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THE SCORN OF THE WORLD: A POEM IN THREE BOOKS

TRANSLATED BY HENRY PREBLE FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN OF BERNARD, A MONK OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF CLUNY, EDITED BY SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF CHURCH HISTORY IN NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

BOOK II

The Golden Age and its primeval strength have gone by. Golden the race was, and when it fell they fell. A tearful cycle begins as the golden approaches its goal; the earlier age and earlier enthusiasms quickly passed. Grace used to be more secure and order stronger, and the land flowed with milk-like honey and honey-like milk. Rich in crops while the heavens watered its fields when they were dry, it gave good gifts to men that gave, and was faithful to the faithful. Peace gave repose, the race was absolutely ignorant of doing harm, the land abounded in faithful patriarchs, abounded in harvests.

Now peace lies void, and the land is lost, as are right and goodness. The love of the one has collapsed, of the other has withered, and both are withering. The earth refuses crops, the peace given to man flees away in loneliness, the peace which flourished when kept is void and fallen and violated. While it was kept every husbandman lived in abundance; the farmer has rejected the old way and reaped a new crop. While it was kept, it rendered a plentiful harvest to the field, giving good grain and long harvest for a little seed.

The race was excellent, solid, and moderate in desires, unknowing the gains of the market-place, rich by honorable means. Innocent of deception, each man took his own, careful of the right, innocent of crime, nor burned by the least flame of passion.

There were no dangers because no one indulged in unruly conduct. They cultivated faithful fields and duly cherished their ancestral homes, maintained perpetual peace, and made war only upon vice. To seek power and be acquainted with guilt they counted as guilt. Then abundance was wont to sport, as it were, with full horn; there was great abundance with moderation in possessions and feasting and drinking. Great moderation and great abundance harmonized with each other, and bodies

were active, because minds were active and vigorous. The honesty of purpose which now is held worthless was then esteemed glorious; the power which now is held greatest was then regarded as of little or no value. The musical harp and the warlike trumpet were then silent; neither musical harp nor trumpet incited to battle.

The race was golden that held dice, madness, and gold a crime, thought buying and selling disgrace, and made no talk of riches. It was not right to hoard money or to carry it away in purses. The gold-bearing Tagus, filled with wealth, flowed wandering over its sands. Gold, so jealous of morals, so costly an offering, man had not dug, nor learned its insidious nature. All men viewed with like eyes a lump of gold and a spear made of iron. Death, pride, and wrath took up both, and did battle with both.

The primitive age governed only by rules that were known; the primitive age taught only from the living page. Then there was no Capitol mighty in marble and jasper, nor had they the Indian color, or the wonderful stone from Russia.

The race was useful, unchanging, high and stern, accustomed to enter late into marriage. No thought of lust it had, but only care for the new generation, held the bond sacred, and gave kisses guiltless of sin. All who were fathers had passed their fortieth year. Therefore they produced a race of big men not begotten in the drunkenness of passion. The features of the father reappeared in the son, and when the parents passed on, a good offspring arose to take their place. Not the drunkenness of passion, but pious grace, then gave people to the world, keeping the blood pure and without the seeds of disease. Manly limbs, firm bodies, and firm hearts they had, not nourished on drinking and feasting and luxury. Sinful dice and delight in baths were not theirs,¹⁴ and their locks floated behind them, covering their necks. Temples as white as swans and hoary breasts they did not reverence, craved not wine, indulged not in jesting nor boasted of strength.

The race was self-respecting and sober of life, not worn out in mind or in body. Its system gave neither more nor less than was fair, nor was the new vintage brought in with drunkenness and pomp of heralds. It used to say wine was a danger, a chain, a poison, and knew it was full of serpents. The bubbling spring was its vineyard, and few people had garments of linen; silken garments not even a bride wore then; only a modest dowry did a bride have. Now everyone aims too much at individual possessions; then they were held in common. Sheep and cows, planted acres, vineyards, meadows, pastures, farms with their furnishings,

¹⁴ The *non* of P seems necessary in place of the *tunc* of the text.—H. P.

and dinners were in common. I mention dinners because the earlier age did not forbid dinners; now we must have them at night and over-elaborate. Those who were in the habit of living upon acorns thought the hermit's figs a dinner. They fed upon sheep and slept under the sky, stretched upon the grass. The younger obeyed the elder, and it was the old men who talked. Peace gave holy joys, rest, fruitful plenty; but joys led not to wrong nor rest to weakness. Peace gave sacred repose; the farmer attended to his crops, the earth furnished vegetables, the streams drink, a rope a girdle. Sheep were their favorite possession, a cave their place of sojourn, barley their food, grass their couch, the rock their seat, skins their clothing, a branch their covering,¹⁵ pig their banquet dish, vegetables a rarity. By day they were on their feet, by night rested, and a torch gave them light.

The temples now built of marble they built of any tree; the halls now adorned with sculpture they adorned with devotion.

It was an age of milk, a race of gold, a good race, of whom I venture to speak in my poor verse, a race that was just. The golden age lived its life and fell; a race bereft followed. One lives which desires to live in wealth with deadened soul. Rich in goods, poor in feeling, bereft of protectors, it plunges into wickedness and drags its votaries into the trackless regions of perdition. The *mundus* or world, so called from the word for "clean," is such in name only; it casts off cleanliness, rushes into the passions and fills itself with them. The earlier world has gone to pieces, another bristles in its place, another yet the same. Neither the times nor men's hearts are what they were. Flourishing times and vigorous hearts there were at first. Flourishing times and vigorous hearts have passed by. The golden has gone by and a horrid image of the world come up, the last stroke, real tears, real chaos. This age is neither worthy of a name nor erect in its place. It is perishing from vice, and displays a restless spirit. As it goes headlong, it begets a people that makes for evil, on the watch for possessions and honors, and riotous passions. It has destroyed its blessings, and brought forth a brood crafty of speech, fickle of heart, uncertain in affairs, vicious of mind. This last is the uttermost dregs of the others; this last is the inmost death of the soul. It shudders at the right, is careless of order, and distinguished by craft, soliciting, deceit, lust, arrogance, and guilt. It is without a name, being without a deity and without right. It is destroyed by disasters, because by frauds—these are its care.

I cannot proclaim all its nefarious and lamentable things, and lament them, believe me; sadly I mention a few.

¹⁵ The *opercula* of P makes much better sense than the *opuscula* of the text.—H.P.

Having shone brightly, that golden cycle faded away, death and disease gathering on all sides. Ages betrayed by their wealth, ruined by sin, prevailed, prostrate while seeming to stand, flourishing falsely, and really rotten. While I speak this, I am burned and roasted by the fires of faith, I burn with the inward heat and torch of zeal. When I mark what baseness and impiety and evil there are in the world, I cannot keep silence, though my tongue be unskilled.

Where shall I begin? What just hint at and what speak out? As God orders; he abundantly inspires the tongue to speak.

What shall I take up first? Shall I treat of the evils or of the good laid low? Evil stands erect, right lies hid—a broad field for satire.

Pardon, modesty, there is much that is not nice in the following, but it is my care to forbid the sinful and urge the right. Grant pardon, pray. I indulge in satire here. Spurn the evil. Clothe thy heart with wisdom. I speak of evil in the right spirit; do thou look upon it in the right spirit. The age is ruined with sin, stands on the very threshold of death. I weep as I cry out, grieving to weep and put forth such a song.

O age of guilt, so zealous in the pursuit of wealth, so sluggish toward the right, honoring fraud, scorning grace, and rejecting the good! O evil times that have brought forth evil hearts, with no will and little power to see the right! Pure love lies hidden, the deep pool of passion gapes wide. All good things lie prostrate, passion alone pleases all. My eyes pour forth rivers of tears now. The straight way is lost, my heart is heavy, let the pious soul bewail its bitterness. Luxury flourishes, to bind the stubble for the fires of hell. Luxury glows, and stands up in open strength high to be seen. Peace weeps, love groans, wrath stands and roars, while right is banished. Wherever I turn my eyes I see looseness and guilt rejoicing. With neither eyes nor ears can I take in anything that I could say was worthy of praise or valuable in fact. Wherever I go out to look I presently find wrong to grieve for; wherever I go I meet mad impiety outside and in. No one escapes the taint of lust and vice. Where the two poles stand out are pain and madness and death. Fraud perches upon all the inhabitants of both zones. All flesh is inclined to evil in all its parts. Civil strife and faithless hearts are regarded with approval, Colchian cups and treacherous kisses are constantly given. Depraved freedom in sin wills all, dares all, attains all. Men are drawn into sin, slide into sin, delight in sin. O Christ, thy people in name give their goods to thee and themselves to hell. I hear and see things deserving unceasing tears on all sides. Applause for wickedness, shouts of approval for drunken madness behind and before. My back resounds, guilt sits

secure, and right totters to the ground. The king of Babylon enters the city denuded of soldiery, and takes possession, while his troop of madness sits beside him. Zedekiah is exiled from his birthplace, himself, his father, and light. Take care, my soul, that thou becomest not like him in guilt. O woe! All things are now fit subject of lamentation, bare tragedy and pious tears. One picture of death embraces the slippery age; an envious race, degenerate brood, fills the slippery age—learned but ignorant, soft-spoken but impious and vicious, selfishly individual, insatiable, voracious.

Lo, a race pious of speech, but impious in character, is created! A race looking out for itself and jealous of character is multiplying—a race of bad repute, worse cunning, still worse action; a race that meditates evil, instigates and perpetrates evil, ever turning to evil.

The pious race has passed away; Zion ends in such a Babylon. Now Jacob prevails over Israel, Rachel over Leah, the crowd over order. They reign on high and are suckled on philosophy. The march takes the place of home, Rachel of Leah, Martha of Mary. The pious band has gone, has disappeared; it lives on high, believe me, lives without death. The race was golden which living bay crowns now, saved by adoption, delivered by (divine) appointment, adorned with victory. The pious race has passed away, an impious race comes forth, in numbers, a worthless crowd with feeble bodies, empty of heart. A race without soul rages in large numbers at this time, hostile to morals, hostile to laws, hostile to Christ. Sluggish under order, it delights to grow in turmoil, and grows, becomes many in numbers, knows low gain, and knows nothing else. Easily prone to evil and feeble toward good, it prefers that to this, destroys itself in sin, has time and energy only for that, knows and effects it. It is glad of evil—this is no lie—and sad before good, approves the wrong and is wholly given up to it, rejects the right. It knows how to talk of good deeds, but knows not how to show them forth in actions. Is ready and flourishing before evil, ill and stiff before God, and hardens to stone.

The golden age and believing heart have gone by. They are a burden now who do not pursue guilt and sin. They are of no account who do not look out for much gain for themselves and heap up vast gain, the gain of the market. Everyone now wants fleshly advantages and earthly things. The rabble is the slave of its belly, the elders of gold, both of error. Favor is sold, and all crimes are indulged in for money. Faith totters, everyone holds on to what he has and shudders at poverty. Hoary faith is no more, and with its fall have fallen love and order. While faith stood, order stood; now that that flees this turns to flight. Soberness of heart has

passed away, and manly breasts and chastity have turned their backs upon us.

The law of the Lord has fallen, and bold wickedness atones not for its wicked deeds. Vengeance fails to follow such boldness, honor is shown it, and applause instead of condign punishment. Violence lacks bolts and bars, guilt and strife a judge, wrong-doing its scourge, theft its prison, the meek a champion. Broad license rushes straight into wickedness, everywhere men plunge into sin, live in sin, walk in iniquity. Right is cast down from its high place, the flanks of sin are supported on all sides. He that dares and does any evil whatever is viewed with impunity, the olive branch is extended to every sort of transgression. Death fills the envious age with sin, hell with people. All transgressors,—O madness, O wrong!—win applause instead of punishment, support instead of severity, praise instead of correction. Violence has abundance, falseness prosperity, arrogance honor; frivolity flourishes, laxity reigns, and wickedness runs mad.

Where now do we see the vigor of righteousness, the severity of the church, the rule of the Fathers raising its head? Where abideth the harmony of brethren? What hand is raised against impiety and pride? I do not mean to smite, but even to reprove. Who boils with indignation to accuse the crime that has become so mighty? What head of an order is an offering of finest wheat? What good leader is there now, taking upon himself the burden of his people? Who crieth good news and entereth on a campaign for improvement of morals? Who groans for wickedness, for the evil that stalketh and the right now abandoned? Who brandishes the sword of his tongue and strikes a blow at guilt with it? Who teaches men to put away hurtful ease and to weep for what should be wept for? To cast out the wrong and wipe it clean, then guard well against its reappearance? The whole race, the whole social scale, is in a rivalry of sin, lives in sin, sings the praises of sin. The erring world is wholly given over to rivalry in sin. The reverend elder, the careless youth, the child, all wander from the path. See the bishop; he himself points the way and carries his people with him. Hence burdens and guilt, his high throne becomes a heavy scourge. See the sceptre-bearer; he rages, raises some and crushes others, becomes a tyrant, and, what I mourn for more, is a lion toward the meek, a lamb to the robber. See the presbyter; the presbyter ought to prepare the way to the good; he does prepare a path of tears even for himself. See the cleric; he reads, but does not rule himself aright, fixes his gaze low—he knows what is right, but does what is wrong changing one for the other. See the soldier; he bears arms, rages and

smites, his spear darts forth. He wanders through the camp, destroys everything, and shows himself a horned serpent. See the noble; he swells with pride. He fears nothing and therefore is feared. He raises high his threatening front, and respects nothing. See the tax officer; he sells his lips, loves gain, and gives a wrong return. He helps the well-to-do, obstructs the poor, a dangerous enemy. See the agent; he goes about through the markets and over seas, praises his own. He marks his own with approval, condemns yours, and so defrauds. See the farmer; he sows and reaps, stuffs his barns, hides the first fruits, gathers the tithes, and supports himself in them. Going into these things in more detail and wider compass, I simply repeat and tend to serve up a stale dish. Money has cast its shadow upon the pontifical heart, has proved the pontifical heart to be without heart. The pontiff was a tower of strength, firm and inviolate before. He gave stability, and now¹⁶ totters as things totter around him. He that ought to have made himself a sort of pontoon bridge over this gulf to Zion is become the path of all peoples to Phlegethon. If I did not know it was a serious matter to put forth or talk about new things, I could mention some pontiffs I know but will not tell of. The glory and pomp and pride of riches hold themselves high, and no one desires at this time to make himself a bridge for asses. The chasubled bishop refuses to loose bonds and hold bonds tight according to the canon, and destroys or builds up for gold. The man who has attained royal heights or royal power becomes a hostile robber, and his course is that of a tyrant. King in name, consul in aspect, tyrant at heart, he is unjust to his people, good to the bad, great in his own eyes. Under his judgeship the carrion crow does not fly from his meal of malefactors on the cross; under his vicious championship the regular rule has no leader, and obeys only gain.¹⁷ He scorns to take up righteous arms for the poor crowd, and becomes a vile shield to them that feared to make themselves robbers. The vigor of the church, the vigor of the empire, are dead, the path of fraud is open, and it stands erect while they have gone to sleep. Schisms give each other reciprocal help, and the two swords inspire no fear; the rights of the king and the rights of the pontiff are trodden under foot. The law of the Lord is silent, and the imperial sword lies inert. The death of the soul roars, and the sword of the council quakes, alas! The people without a protector are crushed and torn under tyranny, ruined by sin, damaged by the enemy, burned with fire. Neither the stole of the bishop nor the opposing hand of the governor rescues them from the dangers within or the foe without.

¹⁶ The *nunc* of P seems to give better sense than the *nec* of the text.—H. P.

¹⁷ This whole passage is very obscure, and I do not feel at all sure about it.—H. P.

He that stands in the front of the line in the shape of presbyter is weak toward sin, short in service, broken by lust. Like a close sister, his wife is next him. She calls him father, places him on the couch, sits beside him. She serves him usually, and herself has a headache when he has one. She attends to the table, sits beside him, and groans when he groans. She cherishes, approves, listens to, loves, and fears him as master, stays late in his chamber and often sends out the attendant. An empty presiding over the order is his who is called the presbyter. Alas! He grows fat on the sins of his people. He does not look to making sacred the venerable and salutary, or see what sacredness is, and hence makes a mere image of an order. He is more the votary of lust than worthy of the flesh and blood of Christ; and the bereft people ratify the acts of their master. Clerical only in name, he endures to live in the ranks and lot of the clergy, while working to become and to seem exalted. He is all fire in active life, sluggish in the order from which he gets his title, and is thus proved to belong to the clergy by name, to the court by deed.

See the clerical run about without law or order, visiting the halls of kings, and mixing in the turmoil of life, taking part in the affairs of the people and the things of the forum, and, moreover, taking up arms and clashing sword with sword. The cleric prefers to lead the line, engage in battle, be considered a soldier, and disregards the sacred repose of the clergy. A savage soldier, he worries and plunders, seizes and harasses the poor, oppresses those whom he presses hard, and fixes his teeth in everything. Not only does he not govern the husbandmen by his word, and protect them by his arm, but he smites and puts to flight, burns and tramples upon the tillers of the fields. The food carried off from him closes the mouths of those before whom he takes off his mask; he fights for evil, chases after evil, sweats for evil. He is a soldier more voracious than fire, more rapacious than a kite, more savage than a tiger, more destructive than destructive fire. He rages at his post, distinguished by his noble birth, the reverence done him not his own but his father's. He is made a leader, shows his ancestry in words, but not in deeds; of noble lineage, he is a reprobate in wrong-doing. His nobility is of birth, flesh, material things, not superiority; even noble flesh suffers dissolution, withers away, and is buried. High and low have degenerated into feebleness toward vice. Why? Because they want to be first in body, not soul. The judge begs for lucre and gives unjust judgment for lucre. Crime stands in your way, money gets you out, and the law has nothing to say. You display the violence of a wolf, and you will be considered a lamb if you pay well. Through your bribes you touch the sky, though you ought legally to be burned. You have

property, and you will find the tax officer mild; do not run away. Through a bribe you prevent his remembering any orderly system, he raises his voice for lucre, sells his words, and suppresses himself. Thus the law finally becomes subject to him, not man to the law.

See how much evil arises from bribes and how much good is stifled. Ye gods! See how quickly, when the judge grasps the lucre, evil stands up and right falls; how he lifts up one and casts out the other for a bit of money. See how he judges without judgment, without right; for money, and not the *Lex Theodosia*, is the object of his care.

The agent manipulates almost all his business fraudulently, buys lucre with lucre, elevates one thing, lowers another, changes this for that. He runs through bleak cold, over mountains, through market-places, and over seas. The robber catches him, the enemy smites him, winter grinds and summer scorches him. Captured he comes away poor, and empty-handed sings in the presence of the brigand. He resuscitates his gains, and hurries his way to Babylon, then back to his country with new tales and new wares. He cheats in buying your wares, preferring his scales to yours. The farmer is dishonest and envious, the plowman often swears his neighbor's planted fields are his own. He swears that he may take away, and perjures himself speedily and cleverly. Hence frequent quarrels and litigation. The countryman puts barley into his barns and stores away spelt. Great barns, capacious receptacles, he builds and many. Neither of live stock nor of crops, gifts of God the Giver, does he wish to pay tithes, nor is the sacred portion nor the tithe rendered to the altar. Depraved is the course of every profession, race, rank, and age, and each perpetrates abominations; soberness of life has reached its end. All goodness perishes, and every man tries to seem what he is not; laziness struggles to destroy force, fraud to destroy piety. Now money alone crushes all things, wealth reigns, riches are hoarded, all men rush to the market-place and make for lucre. Mammon is king now, goodness a burden, and crime a distinction. The path of justice brings opprobrium, piety disgrace. The clerical order has fallen from its height, the monastic from its stronghold. One part is fractured, the other rent asunder as the order has become distorted. One is lamentable, the other pitiable quite. Both stand in name only, and lie overturned in essence. Both tumble, though one used to be an adornment, the other a glory. Both have decayed, both have withered and lost their bloom.

Who is good? Reverend old age is scorned by the aged, modesty by youth, the blush of shame and the straight way by the full-grown. In short, the order of the wicked cries to sin, I will not say on whose account, loves,

begets, and perpetrates it and goes to destruction. The face of the whole world is so destroyed by sin that not a child is born free from the taint of death. The hearts of the boy and the youth are as sordid as that of the old man, and no period of life is without its blemish. The small boy, hardly masculine—but I will not speak, I will not mention such wickedness, such mad wickedness. I will refrain from uncovering and bringing to light the more foul things. What it were a crime to publish defiles heart and tongue.

Fiery passion stands erect, the golden girdle of modesty is unloosed, wrong stands erect, the nets of madness are drawn tight. All, all, I say, have ceased to restrain their lusts. I will not omit to score and upbraid each. That the crowd has drifted into all things impious, all things base, I grieve and laugh at, am both Diogenes and Democritus. The race thinks it right to have known the harlot's couch; the law of his nature, it says, bids one lie here and her with him. For why was woman given or made, unless to suffer it? Sex commands, it says, that she bear, that he be borne. A drunken race, unknowing how to restrain itself, thinks harlots as permissible as dinners. The whole world rushes freely into all kinds of evil in all directions; once it stood firm, now is going to pieces. It slides back of itself, disintegrates of itself, goes to destruction of itself, while lust and crime flourish and right is buried in a tomb.

Where the Don flows and where the shore of Syene approaches the Tropic, everyone casts off restraint and none will gird up his loins. A race of asses is forever reveling in drunkenness, and a serious life and chaste grace are treated with obloquy. Everyone, like a springing horse, neighs unto crime or bleats to it like sheep, springs to passion, fondles it, cherishes it, and hence begets evil. We see nothing wicked and all things beautiful let alone. Blood-relatives give each other the bonds of the flesh and kisses. Base kisses and by no means sisterly the sister showers secretly upon the brother; and the way of the pit, in a word, is broad. Kinsfolk are united together, and the passion of love is the one thought of all. Not now is the seventh degree the last in giving birth. The lawful heir perishes, and an heir not the father's plows the father's fields, while blind license permits all things through women. The uncertain palace of nobility brings forth spurious offspring, while many sons of unlike rank, though of like blood are born. The adulteress burns, and the man of high position respects not his vows. An uncertain Herodias is given to many, and there is no John. Now even the lilies of the spirit are prostituted, the living necklace and heavenly lilies are defiled. The sacred dower is broken, and the veil loosened into wickedness. Everyone looks out for

himself, and is afraid to show devotion to God. The virgin band is wasted, the spotless couch gone, the bride of God falls, and all men drift weakly into wickedness. Oh, the rule of chastity groans at the baseness of all life, this lamentation or tragic cry mounts to the stars. I shudder to tell the things I am often on fire to reprove. The shouts of crime alone, alas, strike the heavens. The perpetration of crime and its voice are all that is heard; the guilt of the time of Noah, or worse, I should say, is upon us. The earth is filled with bloodshed and fraud and lust. Moderation is spitefully entreated of gluttony, favor of bribery, good gifts of money. All that you see goes into the vice of fornication; nothing stands secure, nothing stands safe now from lust. There stand the harlots, in short, as the devil's nets, lost bodies, a well-worn path, a public door. Luxury flourishes, impiety is unyielding, and wickedness abounds. All things are defiled by the abominable gang, the herd of the wantons. The impudent wantons lead a life of riotous license in speech, feeling, actions, debauchery, drunkenness, gluttony, their one and only glory their love of the slippery things of the flesh, defiling their hearts with rioting, their members with lust. Woman sordid, perfidious, fallen, besmirches purity, meditates impiety, corrupts life. Evil woman becomes the spur and bridle of sin or goodness. Woman is a wild beast, her crimes are like the sand. I am not going to find fault with those whom I ought to bless as righteous, but because I ought, I direct the sting of my verse against these locusts of the soul. Now evil woman fills my page and my discourse. Herself I appreciate, but her doings I disapprove, and will therefore castigate. Woman persuades to wickedness by glance and ways and deeds, rejoices in driving to sin and living all woman. There is no good one, or, if you do find any good one, the good one is a bad thing, for there is almost no good woman. Woman is a guilty thing, a hopelessly fleshly thing, nothing but flesh, vigorous to destroy, born to deceive and taught to deceive—the last pitfall, worst of vipers, beautiful rottenness, a slippery pathway, public curse, plundering plunder, a horrible night-owl, a public doorway, sweet poison. All guile is she, fickle and impious, a vessel of filth, an unprofitable vessel, breakable, vicious, insatiable, self-centered, and quarrelsome. Goods lightly sold but quickly lost is she, a slave of gold, a firebrand in the house, loving only to deceive and be deceived. She shows herself an enemy to them that love her and a friend to the enemy. She seeks if she is not sought, and reaps as gain her wickedness. The night is her joy, her own, her light; she makes no exception, conceives by the father or the grandson. A trench of lust, the arms of chaos, tongue of vice she was and is and will be, and through her the ranks of the good go to destruction.

As long as crops shall be given to the husbandman and put into the soil, this lioness will roar, this wild beast will rage against right. She is the last madness, the inmost foe, inmost destruction. While she refuses, she allures, and impels the well-regulated to sin. She is flesh of the flesh, and is acknowledged to surpass herself in guile and Proteus in changeability, seeming pious in impiety. She teaches vice, but my verse may not call her vicious; but I call it vice, I prove the perfidy and name the harm. A large article, a very bad thing, the worst of things, cleverer than any other skill, is the skill of woman. No wolf is worse than she, because his attacks are less frequent; no dragon, no lion; what can I say is worse? You would condemn not only all her harmful points, but also the good ones. John upbraids this sin, and falls by the sword. Through her Hippolytus is destroyed because he was a man; through her Ammon is destroyed; through her Joseph is tormented; through her is thy hair shorn, Samson; through her are destroyed Reuben and David and Solomon and the first man. She gives and does that through which shame is brought to ruin and we are brought to ruin. Woman in heart and speech and deed is a dire dragon, a terrible fire creeping into the vitals like poison. Evil woman paints and bedecks herself for her crimes, dyes, adulterates, changes, varies, colors her natural self. In pursuit of guilt she roams like a lion, runs about like a wild beast, runs burning with devouring flames of fire and burns others. Shining with treacherous light, glowing with sin, the incarnation of sin herself, she is unwavering and fixed only in passion and frivolity. She fastens upon him and draws him on when she spies one spying closely, and delights to do harm whenever she gets the opportunity. When she looks most faithful and most closely united to you, she will set a slave before you if he gives her more. Frail is the heart, frail the word, and brief the faithfulness of a woman. A woman gives for a present brief sport and long tears. Sad is the end and sweet the beginning in love; the outcome of that sin is apt to be pain. In the beginning fierce fire kindles the lost heart, but the outcome of the sin is a cry from the depths: Oh, woe is me, woe is me! Woman is a stench, all aglow to deceive, a flame of madness, the beginning of destruction, the worser portion, the robber of shame. Her own germs, O savage crime, she casts from her body, and, when put forth, cuts them up, throws them away, kills them in her wickedness. Woman is a viper, not a human being but a wild beast, and not true to herself. She is the murderer of that creature, nay of herself first. Fiercer than an asp, and more madly raging than the raging, is she. O savagery, she drowns her own flesh in the waves. Woman is faithless, ill-savored, ill savor itself, the throne of Satan. Shame is a burden to her;

flee from her, reader! We even read that the sins of a man are more pious, more acceptable to the Lord, than the good deeds of a woman.

O evil days! Why? Because they have begotten so many filthy things and have put forth such foulness, not to say such horrors. All good goes to pieces, all men drift into every kind of sin. All good lies prostrate, all evil pleases all alike. The chaste couch is esteemed mean, a broad one sought; compacts of marriage or union are allowed. The married woman refuses her husband, rushes after men, and draws them to her; in order not to sleep alone, in countrified fashion, she gives herself and what she has. Who is a good woman? What one has a good name? What one is chaste? What one stands out in piety or suffers her chamber to be inviolate? What one suffers the marriage contract to be sacred? She signs, that she will not commit sin and adultery, nor bring forth young like the wolf without any law or order, that the boy shall be marked by the features of the father, the father be known by the face of the boy, and no blemish be found in birth or likeness. Thus shall the progeny presented to the husband have the husband for father, not a servant of the household; show the features of the father and display the characteristics of the father in behavior. Who holds the agreement sacred and the blessing given at the altar? Who has pious eyes? Who is a good woman? Very few, believe me. Such are very rare birds, plants very difficult to find. I castigate such things, laugh at them not without tears. Few keep their troth, for all the husband's authority is going to pieces. A flock without a turtle dove, for there is none without the coveted sparrow.

All nations like a husband who has a single wife. To many a single wife becomes a slippery way, a broken path. The husband goes outside, takes pleasure in adultery, in the woman of the town; presently she prepares to sin, coquettes with it, burns and risks it. Troubled she looks upon her husband's repose, gladly upon his bier, danger, imprisonment, death. Julian Order and Scatinian Law, where do ye slumber? Everybody lives without law and without rule. Many women, many sins, much ruin; many a Lydia, few Lucretias, no Sabine woman. There is almost no good woman; no man sees an Amazon now; and I hear of none without three suitors, and these shameless ones. Almost every woman is as eager for sin as for light, and delights as much to become common as once to be one man's wife. The adulterous wife would rather be sent to hell than to be the partner of one husband, O impious madness! She is better satisfied with a single eye than with a single partner, O heathen madness, O guilty earth! Select any you will, take out any you will, and put these together; you will scarcely find one chaste of heart and not guilty of body.

In various ways Venus lords it over the lordly. Lamentable! But to whom? To them that burn for the stars and hate the depths. She defiles and fastens to herself everything in the world, and drives the sluggish heart into her nets. She is more voracious and more rapacious than flames of fire. She burns kindled with dead and rotten wood. One and all rush into passion, and animal indulgence. The pledge-money of one husband becomes that of another; his death is near.

Who is not a father now? Even the boys are eager to have boys, and threaten to fill their father's house and halls with offspring. Everyone wants a wife, enters into matrimony and becomes a husband, to be blessed in Jacob's line and not without seed. He becomes a father, a child is born, and the new-born progeny is handed to him. Most of the father's force goes outside, of the mother's to her lactation.

O strange age! Now even the small girl is agog to be married, the unripe maiden craves the kisses and force of a husband. A dowry is given her, a ring put upon her finger, the pledge-money fixed. Then come the jovial groom, the bustling cook, the wandering viands; the hall glows with choruses singing congratulation, and the procession comes with the bridal songs before and after. In a twinkling she conceives, becomes a mother. Her offspring grows older and tall; presently the offspring is doubted. Her son is thought to be his father. Lust brings forth sickly young and many broods. The flock springs up quickly, and the crop comes forth quickly. So is the generation of children, so do they grow and multiply. In a word, numbers of the worst kind wander everywhere, a herd of men without a ray of light in their evil hearts. Almost the population of the city is scattered all through the country. No place is empty, none without its crowd. Individual places, mountains,¹⁸ caves, islands, fields, meadows, are besieged with dwellers and wanderers. The Caspian ridges, pathless of yore, are trodden by feet. The hermit is not now in highest esteem, because he is so many. Countless and wretched is the race today, all too ready for evil, all too prone to evil, tending to evil.

Everyone teaches evil, and it is no harm to be harmful; everyone gets heated with wine, and it is of no profit to be wise. The wine-shop is sought more quickly and more gladly than the temples of God sacred with divinity and splendid with light. An impious race drinks maddening wine beyond measure. The hearth is kindled, and the jest goes round in blind order. A drunken race thirsts for famous wines, wines of Belgium, maddening wines, bringing violence, full of ruin. By such was Noah overcome, by such Lot burned, chaste as he was before; an evil heat sticks to the glut-

¹⁸ It seems as if *mors* in the text must be a mistake for *mons*.—H. P.

tons and drinkers. You who desire to go to bed drunk frequently want to loosen your belt quickly for unmixed cups. By these you are quickly overcome, burn, and are burned with love of the fire; your mind boils with mad fires, your frame is roasted with heat. More ravenous than a serpent—this is no lie—is the enemy in thy vitals, and he flourishes on the fire within. Straightway you lose all self-control under the sting of lust; this foe rages more fiercely than any foe, this heat more fiercely than any heat. Passion craves wine; by its torch is the mind inflamed, the deed made to smoke. Soon the stomach is filled, the man surrenders to passion and boils over into sin. Through unmixed cups first the throat, and afterward the belly, rages. Soon passion rouses furiously the hidden members. Food fills it, passion fills it, sin loves these two members. The indulgence of one rushes to the bottle, slips into wickedness; hence a flood of lust and rottenness on the spot. The madness of the other causes shame to be thrown aside, force to perish, vigor to die, order to be destroyed. The one care and general struggle of the flesh is to eat; drunkenness is in favor, and thy words lie neglected, good Jesus! The gullet reigns greedy and full of drunkenness, the heart is oppressed with intoxication and goaded with wicked desires. The times are full of evil excitement, full of lust, full of gluttony, and their only passions are eating and pandering to the flesh. The famous thing now is to give over the belly to food and the mouth to drink. Venus and the gullet, is the motto of the belly-worshippers. I say they are not worshippers of Christ, but gluttons and belly-worshippers, that hate not any wickedness or baseness.

Now the good man is a culprit, the stomach is good, the belly is men's school. Everyone devotes himself to the gullet, and is disgusted and ashamed to walk modestly.

Hear what I say: Jerusalem lies in ruins while the prince of cooks stands erect; a sea of food—nay, of foods—is what is wanted. The narrow path is scorned and lo, the broad way is demanded. First the gullet, then Venus, fasten their chains upon everyone. O woe! See the age held tight by threefold madness, bound by threefold sin—lust, fraud, and pride. Pride binds the heart, and lust the drunken body. Fraud binds body and heart, and death bends both to itself. The burden of earth weighs down the guilty heart and the sinking neck. In heart we incline, nay, turn back to Pharaoh. We go into the trackless regions, take our stand on evil, evil that we are, and fond of the things that pass and perish utterly. We go and shall continue to go where we shall perish and be destroyed, seeing only the things that perish and are destroyed.

Peace weeps, love dies; one rages and smites, another is smitten;

Mars roars unbending, one stands, one groans, and men plunge into guilt. Wrath seizes and brandishes and whirls about its bloody scourge, brings out savage spears, wild dangers, murderous war. The peace of the heathen flourisheth, the one and only peace of the Christian perisheth. If I see well, the union and peace of wild beasts is firmer. See, guilty race, lions and boars do not slay and devour each other, while the vengeance of the fathers slaughter their offspring.

Finally the impious mind takes to trying constantly battles of the soul, and sprinkles itself with homicidal blood. Ah, how I grieve that right and wrong grow at even pace! Here is madness fighting, there is madness arming both hands. Here are parents at war, there brothers of the same blood. The race rages against its own flesh, and savage Furies hold sway.

O the murderous cruelty! The son longs for the father's death, laments because death is so slow to come to a man; and the impious father desires in beautiful sequence to lay the son's splendid limbs in a mean tomb first. The daughter rejoices to close her mother's aged eyes, and to weep at her funeral, afterward freely daring what she will. The stepmother gives cups of poison and food filled with death. Cruel death overtakes him who goes abroad with rich merchandise, the rich man atones for his wealth, host and guest rush at each other's throats. Rarely is a wife safe with husband surviving, never with husband safe and secure. The husband perishes at the hands of his spouse, and the sharp sword of her husband smites her. The tender youth is in danger from the fully grown, the son-in-law from the father-in-law. The brother pursues the friend with death, or, if not, with importunity; whom he cannot slay with the sword he destroys by wiles, O wicked heart!

The noxious race, the more than impious crowd, are their own destruction. Thy neighbor is to thee and thou to him as the wolf to the lamb. Grace is dead, and the fire of love grown cold. The royal path, the path of character, is lost. The heart void of light and full of sin congeals; the soul is frozen clearly, and the cold is real. Grace is dead, and a cold broods over us deeper than the Danube. The peoples are without morals or order, magistrate or ruler. The law of the Lord is fallen, and his head is dripping all around with moisture who in his goodness poured them forth—O terrible sound!—warmed with the breath of his mouth.

Why tarry, in short? Pride and wrath, the sister of pride, are over all things, and twofold deceit of heart and tongue. The upright race has passed away, a wicked and perverse come forth, altogether given over to babbling and drunkenness, full of sloth, full of lust, full of sin, cunning of heart, small of body, and meager in manliness.

Almost no one displays the spirit or the strength of the fathers. The son is no more like his father than Sisyphus is like Polyphemus. Parents and grandchildren have no likeness. All the characteristics of the body are like a waning moon, and as the body has degenerated, so also the mind. A withered race abounds, and the bodies and souls of the race are feeble. Worthless in heart and most like himself is everyone now. He who appeals to you develops twofold craft and cunning. Unity is cleft in twain and destroyed by division, agreement by differences, simplicity by duplicity. This man becomes that man's foe, that man his, or friend. A man smiles and hates, holds off and stands by, is friendly and hostile. The royal path of sincerity is ruined and gone; impious falseness puts on the cloak of duplicity.

I want you to believe what I mean to say, no age has brought forth false prophets more numerous and abundantly than this one. In short, these Pharisees with their inward foulness are a slippery road, a public doorway to destruction. A pestilent brood of hypocrites has sprung up and rushed upon us, a race of darkness, horrid of body and slippery of soul. They have sacred names and sacred exterior with proud hearts. They appear in sheep's clothing, but there is a snake in the grass. Their hearts are wanton, their brows stern as Cato's, waxen in morals, brazen of face, inclining to evil. Sheep's clothing disguises and cloaks their lowering, greedy, wolfish hearts. Their hearts swell with pride, and lack the uttermost fragment of heart. They are pious of face, impious of deed, halls of filth. They put on wiles as one trims and cuts off the hair. The wolf counterfeits the sheep, the bramble personates the rose. Unmixed cups and many dainties, is their only motto; place is their one desire, dissimulation their right; their will their only law. Scandals and schisms are in them, but no sabbath of the soul. In short, order is not found in their deeds, but in the dressing of their hair. They are canonized for their tongs, for their combs and the arrangement of their locks. Is this a silly lie I am telling? At any rate, they imitate the thing. One of them, older of face and apparently more righteous, is the pattern of morals for the lower brethren. His heart meditates evil, his tongue sows good and speaks fair. O shame, O sin! He is a devil and is thought to be an angel. The same man is a devil in deed and an angel in word. What his speech teaches, his actions unteach, hostile to it. The Argus-eyed sees not his own baseness nor the impieties of his brethren, a sower of praise and lavish giver of indulgence to himself.

His heart is void of wisdom, his words show themselves good words of wisdom; his aged limbs are stirred by youthful desires. He hides the

wolf with the fox, shows himself well regulated outside, is fair of speech, but guile within. His evil conscience, a burden and pest in himself, surrenders to him, the witness within flees away. His brow presents a Hector, his age is believed to surpass Nestor's, his skin is parched, and he has bristles on his hairy arms. Near the time of death, he reckons his years on his fingers, and, though he totters with age, he has the spirit of a tyrant. What is plainer? Lo, a third Cato sent from heaven, sterner of brow, juster on the surface, worthless within. He is a Cato, with time will be a Mauritanian Hiarba. First Venus unmans him, then a bristling beard makes him a man. His brow shows a man, within the man is dead, he is a wolf within. But thy king's daughter is all glorious within. Why weave delays? Order is abandoned, and evil stands. Hypocrisy stands, obedience is mocked at. The teaching of Pythagoras is a dead letter. The guiding hand lies idle for thee, and thou chooseth to walk the broad way of sin. The narrow way is left, the broad taken by all. We seek the pathless, uncertain, drifting, and drift with it.

Aiming at toastmasterships, scepters, and the chief seats, everyone is in a constant turmoil and bustle. All the world is panting for honors and not for morals. Now luxury, idleness, falseness, overenthusiasm, pretense, dissimulation, gaming, drunkenness, fraud, gluttony, and wrongdoing are the things in vogue; double-tongued speech, quarrels, murder, war with its trumpets and alarms, violence, debauchery, wrangling—in a word, all that error teaches. Such germs become troops of vices, such germs give the death-blow to morals. Pride first suggests to the soul to plunge into the trackless, brings in the troop, the great sins, the seven sins. Pride first bade men do impiously, and the crowd howled approval, first lays siege to the heart, and quickly gets possession of it subdued by the crowd. It persists, the man falls, overthrows the good and keeps the evil, heaps up sin, while lust and sin are in high feather. It drowns the male offspring of Irsael, and saves the female for luxurious wantonness.

O evil age! Why? Because bound by no rules. The man ready without and learned within is thought a fool; not long-suffering, but violence, brings peace now. He that is silent goes hungry, and loquacity begets gain. The tongue of the sophist, the tongue of the tyrant, the tongue of the market-place, orders all things and smites down all opposition like a sword. The voluble tongue is the famous one now, and hears the words, "Come hither." A dumb bishop, a backslider in the order, closes the door. You have no boastful knowledge, and you are proved to be a sheep or a blockhead. You are a sort of viper, and you show you have a free mind. Now to return evil for evil is held glorious, to yield is a fault.

Irreverence is praised, and patience regarded as a sin. It is just as much a disgrace not to return evil as to live on husks. In crime and wickedness the vicious race riots night and day.

Alas! Speech is bad, actions are worse, practices worst of all. The vigor of sin stands out sharply, the old vigor of order is blunted. I say that not as many worthy and serious spirits can be found as there are mouths of the Nile, not as many pious bodies as there are planets in the sky. If I see there is one anywhere of simple, modest heart, I reckon him unsophisticated, and count an honest heart a prodigy. It is like plowing the sea with chariots, or the dry land with sails, finding fishes in the fields, ships in the air, camels in the stars.¹⁹

What would Horace and Cato, Persius and Juvenal, do, I ask, if they were in life now? Lucilius would gaze in astonishment on the doings of this age, and would call his own prosperous and holy; would say the times were admirable which he called very bad; would write the age was golden which he wrote was black, guilty, evil. See the age, see the separate things plunged in darkness. Fall into evil and you will be loved for the fall; stand straight and you will want. Wish to leave evil, to pursue the right and live rightly, you will be the butt of a concert hall, and a scene on the stage will be based upon you. O woe! A veritable Charybdis sinks all things into wickedness. Concoct crime, and you will be considered a chieftain and walk in high esteem. Do you want to live quietly and safely, do you want peace? Be suave to powerful sinners, and flatter the bully. When you see guilty deeds, be a roe with the eyes of a mole. Quickly drive forth and scrape out of your heart what you have seen. If you want to expose evil, and score others' sins, you do yourself no good and suffer ostracism besides. To puncture base faults now brings fierce quarrels; to criticise wrong and tell the truth proves a fountain of hatred. He that even for good exposes my sins is a burden to me; an evil conscience cavils at and hates all the doings of light. A drunken race drinks baleful cups, cups of forgetfulness, such as the poet invented for all who die. Everyone is mindful of evil alone and forgetful of piety. The righteous man lacks a hearth and home; no one is willing to give to the good for nothing. Separate things go for value, all things for wares, but nothing without price—if you bring nothing. The cottage of the poor man, alas, shows no smoke rising from its chimney.

The halls and high-paneled ceilings of the rich man shine with light. Small sons in infant strength smile upon him. He reclines in luxury at

¹⁹ The text seems to be corrupt here and the grammar peculiar, but I think I hit the sense.—H. P.

dinner, and goes about raised upon the shoulders of a Liburnian. Whenever he will, he retires to his lofty ivory-inlaid couch. In the morning the cook calls him, and he straightway sacrifices a bull to his stomach. Golden service bears his honied wine and rich dainties. Night returns to give him joyful dreams, and day its joyful feasts. His throat is like a deep pit that lusts after whole ages. The steaming odor is savory to him, and the bait of the cuisine catches his gullet. His are feastings, usury, wrangling, lucre, and plunder. The man is a beast, the victim of his belly; a beast forsooth, of swelling belly, lively tooth, and dead mind. He wants good dinners, wants good estates, wants good meadows, wants good cups, wants good viands, but not good deeds.

Wealth is mighty, and money the thing; with these one gets honors, an ark for his days. Eloquence, knowledge, and a worthy life are nothing without wealth. Good things are multiplied for the rich, blows for the humble. The lesser are threatened with the law, the lower with arms. Money commands all things, and, moreover, gets all things. The rich man and famous, rolling in money and high in his castle, possesses the earth, and gets its good things for himself, increasing and heaping them up. Perhaps he keeps the pile for robbers or foes, and finally is more consumed with grief if his chest or his house is broken into than if he had buried his children and dear ones. He compasses the ages, meditates evil, revolves low schemes in his heart, goes over seas and mountains and through the markets of the world, changing his clime. Hurries across the sea, expatriates himself, and tries a new world. The winds bring him to shore or to the open sea, not into narrows. His wealth is vanity, his mind, crafty, his lot pitiable. He dreams of sales, exaggerates things bought and belittles things to be bought. He wins gains with gains, and makes this or that with his pencil. Debits and credits are all hidden away in a rich chest.²⁰ It is sweet to him to sleep at the foot of a pile of riches; he loves to turn over his gold often and add to it oftener. Finally he lacks because he has so much, shriveling in abundance. He is thought a Mammon, and thirsts for more, O overwhelming thirst! He becomes a Tantalus without the name, by the implications of the name. Joys and gains, money, farms, and estates, are his. He builds barns, abounds in all things in his vast wealth, slow to good, ready for evil, first in the market.

The rich man is swift to all wickedness, slow toward the right. He looks like a blooming rose, is rolled over like a wheel, and his things with him. Today he stands noted, tomorrow falls, himself yet different. In the morning the rich man sees possessions his; in the evening, poor, he sees

²⁰ This passage is pretty obscure.—H. P.

them yours. He will sleep in luxury, but in death he will straightway lose everything. Presently the robber will carry off his wealth, no longer his but his, and will lay him low in death. In a little while the thief will take away his goods like a frail leaf, and death himself. Then he leaves all his guilty gains, a new lot is his. All the splendor and beauty of the rich man, which it took a year's labor to acquire, a single hour takes away. O pitiable, O mournful, O wretched being! As fast as his money grows, his self-effacement grows. He fears all things whom his own wealth makes poor. His money takes possession of him, grows and occupies his mind altogether. Care worries his soul, worry fuddles him, error hinders him. His face turns pale, craft here, grief there, alarm everywhere. Sleep brings him vain and numerous dreams; by day his affairs, by night the threatening visions, torment him. A robber seems to break open his safe and carry away everything else. The poor rich man quakes and wakes with a groan, fearing the fact. He rises straightway, opens his chest, and finds his money. Night wears away, day calls him to the market, business buzzes, and he goes. He runs after gain, fights for gain, sighs for gain; he sighs and roams the seas in ships or the markets afoot. By means of vast evils and many a blow he avoids poverty. He cheats and steals, gives this, takes that, gets money with his money. The miser tries to give little to his own and nothing to thee, Lazarus. Tears are thine, but shall be his, and what tears? Right bitter ones. Though he walk in riches now, and attain to the full his impious desires, he shall fall after a little while and all his wealth collapse. Like sand will the heap of his riches pass away. His abundance shall disappear, his wealth pass away and their master. Lucre is evidently fleeting and transient. Man has always desired and worshiped it, and will always do so. As long as England gives milk, India ivory, Smyrna grasshoppers, many a son of Adam will run over markets and mountains in search of gain. Gain, money, property, wealth, now rule; O woe, the blessed tears of the poor count for naught. The man who has gained much land or pelf wrongfully is blessed now and called happy. Everyone wants a great palace and builds him a house, as if he were to abide here through all the ages. No one builds the halls that endure, all build earthly ones. Gorgeous halls and flourishing castles are the roses of this world. We adorn our halls with marble, wicked troop, sons of Canaan, that we are, perhaps even with the woods of Arabia. We adorn our halls, and Christ groans at our gates. We fill ourselves with feasting, and he goes hungry. We are relaxed with drink, a prey to our gullets, overcome with wanton music; he is thirsty and hungry, trembles,

and groans and wails loudly. We feed upon quail and goose, he upon neither. The sinner is fawned upon, God spitefully entreated—a fine order of things. We feed upon birds and lamb and pork and beef; not so he. The devil holds fast our stony hearts and brazen flesh. We are a drunken race, an impious race, filled with the devil; a worthless people, a crooked generation, an alienated race. We seek many dainties, a fine load for the belly, and give, or rather leave, the poor bits for our hungry Lord.

O evil age! Why? Because the separate parts are now vitiated, one a prey to luxury, another to dissipation. The rich man stands erect, the poor man falls; the people cast out the latter and honor the former. The fool that has money rages at will, and buys official protection against the upright. Right is dead, for the broad road of luxury, babbling, drunkenness, gluttony, lies open. The lovers of the flesh and envious foes of right, whoremongers, godless, insolently ambitious, leave no baseness, no villainy undone. Wickedness is now actually perpetrated that was not even spoken of before. Mad, unnatural crimes are committed. The last and worst times are evidently at hand. The couch of the harlot is hardly thought anything of, and is called pardonable because natural. Honest manliness is dead, and all are plunged in filth and wallowing in sin.

When was the lap of goodness smaller and of wickedness ampler? When was vice more dominant, the power of evil greater, or the realm of good morals narrower? If God commanded all things impious and deadly, who could keep the commandment more vigilantly and more comprehensively? If it were lawful to heap up sin and scorn the right, who could heap the one higher and scorn and avoid the other more completely? In various ways the arrow of passion cleaves every head, everyone shuns the salutary and none the vicious. If high rewards were given for great wickedness, wickedness could not be pursued more readily nor good more sluggishly. As I speak, I shudder; I have not power, ability, or will to tell all the execrable things. Who could fitly bewail them? What rivers, what floods of tears, would suffice, I ask, to wipe out all the baseness of this mad time? If I should tell of such madness, it were not right, if it were not a crime. Alas! The course of the law lies afar off.

I weep as I sow my verse; not in verse nor in prose can I tell all the evils, uncover the wickedness, bring out the wicked things. They are so manifold my voice would fail for telling them. They are not for words, I am ashamed to disclose them all. I know that paper, speech, and time would fail, if I wished to touch upon and castigate even the more serious.

My Muse, indeed, is very weary of noting these things, but the guilty brood is not weary of doing them.²¹ Therefore shall my dactyles not stop here, my Muse shall speak of the lost ages and their successors. We have been scudding over the high seas; let the anchor now be cast. When our strength is replenished and the breeze stronger, we will go on.

²¹ The end words of these two lines seem to be interchanged, and the footnotes show confusion in the manuscripts.—H. P.

END OF BOOK II

[*To be concluded*]