours out [tears] to God.

Christian areas. When the sailors reached these places and mixed with the people there, it was as if they had brought evil spirits with them: every city, every settlement, every place was poisoned by the contagious pestilence, and their inhabitants, both men and women, died suddenly. And when one person had contracted the illness, he poisoned his whole family even as he fell and died, so that those preparing to bury his body were seized by death in the same way. Thus death entered through the windows, and as cities and towns were depopulated their inhabitants mourned their dead neighbours.

– Speak, Genoa, of what you have done. Describe, Sicily and Isole Pelagie, the judgements of God.[4] Recount, Venice, Tuscany and the whole of Italy, what you have done.

– We Genoese and Venetians bear the responsibility for revealing the judgements of God. Alas, once our ships had brought us to port we went to our homes. And because we had been delayed by tragic events, and because among us there were scarcely ten survivors from a thousand sailors, relations, kinsmen and neighbours flocked to us from all sides. But, to our anguish, we were carrying the darts of death. While they hugged and kissed us we were spreading poison from our lips even as we spoke.

When they returned to their own folk, these people speedily poisoned the whole family, and within three days the afflicted family would succumb to the dart of death. Mass funerals had to be held and there was not enough room to bury the growing numbers of dead. Priests and doctors, upon whom most of the care of the sick devolved, had their hands full in visiting the sick and, alas, by the time they left they too had been infected and followed the dead immediately to the grave. Oh fathers! Oh mothers! Oh children and wives! For a long time prosperity preserved you from harm, but one grave now covers you and the unfortunate alike. You who enjoyed the world and upon whom pleasure and prosperity smiled, who mingled joys with follies, the same tomb receives you and you are handed over as food for worms. Oh hard death, impious death, bitter death, cruel death, who divides parents, divorces spouses, parts children, separates brothers and sisters. We bewail our wretched plight. The past has devoured us, the present is gnawing our entrails, the future threatens yet greater

4 Isole Pelagie: strictly, the islands lying between Sicily and Tunis but the phrase literally means Islands of the Sea and de' Mussis may be referring to all the Mediterranean islands.

dangers. What we laboured to amass with feverish activity, we have lost in one hour.

Where are the fine clothes of gilded youth? Where is nobility and the courage of fighters, where the mature wisdom of elders and the regal throng of great ladies, where the piles of treasure and precious stones? Alas! All have been destroyed; thrust aside by death. To whom shall we turn, who can help us? To flee is impossible, to hide futile. Cities, fortresses, fields, woods, highways and rivers are ringed by thieves – which is to say by evil spirits, the executioners of the supreme Judge, preparing endless punishments for us all.

We can unfold a terrifying event which happened when an army was camped near Genoa. Four of the soldiers left the force in search of plunder and made their way to Rivarolo on the coast, where the disease had killed all the inhabitants. Finding the houses shut up, and no one about, they broke into one of the houses and stole a fleece which they found on a bed. They then rejoined the army and on the following night the four of them bedded down under the fleece. When morning comes it finds them dead. As a result everyone panicked, and thereafter nobody would use the goods and clothes of the dead, or even handle them, but rejected them outright.

Scarcely one in seven of the Genoese survived. In Venice, where an inquiry was held into the mortality, it was found that more than 70% of the people had died, and that within a short period 20 out of 24 excellent physicians had died. The rest of Italy, Sicily and Apulia and the neighbouring regions maintain that they have been virtually emptied of inhabitants. The people of Florence, Pisa and Lucca, finding themselves bereft of their fellow residents, emphasise their losses. The Roman Curia at Avignon, the provinces on both sides of the Rhône, Spain, France, and the Empire cry up their griefs and disasters – all of which makes it extraordinarily difficult for me to give an accurate picture.

By contrast, what befell the Saracens can be established from trustworthy accounts. In the city of Babylon alone (the heart of the Sultan's power), 480,000 of his subjects are said to have been carried off by disease in less than three months in 1348 – and this is known from the Sultan's register which records the names of the dead, because he receives a gold bezant for each person buried. I am silent about Damascus and his other cities, where the number of dead was infinite. In the other countries of the East, which are so vast that it takes three years to ride across them and which have a population of 10,000 for

every one inhabitant of the west, it is credibly reported that countless people have died.

Everyone has a responsibility to keep some record of the disease and the deaths, and because I am myself from Piacenza I have been urged to write more about what happened there in 1348. Some Genoese, whom the disease had forced to flee, crossed the Alps in search of a safe place to live and so came to Lombardy. Some had merchandise with them and sold it while they were staying in Bobbio, whereupon the purchaser, their host, and his whole household, together with several neighbours, were infected and died suddenly of the disease. One man there, wanting to make his will, died along with the notary, the priest who heard his confession, and the people summoned to witness the will, and they were all buried together on the following day. The scale of the disaster was such that virtually all the inhabitants were subsequently struck down by sudden death and only a tiny handful remained alive.

Another of the Genoese, who was already suffering from the illness, managed to reach Piacenza. Finding himself unwell, he sought out his close friend Fulco della Croce, who gave him shelter. He immediately took to his bed and died, and then straightaway Fulco, with his whole household and many of the neighbours, died too. And that, briefly, is how this disease (spreading rapidly throughout the world) arrived in Piacenza. I don't know where to begin. Cries and laments arise on all sides. Day after day one sees the Cross and the Host[5] being carried about the city, and countless dead being buried. The ensuing mortality was so great that people could scarcely snatch breath. The living made preparations for their burial, and because there was not enough room for individual graves, pits had to be dug in colonnades and piazzas, where nobody had ever been buried before. It often happened that man and wife, father and son, mother and daughter, and soon the whole household and many neighbours, were buried together in one place. The same thing happened in Castell' Arquato and Viguzzolo and in the other towns, villages, cities and settlements, and last of all in the Val Tidone, where they had hitherto escaped the plague.

Very many people died. One Oberto de Sasso, who had come from the infected neighbourhood around the church of the Franciscans, wished to make his will and accordingly summoned a notary and his neighbours as witnesses, all of whom, more than sixty of them, died

5 The consecrated Eucharistic wafer. The reference is to priests taking the last sacrament to the dying.

soon after. At this time the Dominican friar Syfredo de Bardis, a man of prudence and great learning who had visited the Holy Sepulchre, also died, along with 23 brothers of the same house. There also died within a short time the Franciscan friar Bertolino Coxadocha of Piacenza, renowned for his learning and many virtues, along with 24 brothers of the same house, nine of them on one day; seven of the Augustinians; the Carmelite friar Francesco Todischi with six of his brethren; four of the order of Mary; more than sixty prelates and parish priests from the city and district of Piacenza; many nobles; countless young people; numberless women, particularly those who were pregnant. It is too distressing to recite any more, or to lay bare the wounds inflicted by so great a disaster.

Let all creation tremble with fear before the judgement of God. Let human frailty submit to its creator. May a greater grief be kindled in all hearts, and tears well up in all eyes as future ages hear what happened in this disaster. When one person lay sick in a house no one would come near. Even dear friends would hide themselves away, weeping. The physician would not visit. The priest, panic-stricken, administered the sacraments with fear and trembling.

Listen to the tearful voices of the sick: 'Have pity, have pity, my friends. At least say something, now that the hand of God has touched me.'

'Oh father, why have you abandoned me? Do you forget that I am your child?'

'Mother, where have you gone? Why are you now so cruel to me when only yesterday you were so kind? You fed me at your breast and carried me within your womb for nine months.'

'My children, whom I brought up with toil and sweat, why have you run away?'

Man and wife reached out to each other, 'Alas, once we slept happily together but now are separated and wretched.'

And when the sick were in the throes of death, they still called out piteously to their family and neighbours, 'Come here. I'm thirsty, bring me a drink of water. I'm still alive. Don't be frightened. Perhaps I won't die. Please hold me tight, hug my wasted body. You ought to be holding me in your arms.'

At this, as everyone else kept their distance, somebody might take pity and leave a candle burning by the bed head as he fled. And when the

victim had breathed his last, it was often the mother who shrouded her son and placed him in the coffin, or the husband who did the same for his wife, for everybody else refused to touch the dead body. No prayer, trumpet or bell summoned friends and neighbours to the funeral, nor was mass performed. Degraded and poverty-striken wretches were paid to carry the great and noble to burial, for the social equals of the dead person dared not attend the funeral for fear of being struck down themselves. Men were borne to burial by day and night, since needs must, and with only a short service. In many cases the houses of the dead had to be shut up, for no one dared enter them or touch the belongings of the dead. No one knew what to do. Everyone, one by one, fell in turn to death's dart.

What a tragic and wretched sight! Who would not shed sympathetic tears? Who would not be shaken by the disastrous plague and the terrors of death? But our hearts have grown hard now that we have no future to look forward to. Alas. Our inheritance has been diverted to strangers, our homes to outsiders. It is only the survivors who can enjoy the relief of tears.

I am overwhelmed, I can't go on. Everywhere one turns there is death and bitterness to be described. The hand of the Almighty strikes repeatedly, to greater and greater effect. The terrible judgement gains in power as time goes by.

– What shall we do? Kind Jesus, receive the souls of the dead, avert your gaze from our sins and blot out all our iniquities.

We know that whatever we suffer is the just reward of our sins. Now, therefore, when the Lord is enraged, embrace acts of penance, so that you do not stray from the right path and perish. Let the proud be humbled. Let misers, who withheld alms from the poor, blush for shame. Let the envious become zealous in almsgiving. Let lechers put aside their filthy habits and distinguish themselves in honest living. Let the raging and wrathful restrain themselves from violence. Let gluttons temper their appetites by fasting. Let the slaves of sloth arise and dress themselves in good works. Let adolescents and youths abandon their present delight in following fashion. Let there be good faith and equity among judges, and respect for the law among merchants. Let pettifogging lawyers study and grow wise before they put pen to paper. Let members of religious orders abandon hypocrisy. Let the dignity of prelates be put to better use. Let all of you hurry to set your feet on the way of salvation. And let the overweening vanity

of great ladies, which so easily turns into voluptuousness, be bridled. It was against their arrogance that Isaiah inveighed: 'Because the daughters of Sion are haughty, and have walked with stretched out necks and wanton glances of their eyes, and made a noise as they walked with their feet, and moved in a set pace: the Lord will make bald the crown of the head of the daughters of Sion: and the Lord will discover their hair. In that day, the Lord will take away the ornaments of shoes, and little moons: and chains, and necklaces, and bracelets, and bonnets and bodkins, and ornaments of the legs, and tablets, and sweet balls, and earrings: and rings, and jewels hanging on the forehead: and changes of apparel, and short cloaks, and fine linen, and crisping pins: and looking glasses, and lawns and headbands, and fine veils. And instead of a sweet smell, there shall be a stench: and instead of a girdle, a cord. And instead of curled hair, baldness: and instead of a stomacher, haircloth. Thy fairest men also shall fall by the sword: and thy valiant ones in battle. And her gates shall lament and mourn: and she shall sit desolate on the ground' [Isaiah 3.16-26]. This was directed against the pride of ladies and young people.

For the rest, so that the conditions, causes and symptoms of this pestilential disease should be made plain to all, I have decided to set them out in writing. Those of both sexes who were in health, and in no fear of death, were struck by four savage blows to the flesh. First, out of the blue, a kind of chilly stiffness troubled their bodies. They felt a tingling sensation, as if they were being pricked by the points of arrows. The next stage was a fearsome attack which took the form of an extremely hard, solid boil. In some people this developed under the armpit and in others in the groin between the scrotum and the body. As it grew more solid, its burning heat caused the patients to fall into an acute and putrid fever, with severe headaches. As it intensified its extreme bitterness could have various effects. In some cases it gave rise to an intolerable stench. In others it brought vomiting of blood, or swellings near the place from which the corrupt humour arose: on the back, across the chest, near the thigh. Some people lay as if in a drunken stupor and could not be roused. Behold the swellings, the warning signs sent by the Lord.[6] All these people were in danger of dying. Some died on the very day the illness took possession of them,

6 Another pun: *bulla* is a swelling, but it is also the word for the papal seal, and hence for a papal document (or bull). De' Mussis is playing on the idea of the swelling characteristic of the plague being God's seal, notifying the victim of his imminent fate.

others on the next day, others – the majority – between the third and fifth day. There was no known remedy for the vomiting of blood. Those who fell into a coma, or suffered a swelling or the stink of corruption very rarely escaped. But from the fever it was sometimes possible to make a recovery.

I have, however, known a case where, although there was a stench arising from the patient, the use of the best theriac expelled the poison and prevented it proving fatal.[7] If the tumid humour revealed itself in numbness, but not by any external growths, it was a sign of death, because then the poison, passing into the veins of the heart, smothered the patient. But if swellings appeared externally, on the upper or lower body, the patient might be rescued. He could be cured by immediately letting blood from the appropriate part of his body: from his arm if the upper part of the body was affected; from the tendon of the foot if it was the lower part which was affected. When this was followed up with medicinal means, using mallow or a plaster of marsh mallow to ripen the boil and draw the humours from the seat of the illness, and then cutting out the boil, the patients received the blessing of health. But if the bitter fever persisted it stole the life of its victims. It can be asserted, on the clear evidence of experience, that the illness was more dangerous during an eclipse, because then its effect was enhanced, and it was at such times that people died in the greatest numbers.

In the East, in Cathay, which is the greatest country in the world, horrible and terrifying signs appeared. Serpents and toads fell in a thick rain, entered dwellings and devoured numberless people, injecting them with poison and gnawing them with their teeth. In the South, in the Indies, earthquakes cast down whole towns and cities were consumed by fire from heaven. The hot fumes of the fire burnt up infinite numbers of people, and in some places it rained blood, and stones fell from the sky.

Truly, then was a time of bitterness and grief, which served to turn men to the Lord. I shall recount what happened. A warning was given by a certain holy person, who received it in a vision, that in cities, towns and other settlements, everyone, male and female alike, should gather in their parish church on three consecutive days and, each with a lighted candle in their hand, hear with great devotion the mass of the

7 Theriac was an ointment, made from snake flesh and other ingredients, which was believed to draw poison from the body. De' Mussis' discussion of the medical treatment of plague is rather obscure and I have drawn on contemporary medical treatises in making sense of it.

Blessed Anastasia, which is normally performed at dawn on Christmas day, and they should humbly beg for mercy, so that they might be delivered from the disease through the merits of the holy mass. Other people sought deliverance through the mediation of a blessed martyr; and others humbly turned to other saints, so that they might escape the abomination of disease. For among the aforesaid martyrs, some, as stories relate, are said to have died from repeated blows, and it was therefore the general opinion that they would be able to protect people against the arrows of death. Finally, in 1350, the most holy Pope Clement ordained a general indulgence, to be valid for a year, which remitted penance and guilt to all who were truly penitent and confessed. And as a result a numberless multitude of people made the pilgrimage to Rome, to visit with great reverence and devotion the basilicas of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul and St John.

Oh, most dearly beloved, let us therefore not be like vipers, growing ever more wicked, but let us rather hold up our hands to heaven to beg for mercy on us all, for who but God shall have mercy on us?[8] With this, I make an end. May the heavenly physician heal our wounds – our spiritual rather than our bodily wounds. To whom be the blessing and the praise and the glory for ever and ever, Amen.

2. The plague in Florence

The introduction to the *Decameron* of Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-75) is the most famous literary treatment of the Black Death. As Boccaccio himself emphasises, however, the description is based on his own experiences in Florence and the picture he gives can be paralleled in chronicle accounts of the period.

This translation by G. H. McWilliam is taken from the Penguin Classics edition of the *Decameron*, Harmondsworth, 1972, pp. 50-58.

I say, then, that the sum of thirteen hundred and forty-eight years had elapsed since the fruitful Incarnation of the Son of God, when the noble city of Florence, which for its great beauty excels all others in Italy, was visited by the deadly pestilence. Some say that it descended upon the human race through the influence of the heavenly bodies, others that it was a punishment signifying God's righteous anger at our iniquitous way of life. But whatever its cause, it had originated

8 Vipers were thought the most villainous of creatures, and proverbially ungrateful – hence the expression (which derives from Aesop's *Fables*) to nourish a viper in one's bosom.

some years earlier in the East, where it had claimed countless lives before it unhappily spread westward, growing in strength as it swept relentlessly on from one place to the next.

In the face of its onrush, all the wisdom and ingenuity of man were unavailing. Large quantities of refuse were cleared out of the city by officials specially appointed for the purpose, all sick persons were forbidden entry, and numerous instructions were issued for safeguarding the people's health, but all to no avail. Nor were the countless petitions humbly directed to God by the pious, whether by means of formal processions or in any other guise, any less ineffectual. For in the early spring of the year we have mentioned, the plague began, in a terrifying and extraordinary manner, to make its disastrous effects apparent. It did not take the form it had assumed in the East, where if anyone bled from the nose it was an obvious portent of certain death. On the contrary, its earliest symptom, in men and women alike, was the appearance of certain swellings in the groin or the armpit, some of which were egg-shaped whilst others were roughly the size of the common apple. Sometimes the swellings were large, sometimes not so large, and they were referred to by the populace as *gavòccioli.* From the two areas already mentioned, this deadly *gavòcciolo* would begin to spread, and within a short time it would appear at random all over the body. Later on, the symptoms of the disease changed, and many people began to find dark blotches and bruises on their arms, thighs, and other parts of the body, sometimes large and few in number, at other times tiny and closely spaced. These, to anyone unfortunate enough to contract them, were just as infallible a sign that he would die as the *gavòcciolo* had been earlier, and as indeed it still was.

Against these maladies, it seemed that all the advice of physicians and all the power of medicine were profitless and unavailing. Perhaps the nature of the illness was such that it allowed no remedy; or perhaps those people who were treating the illness (whose numbers had increased enormously because the ranks of the qualified were invaded by people, both men and women, who had never received any training in medicine), being ignorant of its causes, were not prescribing the appropriate cure. At all events, few of those who caught it ever recovered, and in most cases death occurred within three days from the appearance of the symptoms we have described, some people dying more rapidly than others, the majority without any fever or other complications.

But what made this pestilence even more severe was that whenever

those suffering from it mixed with people who were still unaffected, it would rush upon these with the speed of a fire racing through dry or oily substances that happened to be placed within its reach. Nor was this the full extent of its evil, for not only did it infect healthy persons who conversed or had any dealings with the sick, making them ill or visiting an equally horrible death upon them, but it also seemed to transfer the sickness to anyone touching the clothes or other objects which had been handled or used by its victims.

It is a remarkable story that I have to relate. And were it not for the fact that I am one of many people who saw it with their own eyes, I would scarcely dare to believe it, let alone commit it to paper, even though I had heard it from a person whose word I could trust. The plague I have been describing was of so contagious a nature that very often it visibly did more than simply pass from one person to another. In other words, whenever an animal other than a human being touched anything belonging to a person who had been striken or exterminated by the disease, it not only caught the sickness, but died from it almost at once. To all of this, as I have just said, my own eyes bore witness on more than one occasion. One day, for instance, the rags of a pauper who had died from the disease were thrown into the street, where they attracted the attention of two pigs. In their wonted fashion, the pigs first of all gave the rags a thorough mauling with their snouts after which they took them between their teeth and shook them against their cheeks. And within a short time they began to writhe as though they had been poisoned, then they both dropped dead to the ground, spreadeagled upon the rags that had brought about their undoing.

These things, and many others of a similar or even worse nature, caused various fears and fantasies to take root in the minds of those who were still alive and well. And almost without exception, they took a single and very inhuman precaution, namely to avoid or run away from the sick and their belongings, by which means they all thought that their own health would be preserved.

Some people were of the opinion that a sober and abstemious mode of living considerably reduced the risk of infection. They therefore formed themselves into groups and lived in isolation from everyone else. Having withdrawn to a comfortable abode where there were no sick persons, they locked themselves in and settled down to a peaceable existence, consuming modest quantities of delicate foods and precious wines and avoiding all excesses. They refrained from speaking to outsiders, refused to receive news of the dead or sick, and

entertained themselves with music and whatever other amusements they were able to devise.

Others took the opposite view, and maintained that an infallible way of warding off this appalling evil was to drink heavily, enjoy life to the full, go round singing and merrymaking, gratify all of one's cravings whenever the opportunity offered, and shrug the whole thing off as one enormous joke. Moreover, they practised what they preached to the best of their ability, for they would visit one tavern after another, drinking all day and night to immoderate excess; or alternatively (and this was their more frequent custom), they would do their drinking in various private houses, but only in the ones where the conversation was restricted to subjects that were pleasant or entertaining. Such places were easy to find, for people behaved as though their days were numbered, and treated their belongings and their own persons with equal abandon. Hence most houses had become common property, and any passing stranger could make himself at home as naturally as though he were the rightful owner. But for all their riotous manner of living, these people always took good care to avoid any contact with the sick.

In the face of so much affliction and misery, all respect for the laws of God and man had virtually broken down and been extinguished in our city. For like everybody else, those ministers and executors of the laws who were not either dead or ill were left with so few subordinates that they were unable to discharge any of their duties. Hence everyone was free to behave as he pleased.

There were many other people who steered a middle course between the two already mentioned, neither restricting their diet to the same degree as the first group, nor indulging so freely as the second in drinking and other forms of wantonness, but simply doing no more than satisfy their appetite. Instead of incarcerating themselves, these people moved about freely, holding in their hands a posy of flowers, or fragrant herbs, or one of a wide range of spices, which they applied at frequent intervals to their nostrils, thinking it an excellent idea to fortify the brain with smells of that particular sort; for the stench of dead bodies, sickness, and medicines seemed to fill and pollute the whole of the atmosphere.

Some people, pursuing what was possibly the safer alternative, callously maintained that there was no better or more efficacious remedy against a plague than to run away from it. Swayed by this argument, and sparing no thought for anyone but themselves, large

numbers of men and women abandoned their city, their homes, their relatives, their estates and their belongings, and headed for the countryside, either in Florentine territory or, better still, abroad. It was as though they imagined that the wrath of God would not unleash this plague against men for their iniquities irrespective of where they happened to be, but would only be aroused against those who found themselves within the city walls; or possibly they assumed that the whole of the population would be exterminated and that the city's last hour had come.

Of the people who held these various opinions, not all of them died. Nor, however, did they all survive. On the contrary, many of each different persuasion fell ill here, there, and everywhere, and having themselves, when they were fit and well, set an example to those who were as yet unaffected, they languished away with virtually no one to nurse them. It was not merely a question of one citizen avoiding another, and of people almost invariably neglecting their neighbours and rarely or never visiting their relatives, addressing them only from a distance; this scourge had implanted so great a terror in the hearts of men and women that brothers abandoned brothers, uncles their nephews, sisters their brothers, and in many cases wives deserted their husbands. But even worse, and almost incredible, was the fact that fathers and mothers refused to nurse and assist their own children, as though they did not belong to them.

Hence the countless numbers of people who fell ill, both male and female, were entirely dependent upon either the charity of friends (who were few and far between) or the greed of servants, who remained in short supply despite the attraction of high wages out of all proportion to the services they performed. Furthermore, these latter were men and women of coarse intellect and the majority were unused to such duties, and they did little more than hand things to the invalid when asked to do so and watch over him when he was dying. And in performing this kind of service, they frequently lost their lives as well as their earnings.

As a result of this wholesale desertion of the sick by neighbours, relatives and friends, and in view of the scarcity of servants, there grew up a practice almost never previously heard of, whereby when a woman fell ill, no matter how gracious or beautiful or gently bred she might be, she raised no objection to being attended by a male servant, whether he was young or not. Nor did she have any scruples about showing him every part of her body as freely as she would have

displayed it to a woman, provided that the nature of her infirmity required her to do so; and this explains why those women who recovered were possibly less chaste in the period that followed.

Moreover a great many people died who would perhaps have survived had they received some assistance. And hence, what with the lack of appropriate means for tending the sick, and the virulence of the plague, the number of deaths reported in the city whether by day or night was so enormous that it astonished all who heard tell of it, to say nothing of the people who actually witnessed the carnage. And it was perhaps inevitable that among the citizens who survived there arose certain customs that were quite contrary to established tradition.

It had once been customary, as it is again nowadays, for the women relatives and neighbours of a dead man to assemble in his house in order to mourn in the company of the women who had been closest to him; moreover his kinsfolk would forgather in front of his house along with his neighbours and various other citizens, and there would be a contingent of priests, whose numbers varied according to the quality of the deceased; his body would be taken thence to the church in which he had wanted to be buried, being borne on the shoulders of his peers amidst the funeral pomp of candles and dirges. But as the ferocity of the plague began to mount, this practice all but disappeared entirely and was replaced by different customs. For not only did people die without having many women about them, but a great number departed this life without anyone at all to witness their going. Few indeed were those to whom the lamentations and bitter tears of their relatives were accorded; on the contrary, more often than not bereavement was the signal for laughter and witticisms and general jollification – the art of which the women, having for the most part suppressed their feminine concern for the salvation of the souls of the dead, had learned to perfection. Moreover it was rare for the bodies of the dead to be accompanied by more than ten or twelve neighbours to church, nor were they borne on the shoulders of worthy and honest citizens, but by a kind of gravedigging fraternity, newly come into being and drawn from the lower orders of society. These people assumed the title of sexton, and demanded a fat fee for their services, which consisted in taking up the coffin and hauling it swiftly away, not to the church specified by the dead man in his will, but usually to the nearest at hand. They would be preceded by a group of four or six clerics, who between them carried one or two candles at most, and sometimes none at all. Nor did the priests go to the trouble of pronouncing solemn and

lengthy funeral rites, but, with the aid of these so-called sextons, they hastily lowered the body into the nearest empty grave they could find.

As for the common people and a large proportion of the bourgeoisie, they presented a much more pathetic spectacle, for the majority of them were constrained, either by their poverty or the hope of survival, to remain in their houses. Being confined to their own parts of the city, they fell ill daily in their thousands, and since they had no one to assist them or attend to their needs, they inevitably perished almost without exception. Many dropped dead in the open streets, both by day and by night, whilst a great many others, though dying in their own houses, drew their neighbours' attention to the fact more by the smell of their rotting corpses than by any other means. And what with these, and the others who were dying all over the city, bodies were here, there and everywhere.

Whenever people died, their neighbours nearly always followed a single, set routine, prompted as much by their fear of being contaminated by the decaying corpse as by any charitable feelings they may have entertained towards the deceased. Either on their own, or with the assistance of bearers whenever these were to be had, they extracted the bodies of the dead from their houses and left them lying outside their front doors, where anybody going about the streets, especially in the early morning, could have observed countless numbers of them. Funeral biers would then be sent for, upon which the dead were taken away, though there were some who, for lack of biers, were carried off on plain boards. It was by no means rare for more than one of these biers to be seen with two or three bodies upon it at a time; on the contrary, many were seen to contain a husband and wife, two or three brothers and sisters, a father and son, or some other pair of close relatives. And times without number it happened that two priests would be on their way to bury someone, holding a cross before them, only to find that bearers carrying three or four additional biers would fall in behind them; so that whereas the priests had thought that they had only one burial to attend to, they in fact had six or seven, and sometimes more. Even in these circumstances, however, there were no tears or candles or mourners to honour the dead; in fact, no more respect was accorded to dead people than would nowadays be shown towards dead goats. For it was quite apparent that the one thing which, in normal times, no wise man had ever learned to accept with patient resignation (even though it struck so seldom and unobtrusively), had now been brought home to the feeble-minded as well, but

the scale of the calamity caused them to regard it with indifference.

Such was the multitude of corpses (of which further consignments were arriving every day and almost by the hour at each of the churches), that there was not sufficient consecrated ground for them to be buried in, especially if each was to have its own plot in accordance with long-established custom. So when all the graves were full, huge trenches were excavated in the churchyards, into which new arrivals were placed in their hundreds, stowed tier upon tier like ships' cargo, each layer of corpses being covered over with a thin layer of soil till the trench was filled to the top.

But rather than describe in elaborate detail the calamities we experienced in the city at that time, I must mention that, whilst an ill wind was blowing through Florence itself, the surrounding region was no less badly affected. In the fortified towns, conditions were similar to those in the city itself on a minor scale; but in the scattered hamlets and the countryside proper, the poor unfortunate peasants and their families had no physicians or servants whatever to assist them, and collapsed by the wayside, in their fields, and in their cottages at all hours of the day and night, dying more like animals than human beings. Like the townspeople, they too grew apathetic in their ways, disregarded their affairs, and neglected their possessions. Moreover, they all behaved as though each day was to be their last, and far from making provision for the future by tilling their lands, tending their flocks, and adding to their previous labours, they tried in every way they could think of to squander the assets already in their possession. Thus it came about that oxen, asses, sheep, goats, pigs, chickens, and even dogs (for all their deep fidelity to man) were driven away and allowed to roam freely through the fields, where the crops lay abandoned and had not even been reaped, let alone gathered in. And after a whole day's feasting, many of these animals, as though possessing the power of reason, would return glutted in the evening to their own quarters, without any shepherd to guide them.

But let us leave the countryside and return to the city. What more remains to be said, except that the cruelty of heaven (and possibly, in some measure, also that of man) was so immense and so devastating that between March and July of the year in question, what with the fury of the pestilence and the fact that so many of the sick were inadequately cared for or abandoned in their hour of need because the healthy were too terrified to approach them, it is reliably thought that over a hundred thousand human lives were extinguished within the

walls of the city of Florence? Yet before this lethal catastrophe fell upon the city, it is doubtful whether anyone would have guessed it contained so many inhabitants.

64. Ordinances against the spread of plague, Pistoia, 1348

These are the fullest extant civic ordinances, and are particularly interesting in that they show the city rethinking and amending its strategy as the plague developed. The sections translated below are primarily concerned with preventing the spread of infection. A fourth set of ordinances, not printed here, addresses the problem of providing for the defence of the city given the much reduced population. The translation omits the preambles and the

36 Cupping involved placing heated cups, or special cupping horns, mouth downwards on the skin. As the air inside cooled and contracted the suction it created was thought to draw bad humours to the surface of the skin, where they could more easily be removed by bleeding or some other method.

concluding formalities of each set of ordinances, and also slightly abbreviates the text by reducing some of the formalities and repetitions. In particular note that references to Pistoia and other cities always include the *contado* (the adjoining countryside over which the town ruled) and district as well as the city itself; and that the penalties are to be levied on each offender for every breach of the ordinances.

A. Chiappelli (ed), 'Gli Ordinamenti Sanitari del Comune di Pistoia contro la Pestilenza del 1348', *Archivio Storico Italiano*, series 4, XX, 1887, pp. 8-22.

[2 May, 1348]

1. So that the sickness which is now threatening the region around Pistoia shall be prevented from taking hold of the citizens of Pistoia, no citizen or resident of Pistoia, wherever they are from or of what condition, status or standing they may be, shall dare or presume to go to Pisa or Lucca; and no one shall come to Pistoia from those places; penalty 500 pence. And no one from Pistoia shall receive or give hospitality to people who have come from those places; same penalty. And the guards who keep the gates of the city of Pistoia shall not permit anyone travelling to the city from Pisa or Lucca to enter; penalty 10 pence from each of the guards responsible for the gate through which such an entry has been made. But citizens of Pistoia now living within the city may go to Pisa and Lucca, and return again, if they first obtain permission from the common council – who will vote on the merits of the case presented to them. The licence is to be drawn up by the notary of the *anziani* and gonfalonier of the city.[37] And this ordinance is to be upheld and observed from the day of its ratification until 1 October, or longer if the council sees fit.

2. No one, whether from Pistoia or elsewhere, shall dare or presume to bring or fetch to Pistoia, whether in person or by an agent, any old linen or woollen cloths, for male or female clothing or for bedspreads; penalty 200 pence, and the cloth to be burnt in the public piazza of Pistoia by the official who discovered it.[38] However it shall be lawful

37 The official rulers of Italian cities were the commune (a word which does not have its modern egalitarian connotations). They appointed a *podestà*, often a nobleman from outside the region, as their salaried chief executive. By the fourteenth century this arrangement was mirrored in many cities by the more broadly based *popolo*, represented by a governing council of *anziani* (elders). The *capitano del popolo* corresponded, in background and role, to the *podestà* of the commune.

38 Later outbreaks of plague in Italian cities were often associated with the movement of cloth, and this requirement suggests that the connection may already have been noted. Contemporaries – who were not aware of the role played by fleas in the transmission of the disease – explained the connection as due to the trapping of corrupt air within the folds of fabric.

for citizens of Pistoia travelling within Pistoia and its territories to take linen and woollen cloths with them for their own use or wear, provided that they are in a pack or fardle weighing 30 lb or less. And this ordinance to be upheld and observed from the day of its ratification until 1 January. And if such cloth has already been brought into Pistoia, the bringer must take it away within three days of the ordinance's ratification; same penalty.

3. The bodies of the dead shall not be removed from the place of death until they have been enclosed in a wooden box, and the lid of planks nailed down[39] so that no stench can escape, and covered with no more than one pall, coverlet or cloth; penalty 50 pence to be paid by the heirs of the deceased or, if there are no heirs, by the nearest kinsmen in the male line. The goods of the deceased are to stand as surety for the payment of the penalty. Also the bodies are to be carried to burial in the same box; same penalty. So that the civic officals can keep a check on this, the rectors of the chapels in Pistoia must notify the *podestà* and *capitano* when a corpse is brought into their chapel, giving the dead man's name and the contrada in which he was living when he died; same penalty. As soon as he has been notified, the *podestà* or *capitano* must send an official to the place, to find out whether this chapter of the ordinances is being observed, along with the other regulations governing funerals, and to punish those found guilty. And if the *podestà* or *capitano* is remiss in carrying out these orders he must be punished by those who appointed him; same penalty. But these regulations should not apply to the poor and destitute of the city, who are dealt with under another civic ordinance.

4. To avoid the foul stench which comes from dead bodies each grave shall be dug two and a half armslength deep, as this is reckoned in Pistoia;[40] penalty 10 pence from anyone digging or ordering the digging of a grave which infringes the statute.

5. No one, of whatever condition, status or standing, shall dare or presume to bring a corpse into the city, whether coffined or not; penalty 25 pence. And the guards at the gates shall not allow such bodies to be brought into the city; same penalty, to be paid by every guard responsible for the gate through which the body was brought.

39 The bodies of ordinary people were generally buried in shrouds, although they might be carried to church in a coffin. This ordinance probably implies that they were to be buried in a coffin, as people certainly had to be in Tournai [6].

40 A *bracchio* in Pistoia measured between two and two and a half feet.

6. Any person attending a funeral shall not accompany the corpse or its kinsmen further than the door of the church where the burial is to take place, or go back to the house where the deceased lived, or to any other house on that occasion; penalty 10 pence. Nor is he to go the week's mind of the deceased; same penalty.[41]

7. When someone dies, no one shall dare or presume to give or send any gift to the house of the deceased, or to any other place on that occasion, either before or after the funeral, or to visit the house, or eat there on that occasion; penalty 25 pence. This shall not apply to the sons and daughters of the deceased, his blood brothers and sisters and their children, or to his grandchildren. The *podestà* and *capitano*, when notified by the rector as in chapter 3, must send an official to enquire whether anything has been done to the contrary and to punish those responsible.

8. To avoid waste and unnecessary expense, no one shall dare or presume to wear new clothes during the mourning period or for the next eight days; penalty 25 pence. This shall not apply to the wife of the deceased, who may if she wishes wear a new garment of any fabric without penalty.

9. No crier, summoner or drummer of Pistoia shall dare or presume to invite or summon any citizen of Pistoia, whether publicly or privately, to come to a funeral or visit the corpse; nor shall anyone send the same summoner, trumpeter, crier or drummer; penalty 10 pence from each crier, trumpeter, summoner or drummer, and from the people by whom they have been employed.

10. So that the sound of bells does not trouble or frighten the sick, the keepers of the campanile of the cathedral church of Pistoia shall not allow any of the bells to be rung during funerals, and no one else shall dare or presume to ring any of the bells on such occasions; penalty 10 pence, to be paid by the keepers who allowed the bells to be rung and by the heirs of the dead man, or his kinsmen should he have no heirs. When a parishioner is buried in his parish church, or a member of a fraternity within the fraternity church, the church bells may be rung, but only on one occasion and not excessively; same penalty.

11. No one shall presume or dare to summon a gathering of people to escort a widow from the house of her dead husband, but only from the

41 This last sentence refers to a ban on attendance at the commemorative mass one week after a death.

church to his burial place. But it shall be lawful for the widow's kinsmen to send up to four women to escort the widow from her husband's house at other times. No one shall dare to attend such a gathering; penalty 25 pence, paid by those invited and by those who issued the invitation.

12. No one shall dare or presume to raise a lament or crying for anyone who has died outside Pistoia, or summon a gathering of people other than the kinsfolk and spouse of the deceased, or have bells rung, or use criers or any other means to invite people throughout the city to such a gathering; penalty 25 pence from each person involved.

However it is to be understood that none of this applies to the burial of knights, doctors of law, judges, and doctors of physic, whose bodies can be honoured by their heirs at their burial in any way they please.

13. So that the living are not made ill by rotten and corrupt food, no butcher or retailer of meat shall dare or presume to hang up meat, or keep and sell meat hung up in their storehouse or over their counter; penalty 10*d.*[42] And that the rulers of the craft of butchery must investigate these matters on every day when slaughtering occurs, and immediately denounce any offenders to the lords, *podestà* or *capitano*, or to one of their officials; same penalty from the rulers of the craft if they fail to carry out these things in person or by deputy. The *podestà* and *capitano* must each send someone to look into these matters, and punish those found guilty, along with the rulers of the craft if they have failed to denounce them. The word of any official who finds an infringement of the regulations shall be taken as sufficient evidence.

14. Butchers and retailers of meat shall not stable horses or allow any mud or dung in the shop or other place where they sell meat, or in or near their storehouse, or on the roadway outside; nor shall they slaughter animals in a stable, or keep flayed carcasses in a stable or in any other place where there is dung; penalty 10 pence. An official of the *podestà* or *capitano* is to enquire closely into such matters, and his word is to be taken on any infringement of these ordinances.

15. No butcher or retailer of meat shall dare or presume to keep on the counter where he sells meat, meat from more than one ox, calf, or cow

42 The word I have translated as 'to hang up' is *gonfiare* which, in modern Italian, means to swell or blow up. This might suggest that butchers were being forbidden to sell carcasses already distended by the gases generated by corruption, but the phrasing seems to suggest that it is the display of carcasses which is being banned. Perhaps both implications are present: that to minimise the risk of corruption *whole* carcasses are not to be displayed, but only joints of meat.

at once, although he can keep the meat of an ox or cow alongside that of a calf; penalty 10 pence. The rulers of the craft must investigate the matter on every day on which animals are slaughtered, and denounce any offenders to the *podesta* or *capitano* of the city; same penalty.

16. In May, June, July and August butchers and retailers of meat shall slaughter meat on the days on which meat can be eaten, including Sundays and feast days, and sell it on the same day to those wishing to buy; the animals to be vetted by the civic officials appointed for the purpose.[43]

17. No butcher or retailer shall dare or presume to kill any ox, cow or calf without first obtaining permission from officials of the *podestà* or *capitano.* As soon as the official's approval has been requested he shall go and see the animal, to decide whether it is healthy or not. When permission has been given the butcher himself must slaughter the animal properly in the official's presence; penalty 10 pence.

18. No butcher or any other retailer of meat shall kill any two- or three-year old boar or sow between 1 March and 1 December; penalty 25 pence.

19. Butchers or retailers shall flay every two- or three-year old boar or sow killed between 1 December and 1 March before putting it on sale. If they wish to salt it down, that is permissible, but it must be flayed first; penalty 25 pence.

20. [Provisions for the election of officials to set the retail price of meat.]

21. For the better preservation of health, there should be a ban on all kinds of poultry, calves, foodstuffs and on all kinds of fat being taken out of Pistoia by anybody; penalty 100 pence and the confiscation of the things being carried contrary to the ban. And whoever can capture such carriers and the things carried, and take them to the gaol of the commune of Pistoia shall have half of the fine and of the value of the goods, after the fine has been paid and the goods sold to the highest bidder.

22. To avoid harm to men by stink and corruption, there shall in future be no tanning of skins within the city walls of Pistoia; penalty 25 pence.

23. [Provisions for enforcement including the proviso that anyone can

43 In other words, the importance of ensuring a supply of fresh meat meant that slaughtering could take place on days when it was usually banned.

denounce an offender before the *podestà* or *capitano*, and receive a quarter of the fine if the accusation is upheld; the word of one man worthy of belief is to be sufficient evidence of guilt, or the statements of four men testifying to the common belief.]

[Revisions of 23 May]

Chapter 1 to be entirely revoked.

Chapter 19 to continue: After the pigs have been shaved or singed the butcher or retailer must flay them before taking them to his home or storeroom; once flayed it is permissible for him to take the carcasses into his storeroom or house, but otherwise not; penalty as specified in chapter 19.

Chapter 21 to be entirely revoked and replaced with: There should be a ban on all kinds of poultry, goats and sheep, and no one shall take them or cause them to be taken out of the contada of Pistoia; penalty 5 pence, to be put to the common use by the *podestà* or *capitano*. And anyone who is able to capture someone doing the contrary, and deliver them to the gaol of the commune of Pistoia shall have half the penalty.

Chapter 22 to be amended by the addition of: That skinners and tanners shall be allowed to tan skins as at present in their tanneries from the day on which these ordinances are ratified until 15 June. Moreover tanneries shall be permitted within the walls of the city, but only in the following places: in the houses along the road which goes from the house of the canons of Pistoia at the chapel of Santa Maria del Nuova to the gate of San Pietro, and in that contrado, and on the land outside the gate. And in those places they may peg out skins and do everything else necessary to tanning, as they wish. And this may also be done below the Castell Traiecti up to the Carmelite friary and in the houses, gardens and grounds round about. And if anyone does the contrary, let him be punished or fined as in the said chapter.

It is also provided and ordained that:

24. So that no corruption or stench should harm people's bodies, within the city the rendering down of dripping or suet should be done in houses at least 25 arms length from their neighbours and nowhere else; penalty 25 pence.

25. That the tanning of gut, to make strings, shall only be done outside the city; penalty 25 pence.[44]

44 Animal entrails were tanned and twisted ('spun') to form various types of cord, including the strings for musical instruments and tennis rackets. The generic term for the product was catgut, although cats were not, in fact, the source of most of the gut used. As this regulation implies, the process was thought more noxious than the tanning of skins, which could still be carried out within the city walls during the plague.

[26-28 Three chapters regulating the meat trade in the city and region.]

29. The *podestà* and *capitano* shall make enquiry into all the matters contained here, and also act on accusations and denunciations made by anyone else before them, and punish and fine offenders as set out above.

[Revisions of 4 June]

30. At the burial of anyone no bell is to be rung at all, but people are to be summoned and their prayers invited only by word of mouth; penalty 25 pence from the heirs or next of kin of the deceased.

31. When the corpse has been carried to the church, everyone who accompanied it there ought to withdraw, and when the next of kin leave no one ought to accompany them except their spouses and the neighbours, and also the dead man's next of kin on his mother's side. These people may go to the house of the dead man, or wherever the body is, but may not enter the building. 'Neighbours' are to be understood as people who lived within 50 arms length of the dead man during his lifetime; penalty 25 pence.

32. The *anziani* and gonfalonier shall choose at least sixteen men from each quarter of the city, and repeat the process as often as seems necessary to maintain the number. These men are to take corpses from houses or dwellings and carry them to church and to burial, and no one else shall dare to enter a house or other place in which a person has died or carry the body to burial; penalty 25 pence. And anybody who asks someone else to remove or carry a corpse shall incur the same penalty. Those who carry the corpse shall have 16 pence between them for their labour, the money to be paid from public funds; and the chamberlains of the commune of Pistoia shall make the payment within two days of the burial; penalty 25 pence. A written receipt from one of the brethren of the place where the burial occurred, or from a priest or one of the keepers of the fabric of the church where the burial took place, or from the rector of the hospital if the burial was at a hospital, is to be taken as sufficient proof that the portering was carried out. And it shall be sufficient for the receipt to say: I, N, have written this. The men chosen and appointed to act as porters must go

when anybody asks them, and if they refuse they are to be punished with a fine of 10 pence. An oath on the sacrament by the person who made the request is to be taken as sufficient proof of their refusal.

However, the *disciplinati*[45] of a particular society in the city, who wear the garments of *disciplinati*, shall be allowed to remove and carry the bodies of the dead if this is done without charge, for the good of their souls; for certain good men, in search of salvation, have made themselves porters of the bodies of the poor and destitute, and they shall be allowed to enter houses and other places and take the bodies to burial whenever they wish.

33. Since wax for honouring the corpses of the dead cannot be found on sale, candles are not to be given, but instead it shall be permissible for anyone to give between 6 and 12 pence, at most, as he sees fit to each priest and friar who attends a funeral, in lieu of the candles and money which they were accustomed to give. But canons of the great church of Pistoia, prebendaries, priors, wardens and provosts of churches and of the orders of friars of Pistoia may be given twice that amount; penalty 25 pence.

34. The keepers of the fabric of each church in the city shall keep a supply of wax torches to be carried at the burial and to be held, alight, while the corpse is buried. And no other torches or wax lights should be held or carried at a burial; penalty 25 pence. And after the burial the torches shall be taken back and restored to the keepers, and they shall be reimbursed at the going rate for the wax used, with an additional 5 pence for the good of the dead person's soul.

35. For the support of the church where burial takes place, and of the rector of the church where the dead man was a parishioner, when the burial is in a friary church the friars should be given between 16 and 20 pence in lieu of candles; and the same should be given to the rector of the church where the dead man was a parishioner. And if he is buried in his parish church, the rector should be given the same amount, and so should the keepers of the fabric. However, it shall be left to the discretion of the friars, rectors and keepers of the fabric to take less from the poor and destitute, depending on the status of the deceased.

36. [The *podestà* and *capitano* and their officials should enquire into these matters weekly and punish those doing the contrary; penalty 50 pence. Anyone can bring an accusation before them.]

45 *Disciplinati* were members of a penitential fraternity; in this case, those who had taken on the role of burying the dead.

These ordinances are to be observed until 1 September, or until 1 November at the discretion of the *anziani* and gonfalonier. Saving that anything in them which is contrary to the liberty of the church shall be null and void, and of no effect.

69. The persecution of the Jews

The author of this account, Heinrich Truchess (or *dapifer*) von Diessenhoven, was a canon of Constance who had been a chaplain of Pope John XXII (d.1334).

J. F. Boehmer (ed), *Fontes Rerum Germanicarum*, 4 vols, Stuttgart, 1843-68, IV pp. 68-71.

The persecution of the Jews began in November 1348, and the first outbreak in Germany was at Sölden, where all the Jews were burnt on the strength of a rumour that they had poisoned wells and rivers, as was afterwards confirmed by their own confessions and also by the confessions of Christians whom they had corrupted and who had been induced by the Jews to carry out the deed. And some of the Jews who were newly baptised said the same. Some of these remained in the faith but some others relapsed, and when these were placed upon the wheel[1] they confessed that they had themselves sprinkled poison or poisoned rivers. And thus no doubt remained of their deceitfulness which had now been revealed.

Within the revolution of one year, that is from All Saints [1 November] 1348 until Michaelmas [29 September] 1349 all the Jews between Cologne and Austria were burnt and killed for this crime, young men and maidens and the old along with the rest. And blessed be God who confounded the ungodly who were plotting the extinction of his church, not realising that it is founded on a sure rock and who, in trying to overturn it, crushed themselves to death and were damned for ever.

But now let us follow the killings individually. First Jews were killed or burnt in Sölden in November, then in Zofingen they were seized and some put on the wheel, then in Stuttgart they were all burnt. The same thing happened during November in Landsberg, a town in the diocese of Augsburg and in Bueron, Memmingen and Burgau in the same diocese. During December they were burnt and killed on the feast of St Nicholas [6 December] in Lindau, on 8 December in Reutlingen, on 13 December in Haigerloch, and on 20 December in Horw they were burnt in a pit. And when the wood and straw had been consumed, some Jews, both young and old, still remained half alive. The stronger of them snatched up cudgels and stones and dashed out the brains of those trying to creep out of the fire, and thus compelled

1 Breaking on the wheel was a form of torture.

those who wanted to escape the fire to descend to hell. And the curse seemed to be fulfilled: 'his blood be upon us and upon our children'.[2]

On 27 December the Jews in Esslingen were burnt in their houses and in the synagogue. In *Nagelten* they were burnt. In the abovesaid town of Zofingen the city councillors, who were hunting for poison, found some in the house of a Jew called Trostli, and by experiment were satisfied that it was poison. As a result, two Jewish men and one woman were put on the wheel, but others were saved at the command of Duke Albrecht of Austria, who ordered that they should be protected. But this made little difference, for in the course of the next year those he had under his protection were killed, and as many again in the diocese of Constance. But first those burnt in 1349 will be described in order.

Once started, the burning of the Jews went on increasing. When people discovered that the stories of poisoning were undoubtedly true they rose as one against the Jews. First, on 2 January 1349 the citizens of Ravensburg burnt the Jews in the castle, to which they had fled in search of protection from King Charles, whose servants were imprisoned by the citizens after the burning. On 4 January the people of Constance shut up the Jews in two of their own houses, and then burnt 330 of them in the fields at sunset on 3 March. Some processed to the flames dancing, others singing and the rest weeping. They were burnt shut up in a house which had been specially built for the purpose. On 12 January in Buchen and on 17 January in Basel they were all burnt apart from their babies, who were taken from them by the citizens and baptised. They were burnt on 21 January in Messkirch and Waldkirch, on 25 January in Speyer, and on 30 January in Ulm, on 11 February in Überlingen, on 14 February in the city of Strassburg (where it took six days to burn them because of the numbers involved), on 16 February in Mengen, on 19th of the month in Sulgen, on 21st in Schaffhausen and Zurich, on 23rd in St Gallen and on 3 March in Constance, as described above, except for some who were kept back to be burnt on the third day after the Nativity of the Virgin [11 September].

They were killed and burnt in the town of Baden on 18 March, and those in the castle below, who had been brought there from Rheinfelden for protection, were killed and then burnt. And on 30 May

2 Matthew 27.24: the people's response to Pilate's statement, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just man [Christ]. Look you to it'.

they were similarly wiped out in Radolfzell. In Mainz and Cologne they were burnt on 23 August. On 18 September 330 Jews were burnt in the castle at Kyburg, where they had gathered from Winterthur and Diessenhoven and the other towns of their protector the Duke of Austria. But the imperial citizens did not want to go on supporting them any longer, and so they wrote to Duke Albrecht of Austria, who was protecting his Jewish subjects in the counties of Pfirt, Alsace and Kyburg, and told him that either he had them burnt by his own judges or they would burn them themselves. So the Duke ordered them to be burnt by his own judges, and they were finally burnt on 18 September.

And thus, within one year, as I said, all the Jews between Cologne and Austria were burnt – and in Austria they await the same fate, for they are accursed of God. And I could believe that the end of the Hebrews had come, if the time prophesied by Elias and Enoch were now complete; but since it is not complete, it is necessary that some be reserved so that what has been written may be fulfilled: that the hearts of the sons shall be turned to their fathers, and of the fathers to the sons.[3] But in what parts of the world they may be reserved I do not know, although I think it more likely that the seed of Abraham will be reserved in lands across the sea than in these people. So let me make an end of the Jews here.[4]

70. Measures taken against the Jews in Lausanne

This and the following two texts are taken from material in the Strassburg archives. The city (in common with other towns, see also 72 and 74) wrote round to neighbouring cities enquiring whether they had evidence that

3 A reference to Malachias 4.5-6: 'Behold I will send you Elias the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers: lest I come and strike the earth with anathema'.

This text was taken to mean that after the coming of Antichrist the prophets Enoch and Elias would reconvert the apostates as a preliminary to the second coming of Christ and the Last Judgement. At the same time they would convert the Jews to Christianity. Heinrich's point is that because the second coming is not yet imminent, contemporary Jews could not be entirely wiped out or converted, because some had to survive to be converted by Enoch and Elias in the Last Days.

4 The sentence is ambiguous and, given the anti-semitism of the author, probably deliberately so. Its surface meaning is that he has come to the end of the two chapters devoted to the Jews and is now about to turn to other matters. But it could also be taken to mean that he hopes to see the extermination of the Jews in Europe, as there are likely to be enough elsewhere to meet the prophetic conditions laid down for Christ's second coming (see note 3 above).

Jews were poisoning wells, and what steps they were taking against the perpetrators. The city received eleven replies in all. The formal courtesies at the beginning and end of the letters have been omitted here.

Urkunden und Akten der Stadt Strassburg: Urkundenbuch der Stadt Strassburg, V, Strassburg 1896, pp. 164–5.

Rodolphe d'Oron, knight, lord of *Artales*, bailiff of Lausanne, and Michel de Vevey, esquire, *sautier* of Lausanne[5] on behalf of the citizens of Lausanne, to Conrad von Winterthur, the bürghermeister of Strassburg, and the city councillors. Lausanne, the Saturday after St Martin in winter [15 Nov, 1348].

We have received your gracious letters with pleasure, and have accordingly sent you in writing under our seals the confessions made by a Jew called Bona Dies. He was condemned to be set on the wheel, where he survived for four days and nights. While he could still speak he held unvaryingly to his first story. And we have informed you that in the lordship of the Count of Savoy many Jews, and Christians as well, have confessed to the same appalling crime. Accordingly they were condemned to punishment by burning and impalement.[6] The confessions they made have been communicated to our friends the officials and councillors of Bern and Fribourg at their request.

71. Examination of the Jews captured in Savoy

The confessions extracted by torture from a group of Jews living in the county of Savoy were evidently widely circulated as evidence of an international conspiracy. Unidentified place names have been printed in italics.

Strassburg Urkundenbuch, pp. 167–74.

The Castellan of Chillon, deputy of the bailiff of Chablis there, to the officials, councillors and citizens of Strassburg.

I understand that you want to know about the confessions of the Jews and the proofs brought against them. I am writing to tell you that the people of Bern have a copy of the inquisition and confession of the Jews dwelling in their neighbourhood who were involved in putting poison into the wells there and in several other places, and that that copy

5 Lausanne was largely under the control of its bishop. The bailiff headed the civic hierarchy; the *sautier* was a judicial official. In the published list of officers the name of the *sautier* is given as Michod de Vennes: M. Reymond, *Les Dignitaires de L'Église Notre-Dame de Lausanne jusqu'en 1536*, Lausanne, 1912, p. 130.

6 The word used is *scitote*, which is perhaps related to the Italian *stichata*, a palisade.

contains a detailed acount of the truth of the matter. Many Jews have been tried after being put to the question or, in some cases, making confession without it, and have been condemned to be burnt. Some Christians, to whom Jews gave poison for use against Christians, have also been put on the wheel and tortured. For the burning of Jews and the torturing of Christians has gone on in numerous places within the county of Savoy. May God keep you.

The confession made on the 15 September 1348, in the castle of Chillon, by the Jews of Villeneuve imprisoned there on the charge of poisoning the wells, springs and other places; and putting poison into food in order to destroy and wipe out the entire Christian religion.

I. Balavigny, a Jewish surgeon who lived at Thonon, was arrested at Chillon after being found in the neighbourhood. He was briefly put to the question and, when it was over, he confessed, after a long interval,[7] that, about ten weeks earlier, the Rabbi Jacob (who had come from Toledo and had been living at Chambéry since Easter) sent him, by a Jewish boy, some poison (about the size of an egg) in the form of a powder, enclosed in a leather bag, accompanied by a letter, commanding him on pain of excommunication and by the obedience he owed to the Jewish law, to put the poison into the larger public wells of the town – the ones most commonly used – in order to poison the people using them; and not to tell anybody at all. The letter also said that rabbis had given orders for the same thing to be done in various other places.

He confessed that one evening he secretly put the poisonous powder under a stone in a spring on the shore at Thonon. He further confesses that the boy showed him many identical letters addressed to numerous other Jews, specifically some addressed to Mossoiet, Banditon and Samolet of Villeneuve; to Musseo, Abraham and Aquetus of Montreux, Jews residing at La Tour de Vevey; to Beneton and his son at St Maurice; and to Vivian, Jacob, Aquetus and Sonetus, Jews at Évian les Bains. Several letters of a like nature were sent to Hebrea and Musset, Jews at Monthey. The boy told him that he had taken many others to various places, a long way away, but he (Balavigny) does not know to whom they were addressed. He further confessed that after he had put

7 To be put to the question is the standard circumlocution for torture. Because confessions made while torture was actually being applied were – for obvious reasons – suspect, the clerk (with only one exception) stresses that the confession was made after the torture session had finished. The period of torture is variously defined as brief or moderate.

the poison in the spring at Thonon, he expressly forbade his wife and children to use the spring, but without telling them why. In the presence of many credible witnesses he confessed by the Jewish law and by the five books of Moses that everything he had said was true.

On the next day, Balavigny, voluntarily and without torture, maintained the truth of his confession, repeating it word for word in the presence of many credible witnesses and further confessing, of his own accord, that one day, on his way back from La Tour de Vevey, he had put into a spring below Montreux, namely the spring *de la Conereyde*, a quantity of poison about the size of a nut, wrapped in a rag, which he had been given by Aquetus of Montreux, who lives in La Tour. He told Manssionnus the Jew, who lives at Villeneuve, and Delosatz, son of Musselotus, what he had done and warned them not to drink from the spring. He describes the poison as red and black in colour.

On 19 September Balavigny confessed, without being put to the question, that three weeks after Pentecost[8] Mussus the Jew of Villeneuve told him that he had put poison in the public drinking fountain of his own town, namely in the custom-house there, and that afterwards he did not drink its water, but only drank from the lake. He also confessed that Mussus told him that he had likewise placed poison in the public drinking fountain at Chillon, namely in the custom-house under some stones. The spring was then investigated and some poison found. Some of it was given to a Jew, who died, thereby proving that it was poison. He said further that rabbis had instructed him and other Jews not to drink water for nine days after poison had been put in it, and he said that as soon as he had put poison in the spring he immediately warned other Jews.

He confesses further that a good two months earlier he had been at Évian and, while talking the matter over with a Jew called Jacob, had asked him, among other things, whether he had had a letter and poison like the others; to which Jacob replied that he had. Afterwards he asked him whether he had obeyed the instructions, to which Jacob replied that he had not placed the poison himself but had given it to Savetus the Jew who had put it into the spring *de Morer* at Évian. He urged on Balavigny the wisdom of dealing with the instructions in the same way.

He confesses that Aquetus of Montreux told him that he had put poison into the spring above La Tour which he uses regularly when he is staying there. He confesses that Samolet told him that he had put

8 Pentecost, or Whitsun, fell on 8 June in 1348.

the poison which he had received into a spring, but refused to tell him which.

Balavigny, speaking as a surgeon, says further that if anyone suffering the effects of the poison comes into contact with someone else, especially while sweating, the other person will be infected; and that the infection can be transmitted by breath as well. He believes this to be the case because he has heard many experienced physicians say so, and is certain that the other Jews cannot acquit themselves of the charge, for they knew perfectly well what they were doing and are guilty.

Balavigny was taken across the lake from Chillon to Clarens, to identify the spring in which he had confessed putting the poison. Upon arrival he was taken to the spot and as soon as he saw the spring he said, 'This is the spring where I put the poison'. The spring was examined in his presence and the linen rag or cloth in which the poison had been wrapped was found in the channel going from the spring by Henri Gérard, a notary public, in the presence of many people, and shown to the Jew. He confirmed that it was the linen cloth or rag in which the poison had been enclosed when he put it in the spring; adding that the poison was of two colours, black and red. The linen cloth or rag was taken away and is in safe keeping.

Balavigny confesses everything recorded here, adding that he believes that the poison is derived from the basilisk, for he has heard it said that the poison would not be efficacious otherwise and is convinced that that is the case.

II. Banditon, a Jew of Villeneuve, was likewise briefly put to the question on 15 September and, when it was over, he confessed, after a long interval, that he had put a quantity of poison, about the size of a large nut, which had been given to him by Musseus, a Jew of La Tour de Vevey, into the spring of Carutet, to poison people.

The next day, Banditon, voluntarily and without being put to the question, confirmed that what he had confessed was true, confessing also that Rabbi Jacob, who had come from Toledo at Easter and was living at Chambéry, sent him, at *Pilliex*, by a Jewish boy, some poison about the size of a large nut, together with a letter which told him to put the poison into springs on pain of excommunication. He had put the poison, which was in a leather bag, into the spring of *Cerclitus de Roch*. He further confesses that he saw many other letters addressed to Jews, which the boy was carrying, and that he saw him deliver one

letter to Samolet the Jew of Villeneuve outside the upper gate. He says also that Massoletus the Jew told him that he had put poison in the spring near the bridge at Vevey, namely on the side towards Évian.

III. The said Mamson, a Jew of Villeneuve, when he was put to the question on 15 September, confessed nothing about these matters, maintaining his total ignorance. But on the next day he voluntarily, of his own volition and without being put to the question at all, confessed in the presence of many people that one day in the fortnight after Pentecost he travelled from Monthey in the company of a Jew called Provenzal, and as they went along Provenzal said to him, 'You're going to put the poison which I'll give you into that spring, or it'll be the worse for you'. And this was the spring of *Chabloz Cruyez* between Vevey and Muraz. So Mamson took a quantity of poison, about the size of a nut, and put it in the well. He believes that all the Jews round about Évian held a meeting before Pentecost to discuss the poisoning. He says that Balavigny told him one day that he had poisoned the spring *de la Conereyde* below Montreux. He says moreover that none of the Jews can acquit themselves of the charges, because they were all in it together and are guilty. When Mamson was brought before the commissioners on 3 October he changed none of his testimony, except that he had not put the poison into the spring.

Before their execution, all these Jews confessed by the Jewish law that all these things were true, insisting that no Jew above the age of seven could acquit himself of the charges, because they all knew everything that was going on.

IV. On 8 October Belieta, the wife of Aquetus the Jew was briefly put to the question, and when it was over she confessed that around midsummer last the said Provenzal, who had been arrested and then released at Vevey, although she does not know on what grounds, gave her some poison (about the size of a large nut, and tied up in a linen rag or cloth) in front of the house where he was living. She was to put the poison into springs to poison the people using them, and she handed it on to Mamson and his wife for them to do it.

On 18 October Belieta was put to the question, and when it was over she confessed that Provenzal had given her some poison, about as much as a large nut, to put in springs so that people using the water would fall sick and die. And she took the poison and did as she was told. Asked whether any Jew knew about the poisoning she says that Geney the Jewess and Jocet of La Tour knew about it very well.

V. Aquetus son of Belieta the Jewess was put to the question to a moderate extent, and when it was over accused Aquetus the son of Banditon, who lived in Villeneuve; saying that he overheard through a window of his house Aquetus saying to his father Banditon that a Jew called Provenzal, whom he didn't know, had, twelve weeks previously, given him some poison in a paper cornet and told him to put the poison in some well-used spring; and he heard his father answer that he should put the poison in the first spring he could find, and afterwards he heard Aquetus tell his father that he had sprinkled the poison into the spring of *Cerclitus de Roch.*

When the accused Aquetus was brought before the two commissioners, he denied the accusations to Aquetus' face. Aquetus the accuser replied that that was what he had heard and he wasn't making it up. And immediately he confessed that everything set out here was true, and that he had sprinkled poison in the spring, so that the people using it would die; and that he had revealed the matter to his father. Asked whether his father and the other Jews in Villeneuve know about the poisoning, he says that he is sure they do, because the leading members of the Jewish community always discuss matters among themselves outside the upper gate of Villeneuve, and the humbler Jews do the same. And he confessed these things without being put to the question, adding that the poison was green and black. And he confessed that this was true by the Jewish law and the five books of Moses; adding that, by his soul, the Jews richly deserved to die, and that indeed he had no wish to escape death, for he too richly deserved to die.

On Friday 10 October 1348 in the castle at Châtel an investigation was held on the authority of the court of the illustrious prince, our lord Amadée, Count of Savoy, into the accusations noised abroad by public fame and clamour against the Jews of both sexes imprisoned there. They were shown to be guilty of trying to kill Christians by poisoning springs, wells and other things used by them, and were accordingly punished. Their confession was made in the presence of many credible witnesses.

I. Agimetus, a Jew, who had been staying at Geneva and was imprisoned in the castle there, was put briefly to the question and then afterwards, after a long interval, he was put to the question again, this time to a moderate extent, whereupon he confessed in the presence of many credible witnesses the things unfolded below. Firstly that in last Lent the trading house of Claus de Rances sent him to Venice to buy silk and other things. When this came to the ears of Rubi Peyret, the

rabbi at Chambéry, Rabbi Peyret sent for Agimetus, and when he had come into his presence said to him: 'It has come to our knowledge that you will be going to Venice to buy merchandise. Here's a sachet of poison, folded up in a bag of thin leather. Put a little in the wells, cisterns and springs at Venice, and at the other places on your route, to poison the people using the water.'

Agimetus took the sachet full of poison and took it with him to Venice, and when he arrived he scattered some of the poison into a well or cistern of fresh water near the house of the said Germans to poison the people using it, affirming that that was the best source of fresh water in the town. He affirms also that Rubi Peyret promised him, Agimetus, that he could name his own reward for the deed. Moreover he confesses voluntarily that he left as soon as he had done it, to avoid being arrested by the burgesses and others, and that he went to Calabria and Apulia and threw poison into numerous wells there, and that he put poison into the spring in the piazza of Barletta, into the public spring at Toulouse and into springs along the coast. Asked whether anyone died in the places where he put poison, he says that he does not know, because he always took himself off in a great hurry. Asked whether any Jews in those places were guilty, he says he does not know. And he confessed the truth of all these things on the five books of Moses and a Jewish roll, and that he had lied about none of the things that had happened to him.

II. Jocetus the Jew, an inhabitant of Châtel, put briefly to the question, after a long interval confessed, in the presence of many credible witnesses, that a good fourteen weeks ago Rubi Peyret, the rabbi at Chambéry, met him near his house and handed him a quantity of poison about as big as a fist in a piece of net, and he could see through the little holes that it held powder and that the powder was black. And he transferred the powder to a large paper cornet and put some into a spring in the middle of the road from Vevey to Châtel, which was used by everybody passing that way, and left the rest under a clod of grass and earth near a tower. And Rubi Peyret gave Jocetus five gold shillings for doing it. He confesses moreover that Rubi Peyret gave him two bags, each the size of an egg, with two letters which he was to deliver to two Jews living in La Tour de Vevey, Aquetus and Abraham, to poison people with; telling them to put the poison into springs. The two Jews received the bags from him in their houses at La Tour and said that they were prepared to carry out the instructions in their letters.

III. Iconetus, a Jew who once lived at Bas but now at Châtel and was arrested there, was put to the question to a moderate degree, and when it was over confessed after a long interval that two years ago Abuget, one of the richest and most powerful Jews in Bas, gave him some poison (which was white, and about the size of two fists) outside his house, saying to him, 'Go to Brussels and Hainault and put this poison in the best springs in that area, to poison the people using them'; and he gave him two florins for doing it, and said that he should put the poison secretly and stealthily into the springs and tell nobody. When Iconetus had taken the poison he left, and travelled to the places specified. And when he had reached Brussels he left two lots of poison in springs in the town of Tinimont and at the top of the town, placing it stealthily under a large stone at about noon, and then he retreated hastily and, leaving the town, headed for Hainault and there stealthily left another bag in a beautiful spring near the market town of Mons in Hainault, leaving it as before under a large stone to poison the people using the water, and again leaving immediately to go begging for bread elswhere. Asked whether he knows what the poison was made of, he says he does not, and confesses that all these things are true, on the five books of Moses.

IV. Aquetus Rubi, a Jew born in *Warembon* but now living in Châtel, was put briefly to the question and afterwards confessed that a year ago he was at Le Pont-de-Beauvoison and had lost all his money at dice and was planning to leave for the region around Geneva when Salamin the Jew, an inhabitant of Le Pont-de-Beauvoison, came to him and said, 'You've lost all your money and you've got nothing. Go to those parts, but take this poison with you and put it into springs and wells in the big and middling towns, and I'll give you six shillings in Savoy money'. Aquetus took the poison, about as much as two fingers, in a piece of leather, together with the six shillings, and one day put the bag full of poison under a big stone in a spring at *Perioso* near the drinking fountain at the *Maison du Chat*, to poison people using water from the spring. Asked if he had put poison anywhere else he said not. He also said he did it for a laugh, but now he was sorry for what he had done. Asked whether any of the Jews in La Tour, Évian, Villeneuve and Châtel knew anything about the posionings he said that he did not know, and that everything he had confessed was true, on the Jewish law.

VI. Aquetus son of Jocetus the Jew, living at Châtel, was put to the question to a moderate extent on 11 October and when it was over

confessed truthfully, after a long interval, that a good year ago he was staying at Chambéry and studying in the house of Peyret, the rabbi in Chambéry, and one day the rabbi called him and took him to his chamber and said, 'Look, here's poison in a paper cornet, take it, and put it in the well of *Korvellus* near the house of Rabbi Peyret' and he ordered him under pain of excommunication to do this and so poison the people who drank the water, and not to tell anybody. Aquetus took the poison, which was a powder, and straightaway put it deep in the said well. He says also that afterwards he did not drink the water, but left Chambéry with his father and went to live at Châtel. And he confessed on the Jewish law that these things were true.

The Jews confessed all these things in the presence of two notaries public and many other eminent people and others specially summoned for the purpose.

Very dear friends, after receiving and reading your letters, I had a transcript made of these confessions, but there are many other accusations and proofs against those Jews and against other people elsewhere in Savoy, both Jews and Christians, who have now been punished for this appalling crime, which I do not have by me at the moment and so cannot include. You should know that all the Jews living in Villeneuve have been burnt by due legal process, and at Augst three Christians were flayed for their involvement in the poisoning – I was myself present on that occasion. Many Christians have been similarly arrested for this crime in many other places, notably in Évian, Geneva, La Croisette and Hauteville, who at the very last, on the point of death, confirm that they distributed poison given them by the Jews. Some of these Christians have been quartered, others flayed and hanged. Certain commissioners have been appointed by the Count to punish the Jews, and I believe that none remains alive.

72. Letter from Cologne to Strassburg

The justices, officials and councillors of Cologne to Conrad von Winterthur, the bürghermeister and the officials and councillors of Strassburg. 12 January [1349].

Strassburg Urkundenbuch, pp. 178-9.

Very dear friends, all sorts of rumours are now flying about against Judaism and the Jews prompted by this unexpected and unparalleled mortality of Christians, which, alas, has raged in various parts of the

world and is still woefully active in several places. Throughout our city, as in yours, many-winged Fame clamours that this mortality was initially caused, and is still being spread, by the poisoning of springs and wells, and that the Jews must have dropped poisonous substances into them. When it came to our knowledge that serious charges had been made against the Jews in several small towns and villages on the basis of this mortality, we sent numerous letters to you and to other cities and towns to uncover the truth behind these rumours, and set a thorough investigation in train. But we have been unable to get the whole story, either from you or anywhere else – just as you have recently written to us to say that you have still not arrived at the truth of the matter.

If a massacre of the Jews were to be allowed in the major cities (something which we are determined to prevent in our city, if we can, as long as the Jews are found to be innocent of these or similar actions) it could lead to the sort of outrages and disturbances which would whip up a popular revolt among the common people – and such revolts have in the past brought cities to misery and desolation. In any case we are still of the opinion that this mortality and its attendant circumstances are caused by divine vengeance and nothing else. Accordingly we intend to forbid any harassment of the Jews in our city because of these flying rumours, but to defend them faithfully and keep them safe, as our predecessors did – and we are convinced that you ought to do the same.

We know what prudence you show in all your dealings, and it is by way of friendship that we urge you to proceed sensibly and cautiously in this Jewish business, as right and reason demand, and to take steps to guard against any popular rising from which a massacre of Jews and other disturbances might arise; and that the rage which the common people feel against the Jews should be checked before it spreads down the Rhine. You should take the decision to protect the Jews in your city, and keep them safe – as your predecessors did – until the truth is known. For should an uprising occur in your city against the Jews, experience tells us that it will surely spread to every other city and town. It therefore behoves you and us and all the major cities to proceed with prudence and caution in this matter, for the man who does not keep a wary eye on what the future may bring often falls into unexpected dangers.

Farewell. If you have obtained any definite information, either from kings and princes or from or the Jews themselves, let us know it in writing by this messenger.

73. Mandate of Clement VI concerning the Jews

On 5 July 1348 Clement VI reissued the bull *Sicut Judeis*, which extended the church's protection to the Jews. On 26 September 1348 he followed it up with this order notifying all prelates and clergy of the reissue and instructing them to take action against anyone persecuting Jews. On 1 October the order was reissued with the additional comment that the false accusations against the Jews were motivated by a greedy desire to get possession of their wealth. The greeting clause has been omitted from the translation.

S. Simonsohn (ed), *The Apostolic See and the Jews* vol I *Documents: 492-1404*, Toronto, Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies; Studies and Texts 94, 1988, no. 373.

Although we rightly abhor the deceit of the Jews who, persisting in their imperviousness, refuse to admit the secret wisdom in the words of the prophets and their own writings or to accept the Christian faith and salvation, we are nevertheless mindful that Our Saviour chose to be born of Jewish stock when he put on mortal flesh for the salvation of the human race, and that it is our duty to succour humanity when the help of our protection and the clemency of our Christian piety have been invoked. Accordingly, following in the footsteps of our predecessors of happy memory, Popes Calixtus, Eugenius, Alexander, Clement, Celestine, Innocent, Gregory, Nicholas, Honorius and Nicholas III, we have taken the Jews under the shield of our protection, ordering among the rest that no Christian presume in any wise to wound or kill Jews, or take their money or expel them from his service before their term of employment has expired, unless by the legal judgement of the lord or the officials of the country in which they live; and that anyone who, knowing of these commands, still dares to do the contrary, shall lose his title or office, or suffer the ultimate penalty of excommunication, unless he takes steps to correct his presumption by making due satisfaction, as is set out more fully in the letters.

Recently, however, it has been brought to our attention by public fame – or, more accurately, infamy – that numerous Christians are blaming the plague with which God, provoked by their sins, has afflicted the Christian people, on poisonings carried out by the Jews at the instigation of the devil, and that out of their own hot-headedness they have impiously slain many Jews, making no exception for age or sex; and that Jews have been falsely accused of such outrageous behaviour so that they can be legitimately put on trial before appropriate judges – which has done nothing to cool the rage of the Christians but has rather inflamed them even more. While such behaviour goes

unopposed it looks as though their error is approved.

Were the Jews, by any chance, to be guilty or cognizant of such enormities a sufficient punishment could scarcely be conceived; yet we should be prepared to accept the force of the argument that it cannot be true that the Jews, by such a heinous crime, are the cause or occasion of the plague, because throughout many parts of the world the same plague, by the hidden judgement of God, has afflicted and afflicts the Jews themselves and many other races who have never lived alongside them.

We order you by apostolic writing that each of you upon whom this charge has been laid, should straitly command those subject to you, both clerical and lay, when they are assembled in worship at mass, not to dare (on their own authority or out of hot-headedness) to capture, strike, wound or kill any Jews or expel them from their service on these grounds; and you should demand obedience under pain of excommunication, which henceforward you should use against those who disobey. But if they have ground of complaint against the Jews, whether concerning these matters or anything else, these letters in no way remove the power to proceed against them as was their right, but they should prosecute them in proper judicial form for these matters or any other offences before competent judges.

Item #21

Israel Gollancz, ed., *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise* (London: J.M. Dent and Company, 1908), 21-95.

LETTERS
OF
ABELARD AND HELOISE

LETTER I

Abelard to Philintus

Abelard consoles his friend

The last time we were together, Philintus, you gave me a melancholy account of your misfortunes; I was sensibly touched with the relation, and like a true friend bore a share in your griefs. What did I not say to stop your tears? I laid before you all the reasons philosophy could furnish, which I thought might anyways soften the strokes of fortune. But all these endeavours have proved useless; grief, I perceive, has wholly seized your spirits, and your prudence, far from assisting, seems to have forsaken you. But my skilful friendship has found out an expedient to relieve you. Attend to me a moment, hear but the story of my misfortunes, and yours, Philintus, will be nothing as compared with those of the loving and unhappy Abelard. Observe, I beseech you, at what expense I endeavour to serve you; and think this no small mark of my affection; for I am going to present you with the relation of such particulars as it is impossible for me to re-

collect without piercing my heart with the most sensible affliction.

He relates his early life

You know the place where I was born, but not, perhaps, that I was born with those complexional faults which strangers charge upon our nation—an extreme lightness of temper, and great inconstancy. I frankly own it, and shall be as free to acquaint you with those good qualities which were observed in me. I had a natural vivacity and aptness for all the polite arts. My father was a gentleman and a man of good parts; he loved the wars, but differed in his sentiments from many who follow that profession. He thought it no praise to be illiterate, but in the camp he knew how to converse at the same time with the Muses and Bellona. He was the same in the management of his family, and took equal care to form his children to the study of polite learning as to their military exercises. As I was his eldest, and consequently his favourite son, he took more than ordinary care of my education. I had a natural genius for study, and made extraordinary progress in it. Smitten with the love of books, and the praises which on all sides were bestowed upon me, I aspired to no other reputation than that of learning. To my brothers I leave the glory of battles and the pomp of triumphs; nay, more, I yielded them up my birthright and patrimony. I knew necessity was the great spur to study, and was afraid I should not merit the title of learned if I distinguished myself from others by nothing but a more plentiful fortune. Of all the sciences logic was the most to my taste. Such were the arms I chose to

profess. Furnished with the weapons of reasoning I took pleasure in going to public disputations to win trophies; and wherever I heard that this art flourished, I ranged, like another Alexander, from province to province, to seek new adversaries with whom I might try my strength.

His youthful struggles

The ambition I had to become formidable in logic led me at last to Paris, the centre of politeness, and where the science I was so smitten with had usually been in the greatest perfection. I put myself under the direction of one Champeaux, a professor who had acquired the character of the most skilful philosopher of his age, but by negative excellencies only as being the least ignorant! He received me with great demonstrations of kindness, but I was not so happy as to please him long; for I was too knowing in the subjects he discoursed upon, and I often confuted his notions. Frequently in our disputations I pushed a good argument so home that all his subtlety was not able to elude its force. It was impossible he should see himself surpassed by his scholar without resentment. It is sometimes dangerous to have too much merit.

Envy increased against me in proportion to my reputation. My enemies endeavoured to interrupt my progress, but their malice only provoked my courage. Measuring my abilities by the jealousy I had raised, I thought I had no further need for Champeaux's lectures, but rather that I was sufficiently qualified to read to others. I stood for a post which was vacant at Melun. My master used all his artifice to defeat my hopes, but in vain; and on this occasion I triumphed over his

He conquers Champeaux

cunning as before I had done over his learning. My lectures were always crowded, and my beginnings so fortunate, that I entirely obscured the renown of my famous master. Flushed with these happy conquests, I removed to Corbeil to attack the masters there, and so establish my character of the ablest logician. The rush of travelling threw me into a dangerous distemper, and not being able to recover my health, my physicians, who perhaps were in league with Champeaux, advised me to remove to my native air. Thus I voluntarily banished myself for some years. I leave you to imagine whether my absence was not regretted by the better sort. At length I recovered my health, when I received news that my greatest adversary had taken the habit of a monk; you may think it was an act of penitence for having persecuted me; quite the contrary, 'twas ambition; he resolved to raise himself to some church dignity, therefore fell into the beaten track and took on him the garb of feigned austerity; for this is the easiest and shortest way to the highest ecclesiastical dignities. His wishes were successful and he obtained a bishopric; yet did he not quit Paris and the care of his schools: he went to his diocese to gather in his revenues, but returned and passed the rest of his time in reading lectures to those few pupils which followed him. After this I often engaged with him, and may reply to you as Ajax did to the Greeks:—

'If you demand the fortune of that day
When stak'd on this right hand your honours lay,
If I did not oblige the foe to yield,
Yet did I never basely quit the field.'

He studies divinity

About this time my father, Beranger, who to the age of sixty had lived very agreeably, retired from the world and shut himself up in a cloister, where he offered up to Heaven the languid remains of a life he could make no further use of. My mother, who was yet young, took the same resolution. She turned a Religious, but did not entirely abandon the satisfactions of life; her friends were continually at the grate, and the monastery, when one has an inclination to make it so, is exceedingly charming and pleasant. I was present when my mother was professed. At my return I resolved to study divinity, and inquired for a director in that study. I was recommended to one Anselm, the very oracle of his time, but, to give you my own opinion, one more venerable for his age and his wrinkles than for his genius or learning. If you consulted him upon any difficulty, the sure consequence was to be much more uncertain in the point. They who only saw him admired him, but those who reasoned with him were extremely dissatisfied. He was a great master of words and talked much, but meant nothing. His discourse was a fire, which, instead of enlightening, obscured everything with its smoke; a tree beautified with variety of leaves and branches, but barren of fruit. I came to him with a desire to learn, but found him like the fig tree in the Gospel, or the old oak to which Lucan compares Pompey. I continued not long underneath his shadow. I took for my guides the primitive Fathers and boldly launched into the ocean of the Holy Scriptures. In a short time I had made such progress that others

Love conquers him

chose me for their director. The number of my scholars was incredible, and the gratuities I received from them were proportionate to the great reputation I had acquired. Now I found myself safe in the harbour, the storms were passed, and the rage of my enemies had spent itself without effect. Happy had I known to make a right use of this calm! But when the mind is most easy 'tis most exposed to love, and even security is here the most dangerous state.

And now, my friend, I am going to expose to you all my weaknesses. All men, I believe, are under a necessity of paying tribute at some time or other to Love, and it is vain to strive to avoid it. I was a philosopher, yet this tyrant of the mind triumphed over all my wisdom; his darts were of greater force than all my reasonings, and with a sweet constraint he led me wherever he pleased. Heaven, amidst an abundance of blessings with which I was intoxicated, threw in a heavy affliction. I became a most signal example of its vengeance, and the more unhappy because, having deprived me of the means of accomplishing satisfaction, it left me to the fury of my criminal desires. I will tell you, my dear friend, the particulars of my story, and leave you to judge whether I deserved so severe a correction.

I had always an aversion for those light women whom 'tis a reproach to pursue; I was ambitious in my choice, and wished to find some obstacles, that I might surmount them with the greater glory and pleasure.

There was in Paris a young creature (ah, Philintus!) formed in a prodigality of nature to show

mankind a finished composition; dear Heloise, the reputed niece of one Fulbert, a canon. Her wit and her beauty would have stirred the dullest and most insensible heart, and her education was equally admirable. Heloise was the mistress of the most polite arts. You may easily imagine that this did not a little help to captivate me; I saw her, I loved her, I resolved to make her love me. The thirst of glory cooled immediately in my heart, and all my passions were lost in this new one. I thought of nothing but Heloise; everything brought her image to my mind. I was pensive and restless, and my passion was so violent as to admit of no restraint. I was always vain and presumptive; I flattered myself already with the most bewitching hopes. My reputation had spread itself everywhere, and could a virtuous lady resist a man who had confounded all the learned of the age? I was young—could she show an insensibility to those vows which my heart never formed for any but herself? My person was advantageous enough, and by my dress no one would have suspected me for a doctor; and dress, you know, is not a little engaging with women. Besides, I had wit enough to write a *billet-doux*, and hoped, if ever she permitted my absent self to entertain her, she would read with pleasure those breathings of my heart. **He meets Heloise**

Filled with these notions I thought of nothing but the means to speak to her. Lovers either find or make all things easy. By the offices of common friends I gained the acquaintance of Fulbert; and can you believe it, Philintus, he allowed me the privilege of his table, and an apartment in his house?

He teaches her philosophy

I paid him, indeed, a considerable sum, for persons of his character do nothing without money. But what would I not have given! You, my friend, know what love is; imagine then what a pleasure it must have been to a heart so inflamed as mine to be always so near the dear object of desire! I would not have exchanged my happy condition for that of the greatest monarch upon earth. I saw Heloise, I spoke to her—each action, each confused look told her the trouble of my soul. And she, on the other side, gave me ground to hope for everything from her generosity. Fulbert desired me to instruct her in philosophy; by this means I found opportunities of being in private with her, and yet I was surely of all men the most timorous in declaring my passion.

As I was with her one day alone, 'Charming Heloise,' said I, blushing, 'if you know yourself you will not be surprised with the passion you have inspired me with. Uncommon as it is, I can express it but with the common terms—I love you, adorable Heloise! Till now I thought philosophy made us masters of all our passions, and that it was a refuge from the storms in which weak mortals are tossed and shipwrecked; but you have destroyed my security and broken this philosophic courage. I have despised riches; honour and its pageantries could never wake a weak thought in me, beauty alone has stirred my soul; happy if she who raised this passion kindly receives this declaration; but if it is an offence?—'

'No,' replied Heloise, 'she must be very ignorant of your merit who can be offended at your passion. But for my own repose I wish either that

And love

you had not made this declaration, or that I were at liberty not to suspect your sincerity.'

'Ah, divine Heloise,' said I, flinging myself at her feet, 'I swear by yourself—' I was going on to convince her of the truth of my passion, but heard a noise, and it was Fulbert: there was no avoiding it, I had to do violence to my desire and change the discourse to some other subject. After this I found frequent opportunities to free Heloise from those suspicions which the general insincerity of men had raised in her; and she too much desired that what I said might be true not to believe it. Thus there was a most happy understanding between us. The same house, the same love, united our persons and our desires. How many soft moments did we pass together! We took all opportunities to express to each other our mutual affection, and were ingenious in contriving incidents which might give us a plausible occasion of meeting. Pyramus and Thisbe's discovery of the crack in the wall was but a slight representation of our love and its sagacity. In the dead of night, when Fulbert and his domestics were in a sound sleep, we improved the time proper with the sweets of love; not contenting ourselves, like those unfortunate lovers, with giving insipid kisses to a wall, we made use of all the moments of our charming interviews. In the place where we met we had no lions to fear, and the study of philosophy served us for a blind. But I was so far from making any advances in the sciences that I lost all my taste for them, and when I was obliged to go from the sight of my dear mistress to my philosophical exercises, it was with the utmost regret and

Her uncle separates them

melancholy. Love is incapable of being concealed; a word, a look, nay, silence, speaks it. My scholars discovered it first; they saw I had no longer that vivacity of thought to which all things are easy; I could now do nothing but write verses to soothe my passion. I quitted Aristotle and his dry maxims to practise the precepts of the more ingenious Ovid. No day passed in which I did not compose amorous verses; love was my inspiring Apollo. My songs were spread abroad and gained me frequent applause. Those who were in love as I was took a pride in learning them, and by luckily applying my thoughts and verses they obtained favours which perhaps they would not otherwise have gained. This gave our amours such an *éclat* that the lives of Heloise and Abelard were the subject of all conversations.

The town talk at last reached Fulbert's ears; it was with great difficulty he gave credit to what he heard, for he loved his niece, and was prejudiced in my favour; but upon closer examination he began to be less credulous. He surprised us in one of our more tender conversations. How fatal sometimes are the consequences of curiosity! The anger of Fulbert seemed too moderate on this occasion, and I feared in the end some more heavy revenge. It is impossible to express the grief and regret which filled my soul when I was obliged to leave the Canon's house and my dear Heloise. But this separation of our persons the more firmly united our minds; and the desperate condition we were reduced to made us capable of attempting anything.

My intrigues gave me but little shame, so

The episode of the maid

lovingly did I regard the occasion; think what the gay young divinities said when Vulcan caught Mars and the Goddess of Beauty in his net, and impute it all to me. Fulbert surprised me with Heloise, but what man that had a soul in him would not have borne any ignominy on the same conditions? The next day I provided myself with a private lodging near the loved house, being resolved not to abandon my prey. I abode some time without appearing publicly. Ah! how long did those few days seem to me! When we fall from a state of happiness with what impatience do we bear our misfortunes!

It being impossible that I could live without seeing Heloise, I endeavoured to engage her servant, whose name was Agaton, in my interest. She was brown, well-shaped, and a person superior to her rank; her features were regular and her eyes sparkling, fit to raise love in any man whose heart was not prepossessed by another passion. I met her alone and entreated her to have pity on a distressed lover. She answered she would undertake anything to serve me, but there was a reward. At these words I opened my purse and showed the shining metal which puts to sleep guards, forces a way through rocks, and softens the heart of the most obdurate fair.

'You are mistaken,' said she, smiling and shaking her head, 'you do not know me; could gold tempt me, a rich abbot takes his nightly station and sings under my window; he offers to send me to his abbey, which, he says, is situated in the most pleasant country in the world. A courtier offers me a considerable sum and assures

The maid's revenge

me I need have no apprehension, for if our amours have consequences he will marry me to his gentleman and give him a handsome employment. To say nothing of a young officer who patrols about here every night and makes his attacks in all sorts of imaginable forms. It must be love only which could oblige him to follow me, for I have not, like your great ladies, any rings or jewels to tempt him. Yet, during all his siege of love, his feathers and his embroidered coat have not made any breach in my heart. I shall not quickly be brought to capitulate, I am too faithful to my first conqueror.'

She looked earnestly at me, and I said I did not understand.

'For a man of sense and gallantry,' she replied, 'you are slow of apprehension. I am in love with you, Abelard; I know you adore Heloise, and I do not blame you, I desire only to enjoy the second place in your affections. I have a tender heart as well as my mistress; you may without difficulty make returns to my passion. Do not perplex yourself with scruples; a prudent man should love several at the same time, then if one should fail he is not left unprovided.'

You can imagine, Philintus, how much I was surprised at these words: so entirely did I love Heloise that, without reflecting whether Agaton spoke reasonably or not, I immediately left her. When I had gone a little way from her I looked back and saw her biting her nails in a rage of disappointment; this made me fear some fatal consequences. She hastened to Fulbert and told him the offer I had made her, but I suppose

concealed the other part of the story. The Canon never forgave this affront; I afterwards perceived he was more deeply concerned for his niece than I had at first imagined. Let no lover hereafter follow my example, for a woman rejected is an outrageous creature. Agaton was at her window night and day on purpose to keep me away from her mistress, and so she gave her gallants every opportunity to display their abilities.

He carries off Heloise

I was infinitely perplexed what course to take; at last I applied myself to Heloise's singing-master. The shining metal, which had no effect on Agaton, charmed him: he was excellently qualified for conveying a *billet* with the greatest dexterity and secrecy. He delivered one of mine to Heloise, who, according to my appointment, met me at the end of the garden, I having scaled the wall with a ladder of ropes. I confess to you all my failings, Philintus; how would my enemies Champeaux and Anselm have triumphed had they seen this redoubted philosopher in such a wretched condition. Well! I met my soul's joy—my Heloise! I shall not transcribe our transports, they were not long, for the first news Heloise acquainted me with plunged me into a thousand distractions. A floating Delos was to be sought for, where she might be safely delivered of a burden she began already to feel. Without losing much time in debating, I made her presently quit the Canon's house and at break of day depart for Brittany; where she, like another goddess, gave the world another Apollo, which my sister took care of.

This carrying off of Heloise was sufficient revenge on Fulbert. It filled him with the deepest

Heloise disapproves marriage

concern, and had like to have deprived him of the small share of wits which Heaven had allowed him. His sorrow and lamentation gave the censorious an occasion of suspecting him for something more than the uncle of Heloise.

In short, I began to pity his misfortune, and to think this robbery which love had made me commit was a sort of treason. I endeavoured to appease his anger by a sincere confession of all that was past, and by hearty engagements to marry Heloise secretly. He gave me his consent, and with many protestations and embraces confirmed our reconciliation. But what dependence can be made on the word of an ignorant devotee? He was only plotting a cruel revenge, as you will see by what follows.

I took a journey into Brittany in order to bring back my dear Heloise, whom I now considered my wife. When I had acquainted her with what had passed between the Canon and me I found she was of a contrary opinion to me. She urged all that was possible to divert me from marriage —that it was a bond always fatal to a philosopher; that the cries of children and the cares of a family were utterly inconsistent with the tranquillity and application which study require. She quoted to me all that was written on the subject by Theophrastus, Cicero, and, above all, insisted on the unfortunate Socrates, who quitted life with joy because by that means he left Xanthippe.

'Will it not be more agreeable to me,' said she, 'to see myself your mistress than your wife? And will not love have more power than marriage to keep our hearts firmly united? Pleasures

tasted sparingly and with difficulty have always a higher relish, whilst everything that is easy and common grows stale and insipid.'

Lucilla also

I was unmoved by all this reasoning, so Heloise prevailed upon my sister to speak to me. Lucilla (for that was her name) therefore took me aside and said,—

'What do you intend, brother? Is it possible that Abelard should in earnest think of marrying Heloise? She seems, indeed, to deserve a perpetual affection; beauty, youth and learning, all that can make a person valuable meet in her. You may adore all this if you please, but not to flatter you, what is beauty but a flower which may be blasted by the least fit of sickness? When those features with which you have been so captivated shall be sunk, and those graces lost, you will too late repent that you have entangled yourself in a chain from which death alone can free you. I shall see you reduced to the married man's only hope of survivorship. Do you think that learning makes Heloise more amiable? I know she is not one of those affected females who are continually oppressing you with fine speeches, criticising looks, and deciding upon the merit of authors. When such a one is in the rush of her discourse, husband, friends and servants all fly before her. Heloise has not this fault, yet 'tis troublesome not to be at liberty to use the least improper expression before a wife which you hear with pleasure from a mistress. But you say you are sure of the affection of Heloise; I believe it; she has given you no ordinary proofs. But can you be sure marriage

Fulbert's revenge

will not be the tomb of her love? The name of husband and master is always harsh, and Heloise will not be the Phœnix you now think her. Will she not be a woman? Come, come, the head of a philosopher is less secure than those of other men!'

My sister grew warm in the argument, and was going on to give me a hundred more reasons of this kind, but I angrily interrupted her, telling her only that she did not know Heloise.

A few days after we departed together from Brittany and came to Paris, where I completed my project. It was my intent my marriage should be kept secret, and therefore Heloise retired among the nuns of Argenteuil.

I now thought Fulbert's anger disarmed; I lived in peace; but alas! our marriage proved but a weak defence against his revenge. Observe, Philintus, to what a barbarity he pursued it! He bribed my servants; an assassin came into my bed-chamber by night, with a razor in his hand, and found me in a deep sleep. I suffered the most shameful punishment that the revenge of an enemy could invent; in short, without losing my life, I lost my manhood. So cruel an action escaped not justice, the villain suffered the same mutilation, poor comfort for so irretrievable an evil. I confess to you that shame more than any sincere penitence made me resolve to hide myself from the sight of men, yet could I not separate myself from my Heloise. Jealousy took possession of my mind, and at the very expense of her happiness I decreed to disappoint all rivals. Before I put myself in a cloister I obliged her to take the

habit and retire into the nunnery of Argenteuil. I remember somebody would have opposed her making such a cruel sacrifice of herself, but she answered in the words of Cornelia after the death of Pompey the Great,— **They seek the cloister**

> 'O my loved lord, our fatal marriage draws
> On thee this doom, and I the guilty cause!
> Then whilst thou goest th' extremes of fate to prove,
> I'll share that fate and expiate thus my love.'

Speaking these verses she marched up to the altar and took the veil with a constancy which I could not have expected in a woman who had so high a taste of pleasures which she might still enjoy. I blushed at my own weakness, and without deliberating a moment longer I buried myself in a cloister and resolved to vanquish a useless passion. I now reflected that God had chastised me thus grievously that He might save me from that destruction in which I had like to have been swallowed up. In order to avoid idleness, the unhappy incendiary of those criminal flames which had ruined me in the world, I endeavoured in my retirement to put those talents to a good use which I had before so much abused. I gave the novices rules of divinity agreeable to the Holy Fathers and Councils. In the meanwhile the enemies that my new fame had raised up,—and especially Alberic and Lotulf, who, after the death of their masters Champeaux and Anselm, assumed the sovereignty of learning,—began to attack me. They loaded me with the falsest imputations, and, notwithstanding all my defence, I had the mortification to see my books con-

demned by a Council and burnt. This was a cutting sorrow, and, believe me, Philintus, the former calamity I suffered by the cruelty of Fulbert was nothing in comparison to this.

He builds the Paraclete

The affront I had newly received and the scandalous debaucheries of the monks obliged me to banish myself, and retire near to Nogent. I lived in a desert where I flattered myself I should avoid fame and be secure from the malice of my enemies. I was again deceived. The desire of being taught by me drew crowds of auditors even hither. Many left the towns and their houses, and came and lived in tents; for herbs, coarse fare and hard lodging, they abandoned the delicacies of a plentiful table and an easy life. I looked like the prophet in the wilderness attended by his disciples. My lectures were perfectly clear from all that had been condemned. Happy had it been if our solitude had been inaccessible to envy! With the considerable gratuities I received I built a chapel, and dedicated it to the Holy Ghost by the name of the Paraclete. The rage of my enemies now awakened again and forced me to quit this retreat. This I did without much difficulty, but first the Bishop of Troyes gave me leave to establish there a nunnery, and commit it to the care of my dear Heloise. When I had settled her there, can you believe it, Philintus, I left her without taking leave.

I did not wander long without any settled habitation, for the Duke of Brittany, informed of my misfortunes, named me to the Abbey of St. Gildas, where I now am, and where I suffer every day fresh persecutions.

The interior of a monastery

I live in a barbarous country, the language of which I don't understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. My walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea which is always stormy. My monks are known only for their dissoluteness, and live without any rule or order. Could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not recognise it for one: the doors and walls are without any ornament save the heads of wild boars and the feet of hinds, which are nailed up, and the hides of frightful animals. The cells are hung with the skins of deer; the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. In short, they pass their time in hunting, and I would to God that were their greatest fault! Their pleasures do not terminate there, and I try in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. Sometimes they surround me and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings and so appease an angry God. Sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete and wish to see it again. Ah, Philintus! does not the love for Heloise yet burn in my heart! I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name of Heloise, and delight to hear the sound! I complain of the severity of Heaven; but oh! let us not deceive ourselves, I

Love still reigns

have not yet made a right use of grace. I am thoroughly wretched; I have not yet torn from my heart the deep roots which vice has planted in it, for if my conversion were sincere, how could I take pleasure in relating my past faults? Could I not more easily comfort myself in my afflictions; could I not turn to my advantage those words of God Himself—*If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you; if the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me also.* Come, Philintus, let us make a strong effort, turn our misfortunes to our advantage, make them meritorious, or at least wipe out our offences: let us receive without murmuring what comes from the hand of God, and let us not oppose our will to His. Adieu; I give you advice which, could I myself follow, I should be happy.

LETTER II

Heloise to Abelard

To her Lord, her Father, her Husband, her Brother; his Servant, his Child, his Wife, his Sister, and to express all that is humble, respectful and loving to her Abelard, Heloise writes this.

Mournful remembrances

A CONSOLATORY letter of yours to a friend happened some days since to fall into my hands; my knowledge of the writing and my love of the hand gave me the curiosity to open it. In justification of the liberty I took, I flattered myself I might claim a sovereign privilege over everything which came from you. Nor was I scrupulous to break through the rules of good breeding when I was to hear news of Abelard. But how dear did my curiosity cost me! What disturbance did it occasion, and how surprised I was to find the whole letter filled with a particular and melancholy account of our misfortunes! I met with my name a hundred times; I never saw it without fear, some heavy calamity always followed it. I saw yours too, equally unhappy. These mournful but dear remembrances put my heart into such violent motion that I thought it was too much to offer comfort to a friend for a few slight disgraces, but such extraordinary means as the representation of our sufferings and revolutions.

The sorrows of Abelard

What reflections did I not make! I began to consider the whole afresh, and perceived myself pressed with the same weight of grief as when we first began to be miserable. Though length of time ought to have closed up my wounds, yet the seeing them described by your hand was sufficient to make them all open and bleed afresh. Nothing can ever blot from my memory what you have suffered in defence of your writings. I cannot help thinking of the rancorous malice of Alberic and Lotulf. A cruel Uncle and an injured Lover will always be present to my aching sight. I shall never forget what enemies your learning, and what envy your glory raised against you. I shall never forget your reputation, so justly acquired, torn to pieces and blasted by the inexorable cruelty of pseudo pretenders to science. Was not your treatise of Divinity condemned to be burnt? Were you not threatened with perpetual imprisonment? In vain you urged in your defence that your enemies imposed upon you opinions quite different from your meanings. In vain you condemned those opinions; all was of no effect towards your justification, 'twas resolved you should be a heretic! What did not those two false prophets accuse you of who declaimed so severely against you before the Council of Sens? What scandals were vented on occasion of the name of Paraclete given to your chapel! What a storm was raised against you by the treacherous monks when you did them the honour to be called their brother! This history of our numerous misfortunes, related in so true and moving a manner, made my heart bleed within me

Heloise weeps

My tears, which I could not refrain, have blotted half your letter; I wish they had effaced the whole, and that I had returned it to you in that condition; I should then have been satisfied with the little time I kept it; but it was demanded of me too soon.

I must confess I was much easier in my mind before I read your letter. Surely all the misfortunes of lovers are conveyed to them through the eyes: upon reading your letter I feel all mine renewed. I reproached myself for having been so long without venting my sorrows, when the rage of our unrelenting enemies still burns with the same fury. Since length of time, which disarms the strongest hatred, seems but to aggravate theirs; since it is decreed that your virtue shall be persecuted till it takes refuge in the grave—and even then, perhaps, your ashes will not be allowed to rest in peace!—let me always meditate on your calamities, let me publish them through all the world, if possible, to shame an age that has not known how to value you. I will spare no one since no one would interest himself to protect you, and your enemies are never weary of oppressing your innocence. Alas! my memory is perpetually filled with bitter remembrances of passed evils; and are there more to be feared still? Shall my Abelard never be mentioned without tears? Shall the dear name never be spoken but with sighs? Observe, I beseech you, to what a wretched condition you have reduced me; sad, afflicted, without any possible comfort unless it proceed from you. Be not then unkind, nor deny me, I beg of you, that little relief which you

She bids Abelard write

only can give. Let me have a faithful account of all that concerns you; I would know everything, be it ever so unfortunate. Perhaps by mingling my sighs with yours I may make your sufferings less, for it is said that all sorrows divided are made lighter.

Tell me not by way of excuse you will spare me tears; the tears of women shut up in a melancholy place and devoted to penitence are not to be spared. And if you wait for an opportunity to write pleasant and agreeable things to us, you will delay writing too long. Prosperity seldom chooses the side of the virtuous, and fortune is so blind that in a crowd in which there is perhaps but one wise and brave man it is not to be expected that she should single him out. Write to me then immediately and wait not for miracles; they are too scarce, and we too much accustomed to misfortunes to expect a happy turn. I shall always have this, if you please, and this will always be agreeable to me, that when I receive any letter from you I shall know you still remember me. Seneca (with whose writings you made me acquainted), though he was a Stoic, seemed to be so very sensible to this kind of pleasure, that upon opening any letters from Lucilius he imagined he felt the same delight as when they conversed together.

I have made it an observation since our absence, that we are much fonder of the pictures of those we love when they are at a great distance than when they are near us. It seems to me as if the farther they are removed their pictures grow the more finished, and acquire a greater resemblance; or

The power of letters

at least our imagination, which perpetually figures them to us by the desire we have of seeing them again, makes us think so. By a peculiar power love can make that seem life itself which, as soon as the loved object returns, is nothing but a little canvas and flat colour. I have your picture in my room; I never pass it without stopping to look at it; and yet when you are present with me I scarce ever cast my eyes on it. If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire? They have souls; they can speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart; they have all the fire of our passions, they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present; they have all the tenderness and the delicacy of speech, and sometimes even a boldness of expression beyond it.

We may write to each other; so innocent a pleasure is not denied us. Let us not lose through negligence the only happiness which is left us, and the only one perhaps which the malice of our enemies can never ravish from us. I shall read that you are my husband and you shall see me sign myself your wife. In spite of all our misfortunes you may be what you please in your letter. Letters were first invented for consoling such solitary wretches as myself. Having lost the substantial pleasures of seeing and possessing you, I shall in some measure compensate this loss by the satisfaction I shall find in your writing. There I shall read your most sacred thoughts; I shall carry them always about with me, I shall kiss them every moment; if you can be capable of

His duty to her nuns

any jealousy let it be for the fond caresses I shall bestow upon your letters, and envy only the happiness of those rivals. That writing may be no trouble to you, write always to me carelessly and without study; I had rather read the dictates of the heart than of the brain. I cannot live if you will not tell me that you still love me; but that language ought to be so natural to you, that I believe you cannot speak otherwise to me without violence to yourself. And since by this melancholy relation to your friend you have awakened all my sorrows, 'tis but reasonable you should allay them by some tokens of your unchanging love.

I do not however reproach you for the innocent artifice you made use of to comfort a person in affliction by comparing his misfortune to another far greater. Charity is ingenious in finding out such pious plans, and to be commended for using them. But do you owe nothing more to us than to that friend—be the friendship between you ever so intimate? We are called your Sisters; we call ourselves your children, and if it were possible to think of any expression which could signify a dearer relation, or a more affectionate regard and mutual obligation between us, we should use it. If we could be so ungrateful as not to speak our just acknowledgments to you, this church, these altars, these walls, would reproach our silence and speak for us. But without leaving it to that, it will always be a pleasure to me to say that you only are the founder of this house, 'tis wholly your work. You, by inhabiting here, have given fame and holiness to a place known before only for robberies and murders. You have in a literal

Woman needs support

sense made the den of thieves into a house of prayer. These cloisters owe nothing to public charities; our walls were not raised by the usuries of publicans, nor their foundations laid in base extortion. The God whom we serve sees nothing but innocent riches and harmless votaries whom you have placed here. Whatever this young vineyard is, is owing only to you, and it is your part to employ your whole care to cultivate and improve it; this ought to be one of the principal affairs of your life. Though our holy renunciation, our vows and our manner of life seem to secure us from all temptation; though our walls and gates prohibit all approaches, yet it is the outside only, the bark of the tree, that is protected from injuries; the sap of the original corruption may imperceptibly spread within, even to the heart, and prove fatal to the most promising plantation, unless continual care be taken to cultivate and secure it. Virtue in us is grafted upon nature and the woman; the one is changeable, the other is weak. To plant the Lord's vineyard is a work of no little labour; but after it is planted it will require great application and diligence to dress it. The Apostle of the Gentiles, great labourer as he was, says he hath planted, Apollos hath watered, but it is God that gives the increase. Paul had planted the Gospel amongst the Corinthians, Apollos, his zealous disciple, continued to cultivate it by frequent exhortations; and the grace of God, which their constant prayers implored for that church, made the work of both be fruitful.

This ought to be an example for your conduct towards us. I know you are not slothful, yet

The friendships of saints

your labours are not directed towards us; your cares are wasted upon a set of men whose thoughts are only earthly, and you refuse to reach out your hand to support those who are weak and staggering in their way to heaven, and who with all their endeavours can scarcely prevent themselves from falling. You fling the pearls of the Gospel before swine when you speak to those who are filled with the good things of this world and nourished with the fatness of the earth; and you neglect the innocent sheep, who, tender as they are, would yet follow you over deserts and mountains. Why are such pains thrown away upon the ungrateful, while not a thought is bestowed upon your children, whose souls would be filled with a sense of your goodness? But why should I entreat you in the name of your children? Is it possible I should fear obtaining anything of you when I ask it in my own name? And must I use any other prayers than my own in order to prevail upon you? The St. Austins, Tertullians and Jeromes have written to the Eudoxias, Paulas and Melanias; and can you read those names, though of saints, and not remember mine? Can it be criminal for you to imitate St. Jerome and discourse with me concerning the Scriptures; or Tertullian and preach mortification; or St. Austin and explain to me the nature of grace? Why should I alone not reap the advantage of your learning? When you write to me you will write to your wife; marriage has made such a correspondence lawful, and since you can without the least scandal satisfy me, why will you not? I am not only engaged by my vows, but I have the fear

of my Uncle before me. There is nothing, then, that you need dread; you need not fly to conquer. You may see me, hear my sighs, and be a witness of all my sorrows without incurring any danger, since you can only relieve me with tears and words. If I have put myself into a cloister with reason, persuade me to stay in it with devotion. You have been the occasion of all my misfortunes, you therefore must be the instrument of all my comfort.

Love still lives

You cannot but remember (for lovers cannot forget) with what pleasure I have passed whole days in hearing your discourse. How when you were absent I shut myself from everyone to write to you; how uneasy I was till my letter had come to your hands; what artful management it required to engage messengers. This detail perhaps surprises you, and you are in pain for what may follow. But I am no longer ashamed that my passion had no bounds for you, for I have done more than all this. I have hated myself that I might love you; I came hither to ruin myself in a perpetual imprisonment that I might make you live quietly and at ease. Nothing but virtue, joined to a love perfectly disengaged from the senses, could have produced such effects. Vice never inspires anything like this, it is too much enslaved to the body. When we love pleasures we love the living and not the dead. We leave off burning with desire for those who can no longer burn for us. This was my cruel Uncle's notion; he measured my virtue by the frailty of my sex, and thought it was the man and not the person I loved. But he has been guilty to no

The liberty of love

purpose. I love you more than ever; and so revenge myself on him. I will still love you with all the tenderness of my soul till the last moment of my life. If, formerly, my affection for you was not so pure, if in those days both mind and body loved you, I often told you even then that I was more pleased with possessing your heart than with any other happiness, and the man was the thing I least valued in you.

You cannot but be entirely persuaded of this by the extreme unwillingness I showed to marry you, though I knew that the name of wife was honourable in the world and holy in religion; yet the name of your mistress had greater charms because it was more free. The bonds of matrimony, however honourable, still bear with them a necessary engagement, and I was very unwilling to be necessitated to love always a man who would perhaps not always love me. I despised the name of wife that I might live happy with that of mistress; and I find by your letter to your friend you have not forgot that delicacy of passion which loved you always with the utmost tenderness —and yet wished to love you more! You have very justly observed in your letter that I esteemed those public engagements insipid which form alliances only to be dissolved by death, and which put life and love under the same unhappy necessity. But you have not added how often I have protested that it was infinitely preferable to me to live with Abelard as his mistress than with any other as Empress of the World. I was more happy in obeying you than I should have been as lawful spouse of the King of the Earth. Riches

and pomp are not the charm of love. True tenderness makes us separate the lover from all that is external to him, and setting aside his position, fortune or employments, consider him merely as himself.

The martyrs of marriage

It is not love, but the desire of riches and position which makes a woman run into the embraces of an indolent husband. Ambition, and not affection, forms such marriages. I believe indeed they may be followed with some honours and advantages, but I can never think that this is the way to experience the pleasures of affectionate union, nor to feel those subtle and charming joys when hearts long parted are at last united. These martyrs of marriage pine always for larger fortunes which they think they have missed. The wife sees husbands richer than her own, and the husband wives better portioned than his. Their mercenary vows occasion regret, and regret produces hatred. Soon they part—or else desire to. This restless and tormenting passion for gold punishes them for aiming at other advantages by love than love itself.

If there is anything that may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded it is the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other's merits. Their hearts are full and leave no vacancy for any other passion; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity because they enjoy content.

If I could believe you as truly persuaded of my merit as I am of yours, I might say there has been a time when we were such a pair. Alas! how

Abelard's attractions

was it possible I should not be certain of your mind? If I could ever have doubted it, the universal esteem would have made me decide in your favour. What country, what city, has not desired your presence? Could you ever retire but you drew the eyes and hearts of all after you? Did not everyone rejoice in having seen you? Even women, breaking through the laws of decorum which custom had imposed upon them, showed they felt more for you than mere esteem. I have known some who have been profuse in their husbands' praises who have yet envied me my happiness. But what could resist you? Your reputation, which so much attracts the vanity of our sex, your air, your manner, that light in your eyes which expresses the vivacity of your mind, your conversation so easy and elegant that it gave everything you said an agreeable turn; in short, everything spoke for you! Very different from those mere scholars who with all their learning have not the capacity to keep up an ordinary conversation, and who with all their wit cannot win a woman who has much less share of brains than themselves.

With what ease did you compose verses! And yet those ingenious trifles, which were but a recreation to you, are still the entertainment and delight of persons of the best taste. The smallest song, the least sketch of anything you made for me, had a thousand beauties capable of making it last as long as there are lovers in the world. Thus those songs will be sung in honour of other women which you designed only for me, and those tender and natural expressions which spoke your

She is not jealous

love will help others to explain their passion with much more advantage than they themselves are capable of.

What rivalries did your gallantries of this kind occasion me! How many ladies lay claim to them? 'Twas a tribute their self-love paid to their beauty. How many have I seen with sighs declare their passion for you when, after some common visit you had made them, they chanced to be complimented for the Sylvia of your poems. Others in despair and envy have reproached me that I had no charms but what your wit bestowed on me, nor in anything the advantage over them but in being beloved by you. Can you believe me if I tell you, that notwithstanding my sex, I thought myself peculiarly happy in having a lover to whom I was obliged for my charms; and took a secret pleasure in being admired by a man who, when he pleased, could raise his mistress to the character of a goddess. Pleased with your glory only, I read with delight all those praises you offered me, and without reflecting how little I deserved, I believed myself such as you described, that I might be more certain that I pleased you.

But oh! where is that happy time? I now lament my lover, and of all my joys have nothing but the painful memory that they are past. Now learn, all you my rivals who once viewed my happiness with jealous eyes, that he you once envied me can never more be mine. I loved him; my love was his crime and the cause of his punishment. My beauty once charmed him; pleased with each other we passed our brightest days in tranquillity and happiness. If that were a

She reproaches him for neglect

crime, 'tis a crime I am yet fond of, and I have no other regret save that against my will I must now be innocent. But what do I say? My misfortune was to have cruel relatives whose malice destroyed the calm we enjoyed; had they been reasonable I had now been happy in the enjoyment of my dear husband. Oh! how cruel were they when their blind fury urged a villain to surprise you in your sleep! Where was I—where was your Heloise then? What joy should I have had in defending my lover; I would have guarded you from violence at the expense of my life. Oh! whither does this excess of passion hurry me? Here love is shocked and modesty deprives me of words.

But tell me whence proceeds your neglect of me since my being professed? You know nothing moved me to it but your disgrace, nor did I give my consent, but yours. Let me hear what is the occasion of your coldness, or give me leave to tell you now my opinion. Was it not the sole thought of pleasure which engaged you to me? And has not my tenderness, by leaving you nothing to wish for, extinguished your desires? Wretched Heloise! you could please when you wished to avoid it; you merited incense when you could remove to a distance the hand that offered it: but since your heart has been softened and has yielded, since you have devoted and sacrificed yourself, you are deserted and forgotten! I am convinced by a sad experience that it is natural to avoid those to whom we have been too much obliged, and that uncommon generosity causes neglect rather than gratitude. My heart surrendered too soon to gain

Between God and man

the esteem of the conqueror; you took it without difficulty and throw it aside with ease. But ungrateful as you are I am no consenting party to this, and though I ought not to retain a wish of my own, yet I still preserve secretly the desire to be loved by you. When I pronounced my sad vow I then had about me your last letters in which you protested your whole being wholly mine, and would never live but to love me. It is to you therefore I have offered myself; you had my heart and I had yours; do not demand anything back. You must bear with my passion as a thing which of right belongs to you, and from which you can be no ways disengaged.

Alas! what folly it is to talk in this way! I see nothing here but marks of the Deity, and I speak of nothing but man! You have been the cruel occasion of this by your conduct, Unfaithful One! Ought you at once to break off loving me! Why did you not deceive me for a while rather than immediately abandon me? If you had given me at least some faint signs of a dying passion I would have favoured the deception. But in vain do I flatter myself that you could be constant; you have left no vestige of an excuse for you. I am earnestly desirous to see you, but if that be impossible I will content myself with a few lines from your hand. Is it so hard for one who loves to write? I ask for none of your letters filled with learning and writ for your reputation; all I desire is such letters as the heart dictates, and which the hand cannot transcribe fast enough. How did I deceive myself with hopes that you would be wholly mine when I

She confesses her sin

took the veil, and engage myself to live for ever under your laws? For in being professed I vowed no more than to be yours only, and I forced myself voluntarily to a confinement which you desired for me. Death only then can make me leave the cloister where you have placed me; and then my ashes shall rest here and wait for yours in order to show to the very last my obedience and devotion to you.

Why should I conceal from you the secret of my call? You know it was neither zeal nor devotion that brought me here. Your conscience is too faithful a witness to permit you to disown it. Yet here I am, and here I will remain; to this place an unfortunate love and a cruel relation have condemned me. But if you do not continue your concern for me, if I lose your affection, what have I gained by my imprisonment? What recompense can I hope for? The unhappy consequences of our love and your disgrace have made me put on the habit of chastity, but I am not penitent of the past. Thus I strive and labour in vain. Among those who are wedded to God I am wedded to a man; among the heroic supporters of the Cross I am the slave of a human desire; at the head of a religious community I am devoted to Abelard alone. What a monster am I! Enlighten me, O Lord, for I know not if my despair or Thy grace draws these words from me! I am, I confess, a sinner, but one who, far from weeping for her sins, weeps only for her lover; far from abhorring her crimes, longs only to add to them; and who, with a weakness unbecoming my state, please myself

continually with the remembrance of past delights when it is impossible to renew them.

But yields to her passion

Good God! What is all this? I reproach myself for my own faults, I accuse you for yours, and to what purpose? Veiled as I am, behold in what a disorder you have plunged me! How difficult it is to fight for duty against inclination. I know what obligations this veil lays upon me, but I feel more strongly what power an old passion has over my heart. I am conquered by my feelings; love troubles my mind and disorders my will. Sometimes I am swayed by the sentiment of piety which arises within me, and then the next moment I yield up my imagination to all that is amorous and tender. I tell you to-day what I would not have said to you yesterday. I had resolved to love you no more; I considered I had made a vow, taken a veil, and am as it were dead and buried, yet there rises unexpectedly from the bottom of my heart a passion which triumphs over all these thoughts, and darkens alike my reason and my religion. You reign in such inward retreats of my soul that I know not where to attack you; when I endeavour to break those chains by which I am bound to you I only deceive myself, and all my efforts but serve to bind them faster. Oh, for pity's sake help a wretch to renounce her desires—her self—and if possible even to renounce you! If you are a lover—a father, help a mistress, comfort a child! These tender names must surely move you; yield either to pity or to love. If you gratify my request I shall continue a religious, and without longer profaning my calling. I am ready to

Further reproaches

humble myself with you to the wonderful goodness of God, Who does all things for our sanctification, Who by His grace purifies all that is vicious and corrupt, and by the great riches of His mercy draws us against our wishes, and by degrees opens our eyes to behold His bounty which at first we could not perceive.

I thought to end my letter here, but now I am complaining against you I must unload my heart and tell you all its jealousies and reproaches. Indeed I thought it somewhat hard that when we had both engaged to consecrate ourselves to Heaven you should insist upon my doing it first. 'Does Abelard then,' said I, 'suspect that, like Lot's wife, I shall look back?' If my youth and sex might give occasion of fear that I should return to the world, could not my behaviour, my fidelity, and this heart which you ought to know, banish such ungenerous apprehensions? This distrust hurt me; I said to myself, 'There was a time when he could rely upon my bare word, and does he now want vows to secure himself to me? What occasion have I given him in the whole course of my life to admit the least suspicion? I could meet him at all his assignations, and would I decline to follow him to the Seats of Holiness? I, who have not refused to be the victim of pleasure in order to gratify him, can he think I would refuse to be a sacrifice of honour when he desired it?' Has vice such charms to refined natures, that when once we have drunk of the cup of sinners it is with such difficulty we accept the chalice of saints? Or did you believe yourself to be more competent to teach vice than virtue,

or me more ready to learn the first than the latter? No; this suspicion would be injurious to us both: Virtue is too beautiful not to be embraced when you reveal her charms, and Vice too hideous not to be abhorred when you display her deformities. Nay, when *you* please, anything seems lovely to me, and nothing is ugly when you are by. I am only weak when I am alone and unsupported by you, and therefore it depends on you alone to make me such as you desire. I wish to Heaven you had not such a power over me! If you had any occasion to fear you would be less negligent. But what is there for you to fear? I have done too much, and now have nothing more to do but to triumph over your ingratitude. When we lived happily together you might have doubted whether pleasure or affection united me more to you, but the place from whence I write to you must surely have dissolved all doubt. Even here I love you as much as ever I did in the world. If I had loved pleasures could I not have found means to gratify myself? I was not more than twenty-two years old, and there were other men left though I was deprived of Abelard. And yet I buried myself alive in a nunnery, and triumphed over life at an age capable of enjoying it to its full latitude. It is to you I sacrifice these remains of a transitory beauty, these widowed nights and tedious days; and since you cannot possess them I take them from you to offer them to Heaven, and so make, alas! but a secondary oblation of my heart, my days, my life!

The purity of her love

I am sensible I have dwelt too long on this subject; I ought to speak less to you of your

The strength of her love

misfortunes and of my sufferings. We tarnish the lustre of our most beautiful actions when we applaud them ourselves. This is true, and yet there is a time when we may with decency commend ourselves; when we have to do with those whom base ingratitude has stupefied we cannot too much praise our own actions. Now if you were this sort of creature this would be a home reflection on you. Irresolute as I am I still love you, and yet I must hope for nothing. I have renounced life, and stript myself of everything, but I find I neither have nor can renounce my Abelard. Though I have lost my lover I still preserve my love. O vows! O convent! I have not lost my humanity under your inexorable discipline! You have not turned me to marble by changing my habit; my heart is not hardened by my imprisonment; I am still sensible to what has touched me, though, alas! I ought not to be! Without offending your commands permit a lover to exhort me to live in obedience to your rigorous rules. Your yoke will be lighter if that hand support me under it; your exercises will be pleasant if he show me their advantage. Retirement and solitude will no longer seem terrible if I may know that I still have a place in his memory. A heart which has loved as mine cannot soon be indifferent. We fluctuate long between love and hatred before we can arrive at tranquillity, and we always flatter ourselves with some forlorn hope that we shall not be utterly forgotten.

Yes, Abelard, I conjure you by the chains I bear here to ease the weight of them, and make them as agreeable as I would they were to me.

Teach me the maxims of Divine Love; since you have forsaken me I would glory in being wedded to Heaven. My heart adores that title and disdains any other; tell me how this Divine Love is nourished, how it works, how it purifies. When we were tossed on the ocean of the world we could hear of nothing but your verses, which published everywhere our joys and pleasures. Now we are in the haven of grace is it not fit you should discourse to me of this new happiness, and teach me everything that might heighten or improve it? Show me the same complaisance in my present condition as you did when we were in the world. Without changing the ardour of our affections let us change their objects; let us leave our songs and sing hymns; let us lift up our hearts to God and have no transports but for His glory!

The human or the divine?

I expect this from you as a thing you cannot refuse me. God has a peculiar right over the hearts of great men He has created. When He pleases to touch them He ravishes them, and lets them not speak nor breathe but for His glory. Till that moment of grace arrives, O think of me —do not forget me—remember my love and fidelity and constancy: love me as your mistress, cherish me as your child, your sister, your wife! Remember I still love you, and yet strive to avoid loving you. What a terrible saying is this! I shake with horror, and my heart revolts against what I say. I shall blot all my paper with tears. I end my long letter wishing you, if you desire it (would to Heaven I could!), for ever adieu!

LETTER III

Abelard to Heloise

Abelard confesses

COULD I have imagined that a letter not written to yourself would fall into your hands, I had been more cautious not to have inserted anything in it which might awaken the memory of our past misfortunes. I described with boldness the series of my disgraces to a friend, in order to make him less sensible to a loss he had sustained. If by this well-meaning device I have disturbed you, I purpose now to dry up those tears which the sad description occasioned you to shed; I intend to mix my grief with yours, and pour out my heart before you: in short, to lay open before your eyes all my trouble, and the secret of my soul, which my vanity has hitherto made me conceal from the rest of the world, and which you now force from me, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary.

It is true, that in a sense of the afflictions which have befallen us, and observing that no change of our condition could be expected; that those prosperous days which had seduced us were now past, and there remained nothing but to erase from our minds, by painful endeavours, all marks and remembrances of them. I had wished to find in philosophy and religion a remedy for my disgrace; I searched out an asylum to secure me from love. I was come to the sad experiment

of making vows to harden my heart. But what have I gained by this? If my passion has been put under a restraint my thoughts yet run free. I promise myself that I will forget you, and yet cannot think of it without loving you. My love is not at all lessened by those reflections I make in order to free myself. The silence I am surrounded by makes me more sensible to its impressions, and while I am unemployed with any other things, this makes itself the business of my whole vacation. Till after a multitude of useless endeavours I begin to persuade myself that it is a superfluous trouble to strive to free myself; and that it is sufficient wisdom to conceal from all but you how confused and weak I am.

The greater the silence, the louder speaks love

I remove to a distance from your person with an intention of avoiding you as an enemy; and yet I incessantly seek for you in my mind; I recall your image in my memory, and in different disquietudes I betray and contradict myself. I hate you! I love you! Shame presses me on all sides. I am at this moment afraid I should seem more indifferent than you fare, and yet I am ashamed to discover my trouble. How weak are we in ourselves if we do not support ourselves on the Cross of Christ. Shall we have so little courage, and shall that uncertainty of serving two masters which afflicts your heart affect mine too? You see the confusion I am in, how I blame myself and how I suffer. Religion commands me to pursue virtue since I have nothing to hope for from love. But love still preserves its dominion over my fancies and entertains itself with past pleasures. Memory supplies the place of a

The cloister cannot kill love

mistress. Piety and duty are not always the fruits of retirement; even in deserts, when the dew of heaven falls not on us, we love what we ought no longer to love. The passions, stirred up by solitude, fill these regions of death and silence; it is very seldom that what ought to be is truly followed here and that God only is loved and served. Had I known this before I had instructed you better. You call me your master; it is true you were entrusted to my care. I saw you, I was earnest to teach you vain sciences; it cost you your innocence and me my liberty. Your Uncle, who was fond of you, became my enemy and revenged himself on me. If now having lost the power of satisfying my passion I had also lost that of loving you, I should have some consolation. My enemies would have given me that tranquillity which Origen purchased with a crime. How miserable am I! I find myself much more guilty in my thoughts of you, even amidst my tears, than in possessing you when I was in full liberty. I continually think of you; I continually call to mind your tenderness. In this condition, O Lord! if I run to prostrate myself before your altar, if I beseech you to pity me, why does not the pure flame of the Spirit consume the sacrifice that is offered? Cannot this habit of penitence which I wear interest Heaven to treat me more favourably? But Heaven is still inexorable because my passion still lives in me; the fire is only covered over with deceitful ashes, and cannot be extinguished but by extraordinary grace. We deceive men, but nothing is hid from God.

You tell me that it is for me you live under

Her image ever before him

that veil which covers you; why do you profane your vocation with such words? Why provoke a jealous God with a blasphemy? I hoped after our separation you would have changed your sentiments; I hoped too that God would have delivered me from the tumult of my senses. We commonly die to the affections of those we see no more, and they to ours; absence is the tomb of love. But to me absence is an unquiet remembrance of what I once loved which continually torments me. I flattered myself that when I should see you no more you would rest in my memory without troubling my mind; that Brittany and the sea would suggest other thoughts; that my fasts and studies would by degrees delete you from my heart. But in spite of severe fasts and redoubled studies, in spite of the distance of three hundred miles which separates us, your image, as you describe yourself in your veil, appears to me and confounds all my resolutions.

What means have I not used! I have armed my hands against myself; I have exhausted my strength in constant exercises; I comment upon St. Paul; I contend with Aristotle: in short, I do all I used to do before I loved you, but all in vain; nothing can be successful that opposes you. Oh! do not add to my miseries by your constancy; forget, if you can, your favours and that right which they claim over me; allow me to be indifferent. I envy their happiness who have never loved; how quiet and easy are they! But the tide of pleasure has always a reflux of bitterness; I am but too much convinced now of this: but though I am no longer deceived by

He struggles for forgetfulness

love, I am not cured. While my reason condemns it my heart declares for it. I am deplorable that I have not the ability to free myself from a passion which so many circumstances, this place, my person and my disgraces tend to destroy. I yield without considering that a resistance would wipe out my past offences, and procure me in their stead both merit and repose. Why use your eloquence to reproach me for my flight and for my silence? Spare the recital of our assignations and your constant exactness to them; without calling up such disturbing thoughts I have enough to suffer. What great advantages would philosophy give us over other men, if by studying it we could learn to govern our passions? What efforts, what relapses, what agitations do we undergo! And how long are we lost in this confusion, unable to exert our reason, to possess our souls, or to rule our affections?

What a troublesome employment is love! And how valuable is virtue even upon consideration of our own ease! Recollect your extravagancies of passion, guess at my distractions; number up our cares, our griefs; throw these things out of the account and let love have all the remaining tenderness and pleasure. How little is that! And yet for such shadows of enjoyments which at first appeared to us are we so weak our whole lives that we cannot now help writing to each other, covered as we are with sackcloth and ashes. How much happier should we be if by our humiliation and tears we could make our repentance sure. The love of pleasure is not eradicated out of the soul save by extraordinary efforts; it has

And asks her help

so powerful an advocate in our breasts that we find it difficult to condemn it ourselves. What abhorrence can I be said to have of my sins if the objects of them are always amiable to me? How can I separate from the person I love the passion I should detest? Will the tears I shed be sufficient to render it odious to me? I know not how it happens, there is always a pleasure in weeping for a beloved object. It is difficult in our sorrow to distinguish penitence from love. The memory of the crime and the memory of the object which has charmed us are too nearly related to be immediately separated. And the love of God in its beginning does not wholly annihilate the love of the creature.

But what excuses could I not find in you if the crime were excusable? Unprofitable honour, troublesome riches, could never tempt me: but those charms, that beauty, that air, which I yet behold at this instant, have occasioned my fall. Your looks were the beginning of my guilt; your eyes, your discourse, pierced my heart; and in spite of that ambition and glory which tried to make a defence, love was soon the master. God, in order to punish me, forsook me. You are no longer of the world; you have renounced it: I am a religious devoted to solitude; shall we not take advantage of our condition? Would you destroy my piety in its infant state? Would you have me forsake the abbey into which I am but newly entered? Must I renounce my vows? I have made them in the presence of God; whither shall I fly from His wrath should I violate them? Suffer me to seek ease in my duty: though diffi-

He is ashamed

cult it is to procure it. I pass whole days and nights alone in this cloister without closing my eyes. My love burns fiercer amidst the happy indifference of those who surround me, and my heart is alike pierced with your sorrows and my own. Oh, what a loss have I sustained when I consider your constancy! What pleasures have I missed enjoying! I ought not to confess this weakness to you; I am sensible I commit a fault. If I could show more firmness of mind I might provoke your resentment against me and your anger might work that effect in you which your virtue could not. If in the world I published my weakness in love-songs and verses, ought not the dark cells of this house at least to conceal that same weakness under an appearance of piety? Alas! I am still the same! Or if I avoid the evil, I cannot do the good. Duty, reason and decency, which upon other occasions have some power over me, are here useless. The Gospel is a language I do not understand when it opposes my passion. Those vows I have taken before the altar are feeble when opposed to thoughts of you. Amidst so many voices which bid me do my duty, I hear and obey nothing but the secret cry of a desperate passion. Void of all relish for virtue, without concern for my condition or any application to my studies, I am continually present by my imagination where I ought not to be, and I find I have no power to correct myself. I feel a perpetual strife between inclination and duty. I find myself a distracted lover, unquiet in the midst of silence, and restless in the midst of peace. How shameful is such a condition!

Regard me no more, I entreat you, as a founder or any great personage; your praises ill agree with my many weaknesses. I am a miserable sinner, prostrate before my Judge, and with my face pressed to the earth I mix my tears with the earth. Can you see me in this posture and solicit me to love you? Come, if you think fit, and in your holy habit thrust yourself between my God and me, and be a wall of separation. Come and force from me those sighs and thoughts and vows I owe to Him alone. Assist the evil spirits and be the instrument of their malice. What cannot you induce a heart to do whose weakness you so perfectly know? Nay, withdraw yourself and contribute to my salvation. Suffer me to avoid destruction, I entreat you by our former tender affection and by our now common misfortune. It will always be the highest love to show none; I here release you from all your oaths and engagements. Be God's wholly, to whom you are appropriated; I will never oppose so pious a design. How happy shall I be if I thus lose you! Then shall I indeed be a religious and you a perfect example of an abbess.

He would give her to God

Make yourself amends by so glorious a choice; make your virtue a spectacle worthy of men and angels. Be humble among your children, assiduous in your choir, exact in your discipline, diligent in your reading; make even your recreations useful. Have you purchased your vocation at so light a rate that you should not turn it to the best advantage? Since you have permitted yourself to be abused by false doctrine and criminal instruction, resist not those good counsels which

grace and religion inspire me with. I will confess to you I have thought myself hitherto an abler master to instil vice than to teach virtue. My false eloquence has only set off false good. My heart, drunk with voluptuousness, could only suggest terms proper and moving to recommend that. The cup of sinners overflows with so enchanting a sweetness, and we are naturally so much inclined to taste it, that it needs only to be offered to us. On the other hand the chalice of saints is filled with a bitter draught and nature starts from it. And yet you reproach me with cowardice for giving it to you first. I willingly submit to these accusations. I cannot enough admire the readiness you showed to accept the religious habit; bear therefore with courage the Cross you so resolutely took up. Drink of the chalice of saints, even to the bottom, without turning your eyes with uncertainty upon me; let me remove far from you and obey the Apostle who hath said '*Fly!*'.

The chalice of saints

You entreat me to return under a pretence of devotion. Your earnestness in this point creates a suspicion in me and makes me doubtful how to answer you. Should I commit an error here my words would blush, if I may say so, after the history of our misfortunes. The Church is jealous of its honour, and commands that her children should be induced to the practice of virtue by virtuous means. When we approach God in a blameless manner then we may with boldness invite others to Him. But to forget Heloise, to see her no more, is what Heaven demands of Abelard; and to expect nothing from Abelard, to forget him even as an idea, is what Heaven enjoins

on Heloise. To forget, in the case of love, is the most necessary penance, and the most difficult. It is easy to recount our faults; how many, through indiscretion, have made themselves a second pleasure of this instead of confessing them with humility. The only way to return to God is by neglecting the creature we have adored, and adoring the God whom we have neglected. This may appear harsh, but it must be done if we would be saved.

His former jealousy

To make it more easy consider why I pressed you to your vow before I took mine; and pardon my sincerity and the design I have of meriting your neglect and hatred if I conceal nothing from you. When I saw myself oppressed by my misfortune I was furiously jealous, and regarded all men as my rivals. Love has more of distrust than assurance. I was apprehensive of many things because of my many defects, and being tormented with fear because of my own example I imagined your heart so accustomed to love that it could not be long without entering on a new engagement. Jealousy can easily believe the most terrible things. I was desirous to make it impossible for me to doubt you. I was very urgent to persuade you that propriety demanded your withdrawal from the eyes of the world; that modesty and our friendship required it; and that your own safety obliged it. After such a revenge taken on me you could expect to be secure nowhere but in a convent.

I will do you justice, you were very easily persuaded. My jealousy secretly rejoiced in your innocent compliance; and yet, triumphant as I was, I yielded you up to God with an unwilling heart.

His selfish doubt

I still kept my gift as much as was possible, and only parted with it in order to keep it out of the power of other men. I did not persuade you to religion out of any regard to your happiness, but condemned you to it like an enemy who destroys what he cannot carry off. And yet you heard my discourses with kindness, you sometimes interrupted me with tears, and pressed me to acquaint you with those convents I held in the highest esteem. What a comfort I felt in seeing you shut up. I was now at ease and took a satisfaction in considering that you continued no longer in the world after my disgrace, and that you would return to it no more.

But still I was doubtful. I imagined women were incapable of steadfast resolutions unless they were forced by the necessity of vows. I wanted those vows, and Heaven itself for your security, that I might no longer distrust you. Ye holy mansions and impenetrable retreats! from what innumerable apprehensions have ye freed me? Religion and piety keep a strict guard round your grates and walls. What a haven of rest this is to a jealous mind! And with what impatience did I endeavour after it! I went every day trembling to exhort you to this sacrifice; I admired, without daring to mention it then, a brightness in your beauty which I had never observed before. Whether it was the bloom of a rising virtue, or an anticipation of the great loss I was to suffer, I was not curious in examining the cause, but only hastened your being professed. I engaged your prioress in my guilt by a criminal bribe with which I purchased the right of burying you. The professed of the house were alike bribed and concealed from you, at my directions, all their scruples and disgusts. I omitted nothing, either little or great; and if you had escaped my snares I myself would not have retired; I was resolved to follow you everywhere. The shadow of myself would always have pursued your steps and continually have occasioned either your confusion or your fear, which would have been a sensible gratification to me.

Her sacrifice

But, thanks to Heaven, you resolved to take the vows. I accompanied you to the foot of the altar, and while you stretched out your hand to touch the sacred cloth I heard you distinctly pronounce those fatal words that for ever separated you from man. Till then I thought your youth and beauty would foil my design and force your return to the world. Might not a small temptation have changed you? Is it possible to renounce oneself entirely at the age of two-and-twenty? At an age which claims the utmost liberty could you think the world no longer worth your regard? How much did I wrong you, and what weakness did I impute to you? You were in my imagination both light and inconstant. Would not a woman at the noise of the flames and the fall of Sodom involuntarily look back in pity on some person? I watched your eyes, your every movement, your air; I trembled at everything. You may call such self-interested conduct treachery, perfidy, murder. A love so like to hatred should provoke the utmost contempt and anger.

It is fit you should know that the very moment when I was convinced of your being entirely

His double guilt

devoted to me, when I saw you were infinitely worthy of all my love, I imagined I could love you no more. I thought it time to leave off giving you marks of my affection, and I considered that by your Holy Espousals you were now the peculiar care of Heaven, and no longer a charge on me as my wife. My jealousy seemed to be extinguished. When God only is our rival we have nothing to fear; and being in greater tranquillity than ever before I even dared to pray to Him to take you away from my eyes. But it was not a time to make rash prayers, and my faith did not warrant them being heard. Necessity and despair were at the root of my proceedings, and thus I offered an insult to Heaven rather than a sacrifice. God rejected my offering and my prayer, and continued my punishment by suffering me to continue my love. Thus I bear alike the guilt of your vows and of the passion that preceded them, and must be tormented all the days of my life.

If God spoke to your heart as to that of a religious whose innocence had first asked him for favours, I should have matter of comfort; but to see both of us the victims of a guilty love, to see this love insult us in our very habits and spoil our devotions, fills me with horror and trembling. Is this a state of reprobation? Or are these the consequences of a long drunkenness in profane love? We cannot say love is a poison and a drunkenness till we are illuminated by Grace; in the meantime it is an evil we doat on. When we are under such a mistake, the knowledge of our misery is the first step towards amendment.

The assistance of God

Who does not know that 'tis for the glory of God to find no other reason in man for His mercy than man's very weakness? When He has shown us this weakness and we have bewailed it, He is ready to put forth His Omnipotence and assist us. Let us say for our comfort that what we suffer is one of those terrible temptations which have sometimes disturbed the vocations of the most holy.

God can grant His presence to men in order to soften their calamities whenever He shall think fit. It was His pleasure when you took the veil to draw you to Him by His grace. I saw your eyes, when you spoke your last farewell, fixed upon the Cross. It was more than six months before you wrote me a letter, nor during all that time did I receive a message from you. I admired this silence, which I durst not blame, but could not imitate. I wrote to you, and you returned me no answer: your heart was then shut, but this garden of the spouse is now opened; He is withdrawn from it and has left you alone. By removing from you He has made trial of you; call Him back and strive to regain Him. We must have the assistance of God, that we may break our chains; we are too deeply in love to free ourselves. Our follies have penetrated into the sacred places; our amours have been a scandal to the whole kingdom. They are read and admired; love which produced them has caused them to be described. We shall be a consolation to the failings of youth for ever; those who offend after us will think themselves less guilty. We are criminals whose repentance is late; oh, let it be sincere! Let us repair as far as is possible the

He bids her strive

evils we have done, and let France, which has been the witness of our crimes, be amazed at our repentance. Let us confound all who would imitate our guilt; let us take the side of God against ourselves, and by so doing prevent His judgment. Our former lapses require tears, shame and sorrow to expiate them. Let us offer up these sacrifices from our hearts, let us blush and let us weep. If in these feeble beginnings, O Lord, our hearts are not entirely Thine, let them at least feel that they ought to be so.

Deliver yourself, Heloise, from the shameful remains of a passion which has taken too deep root. Remember that the least thought for any other than God is an adultery. If you could see me here with my meagre face and melancholy air, surrounded with numbers of persecuting monks, who are alarmed at my reputation for learning and offended at my lean visage, as if I threatened them with a reformation, what would you say of my base sighs and of those unprofitable tears which deceive these credulous men? Alas! I am humbled under love, and not under the Cross. Pity me and free yourself. If your vocation be, as you say, my work, deprive me not of the merit of it by your continual inquietudes. Tell me you will be true to the habit which covers you by an inward retirement. Fear God, that you may be delivered from your frailties; love Him that you may advance in virtue. Be not restless in the cloister for it is the peace of saints. Embrace your bands, they are the chains of Christ Jesus; He will lighten them and bear them with you, if you will but accept them with humility.

And reach repentance

Without growing severe to a passion that still possesses you, learn from your own misery to succour your weak sisters; pity them upon consideration of your own faults. And if any thoughts too natural should importune you, fly to the foot of the Cross and there beg for mercy—there are wounds open for healing; lament them before the dying Deity. At the head of a religious society be not a slave, and having rule over queens, begin to govern yourself. Blush at the least revolt of your senses. Remember that even at the foot of the altar we often sacrifice to lying spirits, and that no incense can be more agreeable to them than the earthly passion that still burns in the heart of a religious. If during your abode in the world your soul has acquired a habit of loving, feel it now no more save for Jesus Christ. Repent of all the moments of your life which you have wasted in the world and on pleasure; demand them of me, 'tis a robbery of which I am guilty; take courage and boldly reproach me with it.

I have been indeed your master, but it was only to teach sin. You call me your father; before I had any claim to the title, I deserved that of parricide. I am your brother, but it is the affinity of sin that brings me that distinction. I am called your husband, but it is after a public scandal. If you have abused the sanctity of so many holy terms in the superscription of your letter to do me honour and flatter your own passion, blot them out and replace them with those of murderer, villain and enemy, who has conspired against your honour, troubled your quiet, and be-

God saves by suffering

trayed your innocence. You would have perished through my means but for an extraordinary act of grace which, that you might be saved, has thrown me down in the middle of my course.

This is the thought you ought to have of a fugitive who desires to deprive you of the hope of ever seeing him again. But when love has once been sincere how difficult it is to determine to love no more! 'Tis a thousand times more easy to renounce the world than love. I hate this deceitful, faithless world; I think no more of it; but my wandering heart still eternally seeks you, and is filled with anguish at having lost you, in spite of all the powers of my reason. In the meantime, though I should be so cowardly as to retract what you have read, do not suffer me to offer myself to your thoughts save in this last fashion. Remember my last worldly endeavours were to seduce your heart; you perished by my means and I with you: the same waves swallowed us up. We waited for death with indifference, and the same death had carried us headlong to the same punishments. But Providence warded off the blow, and our shipwreck has thrown us into a haven. There are some whom God saves by suffering. Let my salvation be the fruit of your prayers; let me owe it to your tears and your exemplary holiness. Though my heart, Lord, be filled with the love of Thy creature, Thy hand can, when it pleases, empty me of all love save for Thee. To love Heloise truly is to leave her to that quiet which retirement and virtue afford. I have resolved it: this letter shall be my last fault. Adieu. If I die here I will give orders that my

In death not divided

body be carried to the House of the Paraclete. You shall see me in that condition, not to demand tears from you, for it will be too late; weep rather for me now and extinguish the fire which burns me. You shall see me in order that your piety may be strengthened by horror of this carcase, and my death be eloquent to tell you what you brave when you love a man. I hope you will be willing, when you have finished this mortal life, to be buried near me. Your cold ashes need then fear nothing, and my tomb shall be the more rich and renowned.

LETTER IV

Heloise to Abelard

To Abelard her well-beloved in Christ Jesus, from Heloise his well-beloved in the same Christ Jesus.

Ingenious torments

I READ the letter I received from you with great impatience: in spite of all my misfortunes I hoped to find nothing in it besides arguments of comfort. But how ingenious are lovers in tormenting themselves. Judge of the exquisite sensibility and force of my love by that which causes the grief of my soul. I was disturbed at the superscription of your letter; why did you place the name of Heloise before that of Abelard? What means this cruel and unjust distinction? It was your name only—the name of a father and a husband—which my eager eyes sought for. I did not look for my own, which I would if possible forget, for it is the cause of all your misfortunes. The rules of decorum, and your position as master and director over me, opposed that ceremony in addressing me; and love commanded you to banish it: alas! you know all this but too well!

Did you address me thus before cruel fortune had ruined my happiness? I see your heart has forsaken me, and you have made greater advances in the way of devotion than I could wish. Alas! I am too weak to follow you; condescend at least to stay for me and animate me with your

advice. Can you have the cruelty to abandon **of death**
me? The fear of this stabs my heart; the fearful presages you make at the end of your letter, those terrible images you draw of your death, quite distract me. Cruel Abelard! you ought to have stopped my tears and you make them flow. You ought to have quelled the turmoil of my heart and you throw me into greater disorder.

You desire that after your death I should take care of your ashes and pay them the last duties. Alas! in what temper did you conceive these mournful ideas, and how could you describe them to me? Did not the dread of causing my immediate death make the pen drop from your hand? You did not reflect, I suppose, upon all those torments to which you were going to deliver me? Heaven, severe as it has been to me, is not so insensible as to permit me to live one moment after you. Life without Abelard were an insupportable punishment, and death a most exquisite happiness if by that means I could be united to him. If Heaven but hearken to my continual cry, your days will be prolonged and you will bury me.

Is it not your part to prepare me by powerful exhortation against that great crisis which shakes the most resolute and stable minds? Is it not your part to receive my last sighs, superintend my funeral, and give an account of my acts and my faith? Who but you can recommend us worthily to God, and by the fervour and merit of your prayers conduct those souls to Him which you have joined to His worship by solemn vows? We expect those pious offices from your paternal

Remembrance after death

charity. After this you will be free from those disquietudes which now molest you, and you will quit life with ease whenever it shall please God to call you away. You may follow us content with what you have done, and in a full assurance of our happiness. But till then write me no more such terrible things; for we are already sufficiently miserable, nor need to have our sorrows aggravated. Our life here is but a languishing death; would you hasten it? Our present disgraces are sufficient to employ our thoughts continually, and shall we seek in the future new reasons for fear? How void of reason are men, said Seneca, to make distant evils present by reflections, and to take pains before death to lose all the joys of life.

When you have finished your course here below, you said that it is your desire that your body be borne to the House of the Paraclete, to the intent that being always before my eyes you may be ever present in my mind. Can you think that the traces you have drawn on my heart can ever be worn out, or that any length of time can obliterate the memory we hold here of your benefits? And what time shall I find for those prayers you speak of? Alas! I shall then be filled with other cares, for so heavy a misfortune would leave me no moment's quiet. Can my feeble reason resist such powerful assaults? When I am distracted and raving (if I dare say it) even against Heaven itself, I shall not soften it by my cries, but rather provoke it by my reproaches. How should I pray or how bear up against my grief? I should be more eager to follow you

than to pay you the sad ceremonies of a funeral. It is for you, for Abelard, that I have resolved to live, and if you are ravished from me I can make no use of my miserable days. Alas! what lamentations should I make if Heaven, by a cruel pity, preserved me for that moment? When I but think of this last separation I feel all the pangs of death; what should I be then if I should see this dreadful hour? Forbear therefore to infuse into my mind such mournful thoughts, if not for love, at least for pity.

The dread of death

You desire me to give myself up to my duty, and to be wholly God's, to whom I am consecrated. How can I do that, when you frighten me with apprehensions that continually possess my mind both night and day? When an evil threatens us, and it is impossible to ward it off, why do we give up ourselves to the unprofitable fear of it, which is yet even more tormenting than the evil itself? What have I hope for after the loss of you? What can confine me to earth when death shall have taken away from me all that was dear on it? I have renounced without difficulty all the charms of life, preserving only my love, and the secret pleasure of thinking incessantly of you, and hearing that you live. And yet, alas! you do not live for me, and dare not flatter myself even with the hope that I shall ever see you again. This is the greatest of my afflictions.

Merciless Fortune! hadst thou not persecuted me enough? Thou dost not give me any respite; thou hast exhausted all thy vengeance upon me, and reserved thyself nothing whereby thou mayst appear terrible to others.

No rise without a fall

Thou hast wearied thyself in tormenting me, and others have nothing to fear from thy anger. But what use to longer arm thyself against me? The wounds I have already received leave no room for others, unless thou desirest to kill me. Or dost thou fear amidst the numerous torments heaped on me, dost thou fear that such a final stroke would deliver me from all other ills? Therefore thou preservest me from death in order to make me die daily.

Dear Abelard, pity my despair! Was ever any being so miserable? The higher you raised me above other women, who envied me your love, the more sensible am I now of the loss of your heart. I was exalted to the top of happiness only that I might have the more terrible fall. Nothing could be compared to my pleasures, and now nothing can equal my misery. My joys once raised the envy of my rivals, my present wretchedness calls forth the compassion of all that see me. My Fortune has been always in extremes; she has loaded me with the greatest favours and then heaped me with the greatest afflictions; ingenious in tormenting me, she has made the memory of the joys I have lost an inexhaustible spring of tears. Love, which being possest was her most delightful gift, on being taken away is an untold sorrow. In short, her malice has entirely succeeded, and I find my present afflictions proportionately bitter as the transports which charmed me were sweet.

But what aggravates my sufferings yet more is, that we began to be miserable at a time when we seemed the least to deserve it. While we

Man and woman

gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of a guilty love nothing opposed our pleasures; but scarcely had we retrenched our passion and taken refuge in matrimony, than the wrath of Heaven fell on us with all its weight. And how barbarous was your punishment! Ah! what right had a cruel Uncle over us? We were joined to each other even before the altar, and this should have protected us from the rage of our enemies. Besides, we were separated; you were busy with your lectures and instructed a learned audience in mysteries which the greatest geniuses before you could not penetrate; and I, in obedience to you, retired to a cloister. I there spent whole days in thinking of you, and sometimes meditating on holy lessons to which I endeavoured to apply myself. At this very juncture punishment fell upon us, and you who were least guilty became the object of the whole vengeance of a barbarous man. But why should I rave at Fulbert? I, wretched I, have ruined you, and have been the cause of all your misfortunes. How dangerous it is for a great man to suffer himself to be moved by our sex! He ought from his infancy to be inured to insensibility of heart against all our charms. 'Hearken, my son' (said formerly the wisest of men), 'attend and keep my instructions; if a beautiful woman by her looks endeavour to entice thee, permit not thyself to be overcome by a corrupt inclination; reject the poison she offers, and follow not the paths she directs. Her house is the gate of destruction and death.' I have long examined things, and have found that death is less dangerous than beauty. It is the ship-

Men ruined by women

wreck of liberty, a fatal snare, from which it is impossible ever to get free. It was a woman who threw down the first man from the glorious position in which Heaven had placed him; she, who was created to partake of his happiness, was the sole cause of his ruin. How bright had been the glory of Samson if his heart had been proof against the charms of Delilah, as against the weapons of the Philistines. A woman disarmed and betrayed him who had been a conqueror of armies. He saw himself delivered into the hands of his enemies; he was deprived of his eyes, those inlets of love into the soul; distracted and despairing he died without any consolation save that of including his enemies in his ruin. Solomon, that he might please women, forsook pleasing God; that king whose wisdom princes came from all parts to admire, he whom God had chosen to build the temple, abandoned the worship of the very altars he had raised, and proceeded to such a pitch of folly as even to burn incense to idols. Job had no enemy more cruel than his wife; what temptations did he not bear? The evil spirit who had declared himself his persecutor employed a woman as an instrument to shake his constancy. And the same evil spirit made Heloise an instrument to ruin Abelard. All the poor comfort I have is that I am not the voluntary cause of your misfortunes. I have not betrayed you; but my constancy and love have been destructive to you. If I have committed a crime in loving you so constantly I cannot repent it. I have endeavoured to please you even at the expense of my virtue, and therefore deserve

the pains I feel. As soon as I was persuaded of your love I delayed scarce a moment in yielding to your protestations; to be beloved by Abelard was in my esteem so great a glory, and I so impatiently desired it, not to believe in it immediately. I aimed at nothing but convincing you of my utmost passion. I made no use of those defences of disdain and honour; those enemies of pleasure which tyrannise over our sex made in me but a weak and unprofitable resistance. I sacrificed all to my love, and I forced my duty to give place to the ambition of making happy the most famous and learned person of the age. If any consideration had been able to stop me, it would have been without doubt my love. I feared lest having nothing further to offer you your passion might become languid, and you might seek for new pleasures in another conquest. But it was easy for you to cure me of a suspicion so opposite to my own inclination. I ought to have foreseen other more certain evils, and to have considered that the idea of lost enjoyments would be the trouble of my whole life.

Lost enjoyments

How happy should I be could I wash out with my tears the memory of those pleasures which I yet think of with delight. At least I will try by strong endeavour to smother in my heart those desires to which the frailty of my nature gives birth, and I will exercise on myself such torments as those you have to suffer from the rage of your enemies. I will endeavour by this means to satisfy you at least, if I cannot appease an angry God. For to show you to what a deplorable condition I am reduced, and how far my repentance is from

Her sin is love

being complete, I dare even accuse Heaven at this moment of cruelty for delivering you over to the snares prepared for you. My repinings can only kindle divine wrath, when I should be seeking for mercy.

In order to expiate a crime it is not sufficient to bear the punishment; whatever we suffer is of no avail if the passion still continues and the heart is filled with the same desire. It is an easy matter to confess a weakness, and inflict on ourselves some punishment, but it needs perfect power over our nature to extinguish the memory of pleasures, which by a loved habitude have gained possession of our minds. How many persons do we see who make an outward confession of their faults, yet, far from being in distress about them, take a new pleasure in relating them. Contrition of the heart ought to accompany the confession of the mouth, yet this very rarely happens. I, who have experienced so many pleasures in loving you, feel, in spite of myself, that I cannot repent them, nor forbear through memory to enjoy them over again. Whatever efforts I use, on whatever side I turn, the sweet thought still pursues me, and every object brings to my mind what it is my duty to forget. During the quiet night, when my heart ought to be still in that sleep which suspends the greatest cares, I cannot avoid the illusions of my heart. I dream I am still with my dear Abelard. I see him, I speak to him and hear him answer. Charmed with each other we forsake our studies and give ourselves up to love. Sometimes too I seem to struggle with your enemies; I oppose their fury, I break into piteous

cries, and in a moment I awake in tears. Even into holy places before the altar I carry the memory of our love, and far from lamenting for having been seduced by pleasures, I sigh for having lost them.

She loves her sin

I remember (for nothing is forgot by lovers) the time and place in which you first declared your passion and swore you would love me till death. Your words, your oaths, are deeply graven in my heart. My stammering speech betrays to all the disorder of my mind; my sighs discover me, and your name is ever on my lips. O Lord! when I am thus afflicted why dost not Thou pity my weakness and strengthen me with Thy grace? You are happy, Abelard, in that grace is given you, and your misfortune has been the occasion of your finding rest. The punishment of your body has cured the deadly wounds of your soul. The tempest has driven you into the haven. God, who seemed to deal heavily with you, sought only to help you; He was a Father chastising and not an Enemy revenging—a wise Physician putting you to some pain in order to preserve your life. I am a thousand times more to be pitied than you, for I have still a thousand passions to fight. I must resist those fires which love kindles in a young heart. Our sex is nothing but weakness, and I have the greater difficulty in defending myself because the enemy that attacks me pleases me; I doat on the danger which threatens; how then can I avoid yielding?

In the midst of these struggles I try at least to conceal my weakness from those you have entrusted

Her virtue is mere semblance

to my care. All who are about me admire my virtue, but could their eyes penetrate into my heart what would they not discover? My passions there are in rebellion; I preside over others but cannot rule myself. I have a false covering, and this seeming virtue is a real vice. Men judge me praiseworthy, but I am guilty before God; from His all-seeing eye nothing is hid, and He views through all their windings the secrets of the heart. I cannot escape His discovery. And yet it means great effort to me merely to maintain this appearance of virtue, so surely this troublesome hypocrisy is in some sort commendable. I give no scandal to the world which is so easy to take bad impressions; I do not shake the virtue of those feeble ones who are under my rule. With my heart full of the love of man, I teach them at least to love only God. Charmed with the pomp of worldly pleasures, I endeavour to show them that they are all vanity and deceit. I have just strength enough to conceal from them my longings, and I look upon that as a great effect of grace. If it is not enough to make me embrace virtue, 'tis enough to keep me from committing sin.

And yet it is in vain to try and separate these two things: they must be guilty who are not righteous, and they depart from virtue who delay to approach it. Besides, we ought to have no other motive than the love of God. Alas! what can I then hope for? I own to my confusion I fear more to offend a man than to provoke God, and I study less to please Him than to please you. Yes, it was your command only, and not a

False piety brings no peace

sincere vocation, which sent me into these cloisters; I sought to give you ease and not to sanctify myself. How unhappy am I! I tear myself from all that pleases me; I bury myself alive; I exercise myself with the most rigid fastings and all those severities the cruel laws impose on us; I feed myself with tears and sorrows; and notwithstanding this I merit nothing by my penance. My false piety has long deceived you as well as others; you have thought me at peace when I was more disturbed than ever. You persuaded yourself I was wholly devoted to my duty, yet I had no business but love. Under this mistake you desire my prayers—alas! I need yours! Do not presume upon my virtue and my care; I am wavering, fix me by your advice; I am feeble, sustain and guide me by your counsel.

What occasion had you to praise me? Praise is often hurtful for those on whom it is bestowed: a secret vanity springs up in the heart, blinds us, and conceals from us the wounds that are half healed. A seducer flatters us, and at the same time destroys us. A sincere friend disguises nothing from us, and far from passing a light hand over the wound, makes us feel it the more intensely by applying remedies. Why do you not deal after this manner with me? Will you be esteemed a base, dangerous flatterer? or if you chance to see anything commendable in me, have you no fear that vanity, which is so natural to all women, should quite efface it? But let us not judge of virtue by outward appearances, for then the reprobate as well as the elect may lay claim to it. An artful impostor may by his address gain

more admiration than is given to the zeal of a saint.

She craves his severity

The heart of man is a labyrinth whose windings are very difficult to discover. The praises you give me are the more dangerous because I love the person who bestows them. The more I desire to please you the readier am I to believe the merit you attribute to me. Ah! think rather how to nerve my weakness by wholesome remonstrances! Be rather fearful than confident of my salvation; say our virtue is founded upon weakness, and that they only will be crowned who have fought with the greatest difficulties. But I seek not the crown which is the reward of victory —I am content if I can avoid danger. It is easier to keep out of the way than to win a battle. There are several degrees in glory, and I am not ambitious of the highest; I leave them to those of greater courage who have often been victorious. I seek not to conquer for fear I should be overcome; happiness enough for me to escape shipwreck and at last reach port. Heaven commands me to renounce my fatal passion for you, but oh! my heart will never be able to consent to it. Adieu.

LETTER V

Heloise to Abelard

The inconstancy of Heloise

Dear Abelard,—You expect, perhaps, that I should accuse you of negligence. You have not answered my last letter, and, thanks to Heaven, in the condition I am now in it is a relief to me that you show so much insensibility for the passion which I betrayed. At last, Abelard, you have lost Heloise for ever. Notwithstanding all the oaths I made to think of nothing but you, and to be entertained by nothing but you, I have banished you from my thoughts, I have forgot you. Thou charming idea of a lover I once adored, thou wilt be no more my happiness! Dear image of Abelard! thou wilt no longer follow me, no longer shall I remember thee. O celebrity and merit of that man who, in spite of his enemies, is the wonder of the age! O enchanting pleasures to which Heloise resigned herself—you, you have been my tormentors! I confess my inconstancy, Abelard, without a blush; let my infidelity teach the world that there is no depending on the promises of women—we are all subject to change. This troubles you, Abelard; this news without surprises you; you never imagined Heloise could be inconstant. She was prejudiced by such a strong inclination towards you that you cannot conceive how Time could alter it. But be undeceived, I am going to dis-

Divine Love conquers

close to you my falseness, though, instead of reproaching me, I persuade myself you will shed tears of joy. When I tell you what Rival hath ravished my heart from you, you will praise my inconstancy, and pray this Rival to fix it. By this you will know that 'tis God alone that takes Heloise from you. Yes, my dear Abelard, He gives my mind that tranquillity which a vivid remembrance of our misfortunes formerly forbade. Just Heaven! what other rival could take me from you? Could you imagine it possible for a mere human to blot you from my heart? Could you think me guilty of sacrificing the virtuous and learned Abelard to any other but God? No, I believe you have done me justice on this point. I doubt not you are eager to learn what means God used to accomplish so great an end? I will tell you, that you may wonder at the secret ways of Providence. Some few days after you sent me your last letter I fell dangerously ill; the physicians gave me over, and I expected certain death. Then it was that my passion, which always before seemed innocent, grew criminal in my eyes. My memory represented faithfully to me all the past actions of my life, and I confess to you pain for our love was the only pain I felt. Death, which till then I had only viewed from a distance, now presented itself to me as it appears to sinners. I began to dread the wrath of God now I was near experiencing it, and I repented that I had not better used the means of Grace. Those tender letters I wrote to you, those fond conversations I have had with you, give me as much pain now as they had formerly

given pleasure. 'Ah, miserable Heloise!' I said, 'if it is a crime to give oneself up to such transports, and if, after this life is ended, punishment certainly follows them, why didst thou not resist such dangerous temptations? Think on the tortures prepared for thee, consider with terror the store of torments, and recollect, at the same time, those pleasures which thy deluded soul thought so entrancing. Ah! dost thou not despair for having rioted in such false pleasures?' In short, Abelard, imagine all the remorse of mind I suffered, and you will not be astonished at my change.

She is repentant

Solitude is insupportable to the uneasy mind; its troubles increase in the midst of silence, and retirement heightens them. Since I have been shut up in these walls I have done nothing but weep our misfortunes. This cloister has resounded with my cries, and, like a wretch condemned to eternal slavery, I have worn out my days with grief. Instead of fulfilling God's merciful design towards me I have offended against Him; I have looked upon this sacred refuge as a frightful prison, and have borne with unwillingness the yoke of the Lord. Instead of purifying myself with a life of penitence I have confirmed my condemnation. What a fatal mistake! But, Abelard, I have torn off the bandage which blinded me, and, if I dare rely upon my own feelings, I have now made myself worthy of your esteem. You are to me no more the loving Abelard who constantly sought private conversations with me by deceiving the vigilance of our observers. Our misfortunes gave

Further struggles

you a horror of vice, and you instantly consecrated the rest of your days to virtue, and seemed to submit willingly to the necessity. I indeed, more tender than you, and more sensible to pleasure, bore misfortune with extreme impatience, and you have heard my exclaimings against your enemies. You have seen my resentment in my late letters; it was this, doubtless, which deprived me of the esteem of my Abelard. You were alarmed at my repinings, and, if the truth be told, despaired of my salvation. You could not foresee that Heloise would conquer so reigning a passion; but you were mistaken, Abelard, my weakness, when supported by grace, has not hindered me from winning a complete victory. Restore me, then, to your esteem; your own piety should solicit you to this.

But what secret trouble rises in my soul—what unthought-of emotion now rises to oppose the resolution I have formed to sigh no more for Abelard? Just Heaven! have I not triumphed over my love? Unhappy Heloise! as long as thou drawest a breath it is decreed thou must love Abelard. Weep, unfortunate wretch, for thou never hadst a more just occasion. I ought to die of grief; grace had overtaken me and I had promised to be faithful to it, but now am I perjured once more, and even grace is sacrificed to Abelard. This sacrilege fills up the measure of my iniquity. After this how can I hope that God will open to me the treasure of His mercy, for I have tired out His forgiveness. I began to offend Him from the first moment I saw Abelard; an unhappy sympathy engaged us both in a guilty

love, and God raised us up an enemy to separate us. I lament the misfortune which lighted upon us and I adore the cause. Ah! I ought rather to regard this misfortune as the gift of Heaven, which disapproved of our engagement and parted us, and I ought to apply myself to extirpate my passion. How much better it were to forget entirely the object of it than to preserve a memory so fatal to my peace and salvation? Great God! shall Abelard possess my thoughts for ever? Can I never free myself from the chains of love? But perhaps I am unreasonably afraid; virtue directs all my acts and they are all subject to grace. Therefore fear not, Abelard; I have no longer those sentiments which being described in my letters have occasioned you so much trouble. I will no more endeavour, by the relation of those pleasures our passion gave us, to awaken any guilty fondness you may yet feel for me. I free you from all your oaths; forget the titles of lover and husband and keep only that of father. I expect no more from you than tender protestations and those letters so proper to feed the flame of love. I demand nothing of you but spiritual advice and wholesome discipline. The path of holiness, however thorny it be, will yet appear agreeable to me if I may but walk in your footsteps. You will always find me ready to follow you. I shall read with more pleasure the letters in which you shall describe the advantages of virtue than ever I did those in which you so artfully instilled the poison of passion. You cannot now be silent without a crime. When I was possessed with so violent a love, and pressed you so earnestly to write to me,

She demands a letter

God holds her heart

how many letters did I send you before I could obtain one from you? You denied me in my misery the only comfort which was left me, because you thought it pernicious. You endeavoured by severities to force me to forget you, nor do I blame you; but now you have nothing to fear. This fortunate illness, with which Providence has chastised me for my good, has done what all human efforts and your cruelty in vain attempted. I see now the vanity of that happiness we had set our hearts upon, as if it were eternal. What fears, what distress have we not suffered for it!

No, Lord, there is no pleasure upon earth but that which virtue gives. The heart amidst all worldly delights feels a sting; it is uneasy and restless until fixed on Thee. What have I not suffered, Abelard, whilst I kept alive in my retirement those fires which ruined me in the world? I saw with hatred the walls that surrounded me; the hours seemed as long as years. I repented a thousand times that I had buried myself here. But since grace has opened my eyes all the scene is changed; solitude looks charming, and the peace of the place enters my very heart. In the satisfaction of doing my duty I feel a delight above all that riches, pomp or sensuality could afford. My quiet has indeed cost me dear, for I have bought it at the price of my love; I have offered a violent sacrifice I thought beyond my power. But if I have torn you from my heart, be not jealous; God, who ought always to have possessed it, reigns there in your stead. Be content with having a place in my mind which you shall never lose; I shall always take a secret

pleasure in thinking of you, and esteem it a glory to obey those rules you shall give me.

A letter arrives

This very moment I receive a letter from you; I will read it and answer it immediately. You shall see by my promptitude in writing to you that you are always dear to me.

You very obligingly reproach me for delay in writing you any news; my illness must excuse that. I omit no opportunities of giving you marks of my remembrance. I thank you for the uneasiness you say my silence caused you, and the kind fears you express concerning my health. Yours, you tell me, is but weakly, and you thought lately you should have died. With what indifference, cruel man, do you tell me a thing so certain to afflict me? I told you in my former letter how unhappy I should be if you died, and if you love me you will moderate the rigours of your austere life. I represented to you the occasion I had for your advice, and consequently the reason there was you should take care of yourself;—but I will not tire you with repetitions. You desire us not to forget you in our prayers: ah! dear Abelard, you may depend upon the zeal of this society; it is devoted to you and you cannot justly fear its forgetfulness. You are our Father, and we are your children; you are our guide, and we resign ourselves to your direction with full assurance in your piety. You command; we obey; we faithfully execute what you have prudently ordered. We impose no penance on ourselves but what you recommend, lest we should rather follow an indiscreet zeal than solid virtue. In a word, nothing

The interior of a nunnery

is thought right but what has Abelard's approbation. You tell me one thing that perplexes me—that you have heard that some of our Sisters are bad examples, and that they are generally not strict enough. Ought this to seem strange to you who know how monasteries are filled nowadays? Do fathers consult the inclination of their children when they settle them? Are not interest and policy their only rules? This is the reason that monasteries are often filled with those who are a scandal to them. But I conjure you to tell me what are the irregularities you have heard of, and to show me the proper remedy for them. I have not yet observed any looseness: when I have I will take due care. I walk my rounds every night and make those I catch abroad return to their chambers; for I remember all the adventures that happened in the monasteries near Paris.

You end your letter with a general deploring of your unhappiness and wish for death to end a weary life. Is it possible so great a genius as you cannot rise above your misfortunes? What would the world say should they read the letters you send me? Would they consider the noble motive of your retirement or not rather think you had shut yourself up merely to lament your woes? What would your young students say, who come so far to hear you and prefer your severe lectures to the ease of a worldly life, if they should discover you secretly a slave to your passions and the victim of those weaknesses from which your rule secures them? This Abelard they so much admire, this great leader, would lose his fame and become the sport of his pupils.

Satan reproves sin

If these reasons are not sufficient to give you constancy in your misfortune, cast your eyes upon me, and admire the resolution with which I shut myself up at your request. I was young when we separated, and (if I dare believe what you were always telling me) worthy of any man's affections. If I had loved nothing in Abelard but sensual pleasure, other men might have comforted me upon my loss of him. You know what I have done, excuse me therefore from repeating it; think of those assurances I gave you of loving you still with the utmost tenderness. I dried your tears with kisses, and because you were less powerful I became less reserved. Ah! if you had loved with delicacy, the oaths I made, the transports I indulged, the caresses I gave, would surely have comforted you. Had you seen me grow by degrees indifferent to you, you might have had reason to despair, but you never received greater tokens of my affection than after you felt misfortune.

Let me see no more in your letters, dear Abelard, such murmurs against Fate; you are not the only one who has felt her blows and you ought to forget her outrages. What a shame it is that a philosopher cannot accept what might befall any man. Govern yourself by my example; I was born with violent passions, I daily strive with tender emotions, and glory in triumphing and subjecting them to reason. Must a weak mind fortify one that is so much superior? But I am carried away. Is it thus I write to my dear Abelard? He who practises all those virtues he preaches? If you complain of Fortune,

Woman's weakness again conquers

it is not so much that you feel her strokes as that you try to show your enemies how much to blame they are in attempting to hurt you. Leave them, Abelard, to exhaust their malice, and continue to charm your auditors. Discover those treasures of learning Heaven seems to have reserved for you; your enemies, struck with the splendour of your reasoning, will in the end do you justice. How happy should I be could I see all the world as entirely persuaded of your probity as I am. Your learning is allowed by all; your greatest adversaries confess you are ignorant of nothing the mind of man is capable of knowing.

My dear Husband (for the last time I use that title!), shall I never see you again? Shall I never have the pleasure of embracing you before death? What dost thou say, wretched Heloise? Dost thou know what thou desirest? Couldst thou behold those brilliant eyes without recalling the tender glances which have been so fatal to thee? Couldst thou see that majestic air of Abelard without being jealous of everyone who beholds so attractive a man? That mouth cannot be looked upon without desire; in short, no woman can view the person of Abelard without danger. Ask no more therefore to see Abelard; if the memory of him has caused thee so much trouble, Heloise, what would not his presence do? What desires will it not excite in thy soul? How will it be possible to keep thy reason at the sight of so lovable a man?

I will own to you what makes the greatest pleasure in my retirement; after having passed the day in thinking of you, full of the repressed

idea, I give myself up at night to sleep. Then it is that Heloise, who dares not think of you by day, resigns herself with pleasure to see and hear you. How my eyes gloat over you! Sometimes you tell me stories of your secret troubles, and create in me a felt sorrow; sometimes the rage of our enemies is forgotten and you press me to you and I yield to you, and our souls, animated with the same passion, are sensible of the same pleasures. But O! delightful dreams and tender illusions, how soon do you vanish away! I awake and open my eyes to find no Abelard: I stretch out my arms to embrace him and he is not there; I cry, and he hears me not. What a fool I am to tell my dreams to you who are insensible to these pleasures. But do you, Abelard, never see Heloise in your sleep? How does she appear to you? Do you entertain her with the same tender language as formerly, and are you glad or sorry when you awake? Pardon me, Abelard, pardon a mistaken lover. I must no longer expect from you that vivacity which once marked your every action; no more must I require from you the correspondence of desires. We have bound ourselves to severe austerities and must follow them at all costs. Let us think of our duties and our rules, and make good use of that necessity which keeps us separate. You, Abelard, will happily finish your course; your desires and ambitions will be no obstacle to your salvation. But Heloise must weep, she must lament for ever without being certain whether all her tears will avail for her salvation.

The delight of dreams

I had liked to have ended my letter without

She craves his presence

telling you what happened here a few days ago. A young nun, who had been forced to enter the convent without a vocation therefor, is by a stratagem I know nothing of escaped and fled to England with a gentleman. I have ordered all the house to conceal the matter. Ah, Abelard! if you were near us these things would not happen, for all the Sisters, charmed with seeing and hearing you, would think of nothing but practising your rules and directions. The young nun had never formed so criminal a design as that of breaking her vows had you been at our head to exhort us to live in holiness. If your eyes were witnesses of our actions they would be innocent. When we slipped you should lift us up and establish us by your counsels; we should march with sure steps in the rough path of virtue. I begin to perceive, Abelard, that I take too much pleasure in writing to you; I ought to burn this letter. It shows that I still feel a deep passion for you, though at the beginning I tried to persuade you to the contrary. I am sensible of waves both of grace and passion, and by turns yield to each. Have pity, Abelard, on the condition to which you have brought me, and make in some measure my last days as peaceful as my first have been uneasy and disturbed.

LETTER VI

Abelard to Heloise

Abelard is firm

WRITE no more to me, Heloise, write no more to me; 'tis time to end communications which make our penances of nought avail. We retired from the world to purify ourselves, and, by a conduct directly contrary to Christian morality, we became odious to Jesus Christ. Let us no more deceive ourselves with remembrance of our past pleasures; we but make our lives troubled and spoil the sweets of solitude. Let us make good use of our austerities and no longer preserve the memories of our crimes amongst the severities of penance. Let a mortification of body and mind, a strict fasting, continual solitude, profound and holy meditations, and a sincere love of God succeed our former irregularities.

Let us try to carry religious perfection to its farthest point. It is beautiful to find Christian minds so disengaged from earth, from the creatures and themselves, that they seem to act independently of those bodies they are joined to, and to use them as their slaves. We can never raise ourselves to too great heights when God is our object. Be our efforts ever so great they will always come short of attaining that exalted Divinity which even our apprehension cannot reach. Let us act for God's glory independent of the creatures or ourselves, paying no regard to

The Master and Father

our own desires or the opinions of others. Were we in this temper of mind, Heloise, I would willingly make my abode at the Paraclete, and by my earnest care for the house I have founded draw a thousand blessings on it. I would instruct it by my words and animate it by my example: I would watch over the lives of my Sisters, and would command nothing but what I myself would perform: I would direct you to pray, meditate, labour, and keep vows of silence; and I would myself pray, labour, meditate, and be silent.

And when I spoke it should be to lift you up when you should fall, to strengthen you in your weaknesses, to enlighten you in that darkness and obscurity which might at any time surprise you. I would comfort you under the severities used by persons of great virtue: I would moderate the vivacity of your zeal and piety and give your virtue an even temperament: I would point out those duties you ought to perform, and satisfy those doubts which through the weakness of your reason might arise. I would be your master and father, and by a marvellous talent I would become lively or slow, gentle or severe, according to the different characters of those I should guide in the painful path to Christian perfection.

But whither does my vain imagination carry me! Ah, Heloise, how far are we from such a happy temper? Your heart still burns with that fatal fire you cannot extinguish, and mine is full of trouble and unrest. Think not, Heloise, that I here enjoy a perfect peace; I will for the last time open my heart to you;—I am not yet disengaged from you, and though I fight against my

He cannot achieve content

excessive tenderness for you, in spite of all my endeavours I remain but too sensible of your sorrows and long to share in them. Your letters have indeed moved me; I could not read with indifference characters written by that dear hand! I sigh and weep, and all my reason is scarce sufficient to conceal my weakness from my pupils. This, unhappy Heloise, is the miserable condition of Abelard. The world, which is generally wrong in its notions, thinks I am at peace, and imagining that I loved you only for the gratification of the senses, have now forgot you. What a mistake is this! People indeed were not wrong in saying that when we separated it was shame and grief that made me abandon the world. It was not, as you know, a sincere repentance for having offended God which inspired me with a design for retiring. However, I consider our misfortunes as a secret design of Providence to punish our sins; and only look upon Fulbert as the instrument of divine vengeance. Grace drew me into an asylum where I might yet have remained if the rage of my enemies would have permitted; I have endured all their persecutions, not doubting that God Himself raised them up in order to purify me.

When He saw me perfectly obedient to His Holy Will, He permitted that I should justify my doctrine; I made its purity public, and showed in the end that my faith was not only orthodox, but also perfectly clear from all suspicion of novelty.

I should be happy if I had none to fear but my enemies, and no other hindrance to my salvation but their calumny. But, Heloise, *you*

He exhorts her to strive

make me tremble, your letters declare to me that you are enslaved to human love, and yet, if you cannot conquer it, you cannot be saved; and what part would you have me play in this trial? Would you have me stifle the inspirations of the Holy Ghost? Shall I, to soothe you, dry up those tears which the Evil Spirit makes you shed —shall this be the fruit of my meditations? No, let us be more firm in our resolutions; we have not retired save to lament our sins and to gain heaven; let us then resign ourselves to God with all our heart.

I know everything is difficult in the beginning; but it is glorious to courageously start a great action, and glory increases proportionately as the difficulties are more considerable. We ought on this account to surmount bravely all obstacles which might hinder us in the practice of Christian virtue. In a monastery men are proved as gold in a furnace. No one can continue long there unless he bear worthily the yoke of the Lord.

Attempt to break those shameful chains which bind you to the flesh, and if by the assistance of grace you are so happy as to accomplish this, I entreat you to think of me in your prayers. Endeavour with all your strength to be the pattern of a perfect Christian; it is difficult, I confess, but not impossible; and I expect this beautiful triumph from your teachable disposition. If your first efforts prove weak do not give way to despair, for that would be cowardice; besides, I would have you know that you must necessarily take great pains, for you strive to conquer a terrible enemy, to extinguish a raging fire, to reduce

to subjection your dearest affections. You have to fight against your own desires, so be not pressed down with the weight of your corrupt nature. You have to do with a cunning adversary who will use all means to seduce you; be always upon your guard. While we live we are exposed to temptations; this made a great saint say, 'The life of man is one long temptation': the devil, who never sleeps, walks continually around us in order to surprise us on some unguarded side, and enters into our soul in order to destroy it.

Temptations in the cloister

However perfect anyone may be, yet he may fall into temptations, and perhaps into such as may be useful. Nor is it wonderful that man should never be exempt from them, because he always hath in himself their source; scarce are we delivered from one temptation when another attacks us. Such is the lot of the posterity of Adam, that they should always have something to suffer, because they have forfeited their primitive happiness. We vainly flatter ourselves that we shall conquer temptations by flying; if we join not patience and humility we shall torment ourselves to no purpose. We shall more certainly compass our end by imploring God's assistance than by using any means of our own.

Be constant, Heloise, and trust in God; then you shall fall into few temptations: when they come stifle them at their birth—let them not take root in your heart. 'Apply remedies to a disease,' said an ancient, 'at the beginning, for when it hath gained strength medicines are of no avail': temptations have their degrees, they are at first mere thoughts and do not appear danger-

Dispraise of the world

ous; the imagination receives them without any fears; the pleasure grows; we dwell upon it, and at last we yield to it.

Do you now, Heloise, applaud my design of making you walk in the steps of the saints? Do my words give you any relish for penitence? Have you not remorse for your wanderings, and do you not wish you could, like Magdalen, wash our Saviour's feet with your tears? If you have not yet these ardent aspirations, pray that you may be inspired by them. I shall never cease to recommend you in my prayers and to beseech God to assist you in your design of dying holily. You have quitted the world, and what object was worthy to detain you there? Lift up your eyes always to Him to whom the rest of your days are consecrated. Life upon this earth is misery; the very necessities to which our bodies are subject here are matters of affliction to a saint. 'Lord,' said the royal prophet, 'deliver me from my necessities.' Many are wretched who do not know they are; and yet they are more wretched who know their misery and yet cannot hate the corruption of the age. What fools are men to engage themselves to earthly things! They will be undeceived one day, and will know too late how much they have been to blame in loving such false good. Truly pious persons are not thus mistaken; they are freed from all sensual pleasures and raise their desires to Heaven.

Begin, Heloise; put your design into action without delay; you have yet time enough to work out your salvation. Love Christ, and despise yourself for His sake; He will possess your heart

and be the sole object of your sighs and tears; seek for no comfort but in Him. If you do not free yourself from me, you will fall with me; but if you leave me and cleave to Him, you will be steadfast and safe. If you force the Lord to forsake you, you will fall into trouble; but if you are faithful to Him you shall find joy. Magdalen wept, thinking that Jesus had forsaken her, but Martha said, 'See, the Lord calls you.' Be diligent in your duty, obey faithfully the calls of grace, and Jesus will be with you. Attend, Heloise, to some instructions I have to give you: you are at the head of a society, and you know there is a difference between those who lead a private life and those who are charged with the conduct of others: the first need only labour for their own sanctification, and in their round of duties are not obliged to practise all the virtues in such an apparent manner: but those who have the charge of others entrusted to them ought by their example to encourage their followers to do all the good of which they are capable. I beseech you to remember this truth, and so to follow it that your whole life may be a perfect model of that of a religious recluse.

The duties of a ruler

God heartily desires our salvation, and has made all the means of it easy to us. In the Old Testament He has written in the tables of law what He requires of us, that we might not be bewildered in seeking after His will. In the New Testament He has written the law of grace to the intent that it might ever be present in our hearts; so, knowing the weakness and incapacity of our nature, He has given us grace to perform His will. And, as if

The death of a saint

this were not enough, He has raised up at all times, in all states of the Church, men who by their exemplary life can excite others to their duty. To effect this He has chosen persons of every age, sex and condition. Strive now to unite in yourself all the virtues of these different examples. Have the purity of virgins, the austerity of anchorites, the zeal of pastors and bishops, and the constancy of martyrs. Be exact in the course of your whole life to fulfil the duties of a holy and enlightened superior, and then death, which is commonly considered as terrible, will appear agreeable to you.

'The death of His saints,' says the prophet, 'is precious in the sight of the Lord.' Nor is it difficult to discover why their death should have this advantage over that of sinners. I have remarked three things which might have given the prophet an occasion of speaking thus:—First, their resignation to the will of God; second, the continuation of their good works; and lastly, the triumph they gain over the devil.

A saint who has accustomed himself to submit to the will of God yields to death without reluctance. He waits with joy (says Dr. Gregory) for the Judge who is to reward him; he fears not to quit this miserable mortal life in order to begin an immortal happy one. It is not so with the sinner, says the same Father; he fears, and with reason, he trembles at the approach of the least sickness; death is terrible to him because he dreads the presence of the offended Judge; and having so often abused the means of grace he sees no way to avoid the punishment of his sins.

The Cross of Christ

The saints have also this advantage over sinners, that having become familiar with works of piety during their life they exercise them without trouble, and having gained new strength against the devil every time they overcame him, they will find themselves in a condition at the hour of death to obtain that victory on which depends all eternity, and the blessed union of their souls with their Creator.

I hope, Heloise, that after having deplored the irregularities of your past life, you will 'die the death of the righteous.' Ah, how few there are who make this end! And why? It is because there are so few who love the Cross of Christ. Everyone wishes to be saved, but few will use those means which religion prescribes. Yet can we be saved by nothing but the Cross: why then refuse to bear it? Hath not our Saviour bore it before us, and died for us, to the end that we might also bear it and desire to die also? All the saints have suffered affliction, and our Saviour himself did not pass one hour of His life without some sorrow. Hope not therefore to be exempt from suffering: the Cross, Heloise, is always at hand, take care that you do not receive it with regret, for by so doing you will make it more heavy and you will be oppressed by it to no profit. On the contrary, if you bear it with willing courage, all your sufferings will create in you a holy confidence whereby you will find comfort in God. Hear our Saviour who says, 'My child, renounce yourself, take up your Cross and follow Me.' Oh, Heloise, do you doubt? Is not your soul ravished at so saving a command? Are you insensible to

The fear of hell

words so full of kindness? Beware, Heloise, of refusing a Husband who demands you, and who is more to be feared than any earthly lover. Provoked at your contempt and ingratitude, He will turn His love into anger and make you feel His vengeance. How will you sustain His presence when you shall stand before His tribunal? He will reproach you for having despised His grace, He will represent to you His sufferings for you. What answer can you make? He will then be implacable: He will say to you, 'Go, proud creature, and dwell in everlasting flames. I separated you from the world to purify you in solitude and you did not second my design. I endeavoured to save you and you wilfully destroyed yourself; go, wretch, and take the portion of the reprobates.'

Oh, Heloise, prevent these terrible words, and avoid, by a holy life, the punishment prepared for sinners. I dare not give you a description of those dreadful torments which are the consequences of a career of guilt. I am filled with horror when they offer themselves to my imagination. And yet, Heloise, I can conceive nothing which can reach the tortures of the damned; the fire which we see upon this earth is but the shadow of that which burns them; and without enumerating their endless pains, the loss of God which they feel increases all their torments. Can anyone sin who is persuaded of this? My God! can we dare to offend Thee? Though the riches of Thy mercy could not engage us to love Thee, the dread of being thrown into such an abyss of misery should restrain us from doing anything which might displease Thee.

The hope of heaven

I question not, Heloise, but you will hereafter apply yourself in good earnest to the business of your salvation; this ought to be your whole concern. Banish me, therefore, for ever from your heart—it is the best advice I can give you, for the remembrance of a person we have loved guiltily cannot but be hurtful, whatever advances we may have made in the way of virtue. When you have extirpated your unhappy inclination towards me, the practice of every virtue will become easy; and when at last your life is conformable to that of Christ, death will be desirable to you. Your soul will joyfully leave this body, and direct its flight to heaven. Then you will appear with confidence before your Saviour; you will not read your reprobation written in the judgment book, but you will hear your Saviour say, Come, partake of My glory, and enjoy the eternal reward I have appointed for those virtues you have practised.

Farewell, Heloise, this is the last advice of your dear Abelard; for the last time let me persuade you to follow the rules of the Gospel. Heaven grant that your heart, once so sensible of my love, may now yield to be directed by my zeal. May the idea of your loving Abelard, always present to your mind, be now changed into the image of Abelard truly penitent; and may you shed as many tears for your salvation as you have done for our misfortunes.

Item #22

Martin Luther, "Against Catholicism," in *The Library of Original Sources*, 10 vols., edited by Oliver J. Thatcher (Milwaukee: University Research Extension Co., 1907-1915), 5: 111, 119-127.

MARTIN LUTHER

MARTIN LUTHER was born in Thuringia November 10, 1483. His father had a forge at Mansfeld and managed to send him first to the Latin school of the town, and later to other schools near by. As did other poor students he often sang for alms in the streets. He took his bachelor's degree at Erfurt in 1502 and his master's in 1505. In 1505 he entered the Augustinian convent at Erfurt but his penances and self mortification brought him no peace. He was ordained priest in 1507 and made a professor at Wittenberg in 1508. Here he was very popular.

In 1511 he went to Rome. He found there unquestionable vices and abuses and returned with respect for the organization of the papacy greatly weakened. He was made a doctor of divinity when he again took up his professorship and was more popular than ever.

In 1517 the new pope, Leo X, found himself much in need of money and sent agents throughout Germany to sell indulgences. It is the belief of the Catholic church that the pope has power to forgive sins against the church, and that his intercession has weight as regards sins against God. Tetzel, the pope's agent for Saxony, seems to have sold indulgences or forgiveness for all kinds of sins. Luther, who had come to believe that forgiveness comes through inner repentance and faith, thundered against Tetzel and nailed his ninety-five theses against the Castle church. The press spread them over Germany and the Reformation had begun.

From this time his life is part of the Reformation. His position forced him to attack the supremacy of the papacy, and in 1520 Leo issued a bull against him, which he publicly burned. The next year at the Diet of Worms he refused to recant and the German princes stood by him. He was kept in retirement by his friends and translated the Bible into German during this period. He came out against the extremists of his own party, and against the peasants in their revolt. He believed that his ideas rather than those of Rome were right, but he did not believe in absolute freedom of worship. He died in the midst of the struggle, but the great flood of the movement he had started swept on.

AGAINST CATHOLICISM

The chief cause that I fell out with the pope was this: the pope boasted that he was the head of the church, and condemned all that would not be under his power and authority; for he said, although Christ be the head of the church, yet, notwithstanding, there must be a corporal head of the church upon earth. With this I could have been content, had he but taught the gospel pure and clear, and not introduced human inventions and lies in its stead. Further, he took upon him power, rule, and authority over the Christian church, and over the Holy Scriptures, the Word of God; no man must presume to expound the Scriptures, but only he, and according to his ridiculous conceits; so that he made himself lord over the church, proclaiming her at the same time a powerful mother, and empress over the Scriptures, to which we must yield and be obedient; this was not to be endured. They who, against God's Word, boast of the church's authority, are mere idiots. The pope attributes more power to the church, which is begotten and born, than to the Word, which has begotten, conceived, and born the church.

We, through God's grace, are not heretics, but schismatics, causing, indeed, separation and division, wherein we are not to blame, but our adversaries, who gave occasion thereto, because they remain not by God's Word alone, which we have, hear, and follow.

When our Lord God intends to plague and punish one, He leaves him in blindness, so that he regards not God's Word, but condemns the same, as the papists now do. They know that our doctrine is God's Word, but they will not allow of this syllogism and conclusion: When God speaks, we must hear him; now God speaks through the doctrine of the gospel; therefore we must hear Him. But the papists, against their own consciences, say, No; we must hear the church.

It is very strange: they admit propositions, but will not allow of

the consequences, or permit the conclusions to be right. They urge some decree or other of the Council of Constance, and say, though Christ speak, who is the truth itself, yet an ancient custom must be preferred, and observed for law. Thus do they answer, when they seek to wrest and pervert the truth.

If this sin of antichrist be not a sin against the Holy Ghost, then I do not know how to define and distinguish sins. They sin herein wilfully against the revealed truth of God's Word, in a most stubborn and stiff-necked manner. I pray, who would not, in this case, resist these devilish and shameless lying lips? I marvel not John Huss died so joyfully, seeing he heard of such abominable impieties and wickednesses of the papists. I pray, how holds the pope concerning the church? He preserves her, but only in an external luster, pomp, and succession. But we judge her according to her essence, as she is in herself, in her own substance, that is, according to God's Word and sacraments. The pope is reserved for God's judgment, therefore only by God's judgment he shall be destroyed. Henry VIII., king of England, is now also an enemy to the pope's person, but not to his essence and substance; he would only kill the body of the pope, but suffer his soul, that is, his false doctrine, to live; the pope can well endure such an enemy; he hopes within the space of twenty years to recover his rule and government again. But I fall upon the pope's soul, his doctrine, with God's word, not regarding his body, that is, his wicked person and life. I not only pluck out his feathers, as the king of England and prince George of Saxony do, but I set the knife to his throat, and cut his windpipe asunder. We put the goose on the spit; did we but pluck her, the feathers would soon grow again. Therefore is Satan so bitter an enemy unto us, because we cut the pope's throat, as does also the king of Denmark, who aims at the essence of popery.

'Tis wonderful how, in this our time, the majesty of the pope is fallen. Heretofore, all monarchs, emperors, kings, and princes feared the pope's power, who held them all at his nod; none durst so much as mutter a word against him. This great god is now fallen; his own creatures, the friars and monks, are his enemies, who, if they still continue with him, do so for the sake of gain; otherwise they would oppose him more fiercely than we do.

The pope's crown is named *regnum mundi,* the kingdom of the world. I have heard it credibly reported at Rome, that this crown is worth more than all the princedoms of Germany. God placed popedom in Italy not without cause, for the Italians can make out many

things to be real and true, which in truth are not so: they have crafty and subtle brains.

If the pope were the head of the Christian church, then the church were a monster with two heads, seeing that St. Paul says that Christ is her head. The pope may well be, and is, the head of the false church.

Where the linnet is, there is also the cuckoo, for he thinks his song a thousand times better than the linnet's. Even thus, the pope places himself in the church, and so that his song may be heard, overcrows the church. The cuckoo is good for something, in that its appearance gives tidings that summer is at hand; so the pope serves to show us that the last day of judgment approaches.

There are many that think I am too fierce against popedom; on the contrary, I complain that I am, alas! too mild; I wish I could breathe out lightning against pope and popedom, and that every word were a thunderbolt.

'Tis an idle dream the papists entertain of antichrist; they suppose he should be a single person, that should govern, scatter money amongst them, do miracles, carry a fiery oven about him, and kill the saints.

In popedom they make priests, not to preach and teach God's Word, but only to celebrate mass, and to gad about with the sacrament. For, when a bishop ordains a man, he says: Take unto thee power to celebrate mass, and to offer for the living and the dead. But we ordain priests according to the command of Christ and St. Paul, namely, to preach the pure gospel and God's Word. The papists in their ordinations make no mention of preaching and teaching God's Word, therefore their consecrating and ordaining is false and unright, for all worshipping which is not ordained of God, or erected by God's Word and command, is nothing worth, yea, mere idolatry.

Next unto my just cause the small repute and mean aspect of my person gave the blow to the pope. For when I began to preach and write, the pope scorned and contemned me; he thought: 'Tis but one poor friar; what can he do against me? I have maintained and defended this doctrine in popedom, against many emperors, kings, and princes, what then shall this one man do? If he had condescended to regard me, he might easily have suppressed me in the beginning.

A German, making his confession to a priest at Rome, promised, on oath, to keep secret whatsoever the priest should impart unto him, until he reached home; whereupon the priest gave him a leg of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem, very neatly bound up in silk, and said: This is the holy relic on which the Lord Christ corporally

did sit, with his sacred legs touching this ass's leg. Then was the German wondrous glad, and carried the said holy relic with him into Germany. When he got to the borders, he bragged of his holy relic in the presence of four others, his comrades, when, lo! it turned out that each of them had likewise received from the same priest a leg, after promising the same secrecy. Thereupon, all exclaimed, with great wonder: Lord! had that ass five legs?

A picture being brought to Luther, in which the pope, with Judas the traitor, were represented hanging on the purse and keys, he said: 'Twill vex the pope horribly, that he, whom emperors and kings have worshipped, should now be figured hanging on his false pick-locks. It will also grieve the papists, for their consciences will be touched. The purse accords well with the cardinal's hats and their incomes, for the pope's covetousness has been so gross, that in all kingdoms he has not only raked to himself Annates, Pallium-money, &c., but has also sold for money the holy sacrament, indulgences, fraternities, Christ's blood, matrimony, etc. Therefore, his purse is filled with robberies, upon which justly ought to be exclaimed, as in the Revelations; "Recompense them as they have done to you, and make it double unto them, according to their works." Therefore, seeing the pope has damned me and given me over to the devil, so will I, in requital, hang him on his own keys.

It is abominable that in so many of the pope's decrees, there is not one single sentence of Holy Scripture, or one article of the Catechism mentioned. The pope intending to conduct the government of his church in an external way, his teachings were blasphemous; such as that a stinking friar's hood, put upon a dead body, procured remission of sins, and was of equal value with the merits of our blessed Savior Christ Jesus.

It is no marvel that the papists hate me so vehemently, for I have well deserved it at their hands. Christ more mildly reproved the Jews than I the papists, yet they killed him. These, therefore, think they justly persecute me, but, according to God's laws and will, they shall find their mistake. In the day of the last judgment I will denounce the pope and his tyrants, who scorn and assail the Word of God, and his sacraments. The pope destroys poor married priests, that receive and observe God's Word and statutes, whereas by all their laws they are only to be displaced from their office. So Prince George has banished and driven away from Oschitz ten citizens and house-

holders, with twenty-seven children, martyrs to the Word. Their sighs will rise up to heaven against him.

The pope and his crew can in nowise endure the idea of reformation; the mere word creates more alarm at Rome, than thunderbolts from heaven, or the day of judgment. A cardinal said, the other day: Let them eat, and drink, and do what they will; but as to reforming us, we think that is a vain idea; we will not endure it. Neither will we protestants be satisfied, though they administer the sacrament in both kinds, and permit priests to marry; we will also have doctrine of the faith pure and unfalsified, and the righteousness that justifies and saves before God, and which expels and drives away all idolatry and false-worshipping; these gone and banished, the foundation on which popedom is built falls also.

We will have the holy sacrament administered in both kinds, that it shall be free for priests to marry, or to forbear, and we will in no way suffer ourselves to be bereaved of the article of justification: "That by faith only in Jesus Christ we are justified and saved before God; without any works, merits and deserts, merely by grace and mercy." This we must keep and preserve, pure and unfalsified, if we intend to be saved. As to private mass, we cannot hinder it, but must leave it to God, to be acted by those over whom we have neither power nor command; yet, nevertheless, we will openly teach and preach against it, and show that it is abominable blasphemy and idolatry. Either we must go together by the ears, or else they, in our countries, must yield unto us in this particular; if it come to pass that herein they yield unto us, then must we be contented; for, like as the Christians dealt with the Arians, and as St. Paul was constrained to carry himself towards the Jews, even so must we also leave the papists to their own consciences, and seeing they will not follow us, so we neither can nor will force them, but must let them go and commit it to God's judgment; and truly, sincerely, and diligently hold unto and maintain our doctrine, let the same vex, anger, and displease whom it will.

The papists see they have an ill cause, and, therefore, labor to maintain it with very poor arguments, that can not endure the proof, and may be easily confuted.

They say: "The praising of anything is an invocation; the saints are to be praised, therefore they are to be invoked." I answer: No, in nowise; for every praising is not invoking: married people are to be praised, but not to be invoked; for invocation belongs only to God,

and not to any creature, either in heaven or on earth; no, not to any angel. They say:

"The doctrine of the remission of sins is necessary: indulgences, pardons, and graces are remissions of sins; therefore they are necessary." No: the pope's pardons are not remissions of sins, but satisfactions of sins, but satisfactions for remitting the punishments: mere fables and fictions.

When I was in Rome, a disputation was only held, at which were present thirty learned doctors besides myself, against the pope's power; he boasting, that with his right hand he commands the angels in heaven, and with his left draws souls out of purgatory, and that his person is mingled with the godhead. Calixtus disputed against these assertions, and showed that it was only on earth that power was given to the pope to bind and to loose. The other doctors hereupon assailed him with exceeding vehemence, and Calixtus discontinued his arguments, saying, he had only spoken by way of disputation, and that his real opinions were far otherwise.

For the space of many hundreds years there has not been a single bishop that has shown any zeal on the subject of schools, baptism, and preaching; 'twould have been too great trouble for them, such enemies were they to God. I have heard divers worthy doctors affirm, that the church has long since stood in need of reformation; but no man was so bold as to assail popedom; for the pope had on his banner, *Noli me tangere;* therefore every man was silent. Dr. Staupitz said once to me: "If you meddle with popedom, you will have the whole world against you;" and he added—"yet the church is built on blood, and with blood must be sprinkled."

I would have all those who intend to preach the gospel, diligently read the popish abominations, their decrees and books; and, above all things, thoroughly consider the horrors of the mass—on account of which idol God might justly have drowned and destroyed the whole earth—to the end their consciences may be armed and confirmed against their adversaries.

The fasting of the friars is more easy to them than our eating to us. For one day of fasting there are three of feasting. Every friar for his supper has two quarts of beer, a quart of wine, and spice-cakes, or bread prepared with spice and salt, the better to relish their drink. Thus go on these poor fasting brethren; getting so pale and wan, they are like the fiery angels.

If the emperor would merit immortal praise, he would utterly root

out the order of the Capuchins, and, for an everlasting remembrance of their abominations, cause their books to remain in safe custody. 'Tis the worst and most poisonous sect. The Augustine and Bernardine friars are no way comparable with these confounded lice.

Francis was an Italian, born in the city of Assisi, doubtless an honest and just man. He little thought that such superstition and unbelief would proceed out of his life. There have been so many of those grey friars, that they offered to send forty thousand of their number against the Turks, and yet leave their monasteries sufficiently provided for.

The Franciscan and grey friars came up under the emperor Frederick II., at the time St. Elizabeth was canonized, in the year 1207. Francis worked his game eighteen years; two years under the emperor Philip, four years under the emperor Otho, and twelve years under the emperor Frederick II. They feign, that after his death he appeared to the pope in a dream, held a cup in his hand, and filled the same with blood that ran out of his side. Is not this, think ye, a fine and proper piece of government, that began with dreams and with lies? The pope is not God's image, but his ape. He will be both God and emperor; as pope Innocent III. said: I will either take the crown from the emperor Philip, or he shall take mine from me. Oh, such histories ought diligently to be written, to the end posterity may know upon what grounds popedom was erected and founded; namely, upon mere lies and fables. If I were younger, I would write a chronicle of the popes.

If the pope should seek to suppress the mendicant friars, he would find fine sport; he has made them fat, and cherished them in his bosom, and assigned them the greatest and most powerful princes for protectors. If he should attempt to abolish them, they would all combine and instigate the princes against him, for many kings and princes, and the emperor himself, have friars for confessors. The friars were the pope's columns, they carried him as the rats carry their king; I was our Lord God's quicksilver, which he threw into the fishpond; that is, which he cast among the friars.

A friar is evil every way, whether in the monastery or out of it. For as Aristotle gives an example touching fire, that burns whether it be in Ethiopia or in Germany, even so is it likewise with the friars. Nature is not changed by any circumstances of time or place.

In Italy was a particular order of friars, called *Fratres Ignorantiae,* that is, Brethren of Ignorance, who took a solemn oath, that they would neither know, learn, nor understand anything at all, but answer all

questions with *Nescio*. Truly, all friars are well worthy of this title, for they only read and babble out the words, but regard not their meaning. The pope and cardinals think: should these brethren study and be learned, they would master us. Therefore, *saccum per neccum*, that is, hang a bag about their necks, and send them a-begging through cities, towns and countries.

An honest matron here in Wittenberg, widow of the consul Horndorff, complained of the covetousness of the Capuchins, one of whom pressed her father, upon his deathbed, to bequeath something to their monastery, and got from him four hundred florins, for the use of the monastery, the friar constraining herself to make a vow, that she would mention the matter to no person. The man kept the money, which course he usually took, to the great hurt of all the children and orphans in that city. At last, by command of the magistrate, she told how the friar had acted. Many such examples have been, yet no creature dared complain. There was no end of the robbing, filching, and stealing, of those insatiable, money-diseased wretches.

When I was in the monastery at Erfurt, a preaching friar and a bare-foot friar wandered into the country to beg for the brethren, and to gather alms. These two played upon each other in their sermons. The bare-foot friar preaching first, said: "Loving country people, and good friends! take heed of that bird the swallow, for it is white within, but upon the back it is black; it is an evil bird, always chirping, but profitable for nothing; and when angered, is altogether mad," hereby describing the preaching friar, who wear on the outside black coats, and inside white linen. Now, in the afternoon, the preaching friar came into the pulpit and played upon the bare-foot friar: "Indeed, loving friends, I neither may nor can well defend the swallow; but the grey sparrow is far a worse and more hurtful bird than the swallow; for it bites the kine, and when it fouls into people's eyes, makes them blind, as ye may see in the book of Tobit. He robs, steals, and devours all he can get, as oats, barley, wheat, rye, apples, pears, peas, cherries, &c. Moreover, he is a lascivious bird: his greatest art is to cry: 'Scrip, scrip,'" etc. The bare-foot friar might in better colors have painted the preaching friars, for they are proud buzzards and right epicureans; while the bare-foot friars, under color of sanctity and humility, are more proud and haughty than kings or princes, and, most of all, have imagined and devised monstrous lies.

St. Bernard was the best monk that ever was, whom I love beyond all the rest put together; yet he dared to say, it were a sign of damnation if a man quitted his monastery. He had under him three thousand monks, not one of whom was damned, if his opinion be true, *sed vix credo*. St. Bernard lived in dangerous times, under the emperors Henry IV. and V., Conrad and Lothaire. He was a learned and able monk, but he gave evil example. The friars, especially the Minorites and Franciscans, had easy days by their hypocrisy; they touched no money, yet they were vastly rich, and lived in luxury. The evil friar's life began betimes, when people, under color of piety, abandoned temporal matters. The vocation and condition of a true Christian, such as God ordained and founded it, consists in three hierarchies—domestic, temporal, and church government.

The state of celibacy is great hypocrisy and wickedness. Augustine, though he lived in a good and acceptable time, was deceived through the exaltation of nuns. And although he gave them leave to marry, yet he said they did wrong to marry, and sinned against God. Afterwards, when the time of wrath and blindness came, and the truth was hunted away, and lying got the upper hand, the generation of poor women was contemned, under the color of great holiness, but which, in truth, was mere hypocrisy. Christ with one sentence confutes all their arguments: God created them male and female.

Item #23

John Gerard, *John Gerard: The Autobiography of an Elizabethan*, trans. Philip Caraman (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1951), xxiv-18, 21-25, 27-30, 32-33, 37-38, 40-42, 48-49, 51, 54-75, 77-79, 92-94, 98-99, 102-120, 123-125, 127-139, 164-167, 169-171, 197-201, 203-207.

A.M.D.G.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE precepts of Superiors are from God 'from whom all power proceeds'. It is at their orders that I am setting down in a simple and faithful narrative all that happened to me, under God's providence, during the eighteen years I worked on the English mission. And it must not, then, be thought an unusual or remarkable thing to do.

What I achieved was insignificant, when it is compared with the work of others, who were fitter instruments of Christ. Besides, it is a 'praiseworthy thing to make known the works of God', and, on this account too, I need have no bashfulness in recording the results of my own poor efforts.

With few talents or natural gifts my endowment was slender, and my store of virtue more slender still. My union with God was far from close, and as this is the source of all advancement in spirit and the secret of success in the work of saving souls, it was to be expected that God should work fewer things through me than He did through others. I was lacking in enterprise, I was remiss in responding to the calls of God's grace, and you must not be surprised then that I let slip many opportunities and marred others. What was done, was done by God. And, I believe, He chose to do it through me, because I was a member—an unworthy one, I admit—of that body which has received from Jesus its head a remarkable outpouring of His Spirit for the healing of souls in this last era of a declining and gasping world. This is how I account for anything that God has been pleased to work in and through me.

I

EARLY LIFE

1564—1588

MY parents had always been Catholics, and on that account had suffered much at the hands of an heretical government. I was only a boy of five and my brother not much more when we were taken away from home and placed in a strange house among heretics. It was the time my father and two other gentlemen were imprisoned in the Tower of London because they had plotted to rescue Mary Queen of Scots and restore her to her throne. She was then in prison about two miles from us in Derbyshire.† At the end of three years my father paid a sum down for his release; and as soon as he was free he called us home again. Our faith was unaffected, for he had taken good care to put us in charge of a Catholic tutor.

Later, when I was about twelve, I was sent to Oxford, to Exeter College,[1] where my tutor was Mr. Lewknor, a good and learned man and a Catholic in sympathy and conviction. But I stayed less than a year, for at Easter time they tried to force us to go to church and receive the Protestant sacrament. So I went back to my father's house with my brother. Mr. Lewknor followed us; he wanted to become a Catholic and lead a Catholic life, and not just hanker after it as he did before.†

We kept him at home as a Latin tutor for several years. Later he went over to Belgium, where he lived a long time and died holily. For Greek there was a devout priest, Mr. William Sutton, who lived openly in our house under the guise of tutor. Later he entered the Society and was drowned off the coast of Belgium, where he had been sent for by his Superiors.†

[1] J.G. matriculated with his brother Thomas on 3rd December 1575. See Appendix A, *The Chronology of Gerard's Early Years.*

At the age of fourteen I got a licence to visit France in order to learn French and I stayed at Rheims[1] for three years. Though I was still a boy and insufficiently grounded in the humanities I started to study Scripture. I consulted the commentaries on the more difficult passages and took down notes at the public lectures given to the theological students in the city. Being my own master I followed my preferences and did not lay a solid foundation as I should have done. But I read the works of St. Bernard carefully and St. Bonaventure and other ascetical writers. And it was at this time by God's providence that I met a saintly young man. He had entered the Society at Rome but had left for a time because of his health and was then living at Rheims.† He told me—God reward him—about his former life, how he had been brought up in 'the household of God', how good and wholesome a thing it was to have borne His yoke from one's youth. He also taught me to pray and we used to meet regularly for mental prayer—neither of us lived in the college but in lodgings in the city. And it was here—I was about fifteen at the time—that I first heard God in His infinite mercy and goodness call me from the crooked paths of the world to the straight road and to the perfect following of Christ in the Society.

After three years at Rheims I moved to Cleremont in Paris.[2] My purpose was to see from close at hand what Jesuit life was like and at the same time to get a better grounding in Latin and philosophy. I had only been there a year when I became dangerously ill. While I was convalescing I accompanied Father Thomas Darbyshire† to Rouen to meet Father Persons—he had just arrived from England and was staying secretly in the city in order to complete his *Christian Directory* and see it through the press—a most useful and wonderful book which I believe has converted more souls to God than it contains pages. Even the Protestants appreciated it very much as you can see from the recent edition brought out by one of their clergymen, who tried to steal the credit for it.† To Father Persons, then, I spoke about my vocation and my wish to join the Society. But I was still very

[1] This was the seminary founded by Cardinal Allen at Douai in 1568. J.G. arrived on 29th August 1577. The following March the College migrated to Rheims. T. F. Knox, *Douai Diaries*, p. 129.

[2] The famous school of the French Jesuits founded in 1564.

weak and could not continue my studies. Also, I had some property in England to dispose of and other arrangements to make. So he suggested that I should return to England and while I was recovering my strength in my native air settle my affairs and free myself to follow my religious vocation. Accordingly, I went home,[1] did the business I had to do and after about a year started back. This time I did not apply for a licence. I had no chance of getting one as I had not dared to inform my parents of my intention.

With some other Catholics I set sail. The wind, however, was against us and after five days at sea we were forced to put into port at Dover.[2] There we were all arrested by the guards and customs officials and sent to London under custody. The others were imprisoned by warrant of the Queen's Privy Council, but although I confessed myself a Catholic and refused to attend service I was left free thanks to some members of the Council who seemed to be friendly to my family—it was they who got for me my licence to travel abroad on the previous occasion.† They had hopes, I think, that it would be merely a matter of time before they won me over, and with a view to perverting me, they sent me to my maternal uncle, a Protestant,† to be kept in custody. At the end of three months he petitioned the Council for my full release and perhaps offered to pay for it. But when he was asked whether I had 'gone to church', as they say, he had to admit that all his efforts to make me go had failed.

The Council then sent me with a letter to the Bishop of London,[3] who read the letter and asked me whether I was ready to discuss my religion with him. I told him that I had no doubts about my faith and I did not want to.

'In that case', said the Bishop, 'you will at least have to stay a prisoner here.'

I pointed out that I had no choice in the matter—I was at the mercy of the magistrates. However, he treated me with nothing but kindness, perhaps hoping to draw me over. Nevertheless, he

[1] He was still in Paris in March 1582, when his father sent him some 'relief'—probably some medicines or money for his journey home.†

[2] J.G. embarked at Gravesend. There was a spy on board. Probably he informed on them as soon as they put in to Dover.†

[3] John Aylmer, Bishop of London, 1577–94.

gave orders that his chaplain's bed should be brought into my room. Time and again I refused to have anything to do with him. I understood my faith and did not want to discuss it, still less to learn from him what I should believe. But as he didn't stop blaspheming and cursing the saints and the Church, I was forced to defend my religion. We spent practically the whole night arguing and to my astonishment I found that he could not put up even a passable defence. It was easy to convince him of his error.

After two days they gave up hope and sent me back to the Council with what they told me was a letter of recommendation. Indeed, the Bishop had assured me that he had done all he could for me and hoped that I would be released. But it turned out to be Uriah's letter that I carried. The Council read it and at once ordered me to be imprisoned until I became a law-abiding subject—to their way of thinking a recalcitrant subject is one who doesn't submit to heresy and attend their services. So I was sent to the Marshalsea[1] and there met a large number of Catholics and several priests who with a light heart were awaiting sentence of death or execution. The place was like a school of Christ.[2] And I was there from the beginning of Lent until the end of Lent in the following year. But I was not in the least downcast and I had all the opportunity I wanted to carry on my studies.

During this period we were brought before the Assizes on two occasions. We were not tried for our lives but fined according to the statute for refusing to attend church. I was made to pay two thousand florins.

[. . . .]

[1] J.G. was committed to the Marshalsea on 5th March 1583. *C.R.S.*, vol. ii, p. 233.

[2] 'A college of caitiffs', as Aylmer refers to the forty-seven Catholic prisoners then in the Marshalsea.†

In the next year the insistent requests of my friends secured my liberation, but they had to give sureties in cash that I would not attempt to fly the country, while for my part I had to bind myself to report at the prison at the end of every three months. Three or four times these sureties had to be renewed before I could go ahead with my plans. At last, however, the chance I had been waiting for occurred. A very dear friend of mine came forward and offered to go bail for me if I should fail to appear at the agreed time.[3] Later, after I had left England, he paid more

[1] Bartholomew Temple.†

[2] John Jacob, an Oxford musician.†

[3] Anthony Babington, who evidently went surety at the last renewal, which was due on 30th April 1586. Shortly after visiting his married sister the following Whitsuntide, J.G. escaped to the Continent. J.G. seems to be in error. The third or fourth renewal of a quarterly surety would bring him to Easter 1585, not 1586.†

than the surety—he forfeited his life, being one of the most distinguished in that group of fourteen gentlemen who were executed in the cause of Mary Queen of Scots.† Their execution was, as it were, the prelude to removing the Queen herself, as later events showed.

Free at last, I made my way to France. In Paris I found Father William Holt† who had recently arrived from Scotland. He was preparing to go to Rome with the French Provincial and I attached myself to the party.

At Rome I was advised to finish my studies at the English College and to get ordained before I entered the Society. I took the advice though I very much wanted to enter religion as soon as possible, as I made clear to Father Persons and Father Holt, who was now Rector. But the Roman climate did not agree with me and I was becoming restive to get back into England. They understood this and I began the year with the course of moral theology and controversy, and I worked through the complete syllabus of positive theology. When I had finished—it was just the time that the Spanish Fleet had set sail and was approaching England—the illustrious Cardinal Allen, for a number of reasons connected with the Catholic cause, petitioned to have me sent to England. But, as I was still some months short of the age for taking priest's orders, a papal dispensation was obtained for me. Still, I was reluctant to leave Rome until I had been admitted to the Society, and here again Father Persons showed me great kindness and arranged for me to begin my noviceship at once, and finish it when I got to England. There were others like myself at the English College who wanted to join the Society, so all of us did our best to follow the life of the noviceship at Sant' Andrea, often giving a hand in the kitchen and visiting the city hospitals. On the feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, 1588, Father Aquaviva,† the General, admitted dear Father Oldcorne and myself into the Society and gave us his blessing for the English mission.

With Father Oldcorne and two other priests from the English College we set out for home.

2

LANDING

November 1588

PASSING through Switzerland, we stayed a night at Basle and decided to see the old Catholic buildings of the town: the Lutherans usually leave them intact but the Calvinists destroy them. We were going round the church when a man joined us and offered to show us all the things we should see. Naturally we were a little taken aback by his unexpected courtesy on the part of a Lutheran towards Catholic priests—we were wearing our soutanes—and as he could speak French I asked him where he came from. It turned out that he was from Lorraine. Then I inquired why he had left his country and his old faith, and he told me he could not live under Catholic rule. I asked him therefore which were the Catholic laws he found particularly hard, for the Catholic Church teaches the gospel of Christ, whose yoke is sweet and burden light. At length I discovered that the man was a priest and had fled to Basle. He was living there with a woman who passed for his wife in the very house where we had lodged the night before, and was supporting himself and her by the practice of usury. Therefore I urged him earnestly to turn from the road to hell and set his feet again on the path to heaven. I begged him to provide for the woman, to lend out no more money at unlawful interest and to work for his living or to support himself in some other honest way. In the end he promised to do as I advised. He gave me a letter to his bishop asking to be reconciled. As I passed through Lorraine I delivered the letter and I can only hope that the poor man did not go back on his good purpose.

As best we could we passed incognito through Rheims—the

English seminary was there at the time—and through Paris,[1] and we came to Eu. A school for English boys had been opened there, but later it was given up owing to the wars and a better and flourishing foundation made at St. Omers. Our Fathers there consulted the priests who had charge of the College,† and all agreed that it would be very unwise to cross to England while things stood as they did at present. The Spanish Fleet had exasperated the people against the Catholics; everywhere a hunt was being organized for Catholics and their houses searched; in every village and along all the roads and lanes very close watches were kept to catch them. The Earl of Leicester, then at the height of his power, had sworn that by the end of the year there would be no Catholic left in the country—but the man had not counted his days, for he was carried off that same year.†

Reluctantly, therefore, we decided to stay here for a time until we received from Rome an answer from Father Persons writing in the name of Father General. The situation, he said, had changed a great deal since we had left Rome, but the work we had in hand was God's undertaking, we were free either to go ahead with the enterprise or stay back until things in England had quietened down. This was the answer we desired. There was a short discussion, and then we found a ship at once to take us across and drop us in the north of England which seemed the quieter part. Two priests from Rheims, who were anxious to get a passage, joined us and we took them aboard our ship. Our travelling companions had decided to stay back some time—they did not want to walk straight into such certain danger.

We four priests embarked,[2] a lucky load, if I exclude myself, for my unworthiness robbed me of the crown of martyrdom. The other three all met a martyr's death for the faith. The two priests from Rheims were quickly captured, *consummati in brevi impleverunt tempora multa*. Their names were Christopher Bales

[1] However, his passage through Paris was detected and reported to London by one of Walsingham's spies. *S.P.D.*, ccxix, no. 26.

[2] J.G. embarked early November, not as he says later, in October. The 'two priests from Rheims' left Douai on 2nd November. The names of the two who stayed back were Ralph Buckland and Arthur Stratford. T. F. Knox, *Douai Diaries*, pp. 220–1.

and George Beesley.[1] But my companion, Father Oldcorne, worked and toiled for almost eighteen years in the Lord's vineyard before he, too, watered it with his blood.

After crossing the sea we sailed up the English coast. On the third day my companion and I saw what seemed a good place to put ashore in the ship's boat. As we thought it would be dangerous for all of us to land together, we asked God's guidance in prayer. Then we consulted our companions and ordered the ship to cast anchor off the point till nightfall.[2] At the first watch of the night we were taken ashore in the boat and dropped there. The ship spread its canvas and sailed on.

For a few moments we prayed and commended ourselves to the keeping of God, then we looked about for a path to take us as far inland as possible and put a good distance between us and the sea before dawn broke. But the night was dark and overcast, and we could not pick the path we wanted and get away into the open fields. Every track we took led up to a house—as we knew at once when the dogs started to bark. This happened two or three times. Afraid we might wake the people inside and be set on for attempting to burgle them, we decided to go off into a nearby wood and rest there till the morning. It was about the end of October, raining and wet, and we passed a sleepless night.[3] Nor did we dare to talk, for the wood was close to a house. However, in little more than a whisper we held a conference. Would it be better to make for London together or separate so that if one of us was caught the other might get away safely? We discussed both courses thoroughly. In the end we decided to part company and each to go his own way.

[. . . .]

[1] Both executed in Fleet Street, Christopher Bales on 4th March 1590 and George Beesley on 2nd July 1591.

[2] 'Seeing a shore where they might set on land, and no town or house near them to see where they landed, they . . . caused the sailors to cast anchor until it was dark, and then in a cock-boat to set them on land.' *Narrative*, p. 280. This was near Happisburgh, roughly halfway between Great Yarmouth and Cromer. Jessop, p. 134.

[3] '[They] got them into a wood, and there stayed all night, whilst it rained a good pace. But yet they were as merry as might be, and well contented with their wet lodging.' *Narrative*, p. 280.

As soon as my companion had left, I came out of the wood by a different path. I had gone only a short distance when I saw some country folk coming toward me. Walking up to them I asked whether they knew anything about a stray hawk; perhaps they had heard its bell tinkling as it was flying around. I wanted them to believe that I had lost my bird and was wandering about the

[1] 'They looked therefore into their provision of money, and he that had more gave it unto the other to make it equal.' *Narrative*, p. 281.

[2] The town was Mundesley. The sailors had probably been disbanded after the defeat of the Armada. Jessop, *ib.*

countryside in search of it. This is what falconers do. And they would not be surprised because I was a stranger here and unfamiliar with the lanes and countryside; they would merely think that I had wandered here in my search. They told me they had not seen or heard a falcon recently and they seemed sorry that they could not put me on its track. So with a disappointed look I went off as if I were going to search for it in the trees and hedges round about. In this way I got off the road without stirring their suspicions. In fact, they watched me sympathetically as I hurried round the hedges and got farther away from the sea. Whenever I saw anybody in the fields I went up to him and asked my usual questions about the falcon, concealing all the time my real purpose, which was to avoid the villages and public roads and get away from the coast where I knew watchers guarded the thoroughfares and kept out strangers.[1] Most of the day went like this and in all I managed to cover eight or ten miles, not, of course, walking in a straight line, but diagonally, even turning back now and again the way I had come. At the end of the day I was soaked with rain and felt hungry. It had been a rough crossing and I had been able to take practically no food or sleep on board, so I turned for the night into an inn in a village I was passing, thinking that they were less likely to question a man they saw entering an inn.

I got some food and found the people very amiable, especially when I told them I wanted to buy a pony in their stables. It was a poor man's beast and I bought it for a small but reasonable price. On horseback I hoped to move more quickly and more safely too—people travelling on foot are often taken for vagrants and liable to arrest, even in quiet times.

The next morning I mounted my horse and started out in the direction of Norwich, the principal town in that county. I had gone barely two miles when I rode straight into a group of watchers at the entrance to a village. They ordered me to dis-

[1] On 27th July 1588 an order had been sent from the Privy Council to the Lords Lieutenant of Norfolk and Suffolk 'to see watches kept in every thoroughfare town to stay and apprehend all vagabonds and rogues [that] are like to pass up and down to move disorders; and if any such be found with any manifest offence tending to stir troubles or rebellion, to cause such to be executed by martial law.' Hist. MSS. Commission, *Foljambe MSS.*, p. 53.

mount, and asked me who I was and where I came from. I told them I was in the service of a certain lord who lived in another county—he did in fact know me well, although these men had not heard of him—and I explained that my falcon had flown away and I had come here to see whether I could recover it.

They could not catch me out in my story. But still they did not let me go. They insisted that I had to come before the Constable and the Officer of the Watch, both of whom happened at that moment to be in church attending their heretical worship.[1]

I saw I could not escape and that it was no good trying to resist. As I could not win them round I submitted and followed them into the cemetery surrounding the church. I told them to go and tell the officer that I was here. One of the watchers went in and came back with the answer that he wanted me to come inside where he would see me at the end of the service.

'If he is unwilling to come out,' I said, 'I'll wait for him here.'

'No, you've got to go into the church.'

I tried again.

'I don't want to leave my horse behind, so I'll stay.'

'In other words, you won't get off and hear God's holy word. I warn you that if you refuse it won't help you. Your horse is nothing to worry about. If it's necessary, I'll get you a better one.'

'Go and tell the officer', I said again, 'that if he wants to see me, either he must let me wait for him here or come out quickly.'

The messenger returned with this answer and the officer came out at once with some attendants and started to examine me. From the expression on his face I could see that he was angry. He asked me first where I came from and I named a number of places which I had learned were not far away. Then he asked me my name, employment, home, and the reason for my coming, and I gave him the answers that I had given before. Finally on asking whether I was carrying any letters, I invited him to search me and satisfy himself, but he did not do it. He insisted, however, that it was his duty to take me before the Justice of the Peace and I said that if he thought it really necessary I was ready to go, but I was anxious to hurry on for I had been away from

[1] 'It being Sunday morning.' *Narrative*, p. 281.

my master long enough already. I begged him if he could possibly do it to let me pass on. At first he refused and it looked as though there would be nothing for it but to go before a higher officer and be sent to prison by him, as certainly would have happened. Then the man looked at me with a milder expression.

'You've got the look of an honest fellow. Go on then in God's name. I won't hold you back any longer.'

Nor did God's Providence desert me after that. As I was riding along and getting near the city I saw ahead of me a young man on horseback carrying a heavy pack. I wanted to get level with him and find out from him more about the town and, in particular, what was the best place to put up at. He looked the sort of person I could question without raising suspicions, but his horse was better than mine and though I urged on my animal hard I could not make up the distance between us. For two or three miles I followed him. Then providentially he dropped his pack on the road and had to stop and dismount to strap it on again. As I drew level I could see that he was an uneducated youth, just the kind of man I needed. He told me many things which would have been most useful to me if I had got into trouble, but though I did not know it, God was guiding me out of further danger through his means. First, I asked him whether he could recommend me a good inn near the city gate to save dragging my horse round the streets looking for one, and he told me that there was an inn at the other end of the town and that I could best get to it by riding round the outskirts. And lastly I got him to show me the road and tell me the sign of the inn. Then I let him ride ahead along the road that led straight into the city—the road I should certainly have taken had I not met him. It would have led me straight into trouble, and none of those things which happened to me later for the greater glory of God and the good of many souls would have fallen to me.

I followed the young man's instructions. Going round the city walls I came to the gate he described. Passing through I saw the inn.†

I was there only a short time when in walked a man who seemed well known to the people of the house. He greeted me courteously and then sat down by the fire to warm himself. He began talking about some Catholic gentlemen imprisoned in the

city and mentioned by name a man, one of whose relatives had been with me in the Marshalsea Prison in London seven years before.† I listened carefully but said nothing. After he had gone out I asked the man I had been talking to who he was.

'He is a very good fellow,' they said, 'except for the fact that he is a Papist.'

'How do you know this?' I asked.

'He has spent many years in the city gaol.' (It was only a stone's throw from the inn.) 'There are a lot of Catholic gentlemen there† and this man was released only a short time ago.'

'Was he released', I asked, 'because he has given up his faith?'

'No, and he never will. He is a most pig-headed man. He is merely out on bail and has to report at the prison whenever he is summoned. There is some business he does for a gentleman in prison which brings him here frequently.'

I kept quiet until the man returned and when the others had gone out I told him that I wanted to have a word with him in some safe place. I had heard that he was a Catholic, I said, and was very pleased to hear it because I was one too. Then I explained how I came to be here. I told him that I wanted to get to London and that if he could do me the kindness of introducing me to any people who were known on the road so that I could join on to them and pass as one of their party, he would be doing a good work as a Catholic. I pointed out that I was able to pay my expenses and would not be a burden to them in any way.

However, he knew of no one going to London just then, so I asked him whether he could give me the name of a man whom I might hire as escort. He said that he would make inquiries, but he knew a gentleman who was in town just then who might be able to help me out of my difficulties.

He went out to find him. In a very short time he was back and asked me to follow him into the town. He led me into a busy mart as though he were going to make a purchase. The gentleman he had told me about was waiting there, having selected this place because it gave him a chance to have a good look at me before he made himself known. Eventually he came up to us and told my friend in a whisper that he thought I was a priest. Then he led us out to the cathedral, where he put a lot of questions

to me, finally asking me to tell him straight whether or not I was a priest, and if I was, he promised to give me all the help I needed.

For my part, I asked my guide who the gentleman was and when he told me his name[1] and position I realized what a good friend Providence had given me. I admitted at once that I was a Jesuit priest and had recently arrived from Rome. Straightway he got me a change of clothes and a good horse and took me out to the country house of a friend outside the city, leaving a servant to bring my pony after me. The next day we went on to his own house,[2] where he lived with his family and his brother, who was a heretic.

Since these two brothers had a widowed sister who was also a heretic and lived there and kept house for them,† I had to be careful not to give them any ground for suspecting who I really was. On my first arrival the Protestant brother was indeed suspicious—for I was a stranger, I had come here in company with his Catholic brother, and he could think of no reason why his brother treated me so kindly. But after two or three days his suspicions were allayed. When I got the opportunity I spoke about hunting and falconry, a thing no one could do in correct technical language unless he was familiar with the sports. It is an easy thing to trip up in one's terms, as Father Southwell used to complain.† Frequently, as he was travelling about with me later, he would ask me to tell him the correct terms and worried because he could not remember and use them when need arose: for instance, when he fell in with Protestant gentlemen who had practically no other conversation except, perhaps, obscene subjects or rant against the saints and the Catholic faith. On occasions like this there is often a chance of bringing the talk round to some other topic simply by throwing out a remark about horses or hounds or the like. Thus it often happens, as I experienced now, that an idle interest such as this makes a good mask and protection.

After a few days I suggested to my new friend, the Catholic brother, that I should go to London to meet my Superior. He agreed and gave me horses and a servant. And he begged me to

[1] Edward Yelverton, one of the wealthiest men in Norfolk. Jessop, p. 137.

[2] Grimston, six and a half miles north-east of King's Lynn.

ask my Superior to allow me to return to this county and make my home with him. He was sure it would be possible to bring many people back to the faith if I only talked with them in the way he had seen me do.

I promised to put his request to the Superior and said that for my part I would be delighted to return if he would take me in. I rode off and arrived safely in London. There was no incident on the way.

I have gone into all this detail to show how Providence protected me on my first landing in England. I knew no one at all in the whole of that county. I had never been there before and it was far away from the places where I had been born and brought up. Yet on the first day I found a friend who drew me out of danger, and afterwards, by introducing me to the principal families of the county, made an opening for many conversions. Through my friendship with him many Catholics in those parts came to know of my presence, and this as you shall see later was the beginning of all that God was pleased to do hereafter through His poor servant.

3

GRIMSTON

Christmas 1588—*Summer* 1589

WHEN I reached London some Catholics helped me to find Father Henry Garnet who was then Superior. Apart from him the only other Jesuit priests in England at the time were Father Edmund Weston† in Wisbeach gaol (he would have been Superior had he been at large), Father Robert Southwell, and the two of us who had just landed.

My companion, Father Oldcorne, had already arrived. But the Superior had received no news of me and was anxious. On the other hand, for this very reason, they still had hopes that all was well. When I arrived there was great rejoicing all round.

I stayed with the Fathers some time and we had frequent discussions on the methods we should follow in our work. Splendid advice on ways of helping and saving souls was given us by Father Garnet, and also by Father Southwell, who excelled at this work. He was so wise and good, gentle and loveable. But Christmas was drawing near and we had to scatter. The danger of capture was greater at festal times and, besides, the faithful needed our services.

I was sent back, therefore, to the county where I first stepped ashore† and to the same gentleman who first helped me and gave me shelter. The Superior provided me with the clothes and other things I needed, for he was anxious that I should not be a burden to my host at the start. Afterwards, however, and throughout my missionary life, Providence provided sufficient for my needs and others' as well. My dress was always that of a gentleman of moderate means, and the wisdom of this was clear and often demonstrated later. It was thus that I used to go about before I became a Jesuit and I was therefore more at ease in these

clothes than I would have been if I had assumed a role that was strange and unfamiliar to me. Besides, I had to move in public and meet many Protestant gentlemen, and I could never have mixed with them and brought them slowly back to a love of the faith and a virtuous life had I dressed in any other way. Apart from being able to move in their society more freely and safely now, and with greater authority, I could stay longer and more securely in any house or noble home where my host might bring me as his friend or acquaintance.[1]

And that is what happened. Without danger and not without profit I stayed openly six or eight months in the house of that gentleman who was my first host. During that time he introduced me to the house and circle of nearly every gentleman in Norfolk, and before the end of the eight months I had received many people into the Church, including one of my host's brothers, his two sisters and, later, his brother-in-law. One of his sisters, as I have said, was the widow who kept house for him. She had been a rabid Calvinist and one of her brothers, the Judge, is still one of the leaders of the Calvinist party in England to-day.[2]

[. . . .]

[1] J.G. was 'for the most part attired costly and defencibly in buff leather, garnished with gold or silver lace, satin doublets, and velvet hose of all colours with clocks correspondent, and rapiers and daggers gilt or silvered'. Description of the spy, Byrd, to Cecil, *Hat. Cal.*, xi, p. 365.

[2] Sir Christopher Yelverton. As Queen's Serjeant he took part in the indictment of the Earl of Essex. In 1601 he was appointed Judge of the King's Bench.

[3] Master of Peterhouse, 1554–89, and perhaps the most notorious turncoat of his day. †

Besides these persons, during the time I moved about freely, I reconciled to the Church many fathers and mothers of families, more than twenty in all, of the same or higher social standing,† but it would be wiser not to mention them by name. In addition, I received a large number of servants and poorer people—I forget the precise number—and, through the grace of God, I steadied many tottering souls in their allegiance, and heard numerous general confessions.

[. . . .]

[1] Calibut Walpole, through whom the estates descended to Sir Robert Walpole, the Minister of the first two Hanoverian kings, who was born at the family home at Houghton, W. Norfolk, in 1676.

After six or seven months here a Catholic gentleman from another county came to see me.[2] He was related to one of my flock and was anxious to meet a Jesuit. He was a devout young man and heir to a fairly big estate, half of which he inherited when his brother died, while the other half went to his mother for life. This lady, a widow, was a good Catholic also and she lived in her son's house, where they supported a priest. After I had been with him a few days, I noticed that his only desire was to lead a more perfect life, and I told him of certain spiritual exercises which could lead a generous soul on that way by holding out before him all that was good and thus help him to make the best choice of life.[3] He at once begged me earnestly to let him make them. I agreed and he got so much profit from them that he decided to do what he thought was the best thing, namely to join the Society with as little delay as possible and in the interval, while he was settling his affairs, to take care that he lost none of his fervour.

[1] By 'florin' J.G. means the Flemish silver gulden or florin, which was worth about two shillings in English money of the time.

[2] Henry Drury of Lawshall, six miles south-east of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

[3] The *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola. J. G. makes frequent mention of them later. They are a systematic course of meditations on spiritual subjects designed to help persons to a right choice of life.

When the retreat was over, he implored me to come and live at his house, and he gave me no peace until I promised to put the proposal to the Superior. I reflected on his offer. The way I had gone about in public had advantages in the beginning, but it could not continue for ever, since the danger of recognition grew as I came to know more people. I had less security now and more cause to worry, and I realized that this opportunity was providential. As Father Garnet approved when I consulted him, I went to this gentleman's house in the next county, but I first said goodbye to all my friends and stationed a priest where he would be in the best position to help the Catholics in the county. He is there to this day, doing great work and enduring much.

4

LAWSHALL

Summer 1589—*Winter* 1591

IN this new place my life was much more quiet and congenial. Almost everyone in the house was a Catholic and it was easier to live the life of a Jesuit, even in the external details of dress and arrangement of time. I was also able to do much reading.

[. . . .]

During my stay here—it lasted almost two years—I gave

much time to study. But I also travelled about. As well as reconciling some heretics and schismatics, I was able to strengthen several Catholic families in their faith and to place two priests in places where they could do good work. I heard a number of general confessions—one penitent, a widowed lady of high position, devoted the rest of her life to pious works, and not to mention her other gifts, she made the Society an annual donation of a thousand florins;[1] another widow[2] gave four hundred.

In this period also I gave the Spiritual Exercises to a number of persons with good effect. The first to make them were two men related to one another: both decided to join the Society and settled their affairs and went to France. At the end of their studies one entered the Society and is now a zealous priest on the English mission. He is Father Thomas Everett. The other was ordained, but he was pusillanimous: he wanted at first to return to England, but he didn't turn out well in the end.[3]

Two others who made a retreat under me at the same time were fine young men.[4] They were brothers and both decided to become Jesuits. The elder had read classics and philosophy at Cambridge and for the last nine years had been studying law in London. Exceptionally talented and industrious, he had made such a mark for himself that I heard men of balanced judgement say that they ranked an opinion of his on a level with those of the leading lawyers of the past. He was a prudent and serious man as well, and even before he thought of joining the Society, Father Southwell had remarked to me, that if he ever came to that decision he would be the finest Superior we could possibly wish to have.

[. . . .]

[1] Mary Lady Lovel, who later founded at Antwerp the first convent of English Carmelites. †

[2] Isabel, widow of Edmund Fortescue of Sawston. She was a sister-in-law of Thomas Wiseman. Jessop, p. 220.

[3] Fr. Anthony Rowse, the apostate priest. †

[4] Thomas and John Wiseman.

I mentioned two brothers just above. The older one, before he left England, was able to persuade his eldest brother,[2] who had a great respect for him, to try the Spiritual Exercises. He was

[1] Fr. Garnet divided this money 'among the clergymen in prison, or otherwise in want, and among other poor Catholics labouring under persecution'. †

[2] William Wiseman.

indeed a Catholic, but his thoughts were very far from Christian perfection. Lately his father had died and he had succeeded to the family estate and its fine mansion.[1] There he lived with his wife and children to whom he was deeply devoted. He had laid out a deer park or enclosure and enjoyed all the independence of a little prince. As he kept at a distance from the seminary priests he was not disturbed by the authorities and he felt none of the 'heat and burden of the day'. The persecution at that time was directed chiefly against the seminary priests and on the whole was unconcerned with the old men ordained before Elizabeth came to the throne. It was a distinction similar to that now made between secular priests and Jesuits, for to-day the persecution is much fiercer against us and our friends, as you can judge from the way they treat the good people who shelter us. The reason, I presume, is that our numbers have grown so much. Also it has something to do with the quarrels that have broken out between us and a section of the secular clergy (first in the seminaries and then in England) which makes the government anxious to crush the more uncompromising party first by imposing fearful penalties on the people who house and protect us. But the Israelites increased in spite of the rage of Pharaoh who sought their lives.†

As I was saying, this gentleman lived peacefully with his family on his estate and carefully avoided the attentions of the government. His eyes were blind to the snares of Satan—he did not even fear them. But, in spite of this, he found himself ensnared in the toils of grace. He walked straight into the net, was trapped and showed no wish to escape.

It was after the first or second day. He had thoroughly turned over in his mind God's purpose in creating him and all things else, when he began to feel the stirrings of the waters and went down into the pool and was healed. From that time he made all the meditations with great care, as you could see from the benefit he derived from them. He resolved henceforth to devote the whole of his life to furthering God's greater glory. All the good things that God had given him, he would use as a treasure committed to his keeping, and not treat them as though he owned them, and he would regard his family as a trust from Him.

[1] Braddocks, between Thaxted and Saffron Walden, Essex.†

[. . . .]

When all this was done, he begged me very earnestly to move to his house. The reasons he gave were convincing. I had come here for the sake of my host. Now he was on the point of leaving, for Father Garnet had decided that he should live with him until he could cross to the Continent. Also, the good priest who was here when I came was remaining behind and would be able to take care of the gentleman's mother. And there was this advantage in the change. I would be nearer London and be able to do more good there than if I stayed on where I was after my host had left. All these reasons I put to the Superior, when I went up to introduce my host and leave him at his house.†

Father Garnet urged me to take the opportunity while it offered itself. But I was careful to see that all the readjustments in the new house were made, as far as could be done, before I arrived. I had no wish to become a source of contention and I waited a full two months before I moved in. A good and capable staff of ser-

[1] St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus.

vants was assembled, chiefly men I had known in other places and whom I knew could be trusted. Nor was it anything like as difficult as I had feared to bring the mistress of the house and the old priest to agree to the changes: they even lent a hand in them, particularly the wife who surpassed everyone in the care she lavished on the chapel and in her attention to all my wants. She was rather quick-tempered and found it hard to keep her patience with servants and others. However, I always checked her and pulled her up every time—usually, of course, when we were alone—but sometimes, too, before others when the occasion called for it. I did this all the time I was with the family. She took it very well and tried hard to keep her temper in control. Every day she seemed to give me some new proof of her affection and respect, as you shall see later.

[. . . .]

5

BRADDOCKS

Winter 1591—*Spring* 1594

WHEN the family had settled down to this new life, I was able to find time for study,[1] and for some missionary journeys.

[. . . .]

In nearly every journey I managed to bring some people into the Church. But there is a great difference between these counties, where I was now working, and other parts of England. In other places, where a large number of the people are Catholics and nearly all have leanings towards Catholicism, it is easy to make many converts and to have large congregations at sermons. For instance, in Lancashire, I have seen myself more than two hundred present at Mass and sermon. People of this kind come into the Church without difficulty, but they fall away

[1] Probably at this time J.G. was working on his translation of *The Exhortation of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul*, by the Carthusian monk Lanspergius (John of Landsberg). It was published secretly in London in 1598. Nathaniel Southwell, *Bibl. Scriptorum Soc. Jesu*, p. 452.

the moment persecution blows up. When the alarm is over, they come back again. By contrast, in the districts I was living in now Catholics were very few. They were mostly from the better classes; none, or hardly any, from the ordinary people, for they are unable to live in peace, surrounded as they are by most fierce Protestants. The way, I think, to go about making converts in these parts is to bring the gentry over first, and then their servants, for Catholic gentle folk must have Catholic servants.

At this time I received into the Church my hostess's brother.[1] He was the only son of a knight and he proved himself one of my most steadfast friends at all times. Later he married a cousin of the most illustrious Duke of Feria, and both are most devoted to our Fathers. They always have one of them in their house, sometimes two or three, quite regardless of the danger of the times.

[. . . .]

[1] Henry Huddlestone of Sawston, near Cambridge.†
[2] Richard Rookwood of Coldham, near Bury St. Edmunds.†
[3] Dorothy Rookwood. [4] Ambrose Rookwood.†

6

SEARCH AT BADDESLEY CLINTON

October 1591

DURING my stay here I made occasional long journeys to counties in the north. The route I followed passed through my own home and many places belonging to relatives and people I knew well. Yet I could do little there, though many folk professed a warm friendship for me. In fact, I experienced for myself the truth of the saying of Our Lord that 'no man is a prophet in his own country'; and I was never anxious to stay with them very long.[1]

On one of these journeys I happened once to turn off my route and visit a Catholic relative. I came upon him just as he was going off to join a grand hunt for which all his friends had gathered. He invited me to come with him—he was anxious for me to win over a gentleman, who had recently married a cousin of ours. I answered that it would be better to leave it to another day. He persisted, however, saying that unless I took my chance now I might never be able to get at him again. So I decided to go and join the gentleman and all day I rode alongside him —the huntsman whom I was hunting down myself. Whenever the pack was at fault and stopped giving tongue, I used the pause to follow up my own little chase and gave tongue myself in real earnest. From talk about the trouble we were taking in pursuing a poor animal I brought the conversation round to the need of seeking an eternal prize and the way to lay hold of it, and all the toil and pains that were required. The devil, I said, never rested

[1] J.G., in company with William Wiseman and his servant Richard Fulwood, was at Lady Gerard's house at Bryn, Lancashire, sometime before Michaelmas, 1592. *S.P.D.*, ccxlviii, no. 103.

but was always trying like a hound to bring us to bay—the man, you see, was more of a schismatic than a heretic and little controversy was needed. But it was only after much talking that I made any impression on his will. All that day and the next I worked on him. On the fourth day he gave in and became a Catholic. He is practising his religion still and often keeps priests in his house and introduces them to other families.

[. . . .]

I used to see my Superior several times in the course of the year. Often I had some important question to discuss with him. And regularly twice every year all of us came to give him our six-monthly account of conscience and offer Our Lord Jesus the renewal of our vows. As I can bear witness, this good custom of the Society was a great help to the others,† and, to speak for myself only (I will tell you my feelings simply) I never found anything that did me more good. It braced my soul to meet all the obligations of my life as a Jesuit and meet all the demands made

of a priest on the mission. Apart from the consolation I got from renewing my vows, I experienced—after renewing them—a new strength and an ardent and freshened zeal. If I failed, then, in my work it was through no fault of the Society which provided me with means such as this and gave me assistance in striving for the perfection that is its aim.

On one occasion we were all together in the house where Father Garnet was living[1]—it was the time he was still in the country. We had held several conferences and the Superior had seen each of us for a talk in private. Suddenly one of us raised the question: what would we do if the priest-hunters broke in without warning? (There were many of us there and an insufficient number of hiding-places for all: we were nine or ten Jesuits and some other priests, besides a few laymen who were forced to live in hiding.) 'Yes,' said Father Garnet, 'we ought not to meet all at the same time now that our numbers are growing every day. But we are gathered for God's glory. Until we have renewed our vows the responsibility is mine; after that it is yours.' Up to the day we renewed our vows he gave no sign of being worried; but on the day itself he warned us all to look to ourselves and not to stay on without very good reason. 'I won't guarantee your safety any longer,' he told us. A number of the party, when they heard this, got on their horses immediately after dinner and rode off. Five Jesuits and two secular priests stayed behind.[2]

It was about five o'clock the following morning. I was making my meditation, Father Southwell was beginning Mass and the rest were at prayer, when suddenly I heard a great uproar outside the main door. Then I heard a voice shouting and swearing at a servant who was refusing them entrance. It was the priest-

[1] 'We had fixed on the same house which we had nearly always used previously for the purpose, belonging to two sisters, a widow [Mrs. Eleanor Brooksby] and a maiden lady [Miss Anne Vaux]' for it had a 'very safe refuge in a well-hidden cave'. The meeting lasted from 14th to 19th October 1591. Garnet to Aquaviva, 17th March 1594. Stonyhurst MSS., *Anglia* i, no. 73.

[2] 'At table on the feast of St. Luke,' says Fr. Garnet, 'I know not what inspiration made me address them as follows: saying that, though up to now I had taken on myself all responsibility, I was no longer willing to guarantee them their safety, when dinner was over.' Stonyhurst MSS., *ib.*

hunters, or pursuivants, as they are called. There were four of them altogether, with swords drawn, and they were battering at the door to force an entrance. But a faithful servant held them back, otherwise we should have all been caught.

Father Southwell heard the din. He guessed what it was all about, and slipped off his vestments and stripped the altar bare. While he was doing this, we laid hold of all our personal belongings: nothing was left to betray the presence of a priest. Even our boots and swords were hidden away—they would have roused suspicions if none of the people they belonged to were to be found. Our beds presented a problem: as they were still warm and merely covered in the usual way preparatory to being made, some of us went off and turned the beds and put the cold side up to delude anyone who put his hand in to feel them.

Outside the ruffians were bawling and yelling, but the servants held the door fast. They said the mistress of the house, a widow, was not yet up, but was coming down at once to answer them. This gave us enough time to stow ourselves and all our belongings into a very cleverly built sort of cave.

At last these leopards were let in. They tore madly through the whole house, searched everywhere, pried with candles into the darkest corners. They took four hours over the work but fortunately they chanced on nothing. All they did was to show how dogged and spiteful they could be, and how forbearing Catholics were. In the end they made off, but only after they had got paid for their trouble. Yes, that is the pitiful lot of Catholics—when men come with a warrant to upset their homes in this or any other way, it is they, the Catholics, not the authorities who send them, who have to pay. As if it were not enough to suffer, they are charged for suffering.

When they had gone, and gone a good way, so that there was no danger of their turning back suddenly, as they sometimes do, a lady came and called us out of our den, not one but several Daniels. The hiding-place was below ground level; the floor was covered with water and I was standing with my feet in it all the time. Father Garnet was there; also Father Southwell and Father Oldcorne (three future martyrs), Father Stanney and myself, two secular priests and two or three laymen.

So we were all saved that day.

[. . . .]

In the course of my stay in this third residence I gave the Spiritual Exercises to several people; and, among others, to two gentlemen who to this day both stand loyally by the resolutions they then made and are both firm friends of the Jesuits, each in his district. The first, Mr. John Lee,† only quite recently defended some thesis in philosophy at Rome. He is now back in England and is always ready to shelter ours and to supply their financial needs.

[. . . .]

At this time I was given some very remarkable relics, and my friends had them finely set for me. They included a complete thorn of the holy crown of Our Lord which Mary, Queen of Scots, had brought with her from France (where the whole crown is kept) and had given to the Earl of Northumberland, who was later martyred. While he lived, the Earl used to carry it round his neck in a golden cross, and when he came to execution he gave it to his daughter, who gave it to me. It was enclosed in a gilt case set with pearls. With three other silver reliquaries it is in the Superior's keeping.

Two of these relics are old ones and were rescued from the pillage of a monastery. They came to me through a trustworthy source. The third is a forefinger of the martyr, Father Robert Sutton, the brother of the priest I mentioned on the first page of this book.

[. . . .]

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

8

'PEINE FORTE ET DURE'

BUT there is a time for gathering stones and a time for scattering them. The moment had come for the testing of God's servants—I mean my hosts and myself with them.

In order to make them more like the Master for whom they suffered, God allowed them to be betrayed by one of their own household,† a man they all loved. He was not a Catholic; nor was he a servant of the house, but had been employed once by the second brother who had recommended him to his mother and elder brother before he went abroad. His home was in London but he often visited the family and knew almost everything that happened in both their houses. I must confess myself that I saw no reason for distrusting a person whom everybody else trusted, but I was careful all the same not to let him see me acting as a priest or even dressed in a way that would give him grounds for saying that I was one. But he guessed it, as he admitted to me later, when he saw the respect with which the master of the house treated me: how he nearly always accompanied me on the first two or three miles of my journeys, and often went the whole way to London with me. It was at his house† that we used to lodge on our visits to town. I had still to learn from experience that the safest course was to have a house of my own.

These small things gave rise to suspicions in the traitor's mind, as he himself told me afterwards. Certain as he was of more than thirty pieces of silver for the sale of his master, he went to the magistrates and bargained with them for his betrayal. Meanwhile —I think this is what happened—they sent him to keep a close watch on the two houses, the widow's and her son's, to note the priests who came there and to count their number.

[. . . .]

The traitor did not reveal himself and he was still unsuspected by his master and he was looking now for an opportunity to betray us without giving himself away. His first plan was to seize me in the London house which I had recently rented for my own and my friends' use.[1] As his master employed him in a great deal of his business, he could not help knowing the place which his master had rented for my benefit. So he promised the magistrates that he would give them word when I next came there and they could call out the officers, surround the house at night and cut off my escape. This is exactly what would have happened had not God intervened through an order of my Superior.

The Superior had come to live in a house four or five miles from London, † and I had gone over to see him. But as I had business to do in town, I wrote after a day or two and informed the people who kept the house to expect me on such and such a night, and to ask in a number of friends whom I wanted to see. The traitor learnt the time (he was often in the house, which ostensibly belonged to the master) and arranged for the pursuivants and their men to surround the place at midnight.

Just before I mounted my horse I went to say good-bye to the Superior. He urged me to stay the night with him, but I said that I had business in town and explained what it was, and that I had certain appointments to keep. But the blessed Father would not hear of my going, though, as he told me later, he had no idea why he had acted in such a peculiar way. It certainly was not his usual manner and I have no doubt at all that he was guided by the Holy Ghost.

Early next morning rumours reached us that papists had been seized in the house.[2] It was said that a priest had been found among them—actually it was my servant, Richard Fulwood. The place was without hiding-holes, though I had planned to

[1] At the upper end of Golding Lane, Holborn. †
[2] The raid was on 15th March 1594. †

build some, and he was hiding in a dark corner of the house. Since he cut a good figure he was taken for a priest—neither the traitor nor anyone else who knew him was there.

Three Catholics and one schismatic were taken and put in prison. (By 'schismatic' I mean a person who is a Catholic by conviction but attends the Protestant church.) In this case he was a trustworthy person whom I had employed as housekeeper and as a sort of agent in the district.

When these men came up for examination they stood firm and true;[1] none of their answers gave the slightest clue as to who was the real owner of the house, namely, myself, not my host. This was a good thing because had it been known that the house belonged to me, my host would have received even worse handling. As things turned out he got a special summons: they were still hoping to capture me and so make out a stronger case against him. As soon as my host got to town in answer to the summons, he went straight to the house. Knowing nothing of what had happened, he was anxious to find out whether I could tell him anything about the summons and advise him how to answer it. He came to the door and knocked; but he fell—the poor sheep of Christ—into the clutches of wolves, not into the hands of his shepherd and friend. It was only the night before that the house had been broken into, and some of the rascals were still hanging about the place on the look-out for any Catholics who might visit it before they got the scent of danger.

Out they came and fell on him and led him off in custody to the magistrates. 'How many priests visit your house? How many do you keep there? What are their names?'—he was asked innumerable questions, but in his reply he made the point that the harbouring of priests was a capital offence and he had taken good care not to run such a risk. But they pressed him: and he answered that he was prepared to meet any charge brought against him on this head. However, they insinuated nothing about me. Disappointed as they were this time, they still had hopes of catching me for they knew the traitor was still unsuspected.

[1] With Fulwood were captured John Bolt, the musician, John Tarbuck, a Lancashire Catholic, and William Suffield, the 'schismatic', a Norfolk weaver in William Wiseman's service. Their examination is extant confirming J.G.'s tribute to their constancy. *S.P.D.*, ccxlviii, nos. 37–40.

At the time of his arrest my host was working on a translation of Father Jerome Platus's *On the Happiness of the Religious State*. Recently he had completed the second part and had brought it up with him so that he could discuss it with me. When he was taken these manuscripts were found on him, and on being asked what they were he replied that they were just a book of devotion—the Protestants are afraid of anything being published against them or their false doctrines, and they scrutinize carefully all papers that fall into their hands. As they had no time to go into his whole case there and then they pressed him merely on the point of these papers. Again he insisted that they contained nothing whatever against the State or against sound doctrine, and offered to vindicate on the spot the propriety of the book. While he was doing this, as he told me later, he felt great consolation of soul at being answerable for such a fine work.†

However, he was imprisoned, and his confinement was so strict that only one of his servants, and the traitor at that, was allowed to visit him.[1] They knew his master still had no suspicion of his bad faith and they hoped this way to find out where I was hiding and seize me sooner than they could have done otherwise.

Actually, when I heard that our London house had been taken and my host imprisoned, I went to his country place, being anxious to confer with his wife and friends on what we had better do. I also wanted to get everything hidden neatly away. We needed of course most of the altar things for Easter, which was very close now, so only a few of them were packed off to friends. It was really impossible for me to desert the family now, for they were going through such an anxious and difficult time.

Holy Week came. The traitor turned up from London with a letter from his master. It gave an account of all that had happened to him, the questions he had been asked and his answers.[2]

The letter of course had been seen by the authorities, but they

[1] He was imprisoned in the Counter in Wood Street. *Hat. Cal.*, v, p. 25.

[2] It was very important for friends of a prisoner to know, if possible, what answers he had made, both to take steps to ensure their own safety, if necessary, and to know how far to go in their own answers if they were caught and examined.

let it through in order to give the traitor credit and provide him with an excuse for finding out whether I was in the house during Holy Week. He carried also a second letter. This was from my servant, whose capture at the house I have just described. They had put him in solitary confinement in the most loathsome of all the prisons, the Bridewell. They knew he was my servant, because the traitor had told them and they confined him in that prison in the hope that he would give away the names of his friends and accomplices. In this letter he said that he had answered firmly 'No' to all their questions, and went on to describe the threats they had made and the treatment he was receiving. He said that he was given barely sufficient bread to keep body and soul together. His cell was narrow; it had thick walls; it had no bed in it and he had to sleep in a sitting posture perched on the window-ledge. For months he had not taken his clothes off. There was only a little straw in the place and it had been trodden flat, and now it was crawling with vermin and quite impossible to lie on. Worst of all, they left his excrement in an uncovered pail in that tiny cell, and the stink was suffocating. In these conditions he was waiting to be called out and examined under torture.

I read out the letter to my hostess—the traitor was standing by—and as I came to the last passage I murmured: 'Would to God I could suffer some of this myself so that he might suffer less!' It was this remark that made it possible for me later to identify the traitor who had caused all this trouble. When I was captured and questioned and stated that I had not known any of the family, the examiners forgot their secret and called out: 'Lies! Lies! You said this and that in this lady's presence, when you were reading out your servant's letter.' But I continued to deny it all the same and gave them good reasons why I could and should do so even if it were true. But to resume my story.

9

SEARCH AT BRADDOCKS

1 April 1594

THE traitor returned to London and made a full report. Straightway a couple of messengers (or pursuivants as they are called) were sent to two gentlemen of the county, justices of the peace, carrying an authorization for their men to search the house carefully.

On Easter Sunday the traitor came again from London with a fresh letter. That was the pretext; his real motive was to be present on the spot to help the searchers and keep them informed of our movements.

On Easter Monday[1] we rose earlier than usual for Mass, for we felt there was danger about. As we were preparing everything for Mass before daybreak we heard, suddenly, a great noise of galloping hooves. The next moment, to prevent any attempt at escape, the house was encircled by a whole troop of men. At once we realized what was afoot. We barred the doors: the altar was stripped, the hiding-places opened and all my books and papers thrown in. It was most important to pack me away first with all my belongings. I was for using the hiding-place near the dining-room: it was farther away from the chapel (the most suspected part of the house) and it had a supply of provisions—a bottle of wine and some light sustaining biscuits and other food that would keep. Also there was more chance there of overhearing the searchers' conversation and picking up some information that might prove helpful to us. This is why I preferred it: and it was also a well built and safe place. However, the mistress of the house (it turned out to be providential) was opposed to it. She wanted me to use the place near the chapel: I could get into

[1] 1st April 1594.

it more quickly and hide all the altar things away with me. As she was very insistent I agreed, although I knew I would have nothing to eat if the search was a long one. We hid away everything that needed hiding and I went in.

I was hardly tucked away when the pursuivants broke down the door and burst in. They fanned out through the house, making a great racket. The first thing they did was to shut up the mistress of the house in her own room with her daughters,[1] then they locked up the Catholic servants in different places in the same part of the house. This done, they took possession of the place (it was a large house) and began to search everywhere, even lifting up the tiles of the roof to examine underneath them and using candles in the dark corners. When they found nothing, they started knocking down suspicious-looking places. They measured the walls with long rods and if the measurements did not tally they pulled down the section that they could not account for. They tapped every wall and floor for hollow spots; and on sounding anything hollow they smashed it in.

Two days of this revealed nothing. On the second day the justices went off thinking that I must have left the house on Easter Sunday. Some pursuivants remained behind to take the mistress of the house and the Catholic servants, men and women, up to London to be examined and imprisoned.[2] They were going to leave the other servants, I mean the non-Catholics, to watch the house. The traitor was one of them.

This pleased the lady and she hoped with his help to save me from dying of slow starvation, for she knew I had made up my mind to die in this way between the two walls rather than come out and save my life at the sacrifice of others. Indeed, during those four days of hiding all I had to eat was a biscuit or two and a little quince jelly which my hostess happened to have by her and had handed to me as I was going in. As she had not expected the search to last more than a day she had looked for nothing else.

But now two days had passed and she was to be taken off next morning with all the servants she could trust. Afraid I might die

[1] Dorothy and Winifred Wiseman, the younger of whom was ten years old.

[2] Presumably, from what follows, they were taken for temporary confinement in a neighbouring house. When nothing could be proved against them they were allowed to return.

of starvation she called up the traitor. She had heard he was to be left behind and had noticed that, when the searchers first broke in, he had made a great show of resisting them. Certainly she would never have given away my hiding-place to him had I not been in such straits, but she thought it better to save me from certain death, even though she was taking a risk. So she instructed him after she had been taken away, when there was no one about, to go into a certain room and to call out my name; he was to say that everyone else had been taken off, he alone was left and would set me free. She told him that I would answer from my hiding-place behind the panelling and plaster.

The traitor promised to carry out these instructions faithfully; yes, he was faithful but only to men who did not know the meaning of faith. Of course he reported everything to the party who had been left behind and they at once sent a call for the magistrates who had already left. First thing in the morning they were back and the search was resumed. Much more thoroughly than before they measured up and sounded every place for a hollow spot, particularly in that room, but during the whole of the third day they found nothing at all. They decided, therefore, to spend the next day tearing off the plaster.

Meanwhile they set guards that night in every room round it to watch any attempt I might make to escape. From where I was hidden I heard the password which the head of the party gave his men, and if I could have come out of my hiding-place without being seen I would have used it and tried to get away. But there were two men watching in the chapel where the entrance to my hiding-place was, and there were several others in the plastered room, which they had been told about.

But an amazing Providence protected me. Here I was in my hiding-place. I had got into it by raising part of the floor under the grate. It was made of wood and brick and constructed in such a way that a fire could not be lit in it without damaging the house. But wood was kept there as though it were meant for a fire.[1]

That night the men on guard decided to light a fire in the grate and they sat down by it for a gossip. In a few moments the

[1] As J.G. states later, this hiding-place was constructed by Nicholas Owen. A plan of it is given in Appendix D.

bricks, which were not laid on other bricks but on wood, came loose and almost fell out of position as the woodwork subsided. The men noticed this and poked the hearth with a stick and found the bottom made of wood. I heard them remark what a curious thing it was, and thought that there and then they would smash open the hiding-place and peer in. However, they decided to put off their investigations until the next day.

Escape was out of the question now. I began to pray earnestly that, if it was for God's greater glory, I might not be captured in that house and bring retribution on my host, nor in any other house whatsoever where others would suffer for it. My prayer was heard and in a most wonderful manner. God kept me safe in that house. A few days later, when I was captured, no one suffered for it, as you shall see in a moment.

The next day the search was resumed with great thoroughness. But they left alone the top room which had served as a chapel and in which the two guards had made the fire above my head, and had commented on the strange structure of the grate. God had wiped all memory of it from their mind. During all that day not a single pursuivant entered the room, and it was, not without reason, the most suspected room in the house. If they had entered they would have found me without any search at all; rather, they would have seen me, for the fire had burned a hole in my hiding-place, and I had to move a little to one side to avoid the hot embers falling on my head. The pursuivants seemed to have forgotten all about this room: at any rate they seemed not to care about it. Instead they concentrated on the rooms below, in one of which they had been told I was hiding, and did in fact discover the other hiding-place which I had wanted to use (as I said above). It was quite near to where I was and I heard their yelps of joy when they came on it: and then their consternation when they found it empty. All they discovered was an untouched store of provisions laid up against a long search like this. Possibly they concluded it was the place that the mistress of the house meant: it would certainly have been easy to answer from there any call made by a person in the room she had mentioned.

But they kept to their plan of stripping off all the plaster from the other large room and with the help of a carpenter they began their work close to the ceiling not far from where I was. (The

lower parts of the walls were covered with tapestries.) Going right round the room they ripped off the plaster until they were in front of the exact spot where I was hiding. There, despairing of finding me, they gave up. My hiding-place was in a thick wall of the chimney behind a finely inlaid and carved mantelshelf, which they could not remove without risk of breaking. Yet if they had had the slightest suspicion that I was behind it they would have smashed it to pieces. They knew that there were two flues and thought it would be impossible for a man to hide there.

Earlier, on the second day of the search, they had been in the room above and had examined the fireplace through which I had got into my hole. With the help of a ladder they had climbed into the flue and sounded it with a hammer and I had heard one of them saying to another: 'There might conceivably be room for a person to get down here into the wall of the chimney below if this grate was raised.' 'Hardly,' said the other, whose voice I recognized, 'there is no entrance down that way into the other chimney. But there might easily be an entrance at the back of the chimney.'

As soon as he had said this he gave the place a kick. I was afraid he would notice the hollow sound of the hole in which I was hiding. But God, who set limits to the sea, said to these determined men: 'You have come as far as this, but you go no farther,' and He spared his sorely stricken children and would not give them up into the hands of their persecutors. Nor would He allow anything worse to come upon them for their great charity to me.

As their search was a failure they thought that I had managed to escape somehow or other and they went off at the end of the fourth day. The mistress of the house was set free and her servants also; the traitor, however, still undiscovered, stayed behind after the searchers had left.

The doors of the house were then barred and the mistress came to call me out. Like Lazarus, who was buried four days, I came forth from what would indeed have been my tomb if the search had continued a little longer. I was very wasted and weak with hunger and lack of sleep. All that time I had been squatting in a very confined space. While the search was on the mistress of the house had eaten nothing whatsoever, partly because she

wanted to share my discomfort and find out by testing herself how long I could live without food, but chiefly to draw down God's mercy upon me and upon herself and her whole family by fasting and prayer. When I came out I found her face so changed that she looked a different person; and had it not been for her voice and her dress I doubt whether I would have recognized her.

The traitor met me after I had come out. We still had no suspicion of his treachery. He did nothing then: he did not even call the pursuivants back for he knew well that I meant to be off before they could be recalled.

10

ARREST

Spring 1594

I TOOK a little refreshment and after a short rest set out for a friend's house not very far away. There I lay low for a fortnight. However, I felt very uneasy over the situation in which I had left my friends and went to London to see whether I could help or comfort them in any way. On this occasion I stayed with a person of high rank[1] and was completely safe. It was at this house that Father Southwell had lived until, a year before, he was captured and imprisoned in the Tower of London.

In the meantime, however, I looked about for a lodging where I could be safe and unobserved and be free to do all the business I had to do with my friends—this was difficult in somebody else's house and, particularly, in the one where I was staying. With the help of that excellent man who was so experienced in transactions of this sort, I mean Father Garnet's servant, 'Little John', as he was called, I found a very suitable place, and we came to an agreement with the landlord about the rent.

(It was 'Little John' who made our hiding-places and, in fact, had made the one to which I owed my escape a short time before.)

While this house was being got ready I lodged in an apartment in my landlord's own house,† intending to spend two or three nights there preparing to move. I also wanted to receive letters from my friends whom I had just left and to write and console them. But this was my undoing, for they used the traitor as a messenger. Only a few friends knew about the place but God decreed that my hour had come.

[1] Anne, Countess of Arundel.

One night, when 'Little John' and I were together in our bedroom, the traitor had to bring us a letter that required an immediate answer and he left with it about ten o'clock. I had only returned from the other house about nine o'clock, very much against the wishes of the lady, my hostess, who had urged me with unusual insistence not to leave it that night. At once the traitor went off and told the pursuivants where and when he had left us. They got together a gang and arrived at the house at midnight. I had just fallen asleep when John and I were woken up together by the sudden uproar outside. I guessed at once what it meant and I ordered John to hide away the letter we had received that evening in the ashes of the fire. He did this and got back into bed; then we seemed to hear the noise travelling up towards our room. There were sharp raps on the door—it was clear the men intended to break it down if we did not open quickly. There was no escape. That door was the only way out of the room and the men were barring it, so I told John to get up and open to them. The next moment men 'armed with swords and staves' burst in and filled the room, while many more stood outside, unable to get in. Among them I noticed two pursuivants, as they are called, one of whom knew me well.† That meant that I had no chance of passing unknown.

They ordered me to get up and dress, which I did. Everything I possessed was examined but they found nothing that could compromise my friends. Then they took me off in custody with my companion: but God blessed us, for neither of us was distressed or showed any fear.[1] But I was very concerned about the lady's house, which I had left that night to return to my apartment—they might have seen me come out and shadowed my steps and I was afraid that very illustrious family might suffer for my sake. But my fears were ungrounded. I learned later that the traitor had told them merely where he had left me: and it was there that they found me.

[. . . .]

[1] J.G. was arrested on St. George's Day, 23rd April, by the two pursuivants Newell and Worsley. *Hat. Cal.*, vi, p. 311.

The next day I was brought before the commissioners. Presiding over them was a gentleman who is now the Chancellor of the Realm. He had been a Catholic once, but he was a worldly person and had gone over to the other side.[1]

They first asked me my name and my station in life. When I gave them the name I was using, one of them called out my true name, and said that I was a Jesuit. Realizing at once that the pursuivant had given me away, I said that I would be quite frank and give straight answers to all questions concerning myself, but added I would say nothing which would involve others. I told them my name and profession, saying I was a Jesuit priest, though I did not deserve to be one.

'Who sent you over here?' they asked.

'The Superiors of the Society.'

'Why?'

'To bring back wandering souls to their Maker.'

'No, you were sent to seduce people from the Queen's allegiance to the Pope's, and to meddle in State business.'

'Regarding things of State,' I answered, 'they are no concern

[1] This was Sir Thomas Egerton, who was appointed Chancellor in 1609. He was returned as a recusant in 1577, but later lapsed and as Attorney-General took part in the prosecution of Campion, the Earl of Arundel and many other Catholics. *C.R.S.*, vol. xxii, p. 101.

of ours and we are forbidden to have anything to do with them. This prohibition is general to all Jesuits; and there is, besides, a special prohibition included in the instructions given to the Fathers sent on this mission.† As for the allegiance due to the Queen and the Pope, each has our allegiance and the allegiances do not clash. The history of England and of all other Christian states shows this.'

They went on:

'How long have you been acting as a priest in this country?'

'About six years.'

'How did you land? And where? Whom have you lived with since then?'

I answered that I could not reply to these questions with a good conscience, particularly the last one.

'It would involve others,' I pointed out, 'so I pray you will excuse me for not doing as you wish.'

However, they urged that it was precisely on these points that they wanted to satisfy themselves, and they ordered me to answer in the Queen's name.

I answered:

'I honour the Queen, and I will obey her and you in all that is lawful. But on this point you must hold me excused. If I name any person who has harboured me or mention any house where I have found shelter, innocent people will suffer for the kindness they have done me. Such is your law, but for my part I would be acting against charity and justice, which you will never persuade me to do.'

'If you won't answer,' they retorted, 'then we will have to force you to answer.'

'By God's grace I hope this will never happen. I ask you again to accept what I say. I will not answer your questions, neither now nor at any other time.'

They then made out a warrant for my imprisonment and handed it to the pursuivants, ordering them to take me to prison. As they were leading me off, the present Chancellor called after them.

'See that he is put in close confinement.' (This is what they do with traitors.) 'But tell the gaolers to treat him well—he is a gentleman.

These were his humane instructions. But possibly the head gaoler gave other orders, for they put me in a most uncomfortable cell.[1] It was a small garret which had only a bed in it and such a low ceiling that I could not stand upright except near the bed. It had one window, which was always open and let in the foulest air, and whenever it rained the bed was soaked. The doorway was so low that I could not enter the room on my feet, and even when I crawled down on my knees I had to stoop to get through. But this proved an advantage, since it helped to keep out the smell of the privy next door, which was not slight. It was the only one that the prisoners in that part of the building had for their use, and the stench from it often kept me awake at night or even woke me up.

In this tiny place I had two or three quiet days. I felt no pain, my mind was at rest and, by God's blessing, I enjoyed that peace of soul which the world does not and cannot give.

On the third or perhaps it was the fourth day I was taken out to my second examination, this time to the house of a magistrate called Young. He was, so to speak, the chief inquisitor of Catholics living in the neighbourhood of London and was in charge of searches and prosecutions; and it was he who had brought all this trouble on my host and had received the traitor's reports. With him there was another man who for many years now had conducted examinations under torture. His name was Topcliffe. He was a cruel creature and thirsted for the blood of Catholics.† He had an uncommon cunning and slyness and in his presence the other man, deceitful and crafty fellow though he was, seemed silenced. In fact he said only a few words during the examination.

I found the pair of them alone. Young was wearing ordinary clothes, Topcliffe had on his court dress with a sword hanging at his side. He was old and hoary and a veteran in evil. Young opened with a question about the places where I had lived and the Catholics I knew, and I answered that I could and would not mention names for the reasons I had already given. I had no intention of bringing trouble down on other people. Then he turned to Topcliffe.

'I told you so,' he said. 'I knew you would find him like this.'

[1] J.G. was confined in the Counter in the Poultry.†

Topcliffe looked up at me and glared.

'You know who I am? I am Topcliffe. No doubt you have often heard people talk about me?'

He said this to scare me. And to heighten the effect he slapped his sword on the table close to his hand as though he intended to use it, if occasion arose. But his acting was lost on me. I was not in the least frightened.

Now at times like this I always answered with deference, but when I saw that he was trying to frighten me I was deliberately rude to him.† He realized that he was going to get nothing more out of me, so he took his pen and wrote out a most clever and mendacious report on the examination.

'Here, look at this paper,' he said. 'I am placing it before the Privy Council. It shows you up as a traitor, and on many counts.'

This is what he had written:

'The examinee was sent to England by the Pope and by the Jesuit, Persons, on a political mission to pervert the Queen's loyal subjects and to seduce them from the Queen's allegiance. He came by way of Belgium where he had interviews with the Jesuit, Holt, and with Mr. William Stanley. If, therefore, he refuses to disclose the places where he has stayed and the persons with whom he has been in contact the presumption is that he has done much mischief to the State.'

And so it went on. I read through the paper and saw at once that I could never meet all these lies with a single denial. As I wanted him to let the Council see my answer, I told him that I would reply in writing. Topcliffe was delighted.

'Oh, you are showing some sense now.'

However, he was disappointed. He was hoping to trip me up in what I wrote, or at least to get a sample of my handwriting. If he had this he could prove that certain papers found in the search of the houses belonged to me. I saw the trap and wrote in a feigned hand:

'I was sent to England by my Superiors. I never set foot in Belgium nor have I seen Father Holt since I left Rome. I have not seen Mr. Stanley since he left England with the Earl of Leicester. I am forbidden to meddle in State affairs and I have never done and never will. My endeavour has been to bring back souls to the knowledge and love of their Creator, to make them

live in due obedience to God's laws and man's, and I hold this last to be a matter of conscience. I humbly beg that my unreadiness to reply to questions concerning persons I know may not be put down to contempt of authority. I am forced to act thus by God's commandments. To do otherwise would be a sin against justice and charity.'

While I was writing, the old man became more and more angry. He shook with passion and wanted to tear me away from the paper.

'I'll write the truth or nothing,' I said.

'No,' he snarled, 'write such and such, and I will make a fresh copy of what you write.'

'I shall write what *I* want and not what *you* want. If you like, you can show what I've written to the Council. All I am going to add is my signature.'

Then I signed very close up to the line so that he had no space to add anything. He saw he was beaten and in his frustration he blurted out threats and blasphemies.

'I will see that you are brought to me and placed in my power. I will hang you up in the air and will have no pity on you; and then I shall watch and see whether God will snatch you from my grasp.' He spoke from the cesspool of his heart. But his effect on me was the opposite of what he wanted: he raised my hopes. Then and always I have despised blasphemers and I have learned from experience that God puts hope in the hearts of His servants the moment He lets a storm burst about them. I answered in a few words:

'You can do nothing unless God allows it. He never abandons those who trust in Him. God's will be done!'

Young then told the gaoler who had brought me to take me back to my prison. As he was leading me away, Topcliffe called him back and ordered him to see that my legs were placed in irons. The pair of them then fell to upraiding the gaoler for bringing me along by himself: they were afraid I might escape.

So I crept back into my little room and my legs were adorned according to instructions. The man who chained me up seemed sorry he had to do it, but I did not feel the least bit sorry for myself. Quite the contrary. I became very happy—so good is God to

the least of His servants. To recompense the man for his good turn I gave him a little money and told him that it was no punishment to suffer in such a good and noble cause.[1]

[1] J.G. did not make much of his physical sufferings. In a letter to the General of the Society (7th May 1597) Fr. Garnet, describing J.G.'s fortitude in prison gives some information which J.G. modestly withheld: 'When he was first taken and the gaoler put very heavy irons on his legs, he [J.G.] gave him some money. The following day the gaoler, thinking that if he took off the irons, he would doubtless give him more, took them off but got nothing. After some days he came to put them on again and received a reward; and then taking them off did not get a farthing. They went on playing thus with one another several times, but at last the gaoler, seeing that he did not give him anything for taking off his irons, left him for a long time in confinement, so that the great toe of one foot was for almost two years in great danger of mortification.' Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia A*, ii, no. 27.

II

THE COUNTER IN THE POULTRY

Spring—Summer 1594

I STAYED chained up for three months or a little more. The first month I spent making the Spiritual Exercises as well as I could from memory, devoting four and sometimes five hours a day to meditation. During all this time I felt the great goodness of God and I realized how lavishly He treats His suffering servants when He deprives them of every kind of earthly comfort.

Several days passed before they brought me out and examined me again. But while I was lying here quietly they examined and questioned Richard Fulwood (the traitor had told them he was my servant) and 'Little John' who was captured with me. They tried to coax and bribe them but they could not get out of them a word that would injure others. Then they resorted to threats and force. But the force of the Holy Ghost working in them was too great to be overcome by men. For three hours on end (I think) both were hung up with their arms pinned in iron rings and their bodies suspended in the air—an excruciating pain that distends the limbs unbearably. But it was to no purpose—neither of them spoke a syllable that could be used in evidence against any one of us. Blandishments and threats and tortures failed equally to extract from them the name of a single place where any of ours had lodged or the name of a single person who had met or protected us.†

And this is the place to mention God's great goodness and mercy to me, the least deserving of all His servants. I refer to this, that there was not a single traitor among the men who were taken at my house or at the house of that good gentleman, my host. Nor among those who were later imprisoned, tortured and

maltreated in persecutions that God allowed me to suffer. Not one, I say, failed me. All, by God's grace, were steadfast throughout. Nor did any of those who were my companions in my work and used to go as my servants to do business with countless gentlemen—they knew all my friends and could have done untold harm and got rich overnight at their expense—not one ever gave away information or was guilty of betrayal, or through malice or indiscretion ever did or said anything which brought suffering on others, or so much as gave cause for correction. On the contrary God in His goodness gave many of them His good and best Spirit.†

[. . . .]

To get back to my story.

They could extract nothing from the two men, 'Little John' and Richard Fulwood, nor from any of my host's Catholic servants—not even an admission that they knew me. And so it happened that through the lack of witnesses they gradually gave up hope of seizing all my host's goods and revenue.

Every now and again, when they had anything new to bring against me, they summoned me for examination. On one occasion they brought me out to try on a suit of clothes that had been discovered in my host's house.[1] The traitor had told them that it was mine and when I put it on it was an exact fit (actually, it had been made for me), but I refused to admit that it was mine.

[1] By proving that the suit belonged to J.G., Young would be able to indict William Wiseman for harbouring priests. †

Young then flew into a rage and said that I was being stubborn and stupid.

[. . . .]

12

THE CLINK

Summer 1594—*Spring* 1597

As only my priesthood could be proved against me, some of my friends (it was about three months later) tried to get me moved to a better prison; and they achieved this by bribing no less person than Young himself.

Therefore they sent to my prison, called the Counter, and took off my chains. When I first had them on, they were rusty, but I had made them bright and shining by wearing them every day and moving about in them. Though my cell was narrow and I could have walked across in three paces if my legs had been free, I used to shuffle from side to side with short steps. In this way I got some exercise. Also, and this mattered more, when the prisoners below started singing lewd songs and Geneva psalms, I was able to drown their noise with the less unpleasant sound of my clanking chains.

My chains, then, were taken off and I paid my expenses, which did not amount to much since all I had had was a little butter and cheese with my bread. Then I was brought before Young who made a pretence of being angry. He began to abuse and insult me with a violence he had never shown before. Again he demanded whether I would confess where and with what people I had lived, and again I replied that I could not tell him with a safe conscience, and therefore I would not.

'In that case,' he said, 'I will have to confine you more closely. You will be locked away more securely, and your window will be barred.'

Then he wrote out a warrant and sent me off to the Clink.[1]

[1] On the south bank of the river a short distance below the present Blackfriars Bridge.

All this was just a show he put up in order to cover himself for receiving the bribe. In point of fact my new prison was much better than the old one. All the prisoners found it so, and I, in particular, for there were more Catholics confined there.† No longer now could they prevent me receiving the Sacraments and, as what follows will show, deprive me of many other consolations.

There, then, I was taken. And after a few months we had, by God's grace, everything so arranged that I was able to perform there all the tasks of a Jesuit priest, and provided only I could have stayed on in this prison, I should never have wanted to have my liberty again in England.

Though I was locked up, I looked on this change to the Clink as a translation from Purgatory to Paradise. I no longer heard obscene and bawdy songs, but, instead, I had Catholics praying in the next cell. They came to my door and comforted me, then they showed me how I could have freer dealings with them through a hole made in the wall, which they had covered over and concealed with a picture. Through this hole they handed me, the next day, letters from some of my friends, and at the same time gave me paper, pen and ink, so that I could write back. In this way I was able to send a letter to Father Garnet and tell him the true story of all that had happened to me, detailing my answers under examination, just as I have written above.†

Through this same hole I also made my confession and received the Blessed Sacrament. But there was no need to carry on like this for long, for some Catholics in the prison contrived to make a key that would open my door. Then every morning before the warder came round, in fact before he was out of bed, they came and took me to another part of the prison, where I said Mass and gave the sacraments to the Catholics confined in that section. All of them had keys of their own doors.

[. . . .]

And so for a while I had a quiet and pleasant time, and I tried to make it a helpful time for others, by writing letters to friends outside and talking inside with visitors. The first gaoler had a fierce temper and took good care to see that all the regulations were observed. While he was in charge, I had to be very careful to avoid discovery. But God took him from the custody of the prison and from the prison of his body at the same time.

His successor was a young man and much more pleasant. With bribes and a little coaxing I induced him not to pry too closely into our doings, and to come to me only when I called him, except for certain regular times when he always found me ready to receive him.

With this concession of liberty I was able to take up my apostolic work again. I soon heard a large number of confessions and I reconciled many people to the Church; some were heretics, but the greater number schismatics, for it was much easier to approach them than the others. I had to know heretics for a long time and get reports on them from friends I could trust before I dared let them into the secret of my freedom. In fact, I cannot remember more than eight or perhaps ten converts from heresy.

[. . . .]

Working from this prison I was able to send many young men and boys to the seminaries. Some of them are now Jesuits and are working in England, others remain in the seminaries training more labourers for the mission.

Once I sent over two boys. They were to go to St. Omers and I gave them letters of commendation. I had written in lemon juice, so that no writing should appear on the paper, and then I wrapped the paper round one or two collars to make it look as if it was being used to keep the collars clean.

The boys were captured. Under examination they confessed that I had sent them and given them these letters and had instructed them, when they came to a certain Jesuit College which they would pass on their way to St. Omers—they had to cross by Ostend, not the usual route, and that was why they were caught†—to tell the Fathers there to wet the paper and then read what I had written. The boys revealed this, and the two letters, written on a single sheet of paper, were read not by a friend of the Society but by an enemy. The first letter was in Latin, and as it was addressed to our Flemish Fathers I had signed it with my proper name. The second was to our English Fathers at St. Omers. So the letters were read and I was summoned for examination.

This time Young was not there. He had died in his sins, and died as he had lived—miserably. In his life he was the devil's confessor and in his death the devil's martyr. Not merely did he die in the devil's service, but it was the actual cause of his death. Day and night he toiled to bring more and more pressure on Catholics, drawing up lists of names, giving instructions, listening to reports. Then one rainy night, at two or three o'clock, he got up to make a search of some Catholic houses. The effort left him exhausted; he became ill, contracted consumption and died.†

He left only debts behind him, as though he had renounced all to serve the devil. His position was well paid and he got much booty from poor Catholics, and, what's more, received heavy bribes from them to stave off a threat of prosecution. Yet it was

said that his debts amounted to 100,000 florins, and I have heard it put at far more. Possibly he thought that the Queen would pay them off, but nothing of the sort. All she did was to send one of her courtiers to visit him when he lay sick and dying. He was so pleased at this favour that he was ready to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*. But it was a false sense of peace that came over him, the exaltation of a soul that rides for a fall. Like another Aman he was bidden not to a banquet but to an eternal doom. With the Queen's praises on his lips and singing his own indebtedness to Her Majesty he died miserably, and his joy passed into anguish. 'The joy of a hypocrite lasts but an instant.'[1]

It is the way of the Council always to have an agent and put down to his machinations any hateful orders they give. It was his office to harass and hunt down the servants of God, and he was succeeded by William Wade, the present Governor of the Tower, who was then Secretary to the Lords of the Queen's Council. It was this man who summoned me now. He showed me the piece of white paper which I had given to the boys and asked me whether I recognized it.

'No,' I answered.

It was true, for I had no idea then that the boys had been captured. Then he put the paper into a basin of water and the writing appeared on it with my full signature at the bottom. When I saw it I said:

'I don't admit that the writing is mine. My hand is an easy one to forge and my signature may well be faked; and in their fright the boys you speak of might say exactly what their examiners wanted and thus might harm themselves as well as their friends. You cannot expect me to act like them. However, I don't deny that it is a good thing to send boys abroad to give them a better education. Certainly I would willingly do it if I had the chance,

[1] Young wrote to the Queen on 30th November 1594: 'I think no subject in the world more infinitely beholden unto his Sovereign, in that in these my aged and extreme or last days it pleaseth you so favourably to respect the weak estate of so poor a vassal, weakened in body with infirmities, but so much revived in heart with your gracious remembrance of me'; and with this letter he sent the Queen all the papers concerning the case of the Wisemans and J.G. 'as the last fruits of all my endeavours'. (*Hat. Cal.*, v, pp. 24–5.) From a report on Young's estate it is clear that J.G. did not overstate the amount of his debts. *C.S.P.D.*, 1595–7, p. 103.

but no matter how much I wanted to, how could I, being shut up closely in prison?'

Wade cursed me heartily because I refused to confess to my signature and handwriting.

'The fact is', he said, 'you have got far too much liberty. You won't have it any longer.'

Then he turned on the gaoler, rating him for giving me so much freedom of movement.

[. . . .]

14

THE BLOODY QUESTION

ANOTHER time they had me up for examination with all the other Catholics in our prison in the public place called the Guildhall. Topcliffe was there with many other commissioners; and after they had run through the usual questions and I had given the answers I always gave they came to the point: they wanted, as far as I could see, to find out how we were all disposed towards the Government. They hoped to trip us up in the way we spoke about the Queen and then frame a charge against us. Turning to me they asked:

'Do you recognize the Queen as the true and lawful Queen of England?'

'I do,' I answered.

'And in spite of the fact that she has been excommunicated by Pius V,' said Topcliffe.

'I recognize that she is Queen,' I replied, 'though I know too that there has been an excommunication.'

I was aware, of course, the Pope had stated that the excommunication had not yet come into force in England: its application had been withheld until it could be made effective.

Then Topcliffe asked:

'What would you do if the Pope were to send over an army and declare that his only object was to bring the kingdom back to its Catholic allegiance? And if he stated at the same time that there was no other way of re-establishing the Catholic faith; and commanded everyone by his apostolic authority to support him? Whose side would you be on then—the Pope's or the Queen's?'[1]

[1] This was the famous 'bloody question' devised by Burghley in 1583 with the object of trapping Catholics into a statement which could be construed as disloyalty to the Crown.†

Then I saw the man's subtlety and wicked cunning. He had so framed his question that whatever I answered I would be sure to suffer for it, either in body or in soul.

I picked the words of my reply.

'I am a loyal Catholic and I am a loyal subject of the Queen. If this were to happen, and I do not think it at all likely, I would behave as a loyal Catholic and as a loyal subject.'

'Oh, no,' he said. 'I want a plain and straight answer. What would you do?'

I answered:

'I have told you what I think and I will not give you any other answer.'

Then he flew into a most violent rage and spat a torrent of oaths at me. Finally he said:

'You fancy that this year you will be creeping to adore the cross. But before that time comes round I will make quite sure that you will not.'[1]

[. . . .]

There was in this prison a priest[1] whom I had occasion to help many times. On his arrival in England I had arranged for him to live in a fine house with some of my best friends. I had received his mother and brother into the Church, and when he was put in prison I found him friends and made him many gifts, and had always been kind to him. However, I noticed that he was a little unsteady and seemed rather too anxious to be free again, so I was careful not to confide in him, as I did in some other prisoners, for instance, in Brother Emerson and John Lillie. Nevertheless, this good man for some reason I do not know got me removed. Perhaps he hoped that after I had gone all the people he saw coming to me would then go to him. Possibly he wanted to ingratiate himself with the authorities and so secure his liberty or something of the kind. I cannot say; but whatever it was, he informed on me. He said he had been standing next to me when I handed a packet of letters from Rome and Brussels to Father Garnet's servant, 'Little John', whom I mentioned above. (Now after he had been captured with me and examined without giving away anything, as I told you, some Catholic gentlemen had paid down a sum of money and had him released. They, and many others besides, needed his services badly, for there was no better man in the country at making priests' hiding-

[1] William Atkinson, who later apostatized.†

places.) As I was saying, this priest reported that I had handed 'Little John' these letters and that I was in the habit of receiving letters from priests abroad addressed both to me and my Superior. Acting on this information, the authorities sent along one day a Justice of the Peace to interview me.

[. . . .]

15

THE TOWER AND TORTURE

April 1597

THEY led me away and took me to the Tower of London. There they handed me over to the Governor, a knight called Berkeley, who had the title of Queen's Lieutenant. At once he took me to a large tall tower, three storeys high with lock-ups in each storey.[1] (There are many such towers inside the fortifications.) For that night he assigned me a room on the first floor and handed me over to a warder[2] in whom he had special confidence. The warder then went off and returned with a little straw. He spread it on the ground and went away again, shutting the door of my cell and fastening another door above it with a great bar and iron bolts.

So I commended my soul to God who, 'going down as He does into the pit with His people,' never abandoned me in my bonds; and then to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Mercy, and to my patrons and my guardian angel; and after I had made my prayer my mind was at rest and I lay down to sleep on the straw. That night I slept very well.

The next morning I walked round my cell. In its dim light I found the name of the blessed Father Henry Walpole cut with a chisel on the wall. Then, close to it, I discovered his little oratory, where there had been a narrow window. It was now blocked with stonework, but there on either side he had chalked the names of all the orders of Angels. At the top, above the Cherubim and Seraphim, was the name of Mary, Mother of God, and then above it the name of Jesus; above that again the name of God

[1] The Salt Tower at the south-east corner of the Inner Ward. J.G. was taken there from the Clink on 12th April 1597. *C.R.S.*, vol. iv, p. 233.

[2] His name was Bonner, as appears from the *Hat. Cal.*, vii, p. 417.

written in Latin, Greek and Hebrew characters.† It was a great comfort to me to find myself in a place sanctified by this great and holy martyr, and in the room where he had been tortured so many times—fourteen in all, as I have heard. And as they tortured him

[. . . .]

So I was very glad when I found myself in Father Walpole's cell; but I was too unworthy to inherit the place where such a noble soul as he had suffered. The next day, either on orders or with the idea of doing me a service, the warder removed me to a cell on the floor above. It was large and, by prison standards, fairly comfortable. I told him I preferred to stay in the cell below and explained why, but he would not allow it. Then I begged him to let me go down there occasionally to say my prayers, which he promised and allowed. Also, he offered to fetch me a bed if any friends of mine were willing to send me one, for beds are not provided in this prison, but the prisoner must find his own bed and any other furniture he wants, on condition that they go to the Lieutenant of the Tower, even if the prisoner is liberated. I told him my only friends were my old companions in the prison I had just left. If he went there they might give me a simple bed as an alms. So the warder went off at once, and they gave him the kind of bed they knew I liked—a simple mattress stuffed with wool and feathers in the Italian style. They gave

him also a coat and some linen and told him always to come and ask them for whatever I needed: he had only to bring a note signed by me mentioning the thing I wanted. Then they put some money into his hands and begged him to treat me well.

On the third day the warder came to my room straight from his dinner. Looking sorry for himself, he said the Lords Commissioners had arrived with the Queen's Attorney-General and that I had to go down to them at once.

'I am ready,' I said, 'but just let me say an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* downstairs.'

He let me go, and then we went off together to the Lieutenant's lodgings inside the walls of the Tower. Five men were there waiting for me, none of whom, except Wade, had examined me before. He was there to direct the charges against me.[1]

The Attorney-General took out a sheet of paper and solemnly began to write out a form of juridical examination. They put no questions about individual Catholics—they were all about political matters—and I answered on the general lines I had always done before. I said that matters of state were forbidden to Jesuits and consequently I never had anything to do with them; if they wanted confirmation they had it. I had been in prison now three years and had been examined time and time again, and they had not produced a scrap of writing or a single trustworthy witness to show that I had taken part in any activities against the government.

Then they asked me about the letters I had recently received from our Fathers abroad; and I realized for the first time why I had been removed to the Tower. I answered:

'If I have ever received any letters from abroad at any time, they have had nothing to do with politics. They were concerned

[1] The names of the five men who constituted the board are given in the signatures below the official report of his examination. They were Richard Berkeley, the Lieutenant of the Tower; Edward Coke, who had been launched on his great legal career by his recent appointment as Attorney-General in preference to Bacon in 1594; Thomas Fleming, appointed Solicitor-General in November 1595 and later Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Francis Bacon, the future Chancellor, who was then struggling through his years of disappointment in uneasy association with Essex; and William Wade, who was then Secretary of the Privy Council and later Lieutenant of the Tower. Their report is dated 14th April 1597. *S.P.D.*, cclxii, no. 123.

merely with the financial assistance of Catholics living on the Continent.'[1]

'Didn't you receive a packet a short time ago,' said Wade, 'and hand it over to so and so to give to Henry Garnet?'

'If I have received any such packet and forwarded it, I did what I was bound to do. But, I repeat, the only letters I have received or forwarded are those, as I have said, dealing with the despatch of money to religious and students on the Continent.'

'Very well,' they said, 'then tell us the name of the man you gave the letters to, and where he lives.'

'I don't know, and even if I did, I could not and would not tell you,' and I gave them the usual reasons for this answer.

'You say,' said the Attorney-General, 'you have no wish to obstruct the Government. Tell us, then, where Father Garnet is. He is an enemy of the state, and you are bound to report on all such men.'

'He isn't an enemy of the state,' I said. 'On the contrary, I am certain that if he were given the opportunity to lay down his life for his Queen and country, he would be glad of it. But I don't know where he lives, and if I did, I would not tell you.'

'Then we'll see to it that you tell us before we leave this place.'

'Please God, you won't,' I answered.

Then they produced a warrant for putting me to torture.[2] They had it ready by them and handed it to me to read. (In this prison a special warrant is required for torture.)

I saw that the warrant was properly made out and signed, and then I answered:

[1] The exact words of J.G.'s reply are written in his own hand in the report of his examination. 'I refuse', he said, 'not from any disloyal mind, as I look to be saved, but for that I take these things not to have concerned any matter of state, with which I would not have dealt, nor any other but matters of devotion as before.' The report shows that J.G. made an attempt to escape from the Clink by means of counterfeit keys. This was probably an additional reason for his removal to the Tower. *C.S.P.D.*, 1595–7, p. 389.

[2] This warrant is entered in the Privy Council Register without the names of the signatories (vol. xxvii, p. 38). It instructs the Lieutenant of the Tower: 'You shall by virtue hereof cause him to be put to the manacles and such other torture as is used in that place.' The warrant shows that this severity was due to the information that J.G. was receiving intelligence from abroad.

'With God's help I shall never do anything that is unjust or act against my conscience or the Catholic faith. You have me in your power. You can do with me what God allows you to do —more you cannot do.'

Then they began to implore me not to force them to take steps they were loath to take. They said they would have to put me to the torture every day, as long as my life lasted, until I gave them the information they wanted.

'I trust in God's goodness,' I answered, 'that He will prevent me from ever committing a sin such as this—the sin of accusing innocent people. We are all in God's hands and therefore I have no fear of anything you can do to me.'

This was the sense of my answers, as far as I can recall them now.

We went to the torture-room in a kind of solemn procession, the attendants walking ahead with lighted candles.[1]

The chamber was underground and dark, particularly near the entrance. It was a vast place and every device and instrument of human torture was there. They pointed out some of them to me and said that I would try them all. Then they asked me again whether I would confess.

'I cannot,' I said.

I fell on my knees for a moment's prayer.[2] Then they took me to a big upright pillar, one of the wooden posts which held the roof of this huge underground chamber. Driven in to the top of it were iron staples for supporting heavy weights. Then they put my wrists into iron gauntlets and ordered me to climb two or three wicker steps. My arms were then lifted up and an iron bar was passed through the rings of one gauntlet, then through the staple and rings of the second gauntlet. This done,

[1] There is said to be an underground passage from the Lieutenant's lodgings where J.G. was examined, to the vaults under the White Tower, where he was tortured.

[2] 'He used to fall down at the rackehowse dore upon both knees to commend himself to God's mercie and to crave His grace of patience in his paines. As also being upon the racke he cried continually with much myldeness upon God and the holy name of Jesus.' Allen's *Death and Martyrdom of Father Edmund Campion* (ed. 1908), p. 13. The reading of this passage can certainly be taken as part of J.G.'s preparation for his own ordeal, so that Campion's behaviour had by now established a ritual among all the martyrs.

they fastened the bar with a pin to prevent it slipping, and then, removing the wicker steps one by one from under my feet, they left me hanging by my hands and arms fastened above my head. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the ground, and they had to dig away the earth from under them. They had hung me up from the highest staple in the pillar and could not raise me any higher, without driving in another staple.[1]

Hanging like this I began to pray. The gentlemen standing around asked me whether I was willing to confess now.

'I cannot and I will not,' I answered.

But I could hardly utter the words, such a gripping pain came over me. It was worst in my chest and belly, my hands and arms. All the blood in my body seemed to rush up into my arms and hands and I thought that blood was oozing out from the ends of my fingers and the pores of my skin. But it was only a sensation caused by my flesh swelling above the irons holding them. The pain was so intense that I thought I could not possibly endure it, and added to it, I had an interior temptation. Yet I did not feel any inclination or wish to give them the information they wanted. The Lord saw my weakness with the eyes of His mercy, and did not permit me to be tempted beyond my strength. With the temptation He sent me relief. Seeing my agony and the struggle going on in my mind, He gave me this most merciful thought: the utmost and worst they can do to you is to kill you, and you have often wanted to give your life for your Lord God. The Lord God sees all you are enduring—He can do all things. You are in God's keeping. With these thoughts, God in His infinite goodness and mercy gave me the grace of resignation, and, with a desire to die and a hope (I admit) that I would, I offered Him myself to do with me as He wished. From that moment the conflict in my soul ceased, and even the physical pain seemed much more bearable than before, though I am sure it

[1] J.G., as his nickname 'Long John' betokens, was very tall and well built, and would therefore have suffered more acutely from this form of torture than a lighter man. Suspension by the hands in the manner described by J. G. avoided the dislocation and damage effected by the rack. There had been a revulsion of public opinion in London against the cruelties practised by Norton, the Queen's 'rack-master', and Topcliffe, licensed by Elizabeth to torture in private, introduced this refinement which was known as the 'manacles or gauntlets'.

must, in fact, have been greater with the growing strain and weariness of my body.

When the gentlemen present saw that I was not answering their questions, they went off to the Lieutenant's house, and stayed there. Every now and again they sent to find out how things were going with me.

Three or four robust men remained behind to watch and supervise the torture, and also my warder. He stayed, I think, out of kindness, for every few minutes he took a cloth and wiped the perspiration that ran in drops continuously down my face and whole body. That helped me a little, but he added to my sufferings when he started to talk. He went on and on, begging and imploring me to pity myself and tell the gentlemen what they wanted to know. And he urged so many human reasons for this that I thought that the devil had instigated him to feign this affection or that my torturers had left him behind on purpose to trick me. But I felt all these suggestions of the enemy like blows in the distance: they did not seem to touch my soul or affect me in any way. More than once I interrupted him:

'Stop this talk, for heaven's sake. Do you think I'm going to throw my soul away to save my life? You exasperate me.'

But he went on. And several times the others joined in.

'You will be a cripple all your life if you live. And you are going to be tortured every day until you confess.'

But I prayed in a low voice as well as I could, calling on the names of Jesus and Mary.[1]

Sometime after one o'clock, I think, I fell into a faint. How long I was unconscious I don't know, but I don't think it was long, for the men held my body up or put the wicker steps under my feet until I came to. Then they heard me pray and immediately they let me down again. And they did this every time I fainted—eight or nine times that day—before it struck five.

After four or before five o'clock Wade returned. Coming to me he asked:

'Are you ready now to obey the Queen and her Council?'

[1] 'The inquisitors say that he [J.G.] is very obstinate, as they cannot draw the least word out of his mouth, except that in torment he cries, "Jesus".' Garnet to the General, 7th May 1597. Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, ii, no. 27.

I answered:

'You want me to do what is sinful. I will not do it.'

'All you have to say,' said Wade, 'is that you wish to speak to Cecil, Her Majesty's Secretary.'†

'I have nothing to say to him,' I said, 'except what I have said to you already. If I asked to speak to him, people would be scandalized. They would think I had given way, that at last I was going to say something that I should not say.'

In a rage he suddenly turned his back on me and strode out of the room, shouting angrily in a loud voice:

'Then hang there until you rot off the pillar.'

He left. And I think all the Commissioners left the Tower then, for at five o'clock the Tower bell is rung, a signal for all to leave unless they want to have the gates locked on them. A little later they took me down. My legs and feet were not damaged, but it was a great effort to stand upright.

They led me back to my cell. On the way we met some prisoners who had the run of the Tower, and I turned to speak to my warder, intending them to overhear.

'What surprises me,' I said, 'is that the Commissioners want me to say where Father Garnet's house is. Surely they know it is a sin to betray an innocent man? I will never do it, even if I have to die.'

I said this to prevent them spreading a report, as they so often do, that I had confessed something. And I also wanted word to get round through these men that it was chiefly concerning Father Garnet that I had been questioned, so that he might get to hear and look to his own safety. I saw that the warder was not pleased at my talking in their hearing, but that made no difference to me.[1]

When I reached my cell the man seemed really sorry for me. He laid a fire and brought me some food, as it was now nearly

[1] This ingeniously despatched message got through to Fr. Garnet. Writing to the General of the Society on 10th June, eight weeks later, Fr. Garnet says: 'He [J.G.] hath been thrice hanged up by the hands until he was almost dead and that in one day twice. The cause was (as I now understand perfectly) for to tell where his Superior was, and by whom he had sent him letters which were delivered him from Fr. Persons.' Stonyhurst MSS., Grene's *Collectanea P.*, vol. ii, f. 548.

supper time. But I could eat only a little; and I lay down on my bed and rested quietly until the morning.

In the morning after the gates of the Tower were opened, my warder came up to say that Wade had arrived and that I had to go down and see him. I put on a cloak with wide sleeves—I could not get my swollen hands through the sleeves of my own gown—and I went down.

When I entered the Lieutenant's house, Wade said to me:

'I have been sent here in the name of the Queen and her Secretary, Cecil. They say they know for certain that Garnet meddles in politics and is a danger to the State. And this the Queen asserts on the word of a Sovereign and Cecil on his honour. Unless you choose to contradict them both, you must agree to hand him over.'

'They cannot be speaking from experience,' I answered, 'or from any reliable information; they don't know the man. I have lived with him and know him well, and I can say for certain that he is not that kind of man.'[1]

'Come,' said Wade, 'why not admit the truth and answer our questions?'

'I cannot,' I said, 'and I will not.'

'It would be better for you if you did,' and saying this he called out to a gentleman waiting in the next room. He was a well-built man whom Wade called 'Master of Torture'. I knew such an officer existed, but I found out later that this was not the man. He was Master of the Artillery. Wade gave him this title to terrorize me.

'By order of the Queen and Council,' he addressed this gentleman, 'I hand this man over to you. You are to torture him twice to-day and twice every day until he confesses.'

The man took charge of me. Wade left. In the same way as before we went to the torture chamber.

The gauntlets were placed on the same part of my arms as last time. They would not fit anywhere else, because the flesh on either side had swollen into small mounds, leaving a furrow between; and the gauntlets could only be fastened in the furrow. I felt a very sharp pain when they were put on.

[1] On 19th November 1594, while J.G. was in the Clink, Garnet wrote to Fr. Persons in most loyal terms about the Queen: 'Her Majesty hath been in danger by a short sickness; but thanks be to God, well recovered; and was yesterday at the triumphs all in yellow, that it was comfortable to behold her so fresh and lusty.' Stonyhurst MSS., *Anglia A*, i, no. 82.

But God helped me and I gladly offered Him my hands and my heart. I was hung up in the same way as before, but now I felt a much severer pain in my hands but less in my chest and belly. Possibly this was because I had eaten nothing that morning.

I stayed like this and began to pray, sometimes aloud, sometimes to myself, and I put myself in the keeping of Our Lord Jesus and His blessed Mother. This time it was longer before I fainted, but when I did they found it so difficult to bring me round that they thought that I was dead, or certainly dying, and summoned the Lieutenant. I don't know how long he was there or how long I remained in a faint. But when I came to myself, I was no longer hanging but sitting on a bench with men supporting me on either side. There were many people about, and my teeth had been forced open with a nail or some iron instrument and hot water had been poured down my throat.

When the Lieutenant saw that I could speak he said: 'Don't you see how much better for you it would be if you submitted to the Queen instead of dying like this?'

God helped me and I was able to put more spirit into my answer than I had felt up to now.

'No, no I don't!' I said. 'I would prefer to die a thousand times rather than do as they suggest.'

'So you won't confess, then?'

'No, I won't,' I said. 'And I won't as long as there is breath left in my body.'

'Very well, then, we must hang you up again now, and a second time after dinner.'

He spoke as though he were sorry to have to carry out his orders.

'*Eamus in nomine Domini*,' I said. 'I have only one life, but if I had several I would sacrifice them all for the same cause.'

I struggled to my feet and tried to walk over to the pillar but I had to be helped. I was very weak now and if I had any spirit left in me it was given by God and given to me, although most unworthy, because I shared the fellowship of the Society.

I was hung up again. The pain was intense now, but I felt great consolation of soul, which seemed to me to come from a desire of death. Whether it arose from a true love of suffering for Christ, or from a selfish longing to be with Christ, God knows best. But I thought then that I was going to die. And my heart filled with great gladness as I abandoned myself to His will and keeping and contemned the will of men. Oh! that God would grant me the same spirit always, though I am sure that in His eyes it was far from a perfect spirit, for my life was to be longer than I then thought, and God gave me time to make it more perfect in His sight, since, it seems, I was not then ready.

Perhaps the Governor of the Tower realized he would gain nothing by torturing me any longer; perhaps it was his dinner-hour or maybe he was moved with genuine pity for me; whatever the reason, he ordered me to be taken down. It seemed that I had been hanging only an hour in this second period to-day. Personally, I believe he was moved by compassion, for some time after my escape a gentleman of position told me that he had heard Sir Richard Berkeley, this same Lieutenant, say that he had freely resigned his office because he no longer wished to be an instrument in such torture of innocent men. At all events it is a fact that he did resign, and only three or four months after his appointment. His place was taken by another knight[1] and it was under him that I escaped.

My warder brought me back to my room. His eyes seemed swollen with tears. He assured me that his wife, whom I had never seen, had wept and prayed for me all the time.

He brought me some food. I could eat little, and the little I did eat he had to cut up into small pieces. For many days after I could not hold a knife in my hands—that day I could not even move my fingers or help myself in the smallest way. He had to do everything for me. But in spite of this on orders from the authorities he took away my knife, scissors and razors. I thought they must be afraid that I would attempt suicide, but I later learnt that they always do this in the Tower when a prisoner is under warrant for torture.

I expected to be taken again and tortured as they had threat-

[1] Sir John Peyton, who became Governor of the Tower in June 1597, held the office until July 1605 when he was succeeded by William Wade.

ened to do.[1] But God knew the weakness of His soldier and gave him a short struggle lest he be defeated.

[. . . .]

[1] J.G. was taken a third time to the torture chamber. Fr. Garnet mentions the incident in his letter of 7th May: 'They lately took him to the rack, and the torturers and examiners stood ready for work, but when he entered the place he straightway threw himself on his knees, and with a loud voice prayed God that as He had given strength to some of His saints to be torn asunder by horses for the sake of Christ, so He would give him strength and courage to be rent in pieces before he should speak a word that would be injurious to any one, or to the Divine glory. And so they did not torture him, seeing him so resolved.' Stonyhurst MSS., *Anglia A*, ii, no. 27.

16

CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE

LEFT to myself in my cell I spent most of my time in prayer. Now, as in the first days of my imprisonment, I made the Spiritual Exercises. Each day I spent four or sometimes five hours in meditation; and so for a whole month. I also had my breviary with me; and every day, too, I rehearsed the actions of Mass, as students do when they are preparing for ordination. I went through them with great devotion and longing to communicate, which I felt most keenly at those moments when in a real Mass the priest consummates the sacrifice and consumes the *oblata*. This practice brought me much consolation in my sufferings.

At the end of three weeks, as near as I can remember, I was able to move my fingers, and to hold a knife in my hand and help myself.[1] When I had finished the Spiritual Exercises I asked permission to have some books, but they allowed me only a Bible which I got from my old prison. Then I asked for a little money, hoping gradually to bribe the warder to bring me secretly several things I wanted—even, possibly, some books. Thanks to my friends everything I asked for reached me safely by his means.

Then I asked my warder to buy me some large oranges. As he was particularly fond of this fruit, I presented him with them, but I was thinking of another use I could put them to in time.

[1] Cardinal Allen describes the similar helplessness of Edmund Campion after his torture. 'And his said keeper asking him the next day [after his racking] how he felt his handes and feet: he answered, "Not ill, because not at all". And being in that case benomed both of hand and fote, he likened himselfe to an elephant, which being downe could not rise; and when he could hold the bread he had to eate between both his handes, he did compare himselfe to an ape; so mirry the man of God was in his minde in all his bodely miseries.' Allen, *Edmund Campion*, p. 14.

Every day I did exercises with my hands after dinner, for I never took supper, though it was always offered. The food there was provided at the Queen's expense, and it was plentiful—every day they gave me six small rolls of very good bread. (The grades of diet in this prison vary according to the rank of the prisoner. The scale is a purely social one, and taking no account of the religious state, it puts first what ought to be esteemed last.)[1]

My finger exercises consisted in cutting up the orange peel into small crosses; then I stitched the crosses together in pairs and strung them on to a silk thread, making them into rosaries. All the time I stored the juice from the oranges in a small jar.

My next move was to ask the warder to take some of the crosses and rosaries to my friends in my old prison. As he did not think that any harm could come from this, he consented. Still, however, I had no pen and I did not dare to ask for one. In any case, even if I had been allowed one I was hardly able to write at all. Though I could now hold a pen in my hand, I could scarcely feel I had anything between my fingers. My sense of touch did not revive for five months, and then not completely. Right up to the time of my escape, which was after six months, I always had a certain numbness in my fingers.[2]

As I did not dare to ask my warder for a pen to write with, I asked whether I could have a quill for picking my teeth. The warder gave permission, and I sharpened the end into a point, cut it off, and fitted it into a piece of wood. With the rest of the quill I made a toothpick, taking care that it looked long enough for the warder not to suspect that I had cut a piece off. Later I showed it to him and then asked him for some paper to wrap the rosaries in, and, lastly, I obtained his leave to write a few lines in charcoal,

[1] There are numerous entries in the Tower Bills of J.G.'s expenses, e.g. 'Midsummer 1597: John Gerrat, Gent., 12 April—S. John Baptist . . . diet, keeper, fuel, washing. 12 pounds, 11 shillings, 7 pence.' Tower Bills, *C.R.S.*, vol. iv, p. 233.

[2] In June J.G. evidently asked for permission to take exercise in the open air, since he was unwell. His petition was forwarded by the Lieutenant, Sir Richard Berkeley, to Cecil on 20th June. 'Gerrat, a prisoner in the Tower, being ill and weak, hath importuned me to signify his petition to be allowed to take the air on a wall near his prison. I am told to advertise you of this, being their mouth, as they term me. The man needs physic.' *Hat. Cal.*, vii, p. 260.

begging my friends to pray for me. All this he allowed, suspecting nothing at all in my action; but, in fact, on the same sheet of paper I wrote to my friends in orange juice, telling them to reply in the same way if they received the note, but not to say much at first, and to give the warder a little money, promising him something each time he brought them a rosary or cross and a short written message from me assuring them that I was well.

My friends received the rosary wrapped in the paper. They knew that, given the chance, I would have written something in orange juice as I used to do when I was with them, and immediately they went to a room upstairs and putting the paper by the fire, read what I had written. They replied in the same way, sending me a gift of some sweetmeats and other delicacies, which provided them with a pretext for the paper which they wrapped them in.

We continued to communicate like this for the next six months. When we found that the warder never failed to deliver the messages faithfully, we became much more confident.

For the first two or three months he had no idea that he was carrying letters to and fro. At the end of three months I asked him whether he would allow me to write some letters in pencil and he gave me permission. I always handed him my letters unsealed, so that he could see what I said. In the pencilled letter I confined myself to spiritual topics, but in the white spaces between the lines I gave detailed instructions to different friends of mine outside. Of course he knew nothing about this.

Actually, as I was soon to discover, my warder could not read. But he pretended very cleverly that he could, and used to stand behind me looking over my shoulder while I read out all that I had written in pencil. Yet I began to suspect that he was illiterate and decided to try him out.

One day while he was looking over the paper, I read out something quite different from what I had written down. I did it again four or five times and when he did not correct me I turned to him with a smile and said frankly that there was no need for him to go on watching me. He admitted then that he could not read and explained that he liked listening to what I read out. Thereafter he let me write whatever I wanted and carried everything indiscriminately to my friends. Finally he allowed me some ink, and took sealed letters to and fro.

When he saw that I dealt only with a few people, who could be relied on for their discretion, and realized that neither they nor I were likely to betray him, he did whatever we asked. He received, of course, some payment each time. But he begged me not to ask him to go to the Clink so often, because he would eventually come under suspicion and both of us suffer. He suggested that a friend should meet him at a place near the Tower and take the letters from him. But I did not want anyone to put their trust in him, apart from the prisoners, who ran no risk in acknowledging that they knew me or in sending me presents and alms. And I knew that the warder would mention the letters to no one, for it would have done him as much harm as the persons to whom he carried the letters. This he knew well. And even if he had wished, there was not much harm that he could do me and my friends. I never wrote down their names in my letters, not even when I was at liberty, but I used other names which were recognized by the people I addressed. I called one 'my son', another 'my friend' or 'my nephew', and their wives, 'sister', 'daughter'—so that if the letters were intercepted, which, in fact, they never were, no one would know to whom I referred. And besides I never used lemon or citron juice. There was one occasion when I did in my previous prison and that was for the letters which Wade intercepted; but then there was a special reason. They were letters of recommendation and had to be read in one place and then taken on to another; and lemon juice has this property, that it comes out just as well with water or heat. If the paper is taken out and dried, the writing disappears but it can be read a second time when it is moistened or heated again. But orange juice is different. It cannot be read with water—water, in fact, washes away the writing and nothing can recover it. Heat brings it out, but it stays out. So a letter in orange juice cannot be delivered without the recipient knowing whether or not it has been read. If it has been read and contains something that compromises him, he can disown it. I was certain, therefore, that all my letters reached my friends and that theirs reached me safely, and in this way I got all the information I needed from them, and they received the spiritual help they sought from me.

To make doubly sure that nothing went amiss, I secured the release of John Lillie through the kindness of friends who bought him out. Then I arranged for everything addressed to me from outside to be given to him and to no one else, and for him to hand it to the warder. Later it was through his help that I was able to make my escape, but I had no thought of this at the time I first used him to carry my letters. Then my only object was to make it easier to send and receive more letters.

[. . . .]

Father Garnet, then, sent me a warning letter; and the way my captors acted and spoke at this time held out the same promise. For they came again, all the men who on the previous occasion

had examined me with authority to torture me.[1] But this time their purpose was different. They were going to put me through an examination before bringing me up for formal trial.

The Queen's Attorney-General put to me a series of questions, following, as he said, the same phrasing, order and form that he would observe in the actual prosecution.

He started with my priesthood and my coming to England as a priest and a Jesuit. Then he asked whether I had dealt with any people with the intention of seducing them from the faith and religious profession approved by law, to the Pope's allegiance. I confessed straightway that I was guilty on all these counts—that was sufficient for a legal sentence. But when they asked me to name the persons with whom I had plotted against the government, I denied I had done any such thing. Nevertheless they persisted: how could I be so anxious for the conversion of England, they urged, and yet keep out of politics, which were the best means to my purpose?

As near as I can recall now, this is what I answered:

'I will speak my mind plainly in this matter of conversion and politics, so that you will be left in no doubt and have no need to question me further. I call on God and His Angels to bear me out—I am not lying. I am hiding nothing from you that I have at heart. If I could have fulfilled all that I wish and desire, I would want the whole of England to return to Rome and the Catholic faith: the Queen, her Council, and yourselves also, and all the magistrates of this realm; yet so, my Lords, that neither the Queen, nor you, nor any officer of state forfeit the honour or right he now enjoys; so that not a single hair of your head perish; but simply that you may be happy both in this present life and in the life to come. But do not think that I want this conversion for any selfish reason of my own—that I may be freed and may enjoy the good things of life. I call on Almighty God to witness: I would gladly go out to-morrow morning to

[1] From George Abbot's *Sex Quaestiones* it is clear that Francis Bacon was not a member of the board on this occasion. His fortunes were in eclipse after the preference shown to his rivals, Coke and Fleming, to the discomfiture of his patron Essex. He had just published his first collection of essays in February and at this time was attempting to arrange a match with Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the granddaughter of Burghley. But in this project he was again defeated by Coke.

be hanged just as I stand before you now. These are my thoughts, my aspirations. I am not at enmity with the Queen nor with you, nor have I ever been.'

For a few moments the Attorney-General was at a loss for an answer. Then he asked me to name the Catholics I knew. Did I know so and so?

'I don't,' I said, and, as usual, I explained that, even if I did know I could not mention their names.

[. . . .]

This examination took place in Trinity Term, as it is called.[1] There are three terms in the year when the courts are open and many people come to London with their suits. Because of the greater crowds in town then, they choose these times to try the priests they have decided to sentence to death. It seemed now that this is what they planned, but man proposes and God disposes; and He disposed differently in my case.

This term passed and it looked as if there was no hope that they would prosecute me in public after all. In my enforced rest, I turned more to my studies, and began to think that they were keeping me here because they wanted to cut me off from outside, and that this was why they had moved me to a stricter and more secluded prison.†

[1] The exact date was 13th May (cf. Coke's letter to Burghley, Strype, *Annals IV*, ed. 1824, p. 427). Trinity Term 1597 opened, in fact, on 23rd May, ten days after J.G.'s examination.

17

ESCAPE

4th October 1597

I TRIED my best to reconcile myself to God's will, and accept all the restrictions imposed on me.

It was the last day of July and the feast of our blessed Father.[1] I was making my meditation and was longing to have the opportunity of saying Mass again, when the thought suddenly came to me—I might be able to do it in the cell of a Catholic gentleman in the tower opposite me. There was only a garden between his cell and mine.[2]

He had been in prison there for ten years and lay under sentence of death, but the sentence had not yet been carried out. Every day he used to go up on to the lead roof above his cell where he was allowed to walk up and down for exercise. From there he used to greet me and wait on his knees for my blessing.

When I turned the idea over in my mind later, I thought it might be done, if only the warder could be persuaded to let me go over. The gentleman's wife was allowed to visit him on fixed days and bring him clean linen and other things he needed. She carried them in a basket, and as she had now been doing this for years the warders had got out of the way of examining its contents. With her help I hoped we might be able little by little to bring in everything we needed for Mass. My friends, of course, would supply them.

I decided to try. So I signed to the gentleman to watch the

[1] St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus. He was beatified on 27th July 1609, the year in which J.G. was writing. He was not canonized until 12th March 1622.

[2] This was John Arden, who was imprisoned in the Cradle Tower, which was at the opposite corner of the Queen's Privy Garden. †

gestures I was going to make—I dared not call to him because it was a good distance across and I might easily be overheard. He watched me as I took a pen and paper and pretended to write; next, I placed the letter over the coal fire and held it up in my hands as though I were reading it; then I wrapped up one of my crosses in it, and went through the motions of despatching it to him. He seemed to follow what I was trying to indicate.

The next step was to get the warder to take one of my crosses or rosaries to my good fellow-prisoner—the same man had charge of us both. At first he refused, saying that he could not risk it as he had no proof that the other man could be trusted to keep the secret.

'If the man said something to his wife and it became known, it would be all up with me,' he said.

But I put heart into him and told him that this was most improbable. Then I placed some money in his hand as I always did, and he agreed. My letter was taken and delivered, but the gentleman wrote nothing back as I had asked him to do. The next day, when he came out for his walk on the roof, he thanked me by signs, holding up in his hands the cross I had sent him.

When at the end of three days he had not replied I began to suspect the reason for it. So I went through the whole series of signs again with greater precision, showing him how I squeezed the juice out of an orange and dipped my pen into the juice; and then, to bring out the writing, held the paper to the fire. This time he understood and held my next letter to the fire and read it. In his reply he said that the first time he thought I wanted him to burn the paper, because I had scribbled a few words in pencil on it, and he had done this.

He answered my query, saying he thought the scheme was practicable, provided the warder allowed me to visit him in the evening and stay over the whole of the following day; his wife would bring all the Mass requisites that were given her.

The next step was to sound the warder—would he allow me over to see my fellow-prisoner just once? I said I wanted to dine with him and promised to let him share the feast. He refused absolutely: he was frightened lest I might be seen walking across the garden or lest the Lieutenant should choose that very day to pay me a visit. But I pointed out that this had never happened and

was most unlikely to happen and, to end the argument, I produced the golden reason—I promised to pay him cash for his kind offices. He agreed.

I fixed the day for the feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady.[1] In the meantime I arranged for the prisoner's wife to go to a certain place in the city. There she would meet John Lillie, who, following the instructions in my letter, would hand her the things needed for Mass. I had also told Lillie to bring a number of small hosts and a pyx as I wanted to reserve the Blessed Sacrament.

Lillie collected everything and the woman brought them in.

When the evening arrived, I went across with my warder and stayed with the gentleman all that night and the following day. According to the promise we had made with the warder, not a word was said to the gentleman's wife.

That morning I said Mass. I felt very great consolation and I gave Communion to the noble confessor of Christ, who had been so many years without this comfort. I also consecrated twenty-two hosts and placed them in a pyx with a corporal and brought them back with me to my own cell, and renewed the divine banquet for many days afterwards with fresh relish and delight.

When I went across that evening I had no thought of escape—I had only looked to the Lord Jesus, prefigured as our Redeemer in the ash-baked loaf of Elias, to give me the strength and courage I still needed to journey the rest of my hard way to the mountain of the Lord. But while we were passing the time of day together, it struck me how close this tower was to the moat encircling the outer fortifications, and I thought it might be possible for a man to lower himself with a rope from the roof of the tower on to the wall beyond the moat. I asked the gentleman what he thought about it.

'Yes, it could be done easily,' he said, 'if we only had some really good friends who were ready to run the risk of helping us.'

'We have the friends all right,' I said, 'if only the thing is practicable and really worth trying.'

'As far as I am concerned,' he said, 'I am all for attempting it.

[1] 8th September 1597.

I would be much happier if I could live in hiding with my friends, and with the consolation of the sacraments and with pleasant companions, instead of passing my days like a solitary between these four walls.'

'Good,' I said. 'Now, we'll pray about it, and meanwhile I'll put the matter to my Superior and do whatever he thinks best.'

For the rest of the time we were together we discussed the details of the plan we would follow, if we decided on the attempt.

When I got back to my cell that night I wrote to my Superior through John Lillie and laid all the details of the scheme before him. Father Garnet replied that I certainly ought to attempt it, but I was not to risk my neck in the descent.

I then wrote to my former host[1] and told him that we were going to attempt an escape, and warned him to mention it to as few people as possible. If the plan got out, it would be all over. Then I asked John Lillie and Richard Fulwood (he was attending Father Garnet at the time) whether they were prepared to take the risk, and, if they were, to come on a certain night to the far side of the moat, opposite the squat tower I had described, near the point where Master Page had been seized. They were to bring a rope with them and tie it to a stake; we would be on the roof of the tower and throw them an iron ball attached to a stout thread, the kind used in stitching up bales. They must listen in the darkness for the sound of the ball touching the ground, find the cord and tie it to the free end of the rope. This done, we would draw up the rope by pulling the other end of the cord which we held in our hands. I told them to pin a piece of white paper or a handkerchief on the front of their jackets, for we wanted to be sure of their identity before throwing the cord. Also, they were to bring a rowing boat so that we could make a quick get-away.

When everything was arranged and the night fixed, my former host, who was afraid of the risk I was taking, was anxious that I should first see whether the warder could be bribed into letting me walk out of the prison, as I could easily do in borrowed clothes. Therefore, in the name of a friend of mine, John Lillie offered the warder a thousand florins down and a yearly allowance of a hundred florins for life. The warder

[1] William Wiseman.

would not hear of it. If he allowed it, he said, it would mean that he would be an outlaw for the rest of his life, and he would be hanged if he were caught. So the matter was dropped and we went ahead with our first plan.

I begged the earnest prayers of all who were let into the secret. One gentleman, the heir to a large estate, bound himself by vow to fast one day in the week for life, if I got away safe.

The night came. I begged and bribed my warder to let me visit my fellow-prisoner. I walked across. The warder locked the pair of us in the cell, barred the door as he always did, and went off. But he had also bolted the inside door which gave on to the stairs leading up to the roof, and we had to cut away with a knife the stone holding the socket of the bolt. There was no other way out.

At last we climbed silently up the stairs without a light, for a guard was posted every night in a garden at the foot of the wall, and when we spoke, it was in a faint whisper.

At midnight we saw the boat with our friends approaching. John Lillie and Richard Fulwood were at the oars and a third man sat at the tiller. He was my old warder in the Clink and he had obtained the boat for us. As they pulled in and got ready to land, a man came out from one of the poor dwelling-places on the bank to do something. When he saw the boat draw up, he started talking to the men, thinking they were fishermen.

He went back to bed. But the rescue party were afraid to land until the man had been given time to get to sleep again. So they paddled up and down. Time passed. It became too late to attempt anything that night.

They rowed back towards the bridge, but by now the tide had turned and was flowing strongly. It forced their little boat against the piles driven into the bed of the river to break the force of the water. It stuck, and it was impossible to move it forward or back. Meanwhile the water was rising and was striking the boat with such force that with every wave it looked as if it would capsize and the occupants be thrown into the river. They could only pray to God and shout for help.[1]

We were on the top of the tower and heard their shouts. Men

[1] This was the famous old London bridge opened in 1209. It was 926 feet long and had nineteen arches buttressed by great piers, which obstructed the flow of the river. The existence of water works added to the hazards of the passage. There was a saying that wise men go over the bridge, fools under it. The present bridge, which replaced it in 1831, was built sixty yards west of the old bridge.

came out on to the bank, and we were able to watch them in the light thrown by their candles. They rushed to their boats and pulled off to the rescue. Several boats came quite near, but they were afraid to pull alongside—the current was too strong. Forming a semi-circle round them, they stayed like spectators watching the poor men in their peril without daring to assist.

Amid all the shouting I recognized Richard Fulwood's voice.

'I know it,' I said. 'It's our friends in danger.'

My companion would not believe that I could pick out anyone's voice at such a distance,[1] but I recognized it only too well, and I was miserable at the thought that such devoted men were in danger of their lives for my sake.

We prayed fervently for them. Though we had watched many people go out to help them, they were not saved yet. Then we saw a light lowered from the top of the bridge, and a kind of basket at the end of a rope. If only they could get into it, they could be pulled up. However, God had regard to the peril of His servants, and at last a powerful sea-going craft came along with six sailors aboard and hazardously drawing up to the craft in danger, pulled on deck Lillie and Fulwood. Then immediately the small boat capsized before the third man could be rescued —as though it had only been kept afloat for the sake of the Catholics it carried. However, by the mercy of God, the man who was washed over into the river was able to grasp the rope let down from the bridge; and he was hauled to safety.

So all were rescued and got back to their homes.

The next day John Lillie sent me a letter as usual through the warder. I might reasonably have expected him to say something like this: 'Now we know—and our peril last night has taught us —God does not want us to go ahead with the escape.' But quite the contrary. The letter began:

'It was not God's design that we should succeed last night, but He mercifully snatched us from our peril—He has only postponed the day. With God's help we will be back to-night.'

Determination like this and the man's devout sentiments, re-

[1] The distance was about half a mile.

assured my companion. He felt certain we would succeed. But I had great difficulty in getting leave of the warder to stay a second night out of my cell, and we were very much afraid he might notice the loosened stone when he came to bolt the door in the evening. However, he did not see it.

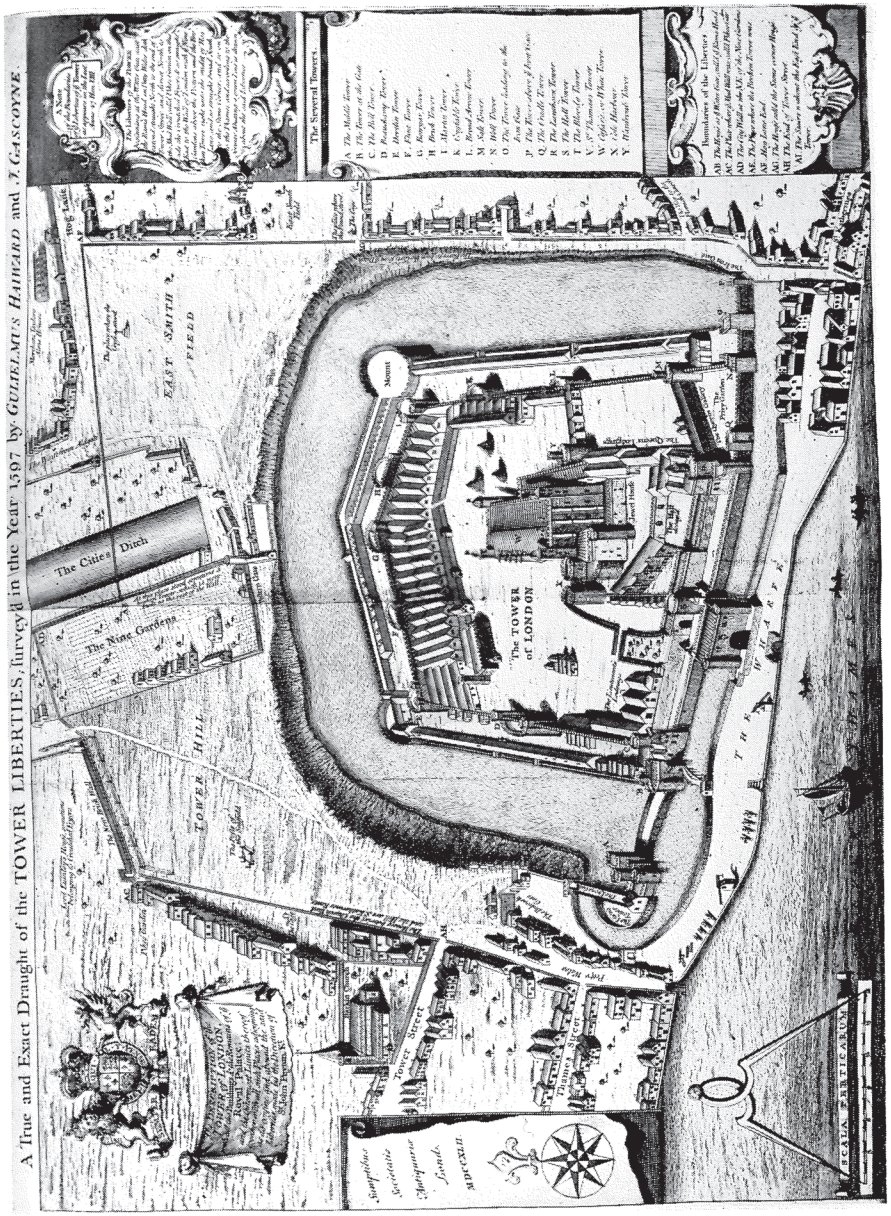
Meantime I had written three letters which I intended to leave behind in the cell. The first was to my warder, justifying myself for contriving my escape without letting him know. I said I was merely exercising my rights—I had committed no crime and was wrongfully held in prison. I told him I would always remember him in my prayers, if there was no other way I could help him. The purpose of this letter was to put him less at fault, in case he was imprisoned for our escape.

The second was to the Lieutenant. In this letter I made further excuses for the warder, protesting before God that he was not privy to my escape and would never have allowed it if he had known. And to prove this, I mentioned the attractive offer we had made, which he had refused. As for my going across to another cell, I had extorted his permission only with the most persistent entreaties and it would be wrong to put him to death for this.

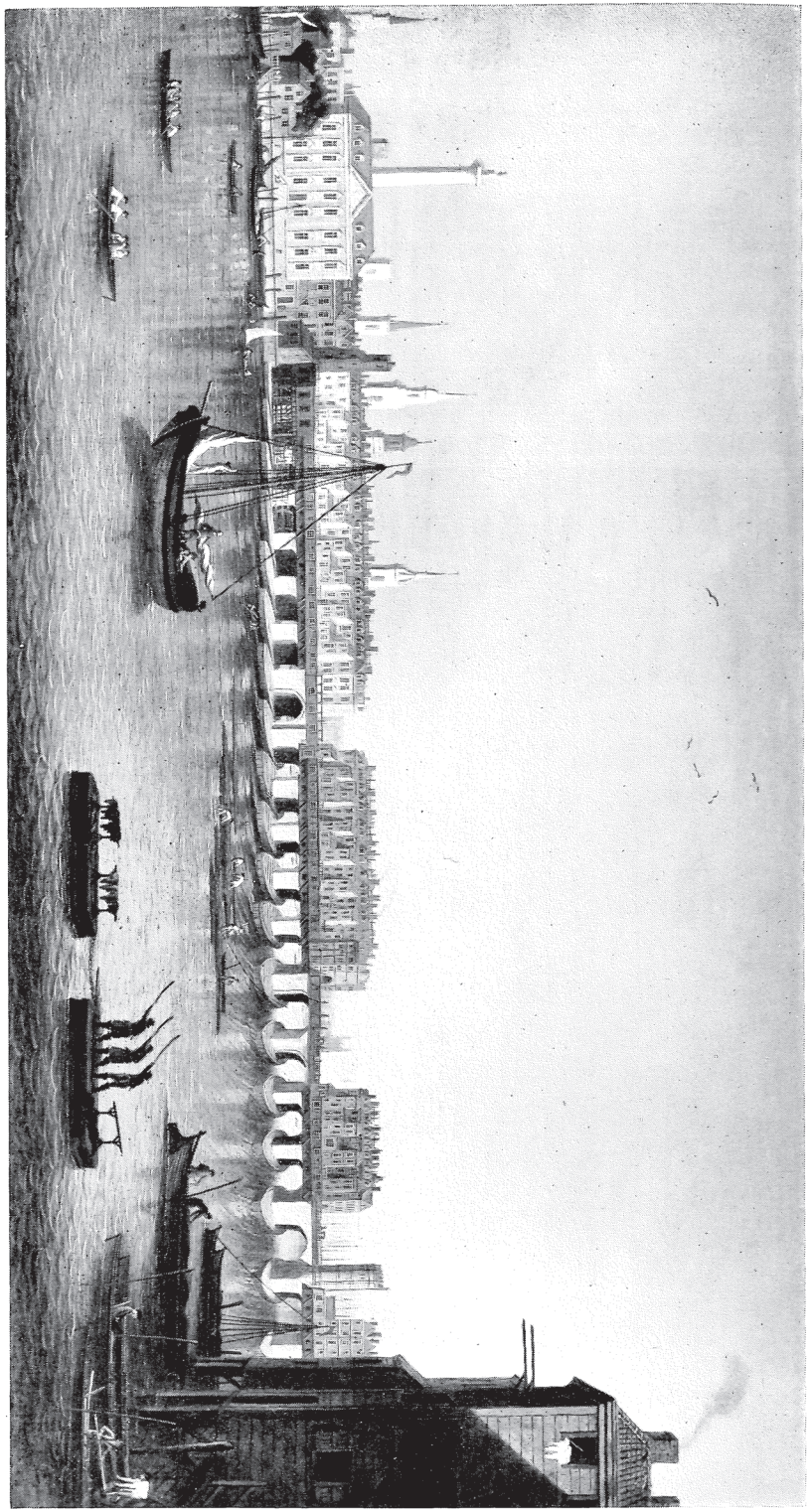
The third letter was to the Lords of the Council. In the first place I stated my motives for regaining the freedom that was mine by right. I did it not from love of freedom for its own sake, but from love of souls—souls who were being daily lost in England. I wanted to get out and reclaim them from sin and heresy. Concerning the affairs of state they knew my clear record and could count on my not soiling it in the future. Finally, I protested and proved that neither the Lieutenant nor the warder could be charged with connivance or consent. They had known nothing about it: my escape was entirely due to my own exertions and my friends'.

I left these letters to be picked up by the warder. One last letter I wrote and took with me. It was delivered to the warder (as you shall hear) next morning—but not by John Lillie.

At the right time we went up on to the tower. The boat came along. No one interfered and it pulled in safely to the bank. The schismatic stayed in the boat, the two Catholics got out with the rope. It was a new one, as they had thrown the old into the river



The Tower of London 1597



Old London Bridge

when they ran into trouble the previous night. Following my instructions they fastened it to a stake, and then listened for the sound of the iron ball we threw down to them. It was found without difficulty and the cord fastened to the end of the rope. But it proved very difficult indeed to pull up—it was a good deal thicker and doubled. This was Father Garnet's instruction, to guard against the rope snapping under the weight of my body. But actually he had increased the hazards.

Now a fresh difficulty arose which we had not foreseen. The distance between the tower at one end and the stake at the other was very great and the rope, instead of sloping down, stretched almost horizontally between the two points. We had therefore to descend by working our way along the rope—it was impossible to slide down with our own weight, and this we discovered by making up a bundle of books and other things which we wrapped in my cloak and placed on the double rope to see whether it would go down of its own accord. It didn't. Fortunately, it stuck before it got out of our reach, for if it had gone beyond recovery we would never have got down ourselves. We hauled the bundle back and left it behind.[1]

My companion now changed his mind: he had always said it would be the simplest thing in the world to slide down. Now he saw the hazards of it.

'But I shall certainly be hanged if I remain here,' he said. 'If we throw the rope back now it will fall into the moat and the splash will betray us and our friends as well. I'll go down and God help me. I'd rather take a chance of escape than stay locked up here with no chance at all.'

So he said a prayer and took hold of the rope. He got down fairly easily for he had plenty of strength and the rope was still taut. But his descent slackened the rope and made it much more difficult for me. I only noticed this when I started to descend.

I commended myself to God and Our Lord Jesus, to the Blessed Virgin, my guardian angel and especially to Father Southwell, who was imprisoned near here until he was taken out to martyrdom; and to Father Walpole and to all our martyrs. Then I

[1] The height of the wall beyond the moat had not been allowed for and prevented the rope inclining. As J.G. had not ventured to appear on the roof in daytime he had been unable to make an accurate reckoning.

gripped the rope with my right hand, and took it in my left. To prevent myself falling I twisted my legs round the rope leaving it free to slide between my shins.

I had gone three or four yards face downwards when suddenly my body swung round with its own weight and I nearly fell. I was still very weak, and with the slack rope and my body hanging underneath I could make practically no progress. At last I managed to work myself as far as the middle of the rope, and there I stuck. My strength was failing and my breath, which was short before I started, seemed altogether spent.

At last, with the help of the saints and, I think, by the power of my friends' prayers below drawing me, I moved along a little way and then I stuck again. Now I thought I would never be able to get down. But I was determined not to fall into the moat as long as I was still able to hold the rope. I tried to recover a little strength and then, using my legs and arms as well as I could, I managed, thank God, to get as far as the wall on the far side of the moat. But my feet just touched the top of the wall and the rest of my body hung horizontally behind, with my head no higher than my legs—the rope had become so slack. I don't know how I would have got over the wall, if it had not been for John Lillie. Somehow or other (he could never say how he did it), he got up on to the wall, seized hold of my feet, pulled me over and put me safely down on the ground. I could not stand upright, I was so weak. So they gave me cordial waters and restoratives which they had taken care to bring with them, and I was able to reach the boat. Before getting in they untied the rope from the stake, cut off part of it and let the rest hang down against the wall of the tower. Our first plan had been to pull it away altogether and we had accordingly passed it round a big gun on the roof without knotting it. But providentially we could not tug it loose; had we done so it would almost certainly have dropped into the moat with a big splash and we would have been in trouble.

We stepped into the boat and thanked God 'who had snatched us from the hands of our persecutors and from all the expectation of the Protestant people.' We also thanked the men who had done so much and undergone such risks for us.

We rowed a good distance before we brought the boat to land.

[. . . .]

Meanwhile I had sent Richard Fulwood to a place we had decided on beforehand, where he was to hold a horse and be ready to fly with my warder if the man was prepared to make off at once. As I said, I had written a letter to be delivered to the warder when he came for his usual morning meeting with John Lillie. But it was not Lillie who came that morning. I had ordered him not to stir out of doors until the storm that was to be expected had blown over. In his place I chose another messenger whom the warder knew. He was surprised, of course, to find another man, but he said nothing. Just as he was turning back, as he thought, to deliver the letter in his usual way, the messenger seized hold of him.

'The letter is for you; no, not for anyone else,' he said.

'For me? Who sent it?'

'A friend,' replied the other man, 'but I don't know who he is.'

The warder was dumbfounded.

'But I can't read. If it is urgent, please read it for me.'

The man read the letter he had brought. In it I informed the warder that I had escaped from prison, and, in order to put his mind at rest, briefly explained why I had done so. Then I pointed out that, though I had no obligation in the matter—I had merely made use of my rights—yet I would see to his safety. He had always been faithful in his trusts, and I would stand by him now. If he wanted to save his skin I had a man ready with a horse to take him to a safe place a good distance out of London.

[1] In Spitalfields. See *inf.* p. 156.

[2] At Uxbridge.‡

I would give him two hundred florins a year and he could lead a decent life. But I added this condition. If he accepted the offer he must settle his affairs in the Tower quickly and go off at once to the place to which the messenger would lead him. He was on his way back to the Tower to settle his business and see his wife safely away, when a fellow-warder ran into him.

'Off with you, as fast as you can make it,' he said. 'Your prisoners have escaped from the small tower. The Lieutenant is searching the place for you. If he catches you, God help you.'

Shaking all over the man rushed back to the messenger. He begged him for the love of God to take him to the place where the horses were waiting. The messenger took him and found Richard Fulwood waiting with two horses.

He rode off and Richard took him to the house of one of my friends about a hundred miles from London. Already I had sent a letter asking this gentleman whether he would be so kind as to put the warder up and look after him, should he come. But I warned him not to confide in him or let him know that he knew me. Richard Fulwood, I said, would reimburse him for all his expenses. If the warder wanted to talk about me or about his own affairs, he should refuse to listen.

All went off as I had planned. My friend was not troubled, and the warder was safely away in his house. After a year he moved into another county. There he became a Catholic and lived comfortably with his family on the annuity which I sent him regularly according to my promise. And there too he died after four or five years. By this flight for dear life God had snatched him from the temptation of sin, and, I trust, given him a place in heaven. While in prison I had probed him frequently on his faith—his mind was made up, but I could not work on his will. My escape from prison was, I hope, in God's kind disposing, the occasion of his escaping from hell.

When the Lieutenant discovered that his prisoners and their warder had made off, he went to the Council, taking with him the letters I had left behind. The Lords of Council were amazed at the way I had escaped. One of them, a leading Councillor, said to a gentleman in attendance (as I was told afterwards) that he was glad I had got away. The Lieutenant asked for authorization to search the whole of London and any place suspected but the others told him it would be no use.[1]

'You can't hope to find him,' they said. 'If he has friends who are prepared to do all this for him, you can count on it, they will have no difficulty in finding him horses and a hiding-place and keeping him well out of your reach.'

A search was made in one or two places. As far as I could discover, nobody of note was taken.

[1] '1597, Oct. 5—This night there are escaped two prisoners out of the Tower, viz. John Arden and John Garret. Their escape was made very little before day, for on going to Arden's chamber in the morning I found the ink in his pen very fresh. The manner of their escape was thus. The gaoler, one Bonner, conveyed Garrett into Arden's chamber when he brought up the keys, and out of Arden's chamber by a long rope tied over the ditch to a post they slid down upon the Tower wharf. This Bonner is also gone this morning at the opening of the gates. . . . I have sent hue and cry to Gravesend and to the Mayor of London for a search to be made in London and in all the liberties.' Sir John Peyton, Lieutenant of the Tower of London to the Privy Council. *Hat. Cal.*, vii, pp. 417–18.

[From here in the text Father John Gerard tells of a series of further adventures and narrow escapes, noting that he would eventually be taken in by a well-to-do Catholic widow who lived in the countryside. And from there he would come to reacquaint himself with Mr. John Lee, another well-to-do Catholic who was interested in possibly becoming a priest himself, who will introduce him to other important people in the region . . .]

20

WITH SIR EVERARD AT CARDS

MASTER Roger Lee introduced me also to several neighbours, including a knight of the Queen's court.[1] This man had inherited a large estate and had married a lady who was heiress to all her father's property.[2] There was no Catholic or person inclined to Catholicism in the whole family. In fact, the lady's father who was master of the house at the time was a convinced Protestant and his only interest was to amass money and estates for his daughter. His son-in-law devoted all his time to youthful sports. Whenever he was in London he attended Court and was one of the Queen's Gentlemen Pensioners†; and at home he had no interest apart from his hounds and hawks.

Now Master Roger Lee was his neighbour[3] and a keen sportsman himself; he often joined him in the hunt or brought his falcons to hawk in company. So we took advantage of this and I was introduced to the gentleman's house as Master Roger's close friend. We went frequently, and I took every opportunity that offered to introduce the subject of Catholic doctrine and practice. But, to avoid suspicion, I saw that Master Lee did most of the talking and let him show more enthusiasm than me. This he did so well that the gentleman, far from guessing who I was, actually asked Master Lee's opinion as to whether I would make a good match for his sister.† He wanted to see her married to a Catholic because, as he said, they were good and honourable people.

We fell into frequent conversations on the subject of salvation.

[1] Sir Everard Digby.†
[2] Mary Mulshaw of Gayhurst, North Bucks.
[3] At Pitstone, seven miles east of Aylesbury, Bucks.

First we made an impression on his wife when she was alone at home during one of her husband's absences in London. Now that her parents were dead and she was mistress of the house, we could talk to her more freely. Eventually one day she expressed her wish to become a Catholic, and told me she was anxious to talk to a priest just once. I smiled to myself and said it could be arranged and promised to discuss the matter with Master Roger Lee. Meanwhile, I told her that I would first teach her a method of examining her conscience, which I had been taught myself by experienced priests.

So I told Master Roger Lee that the lady had now made up her mind and was ready to become a Catholic and that all she was waiting for was to see a priest. I asked him therefore to break the news that I was one.

This he did but the lady would not believe it. She was amazed. 'How can he possibly be a priest?' she protested. 'Why, the man lives like a courtier. Haven't you watched him playing cards with my husband—and the way he plays, he must have been at the game for a long time. And he's been out hunting with my husband, and I've heard him myself talking about hunting and about hawking, and he never trips in his terms. No one could do that without being caught out unless he was thoroughly familiar with the sport.'

So she objected. She said other things such as this, to show that I could not possibly be a priest. But Master Lee explained:

'He did indeed talk and behave like this,' he said. 'That's true. But if he hadn't, how do you imagine he could have entered the house and spoken to you and brought you slowly to the faith? If he had come here dressed like a priest—and I can assure you he would have much preferred to, if it had been possible—do you think you would ever have let him into the house, to say nothing of your father, for he was alive then?'†

All this she was forced to admit, but still she would not believe it.

'Please don't get angry with me,' she said, 'if I ask you a question. What other Catholic, apart from yourself, knows that he is a priest? Does so and so,' and she mentioned the name, 'does he know it?'

'Yes,' he said, 'and he has often confessed to him.'

Then, after several other names, she mentioned my hostess,[1] who lived about ten miles away in the same district.

'And tell me,' she went on, 'does she know he's a priest and is she glad to have him about?'

'Of course,' said Master Roger Lee, 'she knows it and she's handed herself over to his direction with her whole house. She would not wish to have anyone else.'

At last she admitted she was satisfied. So Master Lee said: 'And you will see he's quite a different person when he drops the part he has been playing.'

This she admitted herself the next day when she saw me in clerical dress—she had never before seen me in priest's clothes. She made her confession very carefully, and formed a flattering opinion of me that I did not deserve, and wholly accepted my guidance and planned great things. Indeed she achieved them and still does to this day.†

This done, all three of us got together and discussed the best way of catching her husband in St. Peter's net.

Now it so happened that he had fallen sick in London and his wife decided to go up and visit him. But we were there before her.

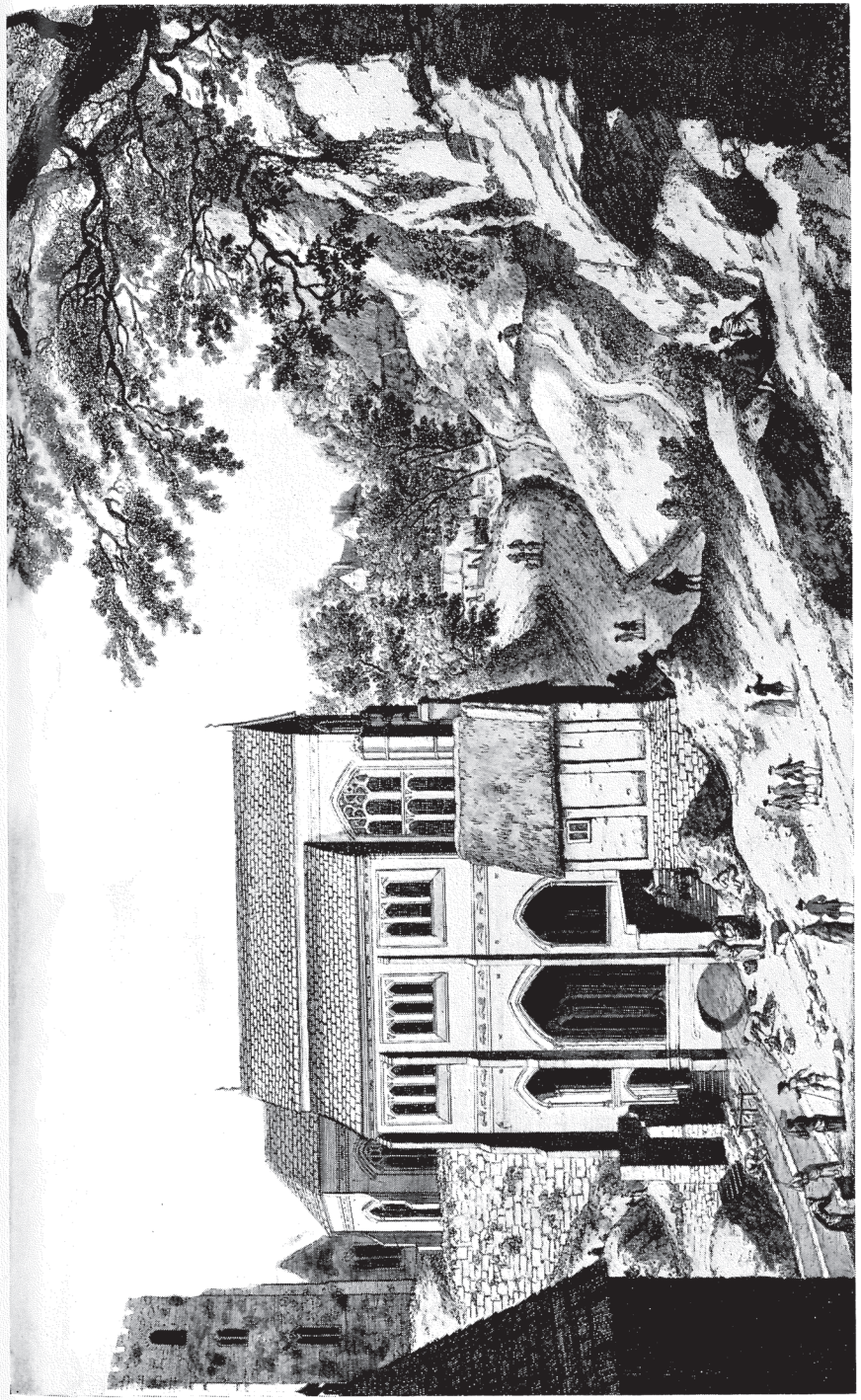
His illness gave me the opening I wanted. From the uncertainty of human life and the certainty (unless we guarded against it) of suffering both in this world and the next I showed how 'here we have no abiding city', but must look to a heavenly one. I found him very responsive, for misfortune makes men think seriously, and this gentleman had always been a man of sound sense and good heart and had laid a firm foundation for the faith.

I instructed him and he prepared himself carefully for confession. Unlike his wife, he was not the least bit astonished to be told that I was a priest. He had met men in my case before. Moreover, he was glad to have a confessor who understood men like him and who could help him when called upon and could appear in company without danger of his priesthood being discovered.[2]

When I had done everything for him he began to be anxious about his wife and wanted us to help him to bring her into the

[1] Probably Roger Lee's mother at Pitstone. Harrowden, Mrs. Vaux's house, was rather more than ten miles from Gayhurst.

[2] At this time William Atkinson, foiled in his attempt to catch J.G. in London, was watching his movements in the country and sending reports to Cecil. †



St. Winefrid's Well

Church. We smiled to ourselves, but said nothing. We would wait till she came and then watch to see how each would try to bring the other over.

They were a happy pair. They both dedicated themselves to the service of God, and the husband later was to sacrifice all his property, his freedom and his life too for God's Church. I shall tell you the story later, for this was Sir Everard Digby. If so much had not been written and published already about him and his companions, I would have had to say much about him at the end of this narrative. However, no account of him so far has done justice to his sincerity of purpose or set forth all the circumstances in a way that gives him his due.†

[. . . .]

What this family did, others did too. Many Catholic gentlemen, when they visited this house and saw the arrangements there, took it as a model. They founded congregations centered round their own homes, furnished their chapels, and designing accommodation suited to a priest's needs, maintained one there with reverence and respect.†

Among others who did this was a lady who lived near Oxford.[1] Her husband was a Catholic but his interests were worldly. Nevertheless, as far as she could do so with such a husband, she gave herself up to my direction. I often called to see them, and both welcomed me warmly. There I sent one of our Fathers to work—Father Edward Walpole, whom I mentioned early in this story, where I told you how during my first year in England, he left a large patrimony in order to follow Christ our Lord.

There was another lady[2] who wanted to do the same thing. She was a relative of my hostess. She, too, lived in Oxfordshire and was married to a knight with a large estate, who hoped one day to become a baron, and is still hoping. When she visited our house, this lady said she wanted to learn how to meditate, so I showed her. Her husband, however, was a Protestant and though she was very anxious to do it, she could not keep a priest in her house. Instead, she arranged to support a priest who could visit her regularly during her husband's absences. Also, she determined to devote an hour every day to meditation and, when she had no guests, another one or two hours to spiritual reading; and every six months make a general confession—a practice taken up by all the men and women I have just mentioned and by many others as well, more than I can mention individually. Twice a year she came to make her general confession to me, and I found she never omitted her hour's meditation or her daily examination of conscience, except on one occasion when her husband insisted on her staying with the guests. Yet she had a large household to keep her busy, and she was seldom without people staying with her.

[1] Waterperry, seven miles east of Oxford and for some centuries the seat of the Curzon family, and a Jesuit mission station for a long period. Clare, daughter of Sir Francis Curzon of Waterperry, entered the Benedictine convent at Brussels on 15th August 1603 *C.R.S.*, vol. xiv, p. 178.

[2] Lady Agnes Wenman of Thame Park, twelve miles east of Oxford.†

Once in this lady's house I was sitting with her in the dining-room after dinner—her maids-in-waiting were there, but the servants had gone downstairs for their own dinner. We were discussing spiritual subjects and sitting at the table. Suddenly some servants came up with a guest who had just arrived. He was a Doctor of Divinity from Oxford and a well-known persecutor of Catholics. His name was Abbot.† Just recently he had published a book against Father Southwell, who had been executed, and Father Gerard, the man who had escaped from the Tower. These two priests had defended the doctrine of equivocation which he set out to refute. After its publication this good man was promoted to the Deanery of Winchester, which carried with it an annual income of 8,000 florins.

The gentleman, as I said, was shown upstairs and walked into the dining-room.[1] After the fashion of these dignitaries, he was wearing a silk soutane that came down to his knees. He found us, or so he thought, playing cards. Actually we had put the cards away to attend to better things as soon as the servants had gone downstairs, and we had resumed our game when this gentleman was announced. So he found us sitting at the card-table piled with money.

I should explain that whenever I was with Catholics and we had to stage a game in circumstances like these, we had an understanding that everybody got his money back at the end and that the loser said an *Ave Maria* for every counter returned. In this way I often played with brother Digby and others, when there was occasion to act a part and make bystanders think that we were playing for money in good earnest.

The good minister, therefore, did not have a moment's suspicion. After an exchange of courtesies he began talking volubly. It is all these men can do; they have no solid knowledge, but with their persuasive words of human wisdom they lead poor souls astray and 'subvert whole households, teaching what they

[1] Had J.G. read Abbot's book, *Sex Quaestiones*, to which he refers, he would have appreciated the irony of this situation. Before beginning his refutation of J.G.'s doctrine of equivocation, Abbot exclaims: 'Gerard, as we all believe, is still alive. Only a few months ago he cunningly escaped from captivity. He can answer for himself, if I misrepresent his words even in the slightest measure.' *Sex Quaestiones*, p. 5.

ought not.' So after a good deal of frivolous talk, this man came out with the latest news from London: the story of a Puritan who had thrown himself from a church tower and had left behind a note in which he claimed that he was certain of his eternal salvation. The doctor did not mention that, but I had heard it from another source.[1]

'Poor fellow,' I said. 'What could have induced him to destroy his body and soul in one fell act?'

'Sir,' answered the doctor, in a learned and magisterial manner. 'Sir, it is not for us to pass judgement on any man.'

'Quite so,' I said. 'It is possible, of course, that the man repented of his sin as he was still falling, *inter pontem et fontem*, as they say. But it is very unlikely. The man's last act which we have any means of judging was a mortal sin and merited damnation.'

'But,' said the doctor, 'we don't know whether this was such a sin.'

'Pardon me,' I said, 'it is not a case here of our own judgement. It is a question of God's judgement; He forbids us under pain of hell to kill anyone, and particularly ourselves, for charity begins at home.'

The good doctor was caught. He said nothing more on the point, but he turned the subject, saying with a smile:

'Gentlemen should not dispute on theological questions.'

'I agree,' I said. 'We don't, of course, pretend to know theology, but we should at least know the law of God, even if our profession is to play cards.'

When the lady I was playing with heard this retort she could hardly keep a straight face. What would he have thought if he had known whom he was talking to? But the doctor did not stay much longer. He went away after about an hour. I don't know whether he left sooner than he had intended, but I do know that we much preferred his room to his company.†

[1] Dorrington, a rich Puritan, threw himself from the steeple of St. Sepulchre's on 11th April 1600. A paper was found on his person inscribed: 'Lord, save my soul and I will praise Thy name.' G. B. Harrison, *Last Elizabethan Journal*, p. 77, quoting Sidney Papers, II, 187.

[After describing a series of further adventures, Father Gerard turns to narrate the events surrounding the end of his ministry in England . . .]

23

THE POWDER PLOT

5th November 1605—*3rd May* 1606

AS my principal friends were involved in the catastrophe of the Powder Plot, the Council was thorough and relentless in its hunt for me. They sent Justices of the Peace to the house. They were to search it scrupulously and if they failed to find me, stay on until they were recalled. Day and night guards were to encircle the house, and at night special watches set at a distance of three miles round, with orders to arrest any passing stranger. All this was carried out to the letter.

As soon as news reached us that a plot had been discovered and that some of our friends had been killed and others captured, we knew that we would have to suffer.† However, we had prepared, and although the search lasted many days nothing was discovered till my hostess revealed to the chief pursuivant a hiding-place which had only a few books in it. Her hope was that they would think that, if a priest was in the house, he would be hiding there, and that they would then call off the search. But they went on till the end of the ninth day.[1]

I was in my hiding-place. I could sit down all right but there was hardly room to stand. However, I did not go hungry, for

[1] This incident is described by William Tate, the Justice in charge of the search, in a letter to Salisbury, dated 'Harrowden, November 15'. 'I required Richard Richardson, a servant of Mrs. Vaux, then present, to deal truly with me; who after some debate opened the door, whereat I entered and searched the same, and found it the most secret place that I ever saw, and so contrived that it was without all possibility to be discovered. There I found many Popish books and other things incident to their superstitious religion; but no man in it. I am assured that none could evade out thence after I entered the house, having guarded it day and night round about, and within myself and servants keeping keys of all the doors.' *Hat. Cal.*, xvii, pp. 490–1.

every night food was brought to me secretly. And at the end of four or five days,† when the rigour of the search had relaxed slightly, my friends came at night and took me out and warmed me by a fire. It was winter time, just before the season of Christmas. After nine days the search party withdrew. They thought I could not possibly have been there all that time without being discovered.

[. . . .]

Two other priests were with me in the house when the troubles began—one, as I said, was Father Strange. They both wanted to go and stay with Father Garnet but both were captured on their way. One[1] was thrown into Bridewell and was later exiled with some other priests. The other, namely Father Strange, was put in the Tower and suffered much, as I wrote briefly above.

The history of the conspiracy is well known. It has been written up by friends and enemies, but not perhaps as it will be written later.

When I left England I was ordered to write an account of the whole affair and I did so as well as I could.[2] I am not going to repeat here what I wrote at length about the condition of England at the time, how at the accession of the king there was no relaxation of the persecution, but only a fresh persecution more bitter and grievous than the last.† The Catholic body now expected—some of them knew for certain—that new laws against them were to be passed in the next Parliament much more severe and cruel than the existing ones. There was to be no easing of the Queen's harsh rule. The yoke which Catholics had borne so long on their weary necks was to be made heavier still.

A group of young and eager Catholics, seeing that now they were going to be scourged not with whips but with scorpions, thought that there was no human hope left to them unless they chose to help themselves. Peace had now been made between his Catholic Majesty and the King of England—a peace in which Catholics had no share although they had more right to peace than the wicked. At the prospect of all this these people, I say, forgot that long-suffering and peace with which we should possess our souls. They could no longer bear to see

stayed, one John Laithwoode was brought to me. . . . At his first examination he was insufferably insolent, but on the morrow he became of a better-tempered spirit.' William Tate to Salisbury, 15th November 1605. *Hat. Cal.*, xvii, p. 490.

[1] Fr. William Singleton, one of the Assistants to the Archpriest. He was captured with Fr. Strange at Kenilworth on 7th November on his way to Hinlip. *C.S.P.D.*, 1603–10, p. 300.

[2] The reference is to J.G.'s *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, printed in Morris's *Condition of Catholics under James I* (1871).

holy things trodden underfoot and the faithful robbed of their possessions and loaded with innumerable wrongs. It was a daily and lamentable undoing of souls. They determined therefore to raise the people of God from the state into which they had fallen, to make war in deadly secret against the enemies of their souls and bodies and the enemies of the Catholic cause. I say 'in secret' because there was no question of open opposition or of a Catholic rising. The strength of the Catholic body, it must be acknowledged, had been broken and shattered, and their arms taken from them. Thus it happened that the people I am speaking of devised this plot in order to deliver themselves and others with them from this fearful serfdom of soul and body. They thought that the only way of doing it was to remove at a single stroke all their enemies and the principal enemies of the Catholic cause.

I discussed all these points in the book I mentioned. There I also gave a detailed account of the method they decided to use, and explained how, when all was ready for the plan to be put through, one of them[1] disclosed the plot in confession to a Father of our Society. This Father refused to hear him further unless he was allowed to put the matter to the Superior under the seal of confession. The Superior, when he heard about the bloody plot, ordered this Father to do his utmost to stop his penitent going through with it. And he immediately wrote to the Pope, begging his Holiness to forbid Catholics resorting to external violence.[2] I have told how, after the plot had been discovered and made public, the Superior and Father Oldcorne were captured at the latter's house. They were discovered after a long search—they were twelve days in a hiding-hole.[3] With them were taken two servants or, as I have since heard and believe, two Brothers of our Society. Both were condemned to death and suffered martyrdom. One, Ralph, died with Father Oldcorne, whose companion and servant he had been. As the Father mounted the ladder to the scaffold, Ralph clasped his feet and kissed them and thanked him for his kindness and for all he had

[1] This was Robert Catesby, the instigator of the Plot.

[2] For Fr. Garnet's knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot, see Appendix F.

[3] 'When we came forth,' wrote Fr. Garnet, 'we appeared like two ghosts. . . . The fellow that found us ran away for fear, thinking we would have shot a pistol at him.' They were captured on 27th January 1606. †

done for him. Then he blessed God for granting him such a happy end to his life in such good company. † The other was 'Little John'. For nearly twenty years he had been Father Garnet's companion and I have had occasion to mention him frequently in the course of this story. He was well known as the chief designer and builder of hiding-places in England, and was, therefore, a man who could hand over more priests and injure and betray more Catholics than any other single person. They tortured him long and mercilessly and in the end, unable to get any information out of him, they killed him, but they had been unable to break his constancy. †

Also in that book I have told how Father Garnet and Father Oldcorne were brought to London. There they were examined time and again, particularly Father Garnet and both were tortured, Father Oldcorne more often.[1] Father Oldcorne was taken back to Worcester. Though nothing could be proved against him, he was condemned, hanged and quartered. It was a saintly martyr's death. †

At a special Assize in London Father Garnet was condemned but not proved guilty. He made such a clear defence of his conduct that people were amazed and praised the man until Cecil and others browbeat him and made it impossible for this most modest of men to clear himself of the calumnies against him. † Led out to the place of execution he bore himself bravely and meekly. His whole manner, and the way he accepted or rather welcomed his death and suffering, touched the hearts of his most savage enemies and they went away thinking well of him.[2]

[. . . .]

[1] Fr. Garnet was tortured only once, but Fr. Oldcorne for five hours together on four or five consecutive days. †

[2] The King granted Fr. Garnet the mercy of allowing him to hang until he was dead. A letter of Sir Charles Cornwallis speaks of the 'sorrow expressed by the people for the Jesuit's putting to death, and . . . when the executioner showed his head and bade "God Save the King", there was not one would bestow an 'Amen'! but instead thereof fell upon the hangman, who escaped hardly with his life.' †

I think I had better add these few lines about myself before I close. I said in the other book that a proclamation was issued against three Jesuit Fathers. I was one of them, and, though the least of them all my name was put at the head as if I were the chief of them—I who was the subject of the second-named and in every respect far inferior to the third.[2] All this—let me protest solemnly—was utterly groundless. I knew absolutely nothing about the plot from anyone whomsoever, not even, as the other two did, under the seal of confession. I had not even the vaguest notion that any such scheme was afoot, not until we heard the rumour that a plot had been discovered, and then the rumour reached us no sooner than everyone else living in that part of the country.

From the long search of nine days I realized that I was suspect and that they were after me in particular. So I wrote an open letter, in the form of a letter to a friend, in which I gave many proofs and protestations beyond cavil that I was altogether innocent of the charges against me. I had many copies of the letter made and had them scattered about the London streets in the early hours of the morning. Many people picked it up and read it. One copy was shown to the King by a member of the Council, a friend of mine or my cause. The King, as I heard, said it convinced him.† But afterwards, when Father Garnet's whereabouts became known and there was hope of catching him and of loading the whole charge on to the Society, they thought it necessary to proclaim that some of our Fathers were the principal plotters.†

[1] For contemporary accounts of these occurrences and the sensation they caused see Appendix G.

[2] The Proclamation is dated 15th January 1606, several weeks after all the conspirators had been captured. In a letter of 22nd January Salisbury comments, 'all these three described in the proclamation are the very pillars and oracles of their order'.†

My name was joined to those of the two Fathers whom one of Master Catesby's servants had maligned. Before his death this man repented, confessing publicly that he had acted against his conscience when he said these things. He was afraid of death and hoped to be pardoned, and Secretary Cecil had lured and bribed him.

Possibly at that time some people really suspected that I was privy to the plot. It was known that many of the gentlemen in prison were my friends and had visited me regularly in my London house. One of them had confessed this at his examination but stated that I knew nothing whatsoever of their plot. After they had examined them all, still they could find nothing against me. Master Digby, who was my intimate friend and was for that reason most closely examined about me, protested openly before the court that he had never dared mention his intention to me for fear that I should dissuade him from the attempt.†

I came to hear this. I heard, too, several facts concerning Father Garnet, which showed that he had knowledge of the plot under the seal of confession, and had heard of it from a member of the Society[1] who also knew of it under the seal.

It seemed to me, therefore, that I was sufficiently cleared of the charge, and in order to bring the fact to notice, I wrote the three letters to three leading lords of the Council, a short time before the death of the condemned gentlemen. With very cogent arguments I proved that I knew nothing about the conspiracy and I showed them how they could satisfy themselves on the point while the gentlemen were still alive.†

Whether they did or not I don't know, but I do know that throughout the proceedings of Father Garnet's trial—it was after they received these letters—they never once mentioned me, although they did all they could to defame the entire Society and involve the whole English mission†. They named three Fathers as guilty—the two who had heard of it in confession, and Father Oldcorne, not as privy to the plot but as an accessory after the fact.

Nevertheless, I was most careful to lie in hiding.[2] I was at a

[1] Fr. Greenway *alias* Tesimond.

[2] At least four renegade Catholics, who claimed to know J.G. had offered their services to Salisbury as spies, and had been granted warrants for J.G.'s arrest. One, Lady Markham, gives this interesting testimony to the opinion in which J.G. was held in the Northamptonshire countryside. 'I meet with many people,' she says in a letter to Salisbury, 'that will as easily be persuaded there was no gunpowder laid as that [this] holy man [J.G.] was an actor in the plot; and surely the generality did ever so much admire him that they were happy or blessed in hearing him, and their roof sanctified by his appearance in their house.'†

house in London where I was then staying, which no one knew about.† By the protection of God I was safe, and if I had thought it well to do so I could have stayed longer. I did not leave England to avoid capture. It was no time to work, and as we had to lie quiet I took the opportunity to come over here and rest a little.[1] After so long a period of distracting work in all sorts of company I wanted a breathing-space to recover my strength for the work which lay in the future.

At that time I was on my own. Nearly all my friends were either in prison or so distressed that they could hardly look after themselves. Every place was watched. There was no safety anywhere.[2] Owing to an indiscretion on the part of others, as I said before, I had lost my house in London and had not yet made up my mind to leave England. But with all this I managed to rent another house in London, perhaps better suited to my present needs than the old one. I was able to furnish it with everything I wanted and make some good hiding-places in it and there I was safe during the whole of Lent before I left. In addition to this I rented a second and much larger and finer house which I intended to share with Father Anthony Hoskins. After my departure it was used by the Superior for a considerable time.

About the end of Lent I brought the first of these houses into danger when I attempted to rescue one of our Fathers. It happened like this. The good priest, Father Thomas Everett,[3] had

[1] Under the strain of these events, Fr. Stanney, whom J.G. mentions earlier in this book (p. 42), went mad and was picked up in a raving condition at Ockingham and again later at Reading. *Hat. Cal.*, xvii, p. 607.

[2] Fr. Greenway was arrested in the streets of London while he was reading a description of himself appended to the Proclamation for his arrest.There were many people about and he allowed himself to be taken off quietly; but as he was passing down an unfrequented street, he threw off his captor, escaped into Suffolk and crossed to the Continent with a cargo of dead pigs.

[3] cf. *sup.*, p. 25.

gone to stay at a gentleman's house in London, where he met some traitors or at least men who could not keep their mouths shut. The fact became known to the Council and, as this Father was about my height and had black hair, Cecil thought it was I who had been there. We shall catch him at once now, he said to a friend of his, naming me. But he missed both of us. As soon as I heard that the Father had gone to the house where his presence had not been kept secret, I asked the gentleman who had hidden me in his home before I got my own house to fetch the Father and keep him with him for the present. He did this and the Father stayed there while the house he had just left was searched from top to bottom. A few days later they searched the house he had moved to, for they had found some of Father Garnet's books there, which the master of the house used to keep for him.† No one was found, for Father Everett got away into a hiding-place, but they took off to prison the master and mistress.

I was alarmed when I got this news. There was now no Catholic in the house who knew where the Father was hiding, and I feared he would die of hunger or else come out and be captured. Therefore I sent some men there and described to them the place where the Father was hiding. They called out to him, they knocked on his hiding-place, still he refused to open. Though they said that they had been sent by me to rescue him, he did not answer. Their voices were unfamiliar and he was afraid it was a ruse of the searchers. They do in fact pretend sometimes to go away and then return a little later and, feigning a friend's voice, go round the rooms, announce that the searchers have left and call out to all the people in hiding to come out.

This is what the good Father suspected was happening and he made no answer. The men I had sent stayed a long time and were forced to return late. In the street they fell into the hands of watchers. That night they were kept in custody but they were released after some difficulty the next day. One of them was known to have lived once with a Catholic and was therefore suspected of being a Catholic himself. This brought my house under suspicion, as it was now known that he lived there. Ostensibly it had been rented by a schismatic, who was not suspect, but that made no difference now. Four days later the chief magistrate of

London, I mean the Mayor, came to search the place with a group of constables. In the meantime I had heard that Father Everett had refused to answer—I knew he was still there and was afraid he would die of hunger. So I sent the men back the following night and with them sent the man who had made the hiding-place and knew how to open it. With very great relief the Father emerged and they took him to my house, where he stayed.

Meanwhile I had gone to stay with a friend whose house was very safe—he was afraid the arrest of the men I had sent to rescue the Father might set the searchers on my house. And three nights later this happened. It was Maundy Thursday.[1] Father Everett was saying Mass and had just finished the Offertory when there was an uproarious mob at the garden gate. The Mayor was violent and he was so quick that he was through the garden and into the house and on his way upstairs just as the Father with his vestments on and altar things bundled under his arm got away into his hiding-place. It was so close that the Mayor and men with him smelt the smoke of the snuffed candles. Certain they had come on a priest, they searched more carefully. But they did not find even one of the three hiding-places. All those who were not hiding and who confessed themselves Catholics were taken off, and the schismatic with them, for he was thought to be the householder. Once again I arranged to have Father Everett rescued from his prison of a hiding-place. I advised him to leave London and decided not to use the house again for some time, since it was now known as a Catholic house.

Seeing it was a time for lying quiet, not for working, I determined to take the first chance I got to cross the Channel and come over here.

[From here the text concludes by discussing a series of final adventures as Father Gerard is able to slip away to the Continent disguised as a servant to the Spanish ambassador . . . escaping England on the very same day that his Superior, Father Henry Garnet, is executed.]

Item #24

Johannes Kepler, "On the Principles of Astronomy," in *The Library of Original Sources*, 10 vols., edited by Oliver J. Thatcher (Milwaukee: University Research Extension Co., 1907-1915), 5: 308-315.

KEPLER

THE WORK of Kepler rests on the observations made by Tycho Brahe throughout many years. Tycho Brahe was a Danish nobleman born in 1546. He studied law at the University of Copenhagen in his youth and was first attracted to Astronomy by the occurrence of a predicted eclipse. He began to make astronomical instruments, then to take observations at Augsburg and Wittenberg. In the meantime he married a peasant girl, and became interested also in alchemy and astrology.

In 1576 he established the first observatory at Huen, where he remained for twenty years. After being banished from Germany and impoverished he was invited by the Emperor Rudolph to Prague. Here he began the work of compiling the Rudolphine Tables. These embodied a great series of observations upon the various apparent locations of the planets. He soon afterward invited Kepler, a young astronomer, to be his assistant. Tycho Brache died in 1601, but Kepler went on with his work.

John Kepler was born in 1571 in Würtemberg. His father lost his money through indorsing paper for a friend, and John was taken from school for three years and kept at work in his father's tavern until twelve years old. Then he was sent to a monastic school and finally to the University of Tübingen. He was very sickly, but a good student, and ranked second in his class. He became interested in the Copernican system and in 1599 was invited by Tycho Brahe to be his assistant.

Tycho Brahe had assigned him the study of the planet Mars, and Kepler followed up this work after Tycho's death.

Tycho's tables were very accurate and Kepler used them to try to discover some regular motion of the planet that would account for its apparent positions.

Copernicus had thought the planets revolve in circles tracing also epicycles in so doing. Kepler tried this theory by his tables and found it would not account for the positions of the planet Mars. He tried hypothesis after hypothesis, but each time after the most arduous calculations he proved the theory wrong. His problem was to choose such an orbit for both Mars and the earth that a line run from the earth through Mars into the heavens would always follow the apparent positions of Mars. The difficulty of the problem, with his facilities, may be imagined. Sometimes he came as close as an eighth of a degree to getting the theory to fit in with the observations, but he had faith in the tables and refused to be satisfied. He tried various circles with epicycles, also tilting the planes of the orbits. Then putting the sun away from the center of the circle, he thought of varying the rate of speed, keeping the areas marked off equal in equal times. This helped, but not enough. He thought of ovals, and worked out the problem for several, but became almost discouraged by the enormous and practically impossible calculations involved. He had been working six years and no solution was in sight. He tried a circle with Mars oscillating to the extent of the diameter of an epicycle, and at last found that he could represent the movements of the planet in that way. He looked at it again and saw that the curve described is an elipse with the sun in one focus. He feverishly made a test of his idea that the areas swept out by the planet in equal times are equal and was overjoyed to find it correct. In his delight he drew a figure of victory on his diagram. The orbit of Mars was found.

In 1611 his patron Rudolph was forced to abdicate and Kepler was left penniless. His wife died and one of his three children. Kepler then moved to Linz and accepted a professorship there.

His mother had been a virago and his father had abandoned her. Now she was accused of witchcraft and Kepler had to hurry to Würtemberg to save her.

He was interested in the idea of the "music of the spheres," and actually wrote out the notes they sang. Then he began to brood over the relation of the distances of the planets from the sun and their times of revolution.

He did not know the actual distances of the planets from the sun but all he needed was the relative distances, and the lengths of their

years (also known). After a great many experiments he finally thought of comparing the cubes of their relative distances with the squares of the times, and to his intense joy saw that they agreed—the squares of the times of revolution of the planets are proportional to the cubes of their distances. This third law was found in 1618. His delight is shown by the following letter:

"What I prophesied twenty-two years ago, as soon as I found the heavenly orbits were of the same number as the five (regular) solids, what I fully believed long before I had seen Ptolemy's Harmonies, what I promised my friends in the name of this book, which I christened before I was sixteen years old, I urged as an end to be sought, that for which I joined Tycho Brache, for which I settled at Prague, for which I have spent most of my life at astronomical calculations—at last I have brought to light, and seen to be true beyond my fondest hopes. It is not eighteen months since I saw the first ray of light, three months since the unclouded sun-glorious sight! burst upon me. Let nothing confine me: I will indulge my sacred ecstacy. I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to raise a tabernacle for my God far away from the lands of Egypt. If you forgive me I rejoice; if you are angry, I cannot help it. The book is written; the die is cast. Let it be read now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

He died in 1630, but his work is deathless. He had seen and proved the solar system, and that there is unity in the universe.

Probably the most characteristic passage in his writings in regard to his discoveries is that just given. We give below the beginning of his Epitome of Astronomy, a book that had an enormous influence in spreading the new ideas of the science.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF ASTRONOMY

WHAT *is astronomy?* It is the science of treating of the causes of those celestial appearances which we who live on the earth observe and which mark the changes of times and seasons; by the studying of which we are able to predict for the future the face of the heavens, that is, the stellar phenomena, and to assign fixed dates for those which have occurred in the past.

Why is it called astronomy? From the law (nomos) or governance of the stars (astra), that is, of the motions in which the stars move, just as economy is named from the law of domestic affairs (oiconomia) and paedonomy (paidonomia) from the ruling of youths.

What is the relation of this science to the other sciences? 1) It is a branch of physics because it investigates the causes of natural objects and events, and because among its subjects are the motions of the heavenly bodies, and because it has the same end as physics, to inquire into the conformation of the world and its parts.

2) Astronomy is the soul of geography and hydrography, for the various appearances of the sky in various districts and regions of the earth and sea are known only by astronomy.

3) Chronology is dependent upon it, because the movements of the heavenly bodies prescribe seasons and years and date the histories.

4) Meteorology is also its subordinate, for the stars move and influence this sublunary nature and even men themselves.

5) It includes a large part of optics, because it has a subject in common with that; that is, the light of the heavenly bodies, and because it corrects many errors of sight in regard to the character of the earth and its motions.

6) It is, however, subordinate to the general subject of mathematics and uses arithmetic and geometry as its two wings, studying the extent and form of the bodies and motions of the universe and computing the periods, by these means expediting its demonstrations and reducing them to use and practical value.

How many, then, are the branches of astronomical study? The departments of the study of astronomy are five; historical, in the matter

of observations, optical as to the hypothesis, physical as to the causes of the hypotheses, arithmetical as to the tables and calculations, mechanical as to its instruments.

Since we must begin with appearances, explain how the world seems to be made up? The world is commonly thought, accepting the testimony of the eyes, to be an immense structure consisting of two parts, the earth and the sky.

What do men imagine concerning the figure of the earth? The earth seems to be a broad plane extending in a circle in every direction around the spectator. And from this appearance of a plane bounded by a great circle the appellation, orbis terrarum, the circle of the earth, has arisen, and has been taken over by the Scripture and among other nations.

What do men imagine to be the center of the earth? Each nation, unless it has become familiar with the notion of the circle, thinks by the instinct of nature and the error of vision that its country is in the center or middle of this plane circle. So the common people among the Jews believe still that Jerusalem, the earliest home of their race, is situated at the center of the world.

What do men think about the waters? Since men proceeding as far as possible in any direction finally came upon the ocean, some have thought that the earth is like a disc swimming in the waters, and that the waters are held up by the lower part of the sky, whence poets have called the ocean, the father of all things. Others believe that a strip of land surrounds the ocean which keeps the water from flowing away, and these suppose there is land under the water, saying that the water is held up by the earth. Besides these there are still others who, since the ocean seems higher than the land if it is looked at from the edge of the shore, believe that the earth is, as it were, sunk in the waters and supernaturally guarded by the omnipotence of God lest the waters rushing in from the deep should overwhelm it.

What do men imagine to be under both the land and the waters? There has been great discussion among men marveling concerning the foundation which could bear up the great mass of the earth so that it should remain for so many centuries firm and immovable and should not sink; and Heraclitus among the early philosophers, and Lactantius among the ecclesiastics said that it reached down to the lowest root of things.

How about the other part of the world, the sky and its extent? Men have thought that the sky was not much larger than the earth, and indeed was connected with the earth and the ocean at the circumference of the circle, so that it bounded the earth; and that anyone going that far, if it could be done, would run up against the sky, blocking further progress. With this idea of men the Scriptures also agreed.

So also the poets said that Mt. Atlas, a lofty mountain on the farthest short of Africa, bore up the sky on his shoulders, and Homer placed the Aethiopeans at the extremities of the rising and setting sun, thinking that because of the contiguity of the earth and sky there, the sun was so close to them that it burned their skin.

What form do they ascribe to the sky? The eyes ascribe to the sky the shape of a tent, extending over our heads and beyond the sun, moon and stars, or rather the shape of an arch overspanning the terrestrial plane, with a long curve, so that the part of the sky just over the head of the spectator is much nearer to him than the part that touches the mountains.

What have men conceived in regard to the motion of the sky? Whether the sky moves or stands still is not apparent to the sight because the tenuity of its substance escapes the eyes, unless indeed those things appear to stand still in which the eye can perceive no variation. But the changing positions of the sun, moon and stars in relation to the ends of the earth was apparent to the eyes. For the sun seems to emerge from an opening between the sky and the immovable mountains and ocean, as if coming out of a chamber, and having traversed the vault of the sky seems to sink again in the opposite region; so also the moon, and the planets, and the whole host of stars proceed as if strictly marshalled and drawn up in line, first one and then the other marching along, each in his order and place.

And so, since the ocean lies beyond the extreme lands, the mass of men have thought that the sun plunges into the ocean and is extinguished, and from the opposite region a new sun issues forth daily from the ocean. The poets have used this figure in their creations. But, indeed, there have been even philosophers who have declared that on the farthest shores of Lusitania could be heard the roar of the ocean extinguishing the flames of the sun, as Strabo recounts.

I understand the forms of the sky and the earth and the atmosphere surrounding the earth, also the place of the earth in the universe; now

I would ask what causes the stars to seem to rise daily from one part of the horizon and to sink in the opposite part; the motion of the sky or of the earth? The astronomy of Copernicus shows that our sight has led us astray in regard to this motion; for the stars do not actually come up from beyond the mountains and climb toward the zenith, but rather the mountains which surround us and which are a part of the surface of the earth are revolved along with the whole globe about its axis from west to east and by this revolution the immovable stars of the east are disclosed to us one after the other, and those of the west are obscured, so the stars are not passing over us, but the vertical point is moving through the fixed stars.

You say that by this marvelous hypothesis may be explained satisfactorily all the phenomena of the first motion and the spherical theory. Just so, and that is the scope of this section, to demonstrate in fact what has been suggested in words.

How do you expect to be able to prove this absurd hypothesis, and by what arguments? It is possible to demonstrate that this first motion results from the revolution of the earth about its axis, while the heavenly bodies are at rest (as far as this first motion is concerned), by seven kinds of arguments: 1) from the subject of the motion; 2) from the velocity of the motion; 3) from the equableness of the motion; 4) from the cause of the motion, or the moving principle; 5) from the motive instruments, that is, the axis and the poles; 6) from the object of the first motion; and 7) from the indications or results.

Demonstrate it then from the subject of the motion. Nature does not seek difficult means when she can use simple ones. Now, by the rotation of the earth, a very small body, about its axis, toward the east, the same thing is accomplished as by the rotation of the immense universe about its axis toward the west. Just as it is more likely that a man's head turns in the auditorium than that the auditorium is turned about his head, so it is more credible that the earth is rotating from west to east, than that the rest of the machine of the universe is revolved from east to west, since in both cases the same thing results.

If the first motion is in the heavenly bodies, then they are subject to two motions, one common to the whole universe, the other particular to each sphere; but it is much more probable that the two motions should be distinct in regard to their subjects, so that the second set of motions, which is multifold, should belong to each sphere, and the first, which is single, should belong to the single body of the earth, and to it alone.

Why cannot the whole machinery of the universe be moved? The universe is either infinite or finite. Suppose it to be the former, according to the opinion of William Gilbert, who thinks that the omnipotence of God is illustrated in this that the universe extends outward infinitely, so that the infinite power of the creator would be recognized from the infinite extent of the creation. Although this may be refuted by metaphysical arguments, no argument on either side can be drawn from astronomy, in which trust is placed rather in the evidence of the senses than in abstract reasonings not dependent on observation. But supposing this universe to be infinite, Aristotle has shown that the whole universe should not be moved about in a revolution since it is the whole.

But let the universe be finite; then there is nothing outside the universe which would locate the universe but should remain quiet itself. Where there is nothing that rests there is no motion. For 1) motion is the separation of a movable thing from its place and its transfer to another place: 2) the motion of a machine about an axis and quiescent poles cannot be grasped by the mind where there is no thing in respect to which the poles remain still.

Item #25

Bartolomé de las Casas, *An Account, Much Abbreviated, of the Destruction of the Indies*, trans. Andrew Hurley (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 2003), 1-21, 86-88.

An Account, Much Abbreviated, of the Destruction of the Indies

Bartolomé de las Casas

Argument of the Present Epitome[1]

All the things that have taken place in the Indies, both since their marvellous discovery and those first years when Spaniards first went out to them to remain for some time, and then in the process thereafter down to these our own days, have been so extraordinary and so in no wise[2] to be believed by any person who did not see them, that they seem to have clouded and laid silence and oblivion upon all those other deeds, however bold and dauntless they might be, that in centuries past were ever seen and heard in this world. Among these terrible things are the slaughters and ruins of innocent people, the depopulations[3] of villages, provinces, and kingdoms in those Indies, and many other acts of no less heinous and abominable character. Respecting these acts, the Bishop don Fray Bartolomé de las Casas or Casaus, after having been made a friar,[4] came to Court to inform the Emperor our lord, who had ever looked with approval upon all these things. And Las Casas, chancing also to narrate these deeds to divers persons who did not know of them, caused a manner of ecstasy and suspension of spirit in his hearers with his narration, and he was begged and importuned to put some of them, briefly, into writing. And so he did, but seeing some years later many insensible[5] men, brought by their covetousness and ambition to fall from the estate of humanity and led by their wicked deeds to reprobate mind

[1] Summary, condensed account.

[2] "Way," as in the modern term "likewise," meaning "in a similar way."

[3] Devastations, wiping out all the people from the villages.

[4] This was in 1540, at the court of Emperor Charles V (1500–1558), who was Holy Roman Emperor from 1519 to 1556 and king of Spain as Charles from 1516 to 1556. Charles was the son of Philip I of Castile and the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella.

[5] Insensitive, hard of heart and spirit.

(as the Bible sayeth), and not content with the treasons and mischief that they have committed, depopulating that realm with exquisite forms of cruelty, but yet importuning the king for licence and authority to commit those acts yet again, and others yet worse (if worse there might be)—, that same Las Casas has determined to present this summary of that other treatise touching this matter that he once wrote to the Prince our lord,[6] so that His Highness might be led, by reading it, to refuse those petitions. And it has seemed to Las Casas meet that these things be printed so that His Highness might read them with greater ease. And that is the purpose of the following Epitome, or account, most highly abbreviated.

Presentation by Bishop don Fray Bartolomé de las Casas or Casaus, to the most high and potent lord Prince of all the Spains don Felipe, our lord

Most high and potent lord:

Because divine providence has ordered in this world that for the direction[7] and common utility of the human lineage the world be constituted by Kingdoms and peoples, with their kings like fathers and shepherds (as Homer has called them) and therefore the most noble and generous members of the republics, for that reason no doubt of the rectitude of the royal spirits of those kings may be held, or with right reason might be held. And if any wrongs, failings, defects, or evils should be suffered in those kingdoms, the only reason for that is that the kings have no notice of them. For these wrongs &c, if they be present and reported, it is the duty of the king, with greatest study and vigilant industry, to root them out. This appears to have been the meaning of divine scripture in the proverbs of Solomon: *Rex qui sedet in solio iudicii, dissipat omne malum intuito suo.*[8] For it is clear that with the innate and natural virtue of the king, the mere notice of wrong or malefaction in his

[6] Prince Philip, later King Philip II, was at that time in charge of matters relating to the Indies. Only son and successor to Emperor Charles V and Isabel of Portugal, Philip married four times—to Maria of Portugal (1543), to Mary Tudor of England (1554), to Elizabeth of Valois in France (1560), and to Anna, daughter of Emperor Maximilian II (1570).

[7] Guidance.

[8] "A king that sitteth in the throne of judgment scattereth away all evil with his eyes" (Proverbs 20:8).

kingdom more than suffices for him to scatter it, and should such ills arise, not for a single moment could he tolerate them.

Considering, then, most potent lord, the evils and harm, the perditions and ruin—the equals or likes of which, never were men imagined capable of doing—considering, as I say, those evils which as a man of fifty years' and more experience, being in those lands present, I have seen committed upon those so many and such great kingdoms, or better said, that entire vast and new world of the Indies—lands conceded and given in trust by God and His Church to the king and queen of Castile, to rule and govern them, convert them to belief in Christ and the Holy Catholic Church, and give them to prosper temporally and spiritually—, this subject was not able to contain himself from supplicating with Your Majesty, most importunely, that Your Majesty not concede such licence nor allow those terrible things that the tyrants did invent, pursue, and have committed against those peaceable, humble, and meek Indian peoples, who offend no person. For these are things that are iniquitous, tyrannous, and condemned, detested, and accursed by all natural, divine, and human law (though they be called "conquests"), yet which, if they be allowed, those evil men shall, most surely, commit once more. Considering, then, the perditions of infinite souls and bodies that those subjects had once perpetrated and would again, I, not being a prisoner rendered mute, deliberated to put into writing, so that Your Highness might more easily read them, some—a very few—examples that in days past I had collected from among the countless number that I could in truth declare.

And as the archbishop of Toledo, teacher of Your Highness, was bishop of Cartagena, he did ask that account of me and presented it to Your Highness, but because of the long paths of sea and land that Your Highness has traveled, and the frequent royal occupations Your Highness has had, it may be that either Your Highness did not read that account or has forgotten that Your Highness has it. And yet such is the temerity and unreasonable[9] eagerness of those who think nothing of spilling such immense quantities of human blood and depopulating those vast lands of their natural inhabitants and possessors, killing a thousand million souls and stealing incomparable treasures, that it grows stronger every day, and so by divers paths and several feigned colours these tyrannical men importune that they be conceded or allowed said conquests (which cannot be conceded to them without violation of natural and divine law, and therefore commission of most grave

[9] Irrational, mad.

mortal sins, worthy of terrible, eternal torments). Thus I thought it right to serve Your Highness with this brief and abbreviated summary of that otherwise voluminous narration of the devastations and perditions which might be, and ought to be, composed. I beg that Your Highness read it with the generosity and royal benignity that is Your Highness' wont with the works of those subjects and servants of thine who desire to serve purely and solely to further the public weal and the prosperity of the royal estate. And once Your Highness has seen the deformity of the injustice which upon those innocent peoples is done, destroying them and cutting them to pieces without cause or just reason for it, but rather out of mere covetousness and ambition of those who pretend to do such nefarious deeds—once this deformity has been seen, I say, and has been understood, I beg that Your Highness be kind enough to supplicate and persuade His Majesty[10] to deny any man who might propose to undertake such noxious and detestable enterprises, and instead lay perpetual silence upon that infernal request, with such fear and terror that no man might thereafter dare even so much as name it.

This is a thing, my most high lord, which is most sorely needful and necessary so that God might make the entire estate of the royal crown of Castile prosper spiritually and temporally, and preserve it and bestow upon it blessings. Amen.

[An Introduction to the Relation]

The islands of the Indies were discovered in the year 1492. They began to be inhabited[11] by Christian Spaniards in the year following, and thus it has been but forty-nine years[12] since Spaniards in great numbers went forth to those Islands. And the first land into which they entered for the purpose of inhabitation was the large and well-favoured Island of Hispaniola, which is six hundred leagues[13] in compass. There are infinite

[10] The Emperor Charles V.

[11] Populated, settled.

[12] *Brevísima Relación* in this form was completed in 1542, though there is a kind of afterword appended that was written in 1547, and then an imprimatur that indicates a printing date of 1552.

[13] This is not the standard English league, but a unit of measure used in the 15th and 16th centuries in Spain. (For all terms relating to weights, measures, and political or administrative entities, see the Table of Weights and Measures, p. 121, and following.) Here and throughout, Las Casas' distances are estimates—speculative at best, and generally exaggerated by a figure of two or more. In this case, the figure given is about double the true circumference of Hispaniola.

other exceedingly large islands lying everywhere about this Hispaniola, and all of them were, and were seen by us to be, as populous and filled with native-born peoples, the Indians, as any peopled land upon the earth. Terra Firma, which lies at its nearest point two hundred fifty leagues distant, or some few more, possesses a sea-coast of above ten thousand leagues discovered (and more is discovered every day), all filled as though the land were a beehive of people, at least so far as to the year 1541 has been discovered. And so it would appear that God did set down upon those lands the entire multitude, or greatest part, of the entire human lineage.

All these universal and infinite peoples *a toto genere*,[14] God created to be a simple people, altogether without subtility, malice, or duplicity, excellent in obedience, most loyal to their native lords and to the Christians whom they serve; the most humble, most patient, meekest and most pacific, slowest to take offence and most tranquil in demeanor, least quarrelous, least querulous, most lacking in rancour or hatreds or desire for vengeance of all the peoples of the earth. They are, likewise, the most delicate, slender, and tender of complexion[15] and the least able to withstand hard labour, and are those who most easily die of any sort of illness or disease, for not even the children of princes and lords among us, raised with gifts and in delicate living, are more delicate than these native Indians, even those born to the lineage of labourers and those who till the fields. They are also the most impoverished of nations, those who possess and desire to possess the fewest temporal goods, and thus they are never proud, never ambitious, never covetous. Their food is such that the food of the holy fathers in the desert would seem not to have been more austere or frugal or less delightful. Their dress is generally nakedness itself, with naught but their private parts covered, or at the most, a kind of cotton shawl, which I estimate to be between a *vara* and a half and two *varas* of cloth on each side. They make their beds upon a piece of mat, or at the farthest they may sleep upon a thing they contrive which I might liken to a fishing-net drawn together at each extreme and therefrom suspended, which in the language of the island of Hispaniola they call *hamacas*.[16]

These people are among the cleanliest and most unoccupied of the inhabitants of the earth, and of a lively understanding, very apt and

[14] Of all kinds.

[15] Physical constitution.

[16] *Hamaca* (hammock) was one of the Caribbean Indian (Taino) words that found its way into several European languages; "hurricane" and its cognates, for example, is another.

tractable for all fair doctrine, excellently fit to receive our holy Catholic faith and to be indued with virtuous customs, and the people with the fewest impediments to this that God has created upon the earth. And from the moment they begin to learn about the elements of the faith, they are so importunate to know it, and to enter in the sacraments of the Church and holy worship, that I say truth when I declare that the priests and friars must be graced with the most singular degree of patience in order to bear them. And finally, I have been told by many other Spaniards who have been in that place for many years (those not of the cloth, I mean to say), and many times I have heard them say it, that the goodness they see in these Indians is not to be denied: "In sooth, these peoples were the most fortunate in the world, if they but knew God."

Into and among these gentle sheep, endowed by their Maker and Creator with all the qualities aforesaid, did creep the Spaniards, who no sooner had knowledge of these people than they became like fierce wolves and tigers and lions who have gone many days without food or nourishment. And no other thing have they done for forty years until this day,[17] and still today see fit to do, but dismember, slay, perturb, afflict, torment, and destroy the Indians by all manner of cruelty—new and divers and most singular manners such as never before seen or read or heard of —some few of which shall be recounted below, and they do this to such a degree that on the Island of Hispaniola, of the above three million souls that we once saw, today there be no more than two hundred of those native peoples remaining. The Island of Cuba is almost as long as from Valladolid to Rome; today it is almost devoid of population. The Island of San Juan[18] and that of Jamaica, large and well-favoured and lovely islands both, have been laid waste. On the Isles of the Lucayos[19]—which lie next the Islands of Cuba and Hispaniola on the north and of which there are above sixty that are called the Giants and other islands both large and small, the least-favoured of them being more fertile and lovely than the garden of the king in Seville, and the

[17] I.e., since 1502, the year Las Casas first went out to the Indies with the expedition led by Nicolás de Ovando. Las Casas is, then, implying that his *Brevísima Relación* will be based on personal experience and observation. It should be noted that Las Casas did not adopt the views expressed in this account until 1514, twelve full years after he came to the Indies. He was, in fact, an *encomendero* at first, one of those who exploited the Indians, and it was not until he was exposed to the ideas of Antonio de Montesinos, a Dominican who preached that the Indians were "men," with souls, that Las Casas' eyes were opened to the brutality of the Conquest.

[18] I.e., Puerto Rico.

[19] The Bahamas.

most healthful land upon the earth—where there were once above five hundred thousand souls, today there is not a living creature. All were killed while being brought, and because of being brought, to the Island of Hispaniola when the Spaniards saw that their stock of the natives of that latter island had come to an end. Indeed, a ship sailing among those islands for three years, seeking to find the people who once lived there, after they had been plucked off (for a good Christian man was moved by pity for those who might be found, to convert them and win them over to Christ) found but eleven persons, which number I saw myself. Another thirty islands which lie about the region of the Island of San Juan are for the same reason desert and unhabited. It would seem that all these islands, the land part of them extending for above two thousand leagues, are unhabited and despoiled of people.

As to the great Terra Firma, we are certain that our Spaniards, through their cruelties and vile acts, have laid those lands waste and depopulated them, and they are today desert and unhabited, though once filled with reasonable[20] men, above ten kingdoms of them, larger than all of Spain, though Aragon and Portugal included, and more land than there be from Sevilla to Jerusalem twice over, which is above two thousand leagues.

We hold as a thing most certain and true that in these forty years there have been above twelve million souls—men, women, and children—killed, tyrannically and unjustly, on account of the tyrannical actions and infernal works of Christians; and in truth I do believe, without thinking to deceive myself, that they were above fifteen million.

Two principal and general customs have been employed by those, calling themselves Christians, who have passed this way, in extirpating and striking from the face of the earth those suffering nations. The first being unjust, cruel, bloody, and tyrannical warfare. The other—after having slain all those who might yearn toward or suspire after or think of freedom, or consider escaping from the torments that they are made to suffer, by which I mean all the native-born lords and adult males, for it is the Spaniards' custom in their wars to allow only young boys and females to live—being to oppress them with the hardest, harshest, and most heinous bondage to which men or beasts might ever be bound into. To these two forms of infernal tyranny, as though to genuses,[21] may

[20] Rational, endowed with reason; not today's sense of "sensible, having sound judgment."

[21] A simile from logic, not biology; the concept of biological genuses still lay in the future.

be reduced or subsumed or made subordinate all the other divers and several ways, which indeed are infinite, of laying waste to those peoples.

The cause for which the Christians have slain and destroyed so many and such infinite numbers of souls, has been simply to get, as their ultimate end, the Indians' gold of them, and to stuff themselves with riches in a very few days, and to raise themselves to high estates—without proportion to their birth or breeding, it should be noted—owing to the insatiable greed and ambition that they have had, which has been greater than any the world has ever seen before. For those lands were so favoured and so rich, and the people thereupon so humble, so patient, and so easy to subject, yet the Christians have had no more respect for them, nor have had for them no more account or estimation (I speak truly, for I know and have seen the entire time) than—I would not say for beasts, for pray God that being beasts, the Christians might have respected them and treated them with some gentleness and esteem—but less than the dungheaps of the towns. And so it is in that wise that they have seen fit to cure their souls and their bodies, wherefore all the numbers and millions aforesaid have died without the faith and without the sacraments of the church. And it is a very well known and well attested fact, which all persons, however tyrannous and murderous they may be, do know and confess: That all the Indians of all the Indies never once did aught hurt or wrong to Christians, but rather held them to be descended from heaven, from the sky, until many times they or their neighbours first received from the Christians many acts of wrongful harm, theft, murder, violence, and vexation.

On the Island Hispaniola

On the island Hispaniola, which was the first, as we said, wherein the Christians entered and began the devastations and perditions of these nations, and first destroyed them and wiped the land clean of inhabitants, these Christians began to take the women and children of the Indians to serve them and use them ill, and they would eat their victuals that issued from the sweat of their brow and their hard work, and yet still were not content with what the Indians gave them willingly, according to the ability that each one had, which is not ever much, for they seldom have more than that which they have most immediate need of and can produce with little labour. And in truth, what suffices for three houses of ten persons each for a month, a Christian will eat and destroy in one day, and these Christians did them many other acts of compulsion and violence and vexation.

The Indians, at this treatment, began to see that those men must not have come down from the sky, or heaven, and some hid their victuals, others their women and children, while others fled into the wilderness to remove themselves from men of such hard and terrible conversation.[22] The Christians would smite them with their hands and strike them with their fists and beat them with sticks and cudgels, until they finally laid hands upon the lords of the villages. And this practice came to such great temerity and shamelessness and ignominy that a Christian captain did violate the wife of the greatest king, the lord of all the island.[23] And at that, the Indians began to seek ways to cast the Christians from their lands; they took up arms, which are but weak and petty things, of little offence and resistance and even less defence (for which reason, all their wars are little more than what would be games with wooden swords here in this land, or even children's games), and at that, the Christians with their horses and swords and pikes and lances began to wreak slaughters and singular cruelties upon them.

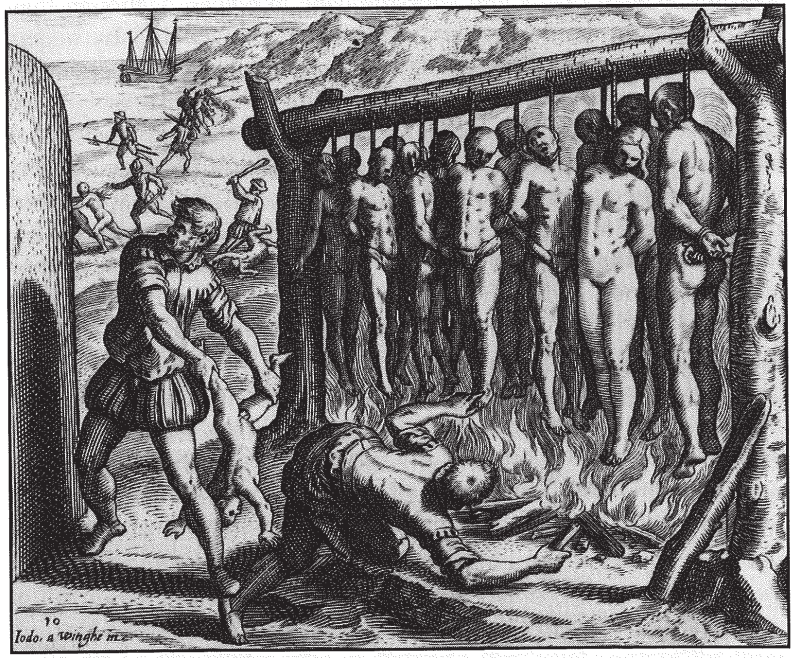
They would enter into the villages and spare not children, or old people, or pregnant women, or women with suckling babes, but would open the woman's belly and hack the babe to pieces, as though they were butchering lambs shut up in their pen. They would lay wagers who might slice open the belly of a man with one stroke of their blade, or cut off a man's head with one swift motion of their pike, or spill out his entrails. They would snatch babes from their mothers' breasts and take them by their feet and dash their heads against the rocks. Others would fling them over their shoulders into the rivers, laughing and jeering, and as they fell into the water they would call out: "Thrash, you little bugger!"; other babes, they would run their swords through mother and child at once, and all that they came across. They would erect long gibbets, but no higher than that a man's feet might dangle just above the ground, and bind thirteen of the Indians at one time, in honour and reverence, they said, of Our Redeemer and the twelve Apostles, and put firewood around it and burn the Indians alive. Others, they would tie or bind their bodies all about with dry straw, and set fire to the straw and burn them that way. Others, and all those that they desired to let live, they would cut off both their hands but leave them hanging by the skin,

[22] I.e., social intercourse, treatment of others.

[23] Las Casas is referring to the case of the Spanish *encomendero* Francisco de Valenzuela, who raped the wife of the cacique Enriquillo. Enriquillo had been raised in the Franciscan monastery at Vera Paz, and he was in constant revolt against the Spaniards between 1519 and 1538, when Charles V ordered that a peace treaty be signed with him—the first such treaty in the New World.

and they would say to them: "Go, and take these letters," which was to say, carry the news to the people who have hidden themselves in the mountains and the wilderness. They would often slay the lords and nobles in this way: They would weave together twigs and branches, like unto a gridiron, but made of twigs, and raise it on forked poles or limbs of trees set into the ground, and tether the lords and nobles to that grate and set a slow fire below it, so that little by little, crying out and screaming from those torments, and in desperation, they would give up their souls.

I myself saw that once, four or five lords and men of high rank were being burned on grates in this way (and I even think that there may have been two or three pairs of grates on which others were also being burned), and on account of their loud cries and clamours, the captain seemed to take pity on them, or perhaps they disturbed his sleep, and he ordered them hanged; but the executioner that was burning them, who was worse than any hangman (and I know what his name is and even met certain kinsmen of his in Seville), was not content to hang them, and so with his hands he sewed their mouths shut with sticks, so that



They would erect long gibbets . . . and bind thirteen of the Indians at one time, in honour and reverence, they said, of Our Redeemer and the twelve Apostles, and put firewood around it and burn the Indians alive.



They would weave together twigs and branches, like unto a gridiron . . . and tether the lords and nobles to that grate and set a slow fire below it, so that little by little, crying out and screaming from those torments, and in desperation, they would give up their souls.

they could make no sounds, and then poked up the fire and roasted them as long as he had first desired. I vouchsafe that I did see all the things I have writ above, and infinite numbers of others. And because all those who were able to flee, did hide themselves in the wilderness and go up into the mountains to escape those men who were so inhumane,[24] so pitiless, and so savage, and such abominable destroyers and foremost enemies of the human lineage, the Spaniards taught and trained hunting hounds, fierce and savage dogs that would no sooner see an Indian than they would tear him to pieces, and would rather set upon a man and eat him than if he were a pig. These dogs wrought dreadful havoc and butcheries. And because sometimes, though seldom, the Indians would slay a Christian, though for good and just reason and in holy justice, the Spaniards made a law amongst themselves

[24] Sixteenth-century spelling for "inhuman," but still having the modern sense "lacking in all human qualities, feelings, etc." or "destitute of natural kindness, pity, etc."

that for every one Christian that the Indians slew, the Christians would slay an hundred Indians.

On the Kingdoms That Once Were to Be Found upon the Island of Hispaniola

On this island of Hispaniola there were five principal kingdoms of great extent, and five most powerful and mighty kings, whom the other lords, countless numbers of them, all obeyed—or almost all, for there were lords who ruled over some very distant provinces who recognized no man whatsoever over them. One kingdom was called Maguá, with the last syllable accented, which means "the kingdom of the fertile lowland plain."[25] And this plain is one of the most illustrious and remarkable things in the world, for it extends for eighty leagues from the Southern Sea to the Northern.[26] It is five leagues wide, and sometimes eight and even ten, and has highlands in one part and another. It is crossed by above thirty thousand rivers and streams, among them twelve as large as the Ebro and Duero and Guadalquivir;[27] and all of the rivers that flow down from a mountain which is to the west, which number twenty and twenty-five thousand, are most extraordinarily rich in gold. In that mountain, or mountain range, lies the province of Cibao, from which comes down that gold high in carats which is so famed here. The king and lord of this kingdom was called Guarionex, and his vassals were such great lords that one of them might bring together sixteen thousand fighting men to serve that greater lord, and I met some of them. This king Guarionex was very obedient and virtuous, and naturally peaceable and devoted to the king and queen of Castile; and in certain years his people, upon his command—each person who had a house—gave the hollow of a gourd filled with gold, and then afterward, unable to fill them to the top, they would cut the gourd in the middle and fill that half and give it, because the Indians of that island had very little or no skill for taking the gold from the mines. This cacique[28] would offer to serve the king of Castile by tilling land that extended from Isabela,

[25] In Spanish, "la vega"; La Vega is now the place-name of a city just south of Santiago, Dominican Republic.

[26] From the Caribbean on the south to the Atlantic on the north.

[27] The largest rivers in Spain.

[28] "*Cacique*" is the Caribbean native peoples' word for their chief or ruler (feminine, *cacica*), and because Las Casas uses it with such familiarity and frequency it will not be italicized or otherwise indicated as "foreign" in these pages. In fact, the Spaniards adopted "cacique" as their word for native chief all over the Americas, and it has come to be used commonly today to mean "political boss" both in Latin America and in Spain.

which was the first town made by the Christians, to the city of Santo Domingo, which is fifty leagues or more, if they would not ask for gold, because he would say, and soothfully, that his vassals did not know how to get it. The farming that he said he would do, I know he was able to do it, and would do it with great pleasure, and I also know that it would be worth more to the king each year than three million *castellanos*, and so rich and fertile was the land on which he would farm that it would give sustenance for above fifty cities as large as Sevilla, were it used in that wise today.

The coin in which they repaid this good high king and lord was to dishonour him with his wife, an evil Christian captain being the man who violated her. And the lord, to buy time and bring together his people to take vengeance, resolved to flee and hide himself, alone, and if need be to die in exile from his land and estate within a province that was called the land of the Ciguayos, where lived a great lord his vassal. And when the Christians found him gone, they would not have it that he be kept from them; they went and made war on the lord who had him, where they committed great slaughters, until at last they found him and seized him, and bound him in chains and shackles, and put him into a boat to bring him to Castile. Which boat was lost at sea, and with him were drowned many Christians and a great quantity of gold, among which perished the great lump that was as large as a loaf of bread and of weight three thousand six hundred castellanos. And God did in this wise wreak His vengeance for such great injustices.

The other kingdom was called the kingdom of Marién, where Puerto Real is now, at the extreme of the plain toward the north, and larger than the kingdom of Portugal, although in truth much more rich and fertile and apt for inhabitation,[29] and containing many large mountains and rich mines of gold and copper, and its king was called Guacanagarí, with accent upon the last syllable, under whom there were many very great lords, of whom I saw and met many. And it was upon the land of Guacanagarí that the former Admiral[30] who discovered the Indies first

[29] The reader is reminded that this means "fertile and apt for *settlement*," not simply "for living"; Las Casas is thinking of adding to Spain's wealth by true colonization rather than through mere exploitation, through agriculture as well as with hard metal.

[30] Columbus, in late 1493; and "former" distinguishes Christopher from his son Diego, who succeeded him to the title. In his reports, Christopher Columbus notes his "friendship" with a king whom he does not name but who, as is clear both from Las Casas and other chroniclers and letter-writers, is indeed Guacanagarí.

stopped, and it was this Guacanagarí who received the Admiral the first time, when he discovered the island, and he met him with such humanity and courtesy, and all the Christians that were with him, and made them such a gentle and courteous welcome and aid and provisioning (the Admiral's ship having been lost just there), that in his own land and by his own parents the Admiral could not have been received better. And this I know from the Letter and the words of the Admiral himself. And yet this king died fleeing from the Christians' slaughters and cruelties, destroyed and stripped of his estate, wandering in the wilderness. All the other lords, his subjects, died under the tyranny and in the servitude that shall hereafter be recounted.

The third kingdom and realm was called Maguana, a land likewise admirable, healthful, and fertile, where now the most excellent sugar of the island is made. The king of this kingdom was called Caonabó, and in vigour and state and gravity, and ceremonies in his service, he exceeded all the others. He was taken[31] with great subtility and guile, while he lay, suspecting nothing, in his house. He was afterward put into a ship, to bring him to Castile, and as six ships were in port, waiting to set sail, God manifested His will against that great iniquity and injustice and many others, and sent that night a storm which sank all the ships and drowned all the Christians who were in them, and therein died Caonabó as well, laden down with chains and shackles. This lord had three or four brothers, equally as manly and vigourous as himself; and seeing the unjust capture and imprisonment of their brother and lord, and the destructions and slaughters that the Christians were then committing in the other kingdoms, they took up arms, especially from the moment that they learned that the king their brother was dead, to go and attack and have vengeance upon the Christians. The Christians went against them with a number of horse[32] (which is the most pernicious weapon that there may be among the Indians) and wrought such devastation and slaughter that they laid waste and depopulated half of all that kingdom.

The fourth kingdom was called Xaraguá. This was like the kernel or marrow, or the court of all that island; in its highly polished tongue and speech, in the courtesy and most orderly and composed breeding[33] of its people, in the number of its nobility and their generosity—because

[31] Seized, captured.

[32] Cavalry, horse*men*, of course, although in the parenthesis that follows, it is the animal *horse* that is the fearsome weapon because of its speed.

[33] Manners; cf. "a person of good breeding," implying courtesy and mannerliness.

there were many, a great number, of lords and nobles, and in the prettiness and beauty of all the people, it exceeded all the others. The king and lord of this kingdom was called Behechio; he had a sister who was called Anacaona. This brother and sister did great services to the king and queen of Castile and immense benefices to the Christians, freeing them from many perils of imminent death; and after king Behechio had died, his sister the lady Anacaona remained as queen. And to this kingdom there came one day the governor[34] who ruled this island, with sixty horse[35] and three hundred foot[36] or more, though those on horse be enough to lay waste to the entire island and Terra Firma. And above three hundred lords and nobles went out to him when he called them, promising them no harm, and he commanded that most of those lords be put by deceit and guile into a very large house of straw, and when they were closed up within, he ordered that the house be set a-fire and those lords and nobles be burned alive. And then they rushed upon all the others and put an infinite number of people to the sword, and the lady Anacaona, to show her the honour due her, they hanged her. And it came into some Christians' minds, either out of pity or because of greed, to take some children to raise them and not kill them, and so they put them up behind their horses, but another Spaniard came up and ran them through with his lance. Another, seeing a child lying on the ground, cut off its legs with his sword. Some of those who were able to flee this inhumane cruelty went over to a small island that is some eight leagues over the sea from there, and that same governor sentenced all those that had fled there to be made slaves, because they had fled the slaughter.

The fifth kingdom is called Higüey, and over it there was an old queen who was called Higuanama. This lady was hanged, and infinite was the number of people that I saw burned alive and hacked to pieces and tortured by divers and new ways of killing and torment, and all those taken alive were made slaves. And because there have been so many particular cases of slaughter and perdition of those people and those nations that even long recounting would not suffice to tell them (for in truth I do believe that however much is told, not a thousandth part may be explained, nor much less understood), I will conclude by saying and declaring with respect to those wars aforesaid, that by God and my conscience I am certain that for the Spaniards to commit all the

[34] Nicolás de Ovando.

[35] Cavalrymen.

[36] Foot soldiers, or infantrymen.

acts of injustice and evil that I have told, and the others that might be told, the Indians gave them no more cause nor were any more to be blamed for it than a monastery of good honest monks might give a man for robbing them or slaying them, and those monks who escaped the slaughters alive, putting them in perpetual bondage and servitude as slaves. And I would say further, that until at last all the many people and nations of that island had been slain and laid waste they did not commit against the Christians, so far as I can believe or conjecture, a single mortal sin punishable by man. And those sins which are reserved for punishment by God alone, such as a desire for vengeance, or the hatred and rancour that those peoples might harbor against such capital enemies as the Christians were to them, into these I believe very few Indians ever fell, and they were little more impetuous and hard, by the great experience that I have of them, than children of ten or twelve years old. And I know, too, as a sure and infallible truth, that the Indians always waged the most just and defensible war against the Christians, albeit the Christians never waged just war against the Indians, but rather were diabolical and infinitely unjust, and much more so in that wise than might be held or said about any tyrant in the world at any time before. And the same I do declare about all the wars that have been fought in all the Indies.

After these wars had ended, and all the men slain in them, so that there were generally left only young boys and women and children, the Spaniards parcelled them out amongst themselves, giving one thirty, another forty, another an hundred and two hundred (depending upon the grace which each one had curried with the tyrant-major, whom they called governor). And when the Indians were distributed among each Christian, the Spaniards coloured what they had done in the following way: That they would teach the Indians the things of the Catholic faith, although generally these were men who were idiots and cruel, exceedingly avaricious and filled with vice, though they set themselves as curates and priests of souls. And the care that they gave these souls was to send the men into the mines to dig out gold, which is intolerable work, and the women they set to work on their *estancias*, which are farms, to dig in the fields and till the land, which is labour not for women but for strong, robust men. They would give neither the men nor the women any food to eat, but rather grass and things of no solid substance. The milk dried up in all the mothers who were suckling their babes, and soon all the newborn babes died. And since the husbands were far off, and never saw their wives, procreation ceased among them. The men died in the mines from hard labour and starvation, and the women on the farms for the same cause, and so multitudes of men and women and children of that island died, and so all the people of the earth might

have died as well. If a man were to tell the burthens they put upon them, which were three and four *arrobas*, and to be carried for an hundred and two hundred leagues,[37] and the Christians even had themselves borne in *hamacas*, which are like fishing-nets, on the backs of the Indians, because they always used them like beasts of burden (the Indians would have galls and sores on their shoulders and backs, from the burthens they were made to carry, like ill-used beasts), and to tell how they would whip, buffet, cudgel, and smite them, strike them with their fists, curse them, and inflict upon them a thousand other kinds of torture and torment while they were at work, then in truth within a little time there would be no paper that could bear such telling, and no man that could bear the horror.

And I pray that it be noted here as well, that the perdition of these islands and lands began to increase from the time the news came of the death of her most serene highness the Queen Doña Isabel, which was the year 1504, because until then some provinces only had been destroyed on this island by unjust wars, but not all of them, and these destructions, most of them or almost all, were kept from the knowledge of the queen. Because the queen, may she dwell in Glory, took exceedingly great care and admirable zeal for the salvation and prosperity of those peoples and those nations, as those of us know who saw and touched with our own eyes and our own hands examples of this.

And another rule should be noted in this: That in all the parts of the Indies where Christians have gone and have passed, they always wrought upon the Indians all the cruelties set forth above, and carried out their abominable slaughters and tyrannies and oppressions upon those innocent peoples. And ever would they pile on many more and greater and newer forms of torture, and they would comport themselves ever more cruelly, for God had allowed them to fall ever lower and to hurl themselves ever deeper into accursed judgment.

On the Two Islands of San Juan and Jamaica

The Spaniards passed on to the Island of San Juan and the Island of Jamaica, which were gardens of fruits and foodstuffs and hives of bees and

[37] A conscious exaggeration on Las Casas' part; the Dominican report of 1519, on which he bases this claim, states that the native island porters were forced to carry burdens of two *arrobas* (fifty pounds) for distances of sixty to seventy leagues. Thus, Las Casas doubles these figures. In the absence of beasts of burden such as horses, human portage was institutionalized throughout the pre-Columbian Americas.

honey, in the year 1509, for the same purpose and end with which they had entered into Hispaniola.[38] And they committed the great offences and sins set forth above, and added many more singular and terrible cruelties besides, slaying and burning the Indians and laying them upon those aforesaid gridirons made of twigs and tree branches to roast them and setting loose savage dogs, and afterward oppressing and torturing and ill-treating them in the mines and other labours, until they had consumed and worn away all those poor innocents and slain them. On those two aforesaid islands there had once been above six hundred thousand souls, and I believe above a million, and yet today there are no more than two hundred persons on each, all having perished without faith and without sacraments.

On the Island of Cuba

In the year 1511, the Spaniards passed on to the island of Cuba,[39] which, as I have said, is as long as from Valladolid to Rome (and where there were once great provinces of people), and they began and ended in the manners spoken of above and many more, and more cruelly. Here there occurred most singular and abominable things.

There was a high cacique and lord, whose name was Hatuey, who had gone from the island of Hispaniola to Cuba with many of his people, fleeing the calamities and inhumane deeds of the Christians, and being at that time on that island of Cuba, and wishing to give certain news to the Indians there that the Christians would be coming on to that island, he gathered together many or all of his people, and he spoke to them thus: "You know that it is said that the Christians are soon to be coming here, and you have experience of what has happened to lords

[38] Las Casas is referring to the expeditions of Juan Ponce de León (1460–1521) and Juan de Esquivel (d. 1513) to Puerto Rico and Jamaica, respectively. The city of Ponce in Puerto Rico was named in honor of Ponce de León, who later claimed and explored Florida and the island of Bimini in the Bahamas that he considered to be the fountain of eternal youth. Esquivel, a native of Seville, founded Salvaleón de Higüey in Hispaniola between 1502 and 1506. After his conquest of Jamaica he founded several towns. To the great disappointment of his sponsors, King Ferdinand and Governor Diego Columbus, he found no gold in Jamaica. A bauxite and aluminum loading port on the south coast of Jamaica bears his name.

[39] Las Casas is referring to the expedition of Diego Velásquez y Cuellar (1465–1524), the governor of Cuba, under whose auspices Hernán Cortés sailed to Mexico in 1519.

so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so; and how those Christians have used[40] those nations of Haití (which is Hispaniola), and they are now coming here. And do you know perchance why they do this?" And they replied: "No, save that they are by their nature cruel and evil." And he says: "They do it not for that reason alone, but rather because they have a god that they worship and love much, and to make us love him they work to subjugate us and slay us."

He had a small basket nigh beside him, filled with gold and gems, and he said: "You see here the god of the Christians: let us do, if you think it right, *areytos* (which are their dances) to him, and perhaps we can please him and he shall command them not to do us harm." And all the Indians there shouted out to him: "That is good, that is good." And they danced before him until they had all wearied, and afterward the lord Hatuey said: "Look, even so, if we keep him, to get him from us they shall surely slay us; let us throw him into this river." And all vowed to do that, and so they threw the basket into the river, a large river that was thereby.[41]

This cacique and lord was constantly fleeing from the Christians, from the moment they came to that island of Cuba, being one who knew them well, and he would defend himself when he came upon them, but at last they captured him. And for no reason but that he fled such iniquitous and cruel people, and defended himself from those who wished to slay him and oppress him until the death of him and all his people and the succeeding generations, they burned him alive. And when he was bound to the stake, a friar of the order of Saint Francis, a holy father who was thereby, spoke some things to him concerning God and our faith, which he had never heard before—or as much as what that friar was able in the short time that the executioners gave him—and the friar asked if the lord wished to believe those things that he told him, for if he did he would go to the sky (that is, heaven), where there was glory and eternal rest, but if not, he would certainly go to hell and suffer perpetual torments and sufferings. And thinking a while, the lord asked the holy father whether Christians went to the sky. The priest replied that they did, but only those who were good. And the cacique then said without thinking on it any more, that he did not desire to go to the sky, but rather down to hell, so that he would not be where *they* were and would not see such cruel people. And this is the fame and

[40] Treated.

[41] This was probably the Toa River, which flows near Baracoa in northeastern Cuba.

honour that God and our faith have won by the work of those Christians who have gone out to the Indies.

Once, some Indians were coming out to us to receive us with victuals and gifts ten leagues from a great village, and when we came to them we were given a great quantity of fish and bread and food and all else that they were able. But suddenly the devil came upon the Christians, and in my presence they took out their knives (with no reason or cause that might be alleged in justification) and slew above three thousand souls who were sitting there before us, men and women and children. And there I saw such great cruelties that no living man had never seen the like of them before, or thought to see.

Another time, a few days thence, I sent messengers to all the lords of the province of La Habana, assuring them not to fear (for they had heard of me to my credit), telling them not to absent themselves but to come out to receive us, that no harm whatsoever would be done them (for the entire land was stricken with horror at the slaughters that had



[T]he lord asked the holy father whether Christians went to the sky. The priest replied that they did, but only those who were good. And the cacique then said . . . that he did not desire to go to the sky, but rather down to hell, so that he would not be where they *were and would not see such cruel people.*

been done), and this I did with the consent of the captain. And when we arrived at the province, they did come out to receive us, some twenty-one lords and caciques, and afterward the captain, in breach of the assurances that I had given them, took hold of them and desired the next day to burn them alive, saying that it was right, because those lords must at some time have committed some act to merit it. And it was most difficult for me to save them from the pyre, bút at last they did escape it.

After all the Indians of this island were cast into the same servitude and calamity as those of Hispaniola, seeing all of themselves and their people die and perish without any help for it, some began to flee into the wilderness, others to hang themselves in desperation and lack of hope, and husbands and wives to hang themselves together, and with them, hang their children. And because of the cruelties of one most tyrannous Spaniard (whom I met), above two hundred Indians hanged themselves. An infinite number died in this manner.

There was an officer of the king upon this island who was given as *repartimiento* three hundred Indians, and at the end of three months two hundred and sixty of them had died in the labours of the mines, so that no more than thirty remained, which was the tenth part of them. After that, he was given as many more again, or more even than that, and he also slew these, and he would be given more, and slay more, until at last he died and the devil had his soul.

In the three or four months that I abode there, above seven thousand children starved to death, because their fathers and mothers had been carried off to the mines. And many other such heinous things of that kind did I see.

After that, they resolved to go out and search for the Indians who had fled into the wilderness and the mountains, and there they wrought terrible havoc and devastation, and so thoroughly laid waste to all that island and left it unhabited, as we ourselves saw not long ago, that it is a great shame and pity to see it bare and waste and rendered a very desert of solitude.

Testament

I, Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, or Casaus, friar of the order of Saint Dominic, who by the mercy of God am here today in this court of Spain, was persuaded by some notable persons resident in this Court, jealous[141] of God's honour, and compassionate toward the afflictions and calamities of their fellow beings (although I myself had conceived the same purpose but had not put it to work on account of my constant occupations), was persuaded by them I say to set down an accounting of the hell that is the Indies, so that those infinite masses of souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ may not die for all eternity without any help for it, but rather know their Creator and be saved. And by the compassion that I have for my native land, which is Castile, I pray that God not destroy it for the great sins committed against its faith and hon-

[141] Zealous, loving, having care for.

our. I completed this account in Valencia, on the eighth day of December in the year 1542, at a time when all the violence, oppression, tyranny, slaughter, robbery and destruction, outrage, depopulation, anguish, and calamities spoken of above are of terrible force and indeed at their uttermost, wheresoe'er there are Christians in those Indies. Given that in some parts they are more savage and abominable than in others: México and its territory is a little less bad, or at least one dares not do these deeds so publicly in that realm, because there and not in any other place is there some justice (however little it may be). For there, too, they slay the Indians with their infernal tributes.

I have great hope that the emperor and king of Spain, our lord Don Carlos, the fifth of that name, may come to understand (for until now the truth has always been most industriously covered over) the acts of malice and treachery which have been and still are being done upon those nations and lands, against the will of God and his own, and that he may bring an end to so many evils and bring relief to that New World which God has given him, as the lover and cultivator, as he is, of justice. And I pray that his glorious and fertile life and our imperial state, to the aid and benefit of all His universal Church and the final salvation of the king's own soul, be made by God to prosper and increase for many years to come, Amen.

After the account above was written, certain laws and ordinances were published which Your Majesty ordered to be pronounced at that time in the city of Barcelona in the year 1542, in the month of November; and in the city of Madrid, the year after.[142] By which laws and ordinances the order was given, which at that time seemed most right and fitting, that so much evil-doing and sinning against God and our fellow beings and the utter destruction and perdition of that realm be ended. Your Majesty made those laws after many gatherings of persons of great authority, letters,[143] and conscience, and also debates and conferences in the city of Valladolid, and finally with the agreement and consent of all others, who gave their vows in writing, and appealed to the law of Jesus Christ as true Christians and also as men free of corruption and besmirchment by the treasures stolen from the Indies. For those treasures did soil the hands and even more the souls of many who at that time were in authority, which reason explains their blindness in destroying those lands, with no scruples whatsoever of it. And when these

[142] These are the famous "New Laws," an excerpt from which is included in this edition, pp. 93–102.

[143] Learning, education.

laws were published, those who did the work of the tyrants (and many of them were at that time within the Court) made and submitted many documents in support of those tyrants their masters (for all these ministers were much aggrieved by those laws, believing that said laws closed the doors to their own participation[144] in the spoils of the Indies), and they sent them out to many parts of the Indies. When they saw those informations, and before the new judges came who were to carry them out, those there who had been given charge of stealing, destroying, and laying waste with their tyrannies, knowing (as is well known and often said) about the sins and violence that those here had supported and maintained, and since they never had law or order of any kind before, but rather all the disorder that Lucifer could sow, those tyrants, I say, made such a noise and clamour that when the good judges went to carry out the laws, these men resolved (since they had lost both fear and love of God) to put aside their shame and obedience to their king. And so they resolved to be known as traitors, being the harsh and savage and unbridled tyrants that they were; and this was especially so in the kingdoms of Perú, where today, in the year 1547, such terrible and appalling and nefarious deeds are done as never were done before in the Indies or in the world, not just upon the Indians, all or almost all of whom are already dead, and upon those lands of theirs which are now unhabited, but even upon one another. And this, I say, is the just judgement of God, for since there has been no justice of the king to punish them, it comes from heaven, allowing some to be the hangmen and executioners of others. And seeing this uprising by those men, in all the other parts of the world, too, other men have refused to obey the laws, and under the colour of appealing them, they are as rebellious as the others, for it galls them to leave the usurped estates and the great haciendas that they own, and open their hands to the Indians, whom they hold in perpetual bondage. For be it known that where they have ceased slaying the Indians with the sword at once, they slay them little by little with services to their persons and other unjust and intolerable vexations. And to this day the king is not powerful enough to put an end to this, because all, large and small, live to steal, some more, some less, some publicly and openly, others secretly and stealthily. And under the guise of serving the king, they dishonour God and rob and destroy the king.

This work was printed in the most noble and most loyal city of Sevilla, in the house of Sebastián Trujillo, bookseller. In the year of Our Lady of Grace MDLII.

[144] That is, they would lose their portions of the booty.