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Louis B. Snider

Loyola University Chicago

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THE PSYCHOMACHIA OF PRUDENTIUS

Introduction, Text, Prose Translation, and Commentary

Louis B. Snider, S.J.
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A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Loyola University
Vita Auctoris

Louis Bernard Snider, S.J. was born in Cincinnati, Ohio on January 10, 1913. He attended elementary school at St. Stephen's in that city. Graduated from St. Xavier's High School, Cincinnati in 1931, he entered Milford Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in September of the same year. In 1935 he transferred to West Baden College of Loyola University where he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1936.
PART I

LIFE OF PRUDENTIUS

Our knowledge of Prudentius is scant. Indeed, aside from the forty five verses on himself which he has left us in the preface to his works, little is known about his life. Still, these few lines, interpreted in the light of the history of his time and supplemented by occasional personal touches in his literary works, give us a fairly clear and distinct picture of the poet and show him living a life as full as most men's of his day.

A consideration of Prudentius' relation to the political and religious agitation of the fourth century may serve to measure the stature of the man more accurately. Rome, the Empire, was expiring in the arms of the children of the North who were to foster her remains with the reverence of sons. The Church, triumphant over her persecutors, was humbly mounting the throne about to be vacated by the dying temporal power; whence she was to consolidate all nations in Truth and Unity of Faith. Rome, as mistress of the world, had come to realize the futility of her claim. The Church, as spouse of the heavenly King, was but starting to appreciate the power and glory that were hers— that would be ever hers.

Prudentius courted both Rome and the Church, for to him both were surpassingly beautiful. The poet saw in Rome his
country, a well-ordered society worthy of deep respect and honor because of the traditions, the culture, and the peaceful security that her laws and moral attributes had built up in the natural order for her citizens. Prudentius was a patriot. He devoted most of his years to service in the Empire. Nevertheless, when old age comes on him, he feels that all the worldly honors he has borne with dignity pale into nothingness before the brilliant deeds done for Christ and His Eternal Kingdom.

More patriotic than most pagans, Prudentius was at the same time extremely Christian. Indeed, he viewed the Church as a source of new life for Rome. The old ideal so long cherished among Romans, an ideal with which Prudentius was thoroughly imbued by contact with his national literature, taught the citizens that Rome would rule all. This ideal took on a new meaning for Prudentius. Rome would rule all, spiritual Rome, suckled at the Church's breast. It is this working of Rome and the Church into a unity that gives the poet some of his noblest moments of inspiration.

Though Prudentius the man is little known; yet three cities now strive among themselves for the honor of claiming him as their son: Tarragone, Calahorra, and Saragossa. Most scholars award the claim to Saragossa. In his age Prudentius was not hailed as great, except, perhaps, in Spain where he was born. SS. Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, and Chrysostom lived the greater
parts of their lives while he was working and writing in Spain; yet not one of these prolific writers mentions Prudentius. Indeed, it was not until the end of the fifth century that he began to take his place as a vital factor in the life of Christendom, a place he held tenaciously throughout the Middle Ages when he was looked upon as the Christian Virgil and was studied closely in the class-room.

Prudentius, the boy, received the education of his time. Virgil's perennial text-book was used by grammarian and rhetorician alike, and from it were drawn complete courses in grammar, style, archaeology, religion, philosophy, prosody, and history. Nor was the master's teaching a gentle matter. Prudentius himself tells us: "In my childhood I shed tears beneath a cracking ferule." After three years, when he was about sixteen years of age, the boy was probably put to writing suasoriae, advice to heroes of antiquity in time of vital deliberation, and controversiae, pleadings in an imaginary trial in which he often had to take one side, now reversing his opinion and maintaining the opposite view with equal conviction. Such sophistry as this, prevalent in Roman rhetorical schools of the Empire, was hardly conducive to character training; and like St. Augustine, Prudentius decries this deceitful rhetoric of his time: "I donned a toga, and, though I was not innocent before, I now began to utter culpable lies."
To enumerate all the influences at work to form a given character is like naming all the causes of a known effect. Surely it is beyond the scope of this thesis to try to give a full account of the various influences that formed Prudentius' character and left their imprint on his poetry. We have already treated three: his esteem for ancient Rome, his ardent affection for the Church, and his rhetorical education. As far as his advanced training is concerned we can only infer from his works that he was familiar with the Latin and Greek writers of the Church, particularly with Tertullian whose influence is especially strong in the *Psychomachia* and *Hamartigenia*.

In his Preface Prudentius gives us an insight into other formative factors in the preparation of the man. First of these seems to be a genuine disgust for impurity. In all his work Prudentius hammers constantly at this vice for which he cannot find words strong enough in the *Psychomachia*. Was he trying to instill in the hearts of youth a noble disdain for a vice before which he himself had succumbed in early years? Or was he, in his humble Christian fashion, pouring forth profuse contrition for the mistakes of his youth? At best we can only form a conjecture. We shall never know with certainty whether or no Prudentius was one of the great converted sinners of history. He has left but a bare account of his inner life in those early days: "Then, alack, what shame and loathing! Bold wantonness and lustful sensuality
defiled my youth with the foul stains of sin." Perhaps he was exaggerating. Perhaps he gives himself a fair estimate. Whatever may be the truth, we know one fact: in later life Prudentius entertained the highest regard for holy purity, the Blessed Virgin and the doctrine of our redemption by Jesus Christ.

Prudentius was a Spaniard, and Spaniards see and live vividly. Proud, sincere, hasty to act and not too quick to repent, the Spanish hidalgo is a picturesque figure. Prudentius, too, in his youth seems to have been fired with the same spirit, the spirit of Xavier at Paris more than a thousand years later. He could not bear to see another surpass him in attainments. "After that, verbal clashes kept my restless spirit in arms, and an un governing obstinacy to come off best threw me into painful straits." However, the powers of argumentation acquired in these early days of his legal career were to stand Prudentius in good stead for the polemical warfare of maturity, particularly when he would meet Symmachus over the statue of Victory.

His training finished, Prudentius entered public service. "Twice I held the reins as magistrate in noble cities, dealing Roman law to the good and terror to the evil-doer." He probably filled these positions satisfactorily for the emperor in gratitude raised him to a high place in the court.
emperor was or what was the nature of the honor he bestowed on Prudentius we have no way of knowing. In all probability the ruler was either Theodosius or his son Honorius. As in so much of his writing, so in the account of his life, Prudentius is obscure and somewhat confusing. Whatever else we know of the man we must gather from the occasional rifts in his poetry which give us a view of the personality behind the thought of the poem.

Surely Prudentius visited Rome for scattered throughout the Peristephanon are allusions that lead one to believe that the poet in his later life paid homage to the martyrs' remains and was deeply affected by the monuments of ancient Rome and the basilicas, catacombs, and tombs of Christianity. So great was his admiration for the city that it is not difficult to picture him returning to his study after carefully poring over tablets in churches and deciphering the inscriptions, many of which were written by Pope Damasus (366-384), a fellow Spaniard, and setting himself to molding such lines as these: "Rome and other countries are as much unlike as bipeds and quadrupeds, as those who speak and those who are mute, yea, as much as those who follow the full precept of God and those who perform foolish rites with all their errors." Prudentius saw Rome, and the city convinced him of the great mission she had in history.

But, as we have said before, his full life as a public figure was not altogether pleasing to him. He felt that he was
called to another service; and, so, when fifty seven years old, he decided that "the day should pass in continual hymns that would go on through every night raising song to the Lord. My voice shall war against heresy, bring out points of Catholic doctrine, grind paganism under foot. O Rome, make way for the fall of your idols! I will dedicate my songs to martyrs and sing the praises of Apostles." 18

In that brief plan of campaign for Christ Prudentius gives a catalogue of all his work. His hymns he calls the **Cathemerinon**. With open apologetics in the **Apotheosis**, he meets heresy; while Catholic doctrine is discussed in the **Hamartigenia**. The poet subdueds paganism in the **Psychomachia**; Rome's idols fall with the death-blow to the statue of Victory in the **Contra Symmachum**; praise and veneration for the martyrs is the purpose of the **Peristephanon**. These poems, in addition to forty nine quatrains in hexameters called the **Dittochaeon**, comprise Prudentius' work, in bulk just a few verses short of Virgil's extant poetry.

The **Cathemerinon** is a compilation of twelve hymns, varying in length from eighty (VIII) to two hundred (VII) verses, not meant for public singing as were Ambrose's but for their literary pleasure and for private devotions. There are hymns for cock-crow, for morning, hymns to be sung before and after meals and before falling asleep, hymns for fasting and for each
of the canonical hours, a hymn in thanksgiving to Christ and another to the dead which is replete with hope in the resurrection of the body. Finally, there are hymns for the two great feasts of the early Church, Christmas and Epiphany. Yet, of all these odes, the Roman liturgy has taken verses from only the hymn on cock-crow and the one on the Epiphany, the first and last in order of the twelve hymns in the Cathemerinon. 19

Lyrical, like the Cathemerinon, the Peristephanon 20 celebrates in fourteen hymns the martyrs of Spanish and Roman legend. Though Prudentius lacks a true literary tact and restraint in several instances (delicate little Eulalia spits in the eye of the mean old praeter, and St. Lawrence makes two speeches, one of thirty two lines and the other of ninety three after his tongue has been cut out); still his clear exposition of sound doctrine masqueraded in the rhetorical finery of the school makes him well deserving of the title of "the greatest of the early Christian poets." 21 Teuffel would make the Peristephanon the finest of Prudentius' works; 22 while F.J.E.Raby insists that: "Its importance arises from the fact that it presents a new genus of poem, a combination of the epic and the lyric which can almost be described as a ballad." 23

The remainder of Prudentius' poems, with the exception of the prefaces to his polemic works which seem to serve as texts for his didactic expositions, is hexametrical. The Apo-
theosis, in 1084 hexameters with a preface of fifty six iambic verses, is a refutation of the errors on the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. The poet’s great concern is with the person of Christ, and through Him with all mankind. Sister-piece to this poem is the Hamartigenia. As the Greek title declares, one question is under discussion, the origin of sin. It is a doctrinal subject on evil, directed immediately against Marcion’s Gnostic dualism, and though, perhaps, the poet is not more than superficial in his comprehension of Marcion; still, for the educated Christian of the fourth century he fulfilled a crying need. Now, "for the first time, Christians had an imaginative presentation in excellent verse of the inmost mysteries of their faith."24 They would soon be intellectually emancipated from the pagan classics whose pages held so much that was detrimental to the Christian religion’s views of God and His relation to man.

The longest of Prudentius’ poems, Contra Symmachum, is in two books. Some knowledge of their setting and the occasion of their composition is required for a full appreciation of them. Briefly the history is this. In the chamber where the Roman Senate met once stood an altar to Victory and the statue of the goddess. Constantius, about the time of Prudentius’ birth, caused these to be removed. Julian restored the statue. Gratian, influenced by Pope Damasus, ordered the statue taken down. The action raised a storm of protest from the Roman aristocracy.
Headed by the able orator, Symmachus, an embassy started for Milan (382). Gratian refused an interview. Two years later, the new emperor, Valentinian II, was approached, but Ambrose with a prepared speech to the emperor won the day for the Church. The event was closed. However, it seems that about the year 402 Symmachus, or some of his party, made a fresh attempt to have Honorius, son of Theodosius, restore the statue. On this occasion Prudentius wrote his *Contra Symmachum*.

The whole of the first book, with its 657 hexameters prefaced by eighty-nine iambic trimeters, is directed against the heathen gods with practical thrusts at sun-worship, astrology, and fear of Fate. Not until we come to the second book does the real attack on Symmachus begin. It is in this second book that Prudentius answers the pagans point for point in all their arguments. Intense patriotism and affection for Christianity burst forth in this poem as nowhere else in Prudentius' writings. Here we find the poet's grand conception of history, God joining all nations under the Roman sway so that the Church might the more easily propagate. Yet, "the noblest thing in the whole poem is his final appeal to Honorius to free "golden Rome" of this disgrace (the Vestal Virgins' presence at the gladiatorial shows) and forbid the slaughter of men for pleasure."  

The Dittochaeon was, perhaps, written to grace some Span-
ish basilica for each quatrain describes a picture and was in all probability meant to help understand the paintings along the walls of the Church. Twenty-four of the pieces refer to the Old Testament, and twenty-five to the New. We know no more about them. Prudentius does not mention them in the Preface.

We have yet to consider the **Psychomachia**. This epopee, didactic in tenor, allegorical in form, is by no means the finest of Prudentius' poems. Ebert, indeed, describes it as the weakest in point of aesthetics, yet, from an historical point of view, the strongest. 26 It was the **Psychomachia** that maintained for Prudentius a place throughout the Middle Ages, and Helen Woodruff tells us that "on no other book except the Bible are so many Old German glosses found." 27 Despite its pedantic heaviness and lack of simplicity and naturalness the **Psychomachia** was given as a text-book, along with Virgil, to the lively school-boys of the thirteenth century. Even more, the Virtues and Vices of this poem found a place in the beautiful stained windows of the Cathedrals. Miniaturists and sculptors, painters, poets, dramatists: all represented the warring maidens as they were created half a millennium before by the prince of Christian poets.

The good we say of the **Psychomachia** is doubly true of Prudentius' other poems; the adverse criticism we may make must be somewhat mitigated when speaking of the **Apotheosis**, 
Contra Symmachus, 

Hamartigenia, and the others. Grant that Prudentius is artificial in the handling of this theme, grant that false ornament is not foreign to his descriptions and that one grows weary over his prolix speeches and winces, perhaps, at his occasional play on words or likes not his alliteration, assonance, or patent imitation of Virgil; still one must admit that all these means of presenting a subject were familiar to, even expected by, the educated Christian reader of the fourth century. These Christians were interested to hear Prudentius sing their doctrine in a cultivated strain, using all the artifices of the schools. We who have a Dante, a Milton, a Spenser, and a host of lyricists who long since have wedded literary forms to the thought of Christianity, sometimes fail to see and grasp the situation of an age when imaginative Christian letters were unknown. We fail to recognize what it meant to those cultured Catholics to have one of their own, one with all the zeal and fervor of an apostle, imparting to the classical molds of literature the fresh outlook of Christianity. The domination of the Christian viewpoint in his poetry has given Prudentius a perennial life. His passion for turning men from sin and error to the light of Truth frequently complied with the rhetorical tastes of the time, but his faulty medium, if faulty it is justly called, did not detract from the poet's nobility of conception. Indeed, Prudentius fully merits Rand's graceful compliment: "A worthy descendant of the royal poets of antiquity."
NOTES TO PART I

1. Preface, lines 16-21. This preface seems to have been put at the head of his complete works by the author when he published them (404?). There is also a Preface to the Psychomachia which will be referred to as the "Preface" to avoid confusion.

2. "What is to be gained from such deeds after death, be they good or evil, for all that I have ever been will be effaced when life is done?" See Preface, lines 28-30.
   Numquid talia proderunt
carnis post obitum uel bona uel mala,
cum iam, quidquid id est, quod fueram, mors aboleuerit.

3. See the Apotheosis, lines 582 and following; also a passage in the Peristephanon beginning with line 433.


   Aetas prima crepantibus
   flevit sub ferulis,

7. J. Wight Duff, A Literary History of Rome in the Silver Age, Chapter II, "Roman Education under the Empire."

   mox docuit toga
   infectum viitis falsa loqui non sine crimine.

9. It is a disputed question whether Prudentius knew Greek well enough to study the Fathers in the original. T.R. Glover, Life and Letters in the 4th Century, page 260, note 1 maintains: "Prudentius perhaps had no Greek. Neither had Augustine nor Ausonius very much. The Greek titles of the books may be a fanciful imitation of Virgil. Pierre De Labriolle thinks otherwise as he has expressed in his History and Literature of Christianity from Tertullian to Boethius, translated from the French by Herbert Wilson, page 465.

10. Pierre De Labriolle sees evidence in the Hamartigenia that Prudentius had read Tertullian's Adversus Marcionem, Adversus Praxeum, De Carne Christi, and perhaps De Patientia.
   Tum lasciva protervitas
   et luxus petulans - heu pudet ac piget! -
   foedavit iuvenem nequitiae sordibus et luto.

12. The passage in the *Psychomachia* beginning with verse forty
    bears this out.

   Exim iurgia turbidos
   armarunt animos et male pertinax
   vincendi studium subiacuit casibus asperis.

   Bis legum moderamine
   frenos nobilium reximus urbium:
   ius civile bonis reddidimus, terruimus reos.

   Tandem militiae gradu
   evectum pietas principis extulit
   adsumptum propius stare iubens ordine proximo.

As for the controversy on militia, enough words have
been expended. Bergman, Fuesch, Brockhaus, and Glover all
say there is no question of the army. *Militia* is not un-
commonly used for a civil office.

16. See the *Peristephanon*: II, passim; IX, 3 and following,
also, 99-106; XI, 1-18; 179-180, 231-234; XII, 65-66.

17. *II Contra Symmachum*, lines 816-819.
   Sed tantum distant Romana et barbara, quantum
   quadrupes abiuncta est bipedi vel muta loquenti,
   quantum etiam, qui rite dei praeccepta sequuntur,
   cultibus a stolidos et eorum erroribus absunt.

18. Preface, lines 37-42.
   Hymnis continuat dies
   nec nox ulva vacet, quin dominum canat;
   pugnet contra hereses, *catholicam discutiatur fidem*;
   conculcet sacra gentium,
   labem, Roma, tuis inferat idolis;
   carmen martyribus deoveat, laudet apostolos.

19. The hymns for Lauds on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday
are taken from the first hymn of the Cathemerinon. Besides
these the *Quicumque Christum quaeritis* for Vespers and
Matins on the Transfiguration of Our Lord, the Audit tyrannus anxius for Matins of Holy Innocents and the Salvete flores martyrum for Lauds of the same day, and the O sola magnarum urbiwm for Lauds on the Feast of the Epiphany are all taken from the twelfth hymn of the Cathemerinon.


20. It is interesting to note the variety of metres Prudentius uses in his lyrics in imitation, no doubt, of the suppleness of Horace. We find catalectic iambic dimeter, catalectic iambic dimeter, catalectic trochaic tetrameter, hypercatalectic dactylic trimeter, catalectic anapaestic dimeter, phalecian hendecasyllable, short asclepiad, sapphic strophe, glyconics, elegiacs, archilochian.

21. This is not an uncommon title, being found in most treatments of the poet.


25. See F.J.E. Raby, cit. op., page 66. The parenthesis has been inserted.


28. Prudentius was no writer of the sermo familiaris, nor was he a slave to classical forms and words. Lease gives no fewer than fifty four words which the poet coined, most of which became common property for succeeding generations. For a fine study of Prudentius' literary qualities see: E.B. Lease, A Syntactical, Stylistical, and Metrical Study of Prudentius, Baltimore, 1895.

PART II
THE PSYCHOMACHIA AND ALLEGORY

To appreciate the place of the *Psychomachia* in literary history it would be necessary to trace with great care the development of allegory through the Greek and Roman classics, an undertaking definitely beyond the intention we have in presenting this early Christian poem to English readers. However, a brief discussion of the history of allegory, and especially of the allegorizing spirit of the ancients, may prove profitable in measuring the value of Prudentius' work.

A short reflection on Beatrice's words to Dante about the souls who live in the planets may clarify the nature of allegory. Her explanation is but the teaching of Aristotle and St. Thomas on the human faculty of intellect: "Nothing is in the intellect which was not first in the senses." To be intelligible, therefore, an object must first be sensible. Hence, to explain an abstract or supersensible truth one must use a means that is readily grasped by the senses. Beatrice makes this plain:

Here were they shown thee, not that fate assigns
This for their sphere, but for a sign to thee
Of that celestial furthest from the height.
Thus needs, that ye may apprehend, we speak:
Since from things sensible alone ye learn
That, which, digested rightly, after turns
To intellectual. For no other cause
The Scripture, condescending graciously
To your perception, hands and feet to God
Attributes, nor so means: and holy church
Doth represent with human countenance
Gabriel, and Michael, and him who made Tobias whole.  

Poets have always recognized this limitation of human intellect and language; and they have struggled with the natural exigency of turning the original and primitive import of an expression so that it may represent something which has only a resemblance or analogical relation to the words in their natural meaning, for universal and spiritual notions must be concretized so that they may be more easily grasped by the human intellect. Perhaps this turn of expression is but a word or phrase dropped, scarcely consciously, in an effort to attain a clear enunciation of an idea. Such a turn is called a metaphor and is so vital a part of language that much of daily speech and idiom in any tongue is of necessity metaphorical. A species of metaphor is allegory. Where the idea to be expressed transcends the power of a word or phrase the artist speaks in extended analogies, consistently developing a theme which is partly the same as the idea he finds it difficult to transmit and partly different; while he consciously intends the more spiritual element veiled beneath the outer cloak of his less spiritual expression. Allegory, therefore, is consciously extended metaphor.

In its strict acceptation allegory usually refers to an expression of supersensible ideas that cannot be directly re-
presented; but it has also been correctly applied to such themes as the allegory of the Aeneid which merely signifies the parallel development of Aeneas and Augustus² or the allegory of the Eclogues wherein Virgil insinuates his personal character into his works under the guise of a shepherd.³ However, if we stop to consider all such instances in literature, there would be no end of discussion; so it may be well to confine allegory to the literary expression of immaterial realities which force a writer to "speak otherwise" (ἄλλο ἀγορέυειν).

Evidently allegory and religion will be closely associated since the one is a facile means of expressing the truths of the other. Perhaps the most sublime allegories of all times are to be found in Hebrew literature, for the writers of the Old Testament, trying to catch the inspiration of prophets and seers for future generations, reached out into the infinite and grasped at abstract notions and eternal values which they were called upon to invest with concrete representations. Isaias is filled with allegory. The Canticle of Canticles is a song of Christ and His spouse the Church under the figure of lovers. David sings of the Jewish people as of a vineyard. Ezekiel and Daniel construct elaborate allegories. Likewise Jesus' parables are meant to express a train of thought symbolized in the analogous sequence of ideas on a more familiar plane.

It is not, however, in Scripture alone that allegory is
found. Indeed, though Cicero coined the word, the literary form itself goes back into Greek antiquity. Xenophanes denounced the immorality of Homer's gods, and Plato banned them from his commonwealth. When the Greeks awoke to the disedifying character of their deities, their moral minds were confronted with two courses. Either the gods must be abandoned, or their vices explained away. Two schools began to treat the poets' gods. The allegorists, probably begun by Theagenes of Rhegium, attempted a vindication of the literal meaning of the divine doings by trying to clarify the ἐπόνοια or hidden meaning of Homer. Among these interpreters were the Heracliteans, Anaxagoras, Metrodorus of Lampsacus, and Anaximander. Plato scoffed at their efforts, and in the Phaedrus Socrates, having referred to the rationalistic explanations of the myth of Boreas and Orithyia, goes on to say: "Now I quite acknowledge that these explanations are very nice, but he is not to be envied who has to give them; much labor and ingenuity will be required of him; and when he has once begun, he must go on and rehabilitate centaurs and chimeras dire. Gorgons and winged steeds flow in apace, and numberless other inconceivable and impossible monstrosities and marvels of nature. And if he is skeptical about them, and would fain reduce them all to the rules of probability, this sort of crude philosophy will take up all his time."  

However, despite Plato's disapprobation of this method, the gods became for these allegorical interpreters mere physical
forces which were taken up by those who had atheistic tendencies founded in materialistic metaphysics and were explained away until Zeus became ether, Neptune the sea, Vulcan fire, and Saturn, gobbling his children, Time who calls back to their source all that proceeds from him. Zeno, Euhemerus, Democritus, and Prodicus fell in with this interpretation so altering Hesiod's idea of the gods, as Cicero decries, that the deities became but names for soulless, dumb things.

From the Greeks this allegorizing spirit passed over to the Romans. Lucretius attempted to disperse the fears of non-existent Acheron on the plea that Tantalus is a symbol for "prey of superstition," Tityos is the "victim of passion," Cerberus and the Furies are but "guilty consciences and fear of retribution." "The conclusion of the whole matter is that the fool's life becomes a hell on earth." There is nothing after the atoms of the soul break down.

Such was the spirit of allegorical interpretation among the classical pagans when out of piety or impiety they wished to change the general notion of the gods created by Homer and Hesiod. Indeed, by the time of Augustus everyone was finding a second meaning in everything that was written. So widespread was this tendency that no writer was deemed great unless he wrote in allegories. Yet, with all this interest in allegory neither Rome nor Greece produced what may be called a pure alle-
gory, a poem that from beginning to end contains a conscious meaning other than the literal one.

Besides this feeling for allegory on the part of the literary critics, there was also a tendency on the part of the writers to couch their thought in figurative language that sometimes approached the proportions of allegory. This inclination is best manifested in the ancients' love of personification, an almost inevitable accompaniment of allegory. This figure of speech is as old as literature itself. Homer gives Sleep a personality, and in Mars' train Terror, Rout, and Strife goad on the Trojans in their battle with the Greeks. Hesiod apotheosized many abstractions, among which were several psychic experiences and moods, favorite personifications of the Middle Ages. Indeed, it is just in such apotheoses that a great difficulty in treating allegory lies. How real, as persons, did the poets consider Concord, Peace, Modesty, Strife, Terror, Care, Pallor, Faith, Mind, Health, Necessity, and all the other personifications that we meet in literature, on coins, and in statues from Homer to Claudius? If they were really gods, and not mere representations of attributes men recognized in a supreme being, then we cannot speak of them as gods at all but must consider them as part of pagan polytheism. For instance, when Ceres wished to punish Erysichthon for cutting down the sacred oak, she commanded a rustic mountain deity: "There is a
place on the farthest border of icy Scythia, a gloomy and barren soil, a land without corn, without trees. Sluggish Cold dwells there and Pallor, Fear, and gaunt Famine. So bid Famine hide herself in that sinful stomach of the impious wretch. Let no abundance satisfy her, and let her overcome my utmost power to feed."

The poet seems to be using a figure. We feel that Famine is no more a god than is Cold. We sense that this personification is verging on the allegorical. In Horace's ode to Fortune, however, there is more cause for doubt: "Before thee ever stalks Necessity, grim goddess, with spikes and wedges in her brazen hand; the stout clamp and molten lead are also there. Thee Hope cherishes and rare Fidelity, her hand bound with cloth of white, nor refuses her companionship, whenever thou in hostile mood forsakest the houses of the great in mourning plunged."

One hardly feels that this is an allegory, but that Necessity, Hope, and Fidelity are in reality personal gods. Still, there comes a time when we are certain that the personification has passed into allegory. Recall the passage in the Aeneid wherein Sleep glides lightly down from the stars of heaven and seeks out Palinurus to bring him baleful dreams and sits on the high stern in the semblance of Phorbas waiting an opportunity to fling the unfortunate helmsman overboard. Sleep has done more than close the tired eyes of a dutiful seaman. She has
become a living character in epic. She has gone beyond the bounds set down by Johnson: "Fame tells a tale or Victory hovers over a general or perches on a standard; but Fame and Victory can do no more."

Once a personification has broken out of its stereotyped activity and begins to live and act as the substance in which it inheres as an accident, allegory is born. Frequently, especially in later Rome, personification took this liberty which is the third and perhaps most important step in the development of allegory. Philosophically, there must be a need to express an idea which transcends material means; then this abstraction becomes personified in some concrete form. Lastly, the form lives and breathes and, if it is a psychic state connected with morality, struggles.

The Greeks had long disputed over the allegorical interpretation of their gods. The Romans, their practical minds peculiarly bent toward personification, had long since concretized the abstractions of their literature and religion. One grand influence remained to summon allegory to a literary foreground, Christianity with its supernatural truths that defied direct transmission. From the day St. Paul wrote to the people of Corinth, "and the rock was Christ,"^{15} allegory became a means of Christian propaganda. Not only did the Greek Church in the persons of Justin, Clement, and Origen and the Latin Church with
pertullian, Hilary, Ambrose, Augustine, and Gregory the Great interpret passages of Scripture allegorically, but all the early Christians who wrote poetry worked allegorical themes into their lyrics and hymns.

It was into this atmosphere that Prudentius introduced his poetry. Until the advent of the Psychomachia, no poet had endeavored to sustain his allegory so fully through an entire work. Indeed, it seemed as though the literary ages had been long in preparation for this pure allegory. All the personifications already existed to be manipulated at the poet's wish. The minds of men were trained to follow hidden threads of a double theme. Christianity had taught men an appreciation of supersensible truths and had helped men recognize the psychological value of the moral war within themselves. The world's days were accomplished, and unfortunately a lyric poet chose to perform a feat reserved for epic minds. After so much preparation we should have to confess sadly that "a mouse was born" were it not that the influence of the Psychomachia was far superior to its literary excellence. The inner struggle of the soul with passion passed into a favorite theme of mediaeval letters, and the literary form that first found expression in Prudentius became the model for works of surpassing literary merit: the Romance of the Rose, the Vision of Piers Plowman, the Faerie Queene, Pilgrim's Progress, and the mass of Mystery and Morality Plays.
Prudentius gave the impetus to pure allegory. Therefore, in calculating the position of the *Psychomachia* the question is not so much: How great a poem is the *Psychomachia*? but rather, what influence has it had? Chiefly because of this historical eminence in the field of allegorical poetry have we set the poem down in what we sincerely believe to be its first English dress, hoping it may still retain something of the rustic air that characterizes the original.
NOTES TO PART II


5. See Cicero, De Natura Deorum, I, xv, 36. Cum vero Hesiodi theogoniam id est originem deorum interpretatur, tollit om-nino usitatas perceptasque cognitiones deorum; neque enim Jovem neque Junonem neque Vestam neque quemquam qui ita appelletur in deorum habet numero, sed rebus inanimis atque mutis per quandam significationem haec docet tributa nomina.

6. A fuller discussion of this allegorizing spirit may be found in Anne Bates Hersman's Studies in Greek Allegorical Interpretation, Chicago, The Blue Sky Press, 1906, and in Paul Decharme's La Critique des Traditions Religieuses chez les Grecs.

7. See Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, III, 978 and following. "Hic Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita."

8. For examples of such allegories see Hatch, Hibbert Lectures, 1888, pages 50-65.


10. Ibid, xviii, 535.

11. Hesiod, Theogony, 211 and following.

12. Ovid, Metamorphoses, viii, 790 and following.


15. I Cor. x, 4. St. Paul also has a decided allegorical interpretation of Abraham and his two wives in Gal. iv, 22 and following.
Clive S. Lewis in The Allegory of Love enunciates an interesting thesis. He believes that, as men became more conscious of the moral struggle in their natures and as the "twilight of the gods" dimmed, men turned within themselves in an effort to express their bellum intestinem. He sees in the Thebeid of Statius the gods without their personality playing allegorical roles that signify the mental states of men. Therefore, the Thebeid, if Lewis is right, would be a forerunner of the Psychomachia. Lewis himself, I fear, would fall under Socrates' censure. However, be that as it may, the Thebeid can scarcely be called a pure allegory, nor can any other literary product of classical antiquity.

Note: In the translation that follows the asterisks indicate places in the poem that are treated in the Commentary.
PART III
THE PSYCHOMACHIA

Preface

Senex fidelis, prima credendi via
Abram, beati seminis serus pater,
adiecta cuius nomen auxit syllaba,
Abram parenti dictus, Abraham deo,
 senile pignus qui dicavit victimae
docens, ad aram cum litare quis velit,
quod dulce cordi, quod pium, quod unicum,
deo libenter offerendum credito,
pugnare nosmet cum profanis gentibus
'suasit suumque suasor exemplum dedit
 nec ante prolem coniugalem gignere
deo placentem, matre virtute editam,
quam strage multa bellicosus spiritus
portenta cordis servientis vicerit.

Victum feroces forte reges ceperant
Loth inmorantem criminosis urbibus,
Sodomae et Gomorrae, quas fovebat advena
pollens honore patruelis gloriae.
Abram sinistris excitatus nuntiis

audit propinquum sorte captum bellica
servire duris barbarorum vinculis.
PART III
TRANSLATION OF THE PSYCHOMACHIA

Preface

Abram, the faithful* patriarch, is a guiding way of belief. In his old age* he became the parent of a glorious lineage and had another syllable added to his name. He was called Abram by his father, Abraham by God.* He consecrated the son of his late years* as a sacrifice wherein he taught all those who wish to make an offering at the altar that they should freely give the God of their belief that which is dearest, most reverenced, and irreplaceable. Abraham exhorts us to give battle with unholy tribes,* and the exhorter himself gives us an example that we should not bring forth legitimate children* pleasing to God, children whose mother is virtue, until a great carnage wrought by our warlike spirits* has vanquished the monsters* that enslave our hearts.

Fierce kings* chanced to overcome Lot and take him prisoner while he was sojourning in the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrha. He loved those cities, and they honored him because of his uncle's greatness. Abram heard the sad tidings and learned that his nephew was a prisoner of war bound by cruel barbarian chains. He armed three hun-
armat trecentos terque senos vernulas,
pergant ut hostis terga euntis caedere,
quem gaza dives ac triumphus nobilis
captis tenebant impeditum copiis.
quen ipse ferrum stringit et plenus deo
reges superbos mole praedarum graves
pellit fugatos, sauciatus proterit.
frangit catenas et rapinam liberat:
aurum, puellas, parvulos, monilia,
greges equarum, vasa, vestem, buculas.
Loth ipse ruptis expeditus nexibus
attriba bacis colla liber erigit,
Abram triumph dissipator hostici
redit recepta prole fratri inclytus,
ne quam fidelis sanguinis prosapiam
vis pessimorum possideret principum.
adhuc recentem caede de tanta virum
donat sacerdos ferculis caelestibus,
40. dei sacerdos rex et idem praepotens
(origo cuius fonte inenarrabili
secreta nullum prodit auctorem sui,)
Melchisedec, qua stirpe, quis maioribus
ignotus, uni cognitus tantum deo.
mox et triformis angelorum trinitas
senis revisit hospitis mapalia,
dred and eighteen* servants to make a rear attack on the enemy as they fled encumbered by the rich treasures they had taken in their glorious triumph. Abraham himself, inspired by God, drew a sword, struck down the proud kings as they fled under the weight of their booty, and trampled over the wounded. He broke the chains and released all that had been captured: gold, young women, children, jewels,* herds of mares, vessels, raiment, and heifers. Lot was set free from his bonds and freely raised his neck, abraded by the links* of the chains. When Abram had thus put to naught his enemy's triumph, he returned with the glory of having saved his brother's son so that none of his faithful blood* would pass into the keeping of the wicked princes:* power.

While he is still bloody from such a slaughter the priest offers the man sacred dishes - God's priest, a powerful king whose origin and father are shrouded in mystery, Melchisedech,* whose family and ancestry are unknown to all save God.

Soon three angels* visit the lodge* of the hospitable old man, and Sara's withered womb* becoming fertile, the shriveled mother in her wonder knows the function of youth, joyful over her heir and repenting for having laughed* derisively.
et iam vietam Sarra in alvum fertilis
munus iuventae mater exsanguis stupet
herede gaudens et cachinni paenitens.

50. Haec ad figuram praenotata est linea,
quam nostra recto vita resculpat pede:
vigilandum in armis pectorum fidelium
ommemque nostri portionem corporis,
quae capta foedae serviat libidini,
domi coactus liberandam viribus,
nos esse large vernularum divites,
si, quid trecenti bis novenis additis
possint, figura noverimus mystica.
mox ipse Christus, qui sacerdos verus est,

60. parente natus alto et ineffabili,
cibum beatis offerens victoribus
parvam pudici cordis intrabit casam
monstrans honorem trinitatis hospitae;
animam deinde spiritus complexibus
pie maritam, prolis expertem diu,
faciet perenni fertilem de semine,
tunc sera dotem possidens puerpera
herede digno patris inplebit domum.
This is the line which being figuratively set down our lives graven deeper as we follow it along. We must be watchful with the weapons of a faithful heart, and should some part of our bodies fall into the slavery of vile passions, we must rally all the forces of our household and set them free. We are more than rich in slaves if we but know the power in that mystical number, three hundred and eighteen."

Soon Christ himself, who is the true priest born of an exalted parent transcending words, will offer food to His happy victors and will enter the lowly lodge of a humble heart manifesting the glory of a visit from the Trinity. Then the soul, His affectionate spouse, will be embraced by the Spirit and fecundated by His perpetual seed after her long sterility. In her years, the endowed mother will bless her home with a son worthy of his father.
Christe, graves hominum semper miserate labores, 
qui patria virtute cluis propriaque sed una - 
unum namque deum colimus de nomine utroque, 
non tamen et solum, quia tu deus ex patre, Christe - 
dissere, rex noster, quo milite pellere culpas 
mens armata queat nostri de pectoris antro, 
exoritur quotiens turbatis sensibus intus 
sebitio atque animam morborum rixa fatigat, 
quod tunc praesidium pro libertate tuenda 
quaev acies furiis inter praecordia mixtis 
obsistat meliore manu. nec enim, bone ductor, 
magnarum virtutum inopes nervisque carentes 
christiconas vitiis populantibus exposuisti; 
ipse salutiferas obsesso in corpore turmas 
depugnare iubes, ipse excellentibus armas 
artibus ingenium, quibus ad ludibria cordis 
obpugnanda potens tibi dimicet et tibi vincat. 
vincendi praesens ratio est, si comminus ipsas 
virtutum facies et conluctantia contra 
viribus infestis liceat portenta notare.
PSYCHOMACHIA

O Christ, whose tender heart beats pityingly for our heavy travail, Thy Father's power is Thy diadem. 'Tis Thine as well as His, for Ye are two in one. We bow before one God though we call Him by two titles. Still, we do not worship one Person, for Thou, O Christ, art God, seed of Thy Father. Teach us, O loving King, what soldiery the mind can marshal to rout the sinful hordes within the sanctuary of our breasts whenever our troubled senses fan the flame of insurrection in our fallen natures, and our spirit charges ceaselessly upon our lower appetites. What garrison will then stand a more impregnable protector of our freedom? What phalanx will be irresistible in the face of the raging demons in our souls? King of our hearts, when Thou subjectest Christians to the ravages of sin, Thou showerest them with grace and virtue. Thou orderest troops to strengthen our souls and war within our beleaguered bodies. Thou armest our natures with valiant weapons so we can beat down the foibles of our hearts, give battle in Thy name and in Thy name conquer.

Our impulse to conquer will be quickened if Thou showest us fair Virtue's countenance in close familiarity and then pointest out what grave monsters' hostile strength is spent in fighting her.
Prima petit campum dubia sub sorte duelli
puognatwra Fides agresti turbida cultu,
nuda umeros, intonsa comas, exerta lacertos;
namque repentinus laudis calor ad nova fervens
proelia nec telis meminit nec tegmine cingi,
pectore sed fidens valido membrisque retectis
pròvocat insani frangenda pericula belli.
ecce lacessentem conlatis viribus audet
prima ferire Fidem veterum Cultura deorum.

illa hostile caput faleraataque tempora vittis
altior insurgens labefactat et ora cruore
de pecudum satiata solo adplicat et pede calcat
elisos in morte oculos animamque malignam
fracta intercepti commercia gutturis artant
difficilemque obitum suspircia longa fatigant.
exultat victrix legio, quam mille coactam
martyribus regina Fides animarat in hostem.
nunc fortes socios parta pro laude coronat
floribus ardentiique iubet vestirier ostro.
The first to take the field and try to swing the balance of war is belligerent Faith. Her rustic dress is disordered, her shoulders bare, her hair disheveled, her arms uncovered; for suddenly a love of praise has flared up in her, driving her on to fresh conflicts. She has no mind for weapons. She has no thought of a shield. Trusting her own valiant heart and unarmed body, she challenges the threatening enemy to come out and meet their doom in the mad war.

To pick up the challenge the first champion daringly leaps from the opposite ranks. She throws her whole fury into the attack and strikes at Faith. It is Worship of the Ancient Gods. Faith rises to her full stature, strikes off her enemy's head with its fillet-bedecked brow, brings to earth those lips that of yore had drunk deep draughts of blood from sacrificial victims, and grinds her bulging glassy eyes beneath her heel. Communication with the outer air is severed by the cleavage of her throat, and thus her wicked breath is penned up in her body. Long, drawn-out sighs sap all her strength. Her death is agonizing.

A dance of victory goes round that legion of a thousand martyrs emboldened by Queen Faith against the foe. Now she orders flowery crowns and robes of brilliant purple put upon her brave allies for their new-won honor.
Exim gramineo in campo concurrere prompta
virgo Pudicitia speciosis fulget in armis,
quam patrias succincta faces Sodomita Libido
adgreditur piceamque ardentis sulpure pinum
ingerit in faciem pudibundaque lumina flammis
adpetit et taetro temptat subfundere fumo,
sed dextram furiae flagrantis et ignea dirae
tela lupae saxo ferit inperterrata virgo
excussasque sacro taedas depellit ab ore.
tunc exarmatae iugulum meretricis adacto
transfigit gladio; calidos vomit illa vapores
sanguine concretos caenosae, spiritus inde
sordibus exhalans vicinas polluit auras.
"hoc habet," exclamat victrix regina, "supremus
hic tibi finis erit, semper prostrata iacebis
nec iam mortiferas audebis spargere flammis
in famulos famulasque dei, quibus intima casti
vena animi sola fervet de lampade Christi.
tene, o vexatrix hominum, potuisse resumptis
viribus extincti captis realescere flatu,
Assyrium postquam thalamum cervix Olofernatis
cæsa cupidineo madefactum sanguine lavit
gemmantemque torum moechi ducis aspera Iudith
sprevit et incestos conpescuit ense furores,
Then, onto the grassy field, eager for combat; bright in her beautiful armor, dashes the virgin Chastity. Lust, Sodom’s daughter, flourishes the brands of her birthplace as she rushes forth to meet the Virtue. She thrusts her pitchy faggot of pine, aflame with sulphur, into Chastity’s face as she lunges at those modest eyes with her fire and tries to stifle the Virtue with murky smoke. Undisturbed, the maiden strikes the raging fury’s right arm and the wild strumpet’s fiery weapons with a rock, fending the pitch torch from her face and knocking it to the ground. In a thrice she sweeps out her sword and pierces the throat of the disarmed courtesan. Steaming clots of fetid blood pour out upon the ground, and the foul stench of her breath pollutes the air about.

"Victory!" cries the elated queen, "at last thou hast really met thy doom." Be the dust thy couch forever. Never more shalt thou dare to flourish thy death-dealing brands in the midst of the children of God. Their chaste hearts are kindled only with the flame of passion for Christ.

"Thou, scourge of mankind, couldst regain thy strength and breathe new life into thy death-chilled form once Holofernes’ hacked-off neck had drenched the Assyrian chamber with his lustful blood." Stout-hearted Judith spurned the jeweled couch of this lecherous chief and balked with her
famosum mulier referens ex hoste tropaeum
non trepidante manu, vindex mea caelitus audax:
at fortasse parum fortis matrona sub umbra
legis adhuc pugnans, dum tempora nostra figurat,
vera quibus virtus terrena in corpora fluxit,
grande per infirmos caput excisura ministros:
umquid et intactae post partum virginis, ex quo
corporis humani naturam pristina origo
deseruit carnemque novam vis ardua sevit
atque innupta deum concepit femina Christum,
mortali de matre hominem sed cum patre numen.
inde omnis iam diva caro est, quae concepit illum
naturamque dei consortis foedere sumit.
verbum quippe caro factum non destitit esse
quod fuerat, verbum, dum carnis glutinat usum,
maiestate quidem non degenerante per usum
carnis, sed miseros ad nobiliora trahente.
ille manet, quod semper erat, quod non erat, esse
incipiens; nos, quod fuimus, iam non sumus, aucti
nascedo in melius: mihi contulit et sibi mansit,
sword the fury of his onrushing passion.* What a trophy that valiant woman bore back from the enemy's camp in her steady hand! Hers was a boldness from on high—my fearless avenger!

"Yet, perchance, this brave matron's* victory did not endure because she fought under the Old Law,* a mere shadow of these our days when perfect Chastity flows through mortal veins, and the mighty head of Vice falls at the stroke of puny hands. But now that an all-chaste Virgin* has come into the world, where is thy dominion? At her coming* the original sinful nature of human flesh slipped from mankind, and power from on high planted flesh anew.*

"Virgin flesh conceived a God* and brought forth Christ. His mother was a mortal; He was man. Still, like His Father, He was God.* Henceforth, that flesh is wholly blessed which once bore Him and now partakes of the nature of God because of its marriage bond with Him.* Yet, in becoming flesh the Word ceased not to be what He had ever been—the Word;* though now He was united humanly with flesh.

The majesty of God did not lower itself by union with our flesh; rather, He raised His wretched creatures to His throne. He remained what He had always been; what He had not been, He now began to be. No longer are we what we were, since we are now enriched by our birth* to a vast in-
nec deus ex nostris minuit sua, sed sua nostris
dum tribuit, nosmet dona ad caelestia vexit.
dona haec sunt, quod victa iaces, lutulentä Libido,
nec mea post Mariam potis es perfringere iura.
tu princeps ad mortis iter, tu ianua leti,
corpora conmaculans animas in tartara mergis.
abde caput tristi iam, frigida pestis, abysso,
occide, prostibulum, manes pete, claudere Averno,
inque tenebrosum noctis detrudere fundum!
te volvant subter vada flammea, te vada nigra,
sulpureusque rotet per stagna sonantia vertex,
nec iam christicolas, furiarum maxima, temptes,
ut purgata suo serventur corpora regi."
dixerat haec et laeta Libidinis interfectae
morte Pudicitia gladium Iordanis in undis
abluit infectum, sanies cui rore rubenti
haeserat et nitidum macularat vulnere ferrum.
expiat ergo aciem fluviali docta lavacro
victricem victrix abolens baptismate labem
hostilis iuguli nec iam contenta piatum
condere vaginae gladium, ne tecta rubigo
occupet ablutum scabrosa sorde nitorem,
nance. We have gained; though He has not lost. God is no poorer on our account, for when He made the presentation of His gifts, He raised us to the heaven He gave us.

"Such blessings as these hath He given. Thou, O fetid lust, hast fallen in thy own blood. Since Mary's birth thou canst no longer play my tyrant. Thou, the highroad to death and the gate of hell, befoolest bodies and plungest souls into eternal torment. Away with thee. Into the black abyss, thou clammy monster. Die, trollopy. Get thee hence to the dead. Devour her, hell. Swallow her, O ye dark depths. Wouldst that thou wast cast about in the flaming sea and swirled through the blackened waters and the sulfurous maelstrom of the hissing pool. Avoid the Christians, O thou naddest of furies, so that their cleansed flesh may be preserved without taint for Christ their King."

Chastity stops. In high spirits over the death of the 100. Vice she has slain, she washes the stains from her sword in the waters of the Jordan, for blood has stuck to it like scarlet dew, and the steel is marked by the enemy's wound. The victor's blade once more gleams in the waters of purification, for the victorious maiden is wise in removing the blood of her enemy's throat by this ablution.

Now, reluctant to sheath the freshened sword for fear that cancerous rust should eat away its bright gleam, Chas-
catholicus in templo divini fontis ad aram consecrat, aeterna splendens ubi luce coruscet.

Ecce modesta gravi stabat Patientia vultu

110. per medias inmota acies variosque tumultus
vulneraque et rigidis vitalia pervia pilis
spectabat defixa oculos et lenta manebat.
hanc procul Ira tumens, spumanti fervida dictu,
sanguinea intorquens subfuso lumina felle,
ut belli exsortem teloque et voce lacessit
inpatiens morae conto petit, increpat ore
hyrsutas quatiens galeato in vertice cristas:
"en tibi, Martis," ait, "spectatrix libera nostri,
exipe mortiferum securro pectore ferrum

120. nec doles, quia turpe tibi gemuisse dolorem."
sic ait et stridens sequitur convicia pinus
per teneros crispata notos et certa sub ipsum
defertur stomachum rectoque inliditur ictu,
sest resilit duro loricae excussa repulsu.
provida nam virtus conserto adamante trilicem
tity dedicates her weapon in a Catholic temple* at the altar of the Divine Fount where it may gloriously shine in everlasting splendor.

Motionless, modest Patience* stands in the midst of the armies. Her grave eyes view the several violent encounters, the wounded men with entrails pierced by harsh javelins.* She lowers her eyes and stands quietly.

Then from across the field Anger, swollen with rage and furiously frothing from her gaping mouth, rolls her bloody eyes surcharged with bitterness, brandishes her spear and taunts the Virtue for not casting in her lot with war. She cannot bide her time. Hurling her pike* and shouting the while, Anger grazes the bristly crest* of Patience's helmed head.

"Let that be thine, thou detached gazer at our strife,*" she cries. "Take thou my deadly steel to thy protected breast. Don't grieve. 'Tis wrong for thee to murmur over pain."*

She pauses. A whistling pine shaft which she hurls through the light air takes up the noise of her abuse. Straight to the pit of Patience's stomach it flies; strikes her squarely and rebounds, turned back by the strong resistance of her cuirass* (for the Virtue with forethought has
induerat thoraca umeris squamosaque ferri

texta per intortos commiserat undique nervos;

inde quieta manet Patientia, fortis ad omnes
telorum nimbos et non penetrabile durans,

nec mota est iaculo monstri sine more furentis

opperiens propriis perituram viribus Iram.

scilicet indomitos postquam stomachando lacertos

barbara bellatrix inpenderat et iaculorum

nube supervacuam lassaverat inrita dextram,

cum ventosa levi cecidissent tela volatu

iactibus et vacuis hastilia fracta iacerent,

vertitur ad capulum manus inproba et ense corusco

conisa in plagam dextra sublimis ab aere

erigitur mediumque ferit librata cerebrum.

aerea sed cocto cassis formata metallo

тинним перкусс оберт асимикуш ретундуит

dura resultantem, frangit quoque vena rebellis

inlisum chalybem, dum cedere nescia cassos

excipit adsultus ferienti et tuta resistit.

Ira ubi truncati mucronis fragmina vidit

et procul in partes ensem crepuisse minutas,
clad her shoulders in a triple-woven corselet reinforced by steel and has completely covered this with iron scales twisted into the fabric. *)

Quietly Patience holds her ground. Courageously she faces the full shower of weapons, of which not one inflicts a wound. The javelin of this unusually vicious monster no whit disturbs her calm as Patience waits for Anger to exhaust herself. And so, forsooth, when that barbarian ³ warrioress has spent her unruly strength in passion and with a cloud of ineffectual weapons has uselessly wearied her right arm; when her ill-sent arrows after a swift flight have found their target in the earth; when futile hurling has strewn broken shafts about; then, clutching the hilt of her sword in her wicked hand and putting all her might into the blow, she raises the gleaming blade high above the right side of her head, poises it, and comes down full across Patience's brain.

Patience's bronze casque of forged metal rings with the blow and stoutly turns back the rebounding blade. The striking steel is shattered. Unyieldingly the casque withstands the futile attack and safely wards off the smiting foe.

When Anger sees the pieces of her truncated sword and the tiny bits of steel rattling over the plain, she grips
iam capulum retinente manu sine pondere ferri
mentis inops ebur infelix decorisque pudendi
perfida signa abicit monumentaque tristia longe
spernit et ad proprium succenditur effera letum.
missile de multis, quae frustra sparserat, unum
pulvere de campi perversos sumit in usus:
rasile figit humi lignum ac se cuspide versa
perfodit et calido pulmonem vulnere transit.
quam superadsistens Patientia: "vicimus," inquit,
"exultans vitium solita virtute sine ullo
sanguinis ac vitae discrimine; lex habet istud
nostra genus belli, furias omnemque malorum
militiam et rabidas tolerando extinguere vires.
ipsa sibi est hostis vaesania seque furendo
interim moriturque suis Ira ignea telis."
haec effata secat medias inpune cohortes
egregio comitata viro; nam proximus Iob
haeserat invictae dura inter bella magistrae,
fronte severus adhuc et multo funere anhelus,
shed iam clausa truci subridens ulcera vultu
perque cicatricum numerum sudata recensens
milia pugnarum, sua praemia, dedecus hostis.
her now bladeless hilt in her fist and wildly flings away the unfortunate ivory - a traitorous remembrance of her scandalous renown. When she had thrust the sorry souvenir afar, a wild desire of suicide enflamed her heart. One of the missiles she has cast in vain she snatches from the dust for her evil purpose. She plants the smooth spear in the ground, point upward, and transfixes herself upon it opening a hot wound in her breast.

Patience stands beside her and proclaims: "Mine is the victory. Vice has fallen low before my wonted power. 'Twas not my blood nor life that ran the danger, for 'tis the Virtues' code of war to struggle thus. When Vice and sin grow furious with rage, we bear their charges and thus wear out their strength. Madness dies of self-enmity. In her fury she slays herself. Death comes to fiery Anger on her own spear point."

Her words ended, Patience safely cuts her way through the center of the cohorts, escorted by a far-famed hero. Job has clung close to the side of his invincible mistress since the hard battle began. His face is saddened still. He breathes deeply in his overwhelming sorrow. Yet, even now, his healed sores draw a smile through the sadness of his countenance, for by the number of his glorious wounds he tells the sweat of a thousand battles - his glory, the
illum diva iubet tandem requiescere ab omni
armorum strepitu captis et perdita quaeque
multiplicare opibus nec iam peritura referre.
ipsa globos legionum et concurrentia rumpit
agmina vulneros gradiens intacta per imbres.
omibus una comes virtutibus associatur
auxiliumque suum fortis Patientia miscet.
nulla anceps luctamen init virtute sine ista
virtus et vidua est, quam non Patientia firmat.

Forte per effusas inflata Superbia turmas
effreni volitabat equo, quem pelle leonis
texerat et validos villis oneraverat armos,
qu se fulta iubis iactantius illa ferinis
inferret tumido dispectans agmina fastu.
turritum tortis caput adcumularat in altum
crinibus, exstructos augeret ut addita cirros
congeries ex umeris summo collecta coibat
palla sinu teretem nectens a pectore nodum;
a cervice fluens tenui velamine limbus
concipit infestas textis turgentibus auras.
ignominy of his enemy.*!

At length Job's gracious comrade bids: "Rest here from all that noise of strife and take thou from the booty manyfold what thou hast lost. See thou comest not back this time, however, with things that perish."*

Into the masses of the legions and the engaged armies Patience breaks her way, advancing unscathed through the showers of weapons. Brave Patience is a friend of every Virtue.* To each she lends her strength. No Virtue leaps into the hazards of battle save that Virtue be with her, for she is ineffectual whom Patience does not strengthen.

Then through the scattered troops arrogant Pride* flies to and fro on an unbridled horse over whose back she has thrown a lion's skin. She has weighed down his powerful shoulders with shaggy hair so that she, seated in a wild beast's mane, might carry herself more haughtily, and pompously cast disdainful glances on the common soldiers. A turret of false hair is piled high on her head so that the added mass might increase her bountiful curls, and that a lofty headress might rise from her high straight brow.* A long robe of fine linen is gathered together at her shoulders and flows in a fulsome fold, tucked beneath her breast in a neat girdle. From her neck flutters a flimsy scarf, billowy in the onrushing wind."
nec minus instabili sonipes feritate superbit
inpatiens madidis frenarier ora lupatis,
huc illuc frendens obvertit terga negata
libertate fugae pressisque tumescit habenis.
hoc sese ostentans habitu ventosa virago
inter utramque aciem supereminet et faleratum
circumflectit equum vultuque et voce minatur
adversum spectans cuneum, quem milite raro
et paupertinis ad bella coegerat armis
Hens Humilis, regina quidem sed egens alieni
auxilii proprio nec sat confisa paratu.
Spem sibi collegam coniunxerat, edita cuius
et suspensa ab humo est Opulentia divite regno.
ergo Humilem postquam male sana Superbia Montem
vilibus instructam nullo ostentamine telis
aspicit, in vocem dictis se effundit amaris:
"non pudet, o miseris, plebeio milite claros
adtemptare duces ferroque laccassere gentem
insignem titulis, veteres cui bellica virtus
divitias peperit laetos et gramine colles
imperio calcare dedit? nunc advena nudus
nititur antiquos, si fas est, pellere reges!
No less proud is her trampling-footed mount, untamed and restless, impatient of the frothy, jagged curb that checks his mouth. Here and there he wheels, champing his bit. With no chance of flight, he heaves under the pressure of the reins.

Thus arrayed, the conceited virago makes her appearance. In the midst of both armies she stands out as she wheels her bedizened charger about and threatens with word and glance, looking at the enemy's serried ranks which, with hardly a fighting man and with the poorest weapons, has been drafted into the war by Humility - a queen,* indeed, but one reliant on foreign aid, mistrustful of her own resources.

Hope is her colleague. This Virtue's wealth is stored up and kept for her in a rich kingdom beyond this world. And so when headless Pride sees Humility most unpretentiously armed with poor weapons* she pours out her thoughts in bitter language:

"Do ye not blush, ye worthless men,* to try us noble leaders and challenge with your swords us titled lords whose warring valor has gained us ancient treasures and won for us beautiful hillsides of grain which we may trample down in overweening power? Now naked strangers want to war down ancient lords, if so they can! Behold what kind
en qui nostra suis in praedam cedere dextris
sceptrarum volunt, en qui nostras sulcarum novales
arvaque capta manu popularier hospite aratro
contendunt duros et pellere Marte colonos;
nempe - o ridiculum vulgus! - natalibus horis
totum hominem et calidos a matre ampleximur aut
vimeque potestatum per membra recentis alumni
spargimus et rudibus dominamur in ossibus omnes,
quis locus in nostra tunc vobis sede dabatur,
congentis cum regna simul dicionibus aequo
robure crescebant? nati nam luce sub una
et domus et domini paribus adolevimus annis,
ex quo plasma novum de consaepto paradisi
limite progression amplum transfugit in orbem
pellitosque habitus sumpsit venerabilis Adam,
nudus adhuc, ni nostra foret praecepta secutus,
quibilem iste ignotis hostis nunc surgit ab oris
inportunus, iners, infelix, degener, amens,
qui sibi tam serum ius vindicat, hactenus exult
nimimum vacuae credentur frivola famae,
que miseris optare iubet quandoque futuri
spem fortasse boni, lenta ut solacia mollem
desidiam pigro rerum meditamine palpent.
quid, ni illos spes palpet iners, quos pulvere in isto
tirones Bellona truci non excitat acre
inbellesque animos virtus tepfacta resoluit?
anne Pudicitiae gelidum iecur utile bello est,
an tenerum pietatis opus sudatur in armis?

240. quam pudet, O lavors et Virtus conscia, talem
contra stare aciem ferroque lacerisse nugas
et cum virgineis dextram conferre choraeis,
Iustitia est ubi semper egens et pauper Honestas,
arida Sobrietas, albo Ieiunia vultu,
sanguine vix tenui Pudor interfusus, aperta
Simplicitas et ad omne patens sine tegmine vulnus
et prostrata in humum nec libera iudice sese
Mens Humilis, quam degenerem trepidatio prodit!
faxo ego, sub pedibus stipularum more teratur

250. invalida ista manus; neque enim perfringere duris
dignarur gladiis algenti et sanguine ferrum
inbuere fragilique viros foedare triumfo."

Talia vociferans rapidum calcariibus urget
cornipedem laxisque volat teneraria frenis
hostem humilem cupiens impulsion umbonis equini
sternere deiectamque supercalcacare ruinam.

sed cadit in foveam praeceps, quam callida forte
Fraus interciso subfoderat aequore furtim,
Fraus detestandis vitiorum e pestibus una,
Suppose that idle Hope had not coaxed into that dust\* those recruits whom Bellona\* with her fierce trumpet could not stir. Would those craven spirits have rallied to a fireless virtue? Is Chastity's cold liver\* of service in war? Does Piety's tender solicitude sweat beneath a warrior's shield?

"What shame is mine, O Mars and my own interior Strength, that such a force should stand against me, and that I should have to raise my sword to challenge silliness and take up arms against a troop of dancing maidens: this ever-needy Justice and the pauper Honesty, dry Sobriety, pale-faced Fast, delicately blushing Modesty, and frank Simplicity who has no guard for any wound. And here, prostrate upon the ground, a slave by her own will, lies Humility whom fear has proved a coward. I shall see to it that under my feet, stubble-like, this motley band is trampled down. I disdain to force my way through them with tempered blades, in cold blood to stain my steel and bring on strong men ignominy through a weakling's victory."

Ranting so, she spurs on her swift charger. Freeing the reins, she flies heedlessly along burning with the desire to lay low her humble enemy by the impact of the boss on her horse's breastplate and to ride down her fallen foe. But she tumbles headlong into a pitfall which clever Fraud has dug across the plain in secret. Fraud, one of that
260. fallendi versuta opifex, quae praescia belli planitiem scrobibus vitiaverat insidiosis hostili de parte latens, ut fossa ruentes exciperet cuneos atque agmina mersa voraret, ac, ne fallacem puteum deprendere posset cauta acies, virgis adopertas texerat oras et superinposito simularat caespite campum. at regina humilis, quamvis ignara, manebat ulteriore loco nec adhuc ad fraudis opertum venerat aut foveae calcarat furta malignae.

270. hunc eques illa dolum, dum fertur praepete cursu, incidit et caecum subito patefecit hiatum. prona ruentis equi cervice involvitur ac sub pectoris impressu fracta inter crura rotatur. at virtus placidi moderaminis, ut levitatem prospicit obtritam monstri sub morte iacentis, intendit gressum mediocriter, os quoque parce erigit et comi moderatur gaudia vultu. cunctanti Spes fida comes succurrit et offert ultorem gladium laudisque inspirat amorem.

280. illa cruentatum correetis crinibus hostem protrahit et faciem laeva revocante supinat, tunc caput orantis flexa cervice resectum eripit ac madido suspendit colla capillo.
hateful swarm of vices, in deception a cunning artisan, knew beforehand of the battle and cut up the field with dangerous trenches, camouflaged from the enemy so that the ditches would receive the phalanxes and swallow the disappearing army. Moreover, so that the watchful troops might not detect the deceptive pit, she threw branches over its open mouth and sodded it to look like the field.

But the humble queen, altogether unsuspecting, stayed afar and had not as yet drawn near Fraud's opening, nor had she trod upon the hidden, evil pitfall.* It was into this trap that the rider had fallen as she dashed along and suddenly opened the concealed gap. Pride slips forward around her horse's neck as she falls violently down. She is pressed beneath the horse's chest and rolls between his broken legs.

The Virtue of gentle mien looks upon the crushed folly of the monster lying on the verge of death and calmly walks toward her, even raising her eyes a little as she tempers her joy and cheerful countenance. She hesitates. Hope, her faithful companion, runs to her aid holding out an avenging sword and fires her with love of praise.* Humility clutches her bloody foe by the hair and drags her free. Then she turns back Pride's face with the force of her left hand, cuts the head of the suppliant from her curved neck, snatches it up and swings it on high by its dripping hair.* Then
extinctum vitium sancto Spes increpat ore:
"desine grande loqui, frangit deus omne superbum,
magna cadunt, inflata crepant, tumefacta premuntur.
disce supercilium deponere, disce cavere
ante pedes foveam, quisquis sublina minaris!
pervulgata viget nostri sententia Christi
scandere celsa humiles et ad ima redire fercoses.
vidimus horrendum membris animisque Colian
invalida cecidisse manu: puerilis in illum
dextera funalit torsit stridore lapillum
traiectamque cavo penetravit vulnere frontem.
ille minax, rigidus, iactans, truculentus, amarus,
dum tumet indomitum, dum formidabile fervet,
dum sese ostentat, clipeo dum territat auras,
expertus, pueri quid possint ludicra parvi,
subcubu-bit teneris bellator turbidus annis.
me tunc ille puer virtutis pube secutus
florentes animos sursum in mea regna tetendit,
servatur quia certa mihi domus omnipotentis
sub pedibus domini meque ad sublime vocantem
victores caesa culpultur labre capessunt."
dixit et auratis praestringens aëra pinnis
in caelum se virgo rapit. mirantur euntem
Pope's holy tongue upbraids Pride as she lies in death.

"Let that be the end of thy grandiloquence. God shatters all things proud. Grandeur topples; distension bursts; things puffed up flatten. Learn to lower thy brow, and learn to shun the pit at thy feet, O thou who wouldst threaten haughtily. World-wide is the doctrine of our Christ: To the heights ascend the humble; to the depths the insolent once more come down. We have seen Goliath, terrible in form and spirit, felled by a weakling's hand. A boy's right hand cast a pebble at him with a swishing sling. It struck his forehead and entered by a hollow wound. That threatener, that unyielding braggadocio, cruel and bitter, even while he was puffed up as one undefeated, while he raged as a fearful enemy, even while he strutted about and with his shield made all the air vibrate, fully cognizant of the power of small boys' pranks, that blustering warrior fell victim to those tender years."

"I am the one that boy in his youthful virtue followed. He lifted his flowering soul high into my kingdom and he is saved, for I have a certain dwelling at the feet of the omnipotent Lord. It is whom, calling them on high, victors seek when the stain of sin has been obliterated."

She had spoken. Beating the air with golden wings, the Virgin flew to heaven. The Virtues, wondering at her
virtutes tolluntque animos in vota volentes
ire simul, ni bella duces terrena retardent.
conflagunt vitiiis seques ad sua praemia servant.

310. Venerat occiduis mundi de finibus hostis,
Luxuria extinctae iam dudum prodigis famae,
delibuta comas, oculis vaga, languida voce,
perdita deliciis, vitae cui causa voluptas,
elumbem mollire animum, petulanter amoenas
haurire inlecebras et fractos solvere sensus.
ac tunc pervigilem ructabat marcida cenam,
sub lucem quia forte iacens ad fercula raucos
audierat lituos atque inde tepentia linquens
pocula lapsanti per vina et balsama gressu
ebria calcatis ad bellum floribus ibat.
non tamen illa pedes, sed curru inventa venusto
saucia mirantium capiebat corde virorum.
o nova pugnandi species! non ales harundo
nervum pulsa fugit nec stridula lancea torto
emicat amento, frameam nec dextra minatur,
sed violas lasciva iacit foliosisque rocarum
dimicat et calathos inimica per agnina fundit.
inde e blanditis virtutibus halitus inlex
inspirat tenerum labefacta per ossa venenum
et male dulcis odor domat ora et pectora et arma
ferratosque toros obliso robure mulcit.
departure, lifted their hearts in prayer and longed to go with her, but their leaders were held back on earth. They give battle to Vice, and they themselves are saved.

From the western bounds of the earth came the next champion of the Vices - Sensuality. Long ruined though her reputation was, she threw it to the winds with perfumed hair and dreamy eyes and languid voice. She had abandoned herself to luxury. Life for her was pleasure, the easing of an enervated spirit, a wanton draught of love's enticements in which to drown one's jaded senses. Even now she is pale-facedly retching an all-night dinner, for unto dawn perchance has she lain at table listening to the shrill trumpets. When she arose from her warm cups she staggered with wine and balsam. Drunk, her corsage crushed, she goes to war. She is not on foot; but, riding in a charming chariot she captures the wounded hearts of wonder-struck men. Ah, a new kind of warfare! No winged shaft flies from its taut bowstring; no whistling spear flashes from its twisted thong; nor does a javelin poise threatenly in her hand. Rather, the wanton strews violets and gives battle with rose leaves as she empties baskets of flowers throughout the enemy's lines. Then, when she has cajoled the Virtues, her seductive breath fills their weakened limbs with a pleasing poison. An insidiously sweet scent overpowers their heads, their breasts, their weapons. Iron-clad muscles lose
deiciunt animos ceu victi et spicula ponunt
turpiter, heu, dextris languentibus obstupefacti,
dum currum varia gemmarum luce micantem
mirantur, dum bratteolis crepitantia lora
et solido ex auro pretiosi ponderis axem
defixis, inhiant obtutibus et radiorum
argento albentem seriem, quam summa rotarum
flexura electri pallentis continet orbe.
et iam cuncta acies in deditioinis amorem
sponte sua versis transibat perfida signis
Luxuriae servire volens dominaeque fluentis
iura pati et laxa ganearum lege teneri.
ingemuit tam triste nefas fortissima virtus
Sobrietas dextra socios decedere cornu
invictamque manum quondam sine caede perire.
vexillum sublime crucis, quod in agmine primo
dum bona praetulerat, defixa cuspide sistit
instauratque leuem dictis mordacibus alam
exstimulans animos nunc probris, nunc prece mixta:
"quis furor insanas agitat caligine mentes,
quo ruitis, cui colla datis, quae vincula tandem -
pro pudor - armigeris amor est perferre lacertis,
their strength and soften. Spirits droop like those of vanquished men. Spears are stacked in cowardice. Alas, right hands fall powerless as men stand stunned, admiring her chariot sparkling in its varied gleam of gems, gaping with bewitched expressions at the gold leaf tinkling on the reins and at the solid gold axle of precious weight, wondering at the white succession of silver spokes whose rim is a circle of white gold.* Now the whole line is basely yielding to a desire of surrender.* Of their own accords, traitorously they give over their standards* wishing to be slaves of Sensuality, to swear allegiance to a soft queen, and to obey the loose law of the brothel.*

This mean treason wrung a cry from that firm Virtue, Sobriety. "My friends on the right wing are giving way. That troop has never been defeated. They are dying without bloodshed."

The lofty Standard of the Cross** which this noble leader has carried forth in the front ranks** is fixed to a spear. She plants it in the ground and confronts the softening wing with words that bite, stirring their hearts now with abuse, now seasoning her speech with pleading.

"What dark madness drives your minds insane? Whither are ye fleeing? To whom are ye giving your necks? What chains, at length, for shame, do your soldier arms desire
lilia luteolis interlucentia sertis
et ferrugineo vernantes flore coronas?
his placet adsuetas bello iam tradere palmas
nexibus, his rigidas nodis innectier ulnas,
ut mitra caesariem cohibens aurata virilem
combitat infusum croceo relegamine nardum,
post inscripta oleo frontis signacula, per quae
unguentum regale datum est et chrisma perenne,
ut tener incessus vestigia syrmate verrat
sericaque infractis fluitent ut pallia membris
post inmortalem tunicam, quam pollice docto
texuit alma Fides dans inpenetrabile tegmen
pectoribus lotis, dederat quibus ipsa renasci,
inde ad nocturnas epulas, ubi cantharus ingens
despuit effusi spumantia damna Falerni
in mensam cyathis stillantibus, uda ubi multo
fulora mero veterique toreumata rore rigantur?
excidit ergo animis eremi sitis, excidit ille
fons patribus de rupe datus, quem mystica virga
elicuit scissi salientem vertice saxi?
angelicusne cibus prima in tentoria vestris
fluxit avis, quem nunc sero felicior aevo
vespertinus edit populus de corpore Christi?
his vos inbutos dapibus iam crapula turpis
to bear? Golden garlands* of shining lilies and wreaths of fresh purple flowers!* Are these the bonds that now bind hands hardened in war? Are these the knots that tie strong arms so that a golden mitre* worn over the black locks of valiant men will soak up spikenard poured upon its saffron band? This, even after your foreheads have been signed with oil* to signify that ye were given royal unction and everlasting chrism!* Will ye let trailing robes* sweep the footprints of your effeminate gait? Will silken robes* flutter on your weakened limbs, despite the fact an eternal tunic was laid upon you by the skilled hands* of Mother Faith who gave you that impenetrable shield* for your cleansed breast when she herself filled you with new life?*

Can ye then go to night banquets where an enormous decanter* of Falernian* overflows and pours out sparkling losses onto the table from dripping ladles, where the couches soak in rich wine and their coverings are drenched in rare vintage?

"Have ye then forgotten the thirst of the desert?" Do ye no longer recall that fountain sprung from the crag for your fathers* which the wonderful rod caused to leap from the top of the split rock? Did not the bread of angels fall at the first pitching of tents for your ancestors?*

Now, at a later day, a more fortunate people of the western world eat that bread from the Body of Christ. Ye, nourished at such banquets, are now driven by irresistible inebriation
Luxuriae ad madidum rapit inportuna lupanar,
quoque viros non Ira fremens, non idola bello
cedere compulerant, saltatrix ebria floxit!
state, precor, vestri memores, memores quoque Christi;
quae sit vestra tribus, quae gloria, quis deus et rex,
quis dominus, meminisse decet: vos nobile Iudae
germin ad usque dei genetricem, qua deus ipse
eset homo, procerum venistis sanguine longo.
excitet egregias mentes celeberrima David
gloria continuis bellorum exercita curis,
extet et Samuel, spolium qui divite ab hoste
adrectare vetat nec victum vivere regem
incircumcisum patitur, ne praeda superstes
victorem placidum recidiva in proelia poscat.
parcere iam capto crimen putat ille tyranno,
at vobis contra vinci et subcumbere votum est.
paeniteat, per siqua movet reverentia summi
numinis, hoc tam dulce malum voluisse nefanda
prodigione sequi; si paenitet, haud nocet error.
paenituit Ionathan ieiunia sobria dulci
conviolasse favo sceptri mellisque sapore,
heu, male gustato, regi dum blanda voluptas
oblectat iuvenem iurataque sacra resolvit.
sed quia paenituit, nec sors lacrimabilis illa est
to the drunken brothels of base Sensuality. What men are these whom raging Anger and Idolatry could not wear down in battle; yet are swayed by dancing drunkenness?*

"Hold, I pray ye. Remember yourselves. Be mindful, too, of Christ.* It is but fitting that we call to mind of what race ye have sprung, what glory is yours, who is your God and King and who your Master. Ye are come from the noble seed of Juda, traced through a long line of ancestors to the Mother of God by whom God Himself became Man. Let your great souls be stirred by David's** far-flung glory which ever rode the crests of war's troubled sea. Let Samuel be your inspiration. He forbade the spoliation of his wealthy enemy* and did not permit the conquered king to live uncircumcised lest the surviving captive challenge the peace of the victor to renewed strife.* That man deemed it a sin to pardon a captured ruler. But ye, unlike him, consecrate yourselves to chains and submission. For the love of God, if any love of the Divine Majesty yet moves ye, do penance for this pleasant sin which ye have sought by this unspeakable surrender. Should ye repent little harm will come of your mistake.* Jonathan repented when he broke his frugal fast with the honeycomb** he tasted from his staff - alas, an unfortunate taste, for the luring pleasure of the kingdom attracted the young man*** and he broke his sacred oath. However, since he repented his lot is not lamentable, nor did
nec tinguit patrias sententia saeva secures.
en ego Sobrietas, si conspirare paratis,
pando viam cunctis virtutibus, ut malesuada
Luxuries multo stipata satellite poenas
cum legione sua Christo sub iudice pendent."

Sic effata crucem domini ferventibus offert
obvia quadriiugis lignum venerabile in ipsos
intentans frenos. quod ut expavere feroces,
cornibus obphansis et summa fronte curasccum
vertunt praecipitem caeca formidine fusi
per praerupta fugam. fertur resupina reductis
nequiquam loris auriga comamque madentem
pulvere foedatur, tunc et vertigo rotarum
explicat excussam dominam; nam prona sub axem
labitur et lacero tardat sufflamine currum.
addit Sobrietas vulnus letale iacenti
coniciens silicem rupis de parte molarem.
hunc vexilliferae, quoniam fors obtulit, ictum
spicula nulla manu sed belli insigne gerenti
casus agit saxum, medii spiramen ut oris
frangeret et recavo misceret labra palato.
dentibus introrsum resolutis lingua resectam
dilaniata gulam frustis cum sanguinis inplet.
the dread sentence stain his father's ax.

"Behold, I, Sobriety, if ye are ready to join me, shall open the way for all Virtues so that seductive Sensuality, surrounded by her thronging retinue, shall pay the penalty before Christ the judge with all her cohorts."

Her speech ended, Sobriety thrusts the cross of the Lord in the path of the four spirited steeds and threateningly wields the sacred wood about their very bridles. This cross, with its outstretched arms and gleaming topmost part strikes the fiery horses with terror. They wheel around in headlong flight, blinded by fear, and gallop over the rough plain. Vainly leaning back and tugging at the reins, her perfumed hair matted with dust, the charioteer is borne along. She falls. The turning wheels snatch her up as she slips forward under the axle. Like a mangled clog she slows down the chariot.

Sobriety deals her the death-blow where she lies, tearing a piece of flint from the side of the crag, for fortune had favored the standard-bearer with this stroke since she carried no spear in her hand, only the standards of war. Chance offered Sobriety this rock so she could dam the stream of Sensuality's life in the very middle of the Vice's face by massing together her lips and inner palate. She smashes in her teeth. Her crushed tongue fills
insolitis dapibus crudescit guttur et ossa
conliquefacta vorans revomit, quas hauserat offas.
"ebibe iam proprium post pocula multa cruorem,"
virgo ait increpitans, "sint haec tibi fercula tandem
tristia praeteriti nimiis pro dulcibus aevi,
430. lascivas vitas inlecebras gustatus amarae
mortis et horrificos sapor ultimus asperet haustus!"
caede ducis dispersa fugit trepidante pavore
nugatrix acies: Iocus et Petulantia primi
cymbala proiciunt; bellum nam talibus armis
ludebant resono meditantes vulnera sistro.
dat tergum fugitivus Amor, lita tela veneno
et lapsum ex umeris arcum faretranque cadentem
pallidus ipse metu sua post vestigia linquit.
Pompa, ostentatrix vani splendoris, inani
440. exuitur nudata peplo, discissa trahuntur
serta Venustatis collique ac verticis aurum
solvitur et gemmas Discordia dissona turbat.
non piget adtritis pedibus per acuta fructecta
ire Voluptatem, quoniam vis maior acerbam
compellit tolerare fugam, formido pericli
praedurat teneras itor ad cruciabile plantas.
her broken throat with clots of blood. Such unwonted a meal gags Sensuality, and she spits out powdered bones and vomits forth what pieces she has swallowed.

"Now that thou hast drunk so many cups, quaff thine own blood,"* the Virgin taunts. "Be this thy banquet, at long last an unhappy one to take the place of thy excessive pleasures of a day now gone." Let thy life's illicit joys savor a bitter death. Let thy last taste of life be that of disgusting draughts."

At the fall of their leader, trembling in fear, the fickle troops disperse in flight. Jest* and Wantonness are first to throw away their cymbals,* for they play war with such arms, trying to wound by strumming their sistra.* Fleeing Love, pale with fear, turns her back and leaves in her footsteps her poison-dipped arrows, her bow fallen from her shoulders, her lost quiver, even her dress. Pomp, showy in her puffed-up splendor, is stripped bare of her proud robe. The broken garlands of Beauty trail behind her, and from her neck and hair the gold has disappeared; her precious stones are tossed about by her enemy Discord. No hesitation, though her feet are torn, keeps Voluptuality from going through the rough briars. A greater force compels her now to suffer this hard flight, for the fear of peril hardens her soft soles to the tortuous way.
qua se cunque fugax trepidis fert cursibus agmen, 
damna iacent: crinalis acus, redimicula, vitiae, 
fibula, flammeolum, strofium, diadema, monile.

450. his se Sobrietas et totus Sobrietatis 
abstinet exuviis miles damnataque castis 
escandalata proculcat pedibus nec fronte severos 
conivente oculos praedarum ad gaudia flecit.

Fertur Avaritia gremio praecincta capaci,
quidquid Luxus edax pretiosum liquerat, unca 
corripuisse manu pulchra in ludibria vasto 
ore inhians aurique legens fragmenta caduci 
inter harenarum cumulos nec sufficit amplos 
implesisse sinus, iuvat infercire cruminis 

460. turpe lucrum et gravidos furtis distendere fiscos, 
quos laeva celante tegit laterisque sinistri 
velat opermento; velox nam dextra rapinas 
abradit spoliisque ungues exercet aénos.
Cura, Famis, Metus, Anxietas, Periuria, Pallor, 
Corruptela, Dolus, Commenta, Insomnia, Sordes, 
Eumenides variae monstri comitatus aguntur. 
nect minus interea rabidorum more luporum 
crmina persultant toto grassantia campo, 
matris Avaritiae nigro de lacte creat.

470. si fratris galeam fulvis radiare ceraunis
Wheresoever the fleeing battalion runs in its fearful flight lie their lost accoutrement: hair-pins, lappets, fillets, brooches, a bridal-veil, a breastband, a diadem, a necklace. Sobriety and all Sobriety's forces shun this fallen raiment as she kicks the lost temptations with her chaste foot without turning the stern eyes in her frowning brow to the pleasures of the booty.

Avarice, they say, dressed in a full-breasted garment, curled her claw-like fingers around everything of value dropped by voracious Sensuality. She gapes on the beautiful knick-knacks as she clutches the pieces of gold that have fallen in the heaps of sand. Not satisfied to fill her spacious blouse, she wants to stuff her purses with the filthy riches and swell with pilfering the heavy money-bags which her left hand holds beneath the concealing folds of her dress while her quick right hand scraps up the plunder and keeps her bronze nails busy with the spoil. Care, Hunger, Fear, Worry, Poverty, Pallor, Corruption, Guile, Falsehood, Sleeplessness, Filth, the various Furies: all accompany the monster. Meanwhile, like ravenous wolves these crimes dash about, making booty on the whole field - creatures of Mother Avarice's black milk.

Should a brother in the same army espy the helmet of his father's son gleaming with red precious stones, he
germanus vidit commilito, non timet ensen
exerere atque caput socio mucrone ferire
de consanguineo rapturos vertice gemmas.
filius extinctum belli sub sorte cadaver
aspexit si forte patris, fulgentia bullis
cingula et exuvias gaudet rapuisse cruendas:
cognatam civilis agit discordia praedam
nec parcit propriis amor insatiatus habendi
pigneribus spoliatque suos famis inopia natos.

480. Talia per populos edebat funera victrix
orbis Avaritia sternens centena virorum
milia vulneribus variis: hunc lumine adempto
effossisque oculis velut in caligine noctis
caecum errare sinit perique offensacula multa
ire nec oppositum baculo temptare periculum;
porro alium capit intuitu fallitque videntem
insigne ostentans aliquid, quod dum petit ille,
excipitur telo incautus cordisque sub ipso
saucius occulto ferrum suspirat adactum.

490. multos praecipitans in aperta incendia cogit
nec patitur vitare focos, quibus aestuat aurum,
quod petit, arsurus pariter, speculator avarus.
omne hominum rapit illa genus, mortalita cuncta
occupat interitu neque est violentius ullum
terrarum vitium, quod tantis cladibus aevum
does not fear to draw his steel and strike that heed with a 
comrade's blade so he may seize the precious gems from his 
own brother's casque. A son on the battlefield comes upon 
a slain body, perhaps of his father. Joyfully he snatches 
his belt, shining with studs, and his bloody clothes. Civ- 
il war deals in the booty of kinsmen, and the insatiate 
thirst for possession grants no respite to one's children, 
for the undutiful miser dispossesses his own sons.

Such is the destruction heaped on men by Avarice, con- 
queroi of the world. She prostrates countless men with di-
verse wounds. This one she blinds, gouging out his eyes 
so he may wander aimlessly, as through a night fog, stumb-
ling against numberless obstacles, forbidden to tap out the 
dangers in his path with a stick. Another she captures with 
a view, deceiving him even as he looks. She shows him some-
thing wonderful, and when he reaches for it, greets him un-
expectedly with a sword. His heart wounded grievously, 
he groans beneath the thrust of steel. Headlong, Avarice 
hurls many into the open furnaces, feeding them mercilessly 
to the flames wherein she melts the gold which the greedy 
speculator seeks and with which he will eventually burn.

This vice seizes all mankind. She brings destruc-
tion on every mortal thing. No other vice in the world is 
so furious as she who by such widespread calamities turns
mundani involvat populi damnetque gehennae. quin ipsos temptare manu, si credere dignum est, ausa sacerdotes domini, qui proelia forte ductores primam ante aciem pro laude gerebant virtutum magnoque inplebant classica flatu. et fors innocuo tinxisset sanguine ferrum, ni Rātiō armipotens, gentis Levitidis una, semper fida comes, clipeum obiectasset et atrae hostis ab incursu claros texisset alumnos. stant tuti Rationis ope, stant turbine ab omni immunes fortesque animi; vix in cute summa praestringens paucos tenui de vulnere laedit cuspis Avaritiae. stupuit Luīs inproba castis heroum iugulis longe sua tela repelli,

ingemīt et dictis ardens furialibus infit:
"vincimur, heu, segnes nec nostra potentia perfert vim solitam, languet violentia saeva nocendi, sueverat invictis quae viribus omnia ubique rumpere corda hominum; nec enim tam ferrea quemquam duravit natura virum, cuius rigor aera sperneret aut nostro foret inpenetrabilis auro. ingenium omne neci dedimus, tenera, aspera, dura, docta, indocta simul, bruta et sapientia, nec non
the world topsy-turvy and condemns it all to hell. Nay, she even dares to try her hand, if one can believe it, on the very priests of the Lord who lead the first ranks, engage in battle for the glory of Virtue, and sound the trumpets with a mighty blast. Perchance innocent blood would have stained her steel had not valiant Reason, one of the tribe of Levi and a constantly faithful companion, parried the blow with her shield and protected her illustrious children from the onslaught of this dastard foe.

The priests stand saved by Reason's hand. These fearless souls stand safe from all disturbance. The lance of Avarice has slightly pricked the skin of several, but their wounds are only scratches. Wide-eyed the baleful Pest wondered that the chaste breasts of these heroes should throw her weapons far aside. With groans she rag-

ingly begins a furious harangue:

"I am conquered, alas, and inactive." The power that once was mine has lost its force. My furious zest for doing harm that once tore all men's hearts with unquelled strength has vanished, for no man was ever so steeled by nature that he could steadily despise my silver or keep himself impervious to my gold. All manner of men have I slain: the tender, the rough, and the harsh; the learned as well as the ignorant; the dolt and the sage; no
casta, incesta, meae patuerunt pectora dextrae.

sola igitur rapui, quidquid Styx abdit avaris
gurgitibus, nobis ditissima tartara debent,
quos retinet populos; quod volvunt saecula, nostrum
quod miscet mundus, vaesana negotia, nostrum.
qui fit, praevalidas quod pollens gloria vires
deserit et cassos ludit fortuna lacertos?
sordet christicolis rutilantis fulva monetae
effigies, sordent argenti emblemata et omnis
thensaurus nigrante oculis vilescit honore.
quid sibi docta volunt fastidia? nonne triumfum
egimus ex Scarioth, magnus qui discipulorum
et conviva de, dum fallit foedere mensae
haudquaquam ignarum dextramque parabside iungit,
incidit in nostrum flammante cupidine telum,
infamem mercatus agrum de sanguine amici
numinis, obliso luiturus iugera collo?
viderat et Iericho propria inter funera, quantum
posset nostra manus, cum victor concidit Achar.
caedibus insignis murali et strage superbus
subcubuit capto victis ex hostibus auro,
dum vetitis insigne legens anathema favillis
maesta ruinarum spolia insatiabilis haurit.
non illum genera tribus, non plebis avitae
less the chaste than the lustful. All have fallen beneath my hand. By myself, I seized whatever Styx conceals within its selfish tide. To me rich Tartarus owes all the men it holds. Well do I know the wishes of the ages, the silly transactions which keep the world in turmoil.

"How is it then that my mastering strength has lost its noble glory, and fortune mocks my flaccid muscles? To every Christian yellow, gleaming, figured coins are paltry; paltry, too, are silver pieces. All wealth in his eyes grows worthless with a tarnished value. What means this learned loathing? Did I not gain a victory from Iscariot, a great disciple and a supper guest of God, when in the gathering at table he tried to deceive the Undeceivable One by touching His right hand within the dish? He fell upon my sword in his burning passion and bought an ill-famed field with the blood of his divine friend when he was on the very point of paying for it with his broken neck.

"Jericho, too, in the hour of its sorrow, saw the power of my arm when the victorious Achar fell. Basking in the glory of his slaughters and the walls he had ruined, he gave way before the gold he had taken from the conquered enemy. Picking a beautiful consecrated offering from the forbidden ashes, he covetously gathered the baneful plunder from the ruins. His noble tribe could not help him in the least, nor could the root of his ances..."
iusvit Iuda parens, Christo quandoque propinquuo
nobilis et tali felix patriarcha nepote.
quis placet exemplum generis, placeat quoque forma
exitii: sit poena eadem, quibus et genus unum est
quid moror aut Iudaie popularis aut popularis
sacricolae summī - summus nam fertur Aaron -
fallere fraude aliqua Martis congressibus inpar?
nil refert, armis contingat palma dolisve."

Dixerat et torvam faciem furialiaque arma
exuit inque habitum sese transformat honestum:
fit Virtus specie vultuque et veste severa,
quam memorant Frugi, parce cui vivere cordi est
et servare suum, tamquam nil raptet avare:
artis adumbratae meruit ceu sedula laudem.
huius se specie mendax Bellona coaptat,
non ut avara Lues sed Virtus parca putetur,
 nec non et tenero pietatis tegmine crines
obtegit anguinos, ut candida palla latentem
dissimulet rabiem diroque obtenta furori,
quod rapere et clepere est avideque abscondere parta,
natorum curam dulci sub nomine iactet.
try, Judah, who was illustrious as the one from whom one day the Christ would come, a patriarch fortunate in such a descendant. Let him who loves this man as his exemplar, love, too, his form of death. Let the same punishment befall all men of Achar's class.

"But why do I hesitate to deceive with some fraud these men of Judah, these members of the high priesthood, for Aaron was called high priest, since I am no match for them in battle? It makes no difference whether my hand strikes with arms or with deception."

She stopped and put off her fierce expression and savage arms to assume the mien of an upright person. She becomes that Virtue in appearance, expression, and austere dress whom we call Thrift whose delight it is to live sparingly and save her goods though she seizes nothing miserly. Avarice won the praise due the Virtue whom she imitated. Bellona, the deceiver, put on this disguise so she would not be thought a greedy pest, but rather a thrifty Virtue. She throws a delicate veil of reverence over her snake-like hair so that the shining white mantle might hide her latent fierceness, and she tries to justify everything she keeps by sheer force, all her robbery and theft and greedy storing of possessions, under the appealing title, "Solicitude for Children."
talibus inludens male credula corda virorum
fallit imaginibus, monstrum ferale sequuntur,
dum credunt virtutis opus, capit inopia Erinys
consensu faciles manicisque tenacibus artat.
atttonitis ducibus perturbatisque maniplis
nutabat virtutum acies errore biformis

portenti ignorans, quid amicum credat in illo
quidve hostile notet. letum versatile et aneps
lubricat incertos dubia sub imagine visus,
cum subito in medium frendens Operatio campum
prosilit auxilio sociis pugnamque capessit,
militiae postremo gradu sed sola duello
inpositura manum, ne quid iam triste supersit.
omne onus ex umeris reiecerat, omnibus ibat
nudata induviis multo et se fasce levarat
olim divitiis gravibusque obpressa talentis,
libera nunc miserando inopum, quos larga benigne
foverat effundens patrium bene prodiga consum.
iam loculos ditata fidem spectabat inanes
aeternam numerans redituro faenore summan.
horrruit invictae Virtutis fulmen et inpos
mentis Avaritia stupefactis sensibus haesit
certa mori. nam quae fraudis via restet, ut ipsa
Sporting with such makeups, Avarice deceives the men who trust her wickedness, and they follow the deadly monster thinking this to be the work of a Virtue. The unscrupulous Fury easily takes willing prisoners and shackles them with biting manacles. The leaders are stunned; the ranks disordered. Wavering before the deception of this two-faced monster, the Virtues' line knows not whether to trust her as a friend or mark her as a foe.

The deadly enemy, clever and double-dealing, is blurring their uncertain vision with this disguise when suddenly into the middle of the field enthusiastic Charity charges to her comrades' aid. She was in command of the reserves, but now she is going to end the fray alone lest some mishap should occur. She has thrown all weight from her shoulders and goes stripped of all vesture and relieved of her great baggage. Once riches and pieces of gold had burdened her; now she is lightened by her mercy to the poor whom she has succored with a gracious liberality, lavishly pouring forth her patrimony. Her wealth is now her faith as she looks upon her empty coffers and counts a sum that will be paid with interest in eternity.

Dumbfounded by the lightning swiftness of the unconquered Virtue, Avarice stands dazed and paralysed, certain of death; for what kind of deception will vanquish her who
calcatrix mundi mundanis victa fatiscat
inlecebris spretoque iterum sese implicet auro?
invadit trepidam Virtus fortissima duris
ulnarum nolis obliso et gutture frangit
exsanguem siccamque gulam, compressa ligantur
vincla lacertorum sub mentum et faucibus artis
extorquent animam, nullo quae vulnere rapta
culpabat atque aditu spiraminis intercepto
inclusam patitur venarum carcere mortem.
illa reluctanti genibusque et calcibus instans
perfodit et costas atque ilia rumpit anhela.
mox spolia extincto de corpore diripit, auri
sordida frusta rudis nec adhuc fornace recoctam
materiam, tiniis etiam marsuppia crebris
exesa et virides obducta aerugine nummos
dispergit servata diu victrix et egenis
dissipat ac tenues captivo munere donat.
tunc circumfusam vultu exultante coronam
respiciens alacris media inter milia clamat:
"solvi procingatum, iusti, et discedite ab armis!
causa mali tanti iacet interfecata; lucrandi
ingluvie pereunte licet requiescere sanctis.
summa quies nil velle super, quam postulet usus
has spurned the world and make her fall a prey to earthly pleasures and once more be shackled by the gold she has cast off?*

590. The valiant Virtue gripped the trembling Vice in her hard knotted muscles and broke her neck and rent her dry, bloodless throat. Charity's arms, like binding chains, tightened under her chin and wrenched from her strangled throat the life which perished not in wounds but in convulsions. Charity stopped the passage of her breath and locked death up in the prison of Avarice's body. Bearing down on her struggling foe with legs and feet, Charity pierced her sides and split her throbbing groins.* Then she tore the spoils from the dead body - dirty pieces of crude gold and metal as yet unmelted by the fire, purses half eaten by swarms of moths, and coins green with a coating of rust.* The victorious Virtue scatters these old treasures of Avarice about and gives them to the needy, presenting the poor with the captured spoils. Then she looks upon the crowd about her with exultant expression and cheerfully calls out in the midst of the thousands:

"Ungird yourselves, O just ones, and lay aside your arms! The source of so much evil lies dead. Gluttonous desire of wealth is slain, and now the holy ones* have peace. The greatest peace is to want nothing more than a
610. debitus, ut simplex alimonia, vestis et una infirmos tegat ac recreet mediocriter artus expletumque modum naturae non trahat extra. ingressurus iter peram ne tollito neve de tunicae alterius gestamine providus ito nec te sollicitet res crastina, ne cibus alvo defuerit: redeunt escae cum sole diurnae. nonne vides ut nulla avium cras cogitet ac se pascendam praestante deo non anxia credat? confidunt volucries victum non defore viles passeribusque subest modico venalibus asse indubitata fides dominum curare potentem, ne pereant; tu, cura dei, facies quoque Christi, addubitas, ne te tuus umquam deserat auctor? ne trepidate, homines! vitae dator et dator escae est. quaerite luciferum caelesti dogmate pastum, qui spem multiplicans alat invitiabilis aevi, corporis immemores: memor est qui condidit illud, subpeditare cibos atque indiga membra fovere."

His dictis curae emotae, Metus et Labor et Vis

620. et Scelus et placitae fidei Fraus infitiatrix depulsae vertere solum. Pax inde fugatis hostibus alma abigit bellum, discingitur omnis terror et avulsiis exfubulat ilia zonis.
proper need demands, simple food and a single cloak, to cover and moderately comfort one's weak limbs so that he ask no more than is prescribed by nature. Going on a journey do not take your purse nor go provided with the burden of a second coat. Be not anxious for the morrow, worried lest your stomach have no food. Each day's bread comes again with the sun. Do ye not see that no bird takes thought for tomorrow? Unperturbed they trust God for their food. Common birds believe their food will not fail.

"Sparrows are bought for a modest penny; yet they have unshaken faith the Almighty Lord takes care that they live. Do ye, God's children and the images of Christ, doubt that your Creator will never forsake you? Fear not, men! The Giver of life is the Giver of food. Seek the bread of Light spoken of in the gospel which nurtures great hope of an incorruptible life. Forget your bodies for He who made them remembers to give them food and cherish needy limbs."

These words scattered the Cares. Fear and Struggle and Violence and Crime and peaceful Trust's adversary, Fraud; all beaten back turned in flight. Now that the enemy was routed, genial Peace puts an end to the war. All fright is shuffled off, their belts unbuckled from their hips, and thrown aside. Her robe falling flows to the
vestis ad usque pedes descendens defluit imos
temperat et rapidum privata modestia gressum.
cornicinum curva aera silent, placabilis inplet
vaginam gladius sedato et pulvere campi
suda redit facies: liquidae sine nube diei
purpuream videas caeli clarescere lucem.

agmina ācta super vultum sensere Tonantis
adridere hilares pulso certamine turmae
et Christum gaudere suis victoribus arce
aetheris ac patrium famulis aperire profundum.
dat signum felix Concordia reddere castris
victrices aquilas atque in tentoria cogī.
nunquam tanta fuit species nec par decus ulli
militiae, cum dispositis bifida agmina longe
duceret ordinibus peditum psallente catervā,
ast alia de parte equitum resonantibus hymnis.

non aliter cecinit respectans victor hiantem
Istrahel rabiem ponti post terga minacis,
cum iam progređiens calcaret litora sicco
ulteriora pede stridensque per extima calcis
mons rueret pendentis aquae nigrosoque relapso
gurgite Nilicolas fundo deprenderet imo
ac refluentе sinu iam redderet unda natatum
piscibus et nudas praecessps operiret harenas.
ground at her feet,* and the grace of her private life moderates her rapid pace. The trumpeters' curved bronze is mute. The peaceful sword lies in its scabbard. The dust of the plain settles. The appearance of a clear and cloudless day brightly returns so that one can see the heavens glow with a purple light. The troops joyfully felt the visage of the Thunderer* smile down upon their sinless ranks now that the struggle was ended, and they felt that Christ was rejoicing with His conquerors from the vault of heaven and was opening to His servants the Father's kingdom.*

Happy Concord sounds the signal to take the victorious Eagles* back to camp and to return to the tents. Never was there a sight equal in splendor in any army, for Concord divided her forces and led the troops in two long columns. The infantry, in one column, intoned psalms; while on the other side the cavalry rolled out hymns. The victorious Israelites sang thus when they looked back upon the yawning fierceness of the threatening sea behind them after they had crossed over and put dry feet upon the farther shore.* Roaring at their heels the mountain of overhanging water rushed in, and the tumbling maelstrom engulfed the dusky dwellers of the Nile on the floor of the sea. Once more the waters, falling back, gave a swimming place to the fishes* and rapidly covered the bared sands.
pulsavit resono modulantia tympana plectro
turba dei celebrans mirum ac memorabile saeculis
omnipotentis opus liquidas inter freta ripas
fluctibus incisis et subsistente procella
crescere suspensosque globos potuisse teneri.
sic expugnata vitiorum gente resultant
mystica dulcimodis virtutum carmina psalmis.

Ventum erat ad fauces portae castrensis, ubi artum
liminis introitum bifori dant cardine claustra.
nascitur hic inopina mali lacrimabilis astu
tempestas, placidae turbatrix invida Pacis,
quae tantum subita vexaret clade triumfum.

inter confertos cuneos Concordia forte
dum stipata pedem iam tutis moenibus infert,
excipit occultum vitii latitantis ab ictu
mucronem laevo in latere, squalentia quamvis
texta catenato ferri subtegmine corpus
ambirent sutis et acumen vulneris hamis
respuerent rigidis nec fila tenacia nodis
inpectum sinerent penetrare in viscera telum.
rara tamen chalybem tenui transmittere puncto
commissura dedit, qua se se extrema politae

squama ligat tunicae sinus et sibi conserit oras.
Striking their rhythmic tambourines with resonant plectrums, for years the people of God commemorated this wonder-ful and memorable help of the Almighty — that watery shores should appear in the midst of the tide, that billows should be checked, storms quelled, and the sea dammed up by walls of water. In like manner, when they had conquered the hosts of the Vices, the Virtues in their sweet measured psalms echoed their religious chants.

They reached the entrance of the camp gate where the narrow passage of the portal was opened by a double-doored barrier. Here a clever strategem gave rise to an unexpected storm of evil woe. A disturbance for which serene Peace was unprovided brought grief to this great triumph by its sudden outburst.

As Concord, surrounded by her drawn phalanxes, stepped within the safe walls with her escort, she received a dagger in her left side which was thrust by a lurking Vice. Though her rough armor with its continuously interwoven metal went about her body and warded off a painful wound by its interlocked hooks, and though the strong fibre and stiff knots kept the driven weapon from piercing her bowels; yet, through a loose interstice, the sharp-pointed blade found its way where the ends of the scale armor and her polished cuirass met and were fastened to her body. A crafty warrioress of
intulit hoc vulnus pugnatrix subdola victae partis et incautis victoribus insidiata est; nam pulsa culparum acie Discordia nostros intrarat cuneos sociam mentita figuram. scissa procul palla structum et serpente flagellum multipliciti media camporum in strage iacebant, ipsa redimitos olea frondente capillos ostentans festis respondet laeta choraeis. sed sicam sub veste tegit, te, maxima Virtus, te solam tanto e numero, Concordia, tristi fraude petens; sed non vitalia rumpere sacri corporis est licitum, summo tenus extima tactu laesa cutis tenuem signavit sanguine rivum. exclamat Virtus subito turbata: "quid hoc est? quae manus hic inimica latet, quae prospera nostra vulnerat et ferrum tanta inter gaudia vibrat? quid iuvat indomitos bello sedasse furores et sanctum vitiiis pereuntibus omne receptum, se Virtus sub Pace cadit?" trepidia agmina maestos convertere oculos, stillabat vulneris index ferrata de veste cruor. mox et pavor hostem comminus adstantem prodit; nam pallor in ore conscius audacis facti dat signa reatus et deprensa tremunt languens manus et color albens.
the defeated army struck this blow and lay in ambush for the unsuspecting victors. For when the army of the Vices had been put down, Discord had joined our troops, posing as a fellow in arms.* Her robe was torn off, and her serpentine scourge*lay in the midst of the battlefield's carnage. Binding back her hair with a great show of leafy olive, she joyfully fell in with the festive dancers. But she hid a poniard under her cloak. You, O greatest Virtue, you alone from all that crowd, O Concord, she sought with evil treachery. Still, she could not pierce the vital organs of the Virtue's body. The light touch pricked her skin and caused a thin stream of blood to flow.* The Virtue in her sudden excitement cried out:

"What is this? What unfriendly hand lies hidden here to wound our exultant triumph and midst our joy of joys to wave a sword? What profits it to put down untamed passions in battle and withdraw our holy forces when we have shattered Vice if Virtue is to fall though Peace should reign?"

The fear-struck army looks on her with saddened eyes. Drop by drop, telling of the wound, blood drips from her iron mail. Now the frightened enemy who stands beside her is betrayed by the pallor in her cheek and the consciousness of her bold deed and guilt. She is taken. Her hands tremble. Her face whitens. All the legions of the Virtues
circumstat propere strictis mucronibus omnis
virtutum legio exquirens fervente tumultu
et genus et nomen, patriam sectamque, deumque
quem colat et missu cuiatis venerit. illa
exsanguis turbante metu: "Discordia dicor,
cognomento Heresis, deus est mihi discolor," inquit,
"nunc minor aut maior, modo duplex et modo simplex,
cum placet, ærius et de fantasmate visus,
aut innata anima est, quotiens volo ludere numen;
praecaptor Belia mihi, domus et plaga mundus."
non tulit ulterius capti blasfemia monstri
virtutum regina Fides, sed verba loquentis
inpedit et vocis claudit spiramina pilo
pollutam rigida transfigens cuspide linguam.
carpitur innumeris feralis bestia dextris;
frustatim sibi quisque rapit, quod spargat in auras,
quod canibus donet, corvis quod edacibus ultro
offerat, inmundis caeno exhalante cloacis
quod trudat, monstris quod mandet habere marinis.
discissum foedis animalibus omne cadaver
dividitur, ruptis Heresis perit horrida membris.

Conpositis igitur rerum morumque secundis
in commune bonis tranquillae plebis ad unum

728-9. sensibus in tuta valli statione locatis
quickly crowd about her and with naked swords noisily demand her race and name, her country and sect, the God she adores and the prince she serves. Pale-faced and trembling with fear she begins:

"Discord is my name; my family name is Heresy," she said. "To me God is variant." Sometimes He is small; sometimes great." Now He is dual; then again, one." If I wish, He is a phantom of air* or a world soul,* depending on the way I want to ridicule Divinity. My teacher is Belial;* my home and country the world."

Faith, Queen of Virtues, could no longer bear the monster prisoner's blasphemy and put a stop to the speaker's voice by damming up her flow of words with her javelin, piercing the vile tongue with its relentless point.* Countless hands tore the deadly beast piecemeal as each one seized a part to scatter to the winds or throw to the dogs or offer to voracious crows or hurl into the fetid, reeking, stench-filled sewers or condemn to the monsters of the sea. Thus butchered for unclean animals, the whole body was torn asunder. Hateful Heresy, dismembered, died.*

Therefore, when all the favorable advantages both material and spiritual have been put in order, and the peaceful people to a man have set their senses safe within a guarded valley,* they build a tribunal on an elevation in the
30. exstruitur media castrorum sede tribunal editore loco, tumulus quem vertex acuto excitat in speculam, subjecta unde omnia late liber inoffenso circum inspicit aëre visus. hunc sincera Fides, simul et Concordia, sacro foedere iuratae Christi sub amore sorores, conscendunt apicem, mox et sublime tribunal par sanctum carumque sibi supereminet aequo iure potestatis, consistunt aequo conspiciuae populosque iubent adstare frequentes. concurrunt alacres castris ex omnibus omnes, nulla latet pars mentis iners, quae corporis ullo intercepta sinu per conceptacula sese degeneri languore tegat, tentoria apertis cuncta patent velis, reserantur carbasa, ne quis marceat obscuro stertens habitator operto. auribus intentis expectant contio, quidnam victores post bella vocet Concordia princeps, quam velit atque Fides virtutibus addere legem. erumpit prima in vocem Concordia tali

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50. adloquio: "cumulata quidem iam gloria vobis, o patris, o domini fidissima pignera Christi, contigit. extinga est multo certamine saeva barbaries, sanctae quae circumsaepserat urbis indigenas ferroque viros flammaque premebat, publica sed requies privatis rure foroque
center of the camp which is formed by the sharp crest of a
hillock - a lookout whence all below for miles around is
freely seen in the clear air.

Sincere Faith and Concord, sisters* in the love of
Christ by a sworn pact, climb to the top of the mound. Soon
they reach the high tribunal which is equally holy and dear
to them. With coeval right and power they stand on the
crest of the hill in full view and order the people to gath-
er about. Immediately, from every corner of the camp, all
come running. No part of the soul* lies dormant, caught in
a recess*where it may lie in enervating ease. All the tents
stand open, their flaps thrown wide, their canvas lifted,
lest any snoring resident grow weak in his protected retreat.
The assembly awaits with keen interest to hear why Concord
the leader has summoned the victors after the war and to
learn what law Faith would now proclaim to the Virtues.*
Concord first burst into speech with words like these:

"Indeed, your glory is heaped up, 0 most faithful
lieges of the Father and of Christ our Lord. Ye have blot-
ted out in this great conflict the savage invader who hedged
in the inhabitants of the holy city* and with fire and
sword harassed her defendants. But the peace of the state
depends on private friendships in the fields and in the mar-
ketplace. Friction at home disturbs the commonweal;* for-
eign matters waver in domestic squabbling. Therefore, take
constat amicitiae. scissura domestica turbat
rem populi titubatque foris, quod dissidet intus.
ergo cavete, viri, ne sit sententia discors
sensibus in nostris, ne secta exotica tectis
nascatur conflata odis, quia fissa voluntas
confundit variis arcana biformia fibris.
quod sapimus,coniungat amor, quod vivimus, uno
conspiret studio; nil dissociabile firmum est.
utque homini atque deo medius intervenit Hisus,
qui sociat mortale patri, ne carnea distent
spiritui aeterno sitque ut deus unus utrumque,
sic, quidquid gerimus mentisque et corporis actu,
spiritus unimodis texat conpagibus unus.
pax plenum virtutis opus, pax summa laborum,
pax belli exacti pretium est pretiumque pericli,
sidera pace vigent, consistunt terrea pace.
nil placitum sine pace deo: non munus ad aram
cum cupias offerre, probat, si turbida fratrem
mens inpacati sub pectoris oderit antro,
nec si flammicomis Christi pro nomine martyr
ignibus insilias servans inamabile votum
bile sub obliqua, pretiosam proderit Hisu
inpendisse animam, meriti quia clausula pax est.
non inflata tumet, non invidet aemula fratri,
onnia perpetitur patiens atque omnia credit,
umquam laesa dolet, cuncta offensacula donat,
care, soldiers, lest there be differences in our senses, so that no foreign sect be born beneath our roofs and thrive on hate, for a divided will troubles our inmost souls when it is torn by contrary sentiments. Let us unite our tastes in love and breath out our whole lives in zealous union. Nothing divided can stand.

"As Jesus was the mediator between man and God so He might reconcile mortals with the Father lest our flesh be kept apart from the eternal Spirit; and as He was both God and man, so the body and soul in all their actions should be bound by one unifying spirit. Peace is the ultimate end of virtue. Peace is the climax of all struggle. Peace is the reward of protracted battle and the reward of peril." Planets move in peace; peace gives rest to the world. Without peace nothing pleases God. Not even the sacrifice one may wish to offer at the altar will be approved if at the bottom of his peaceless heart there brews a hatred for his brother. Should a martyr for the name of Christ leap into the blazing flames still harboring a spiteful prayer in his covert anger, it will profit him nothing to sacrifice his precious life for Jesus, since the chief condition of merit is peace. Peace is not disturbed by anger nor the jealousy of a brother's rivalry. In all things patiently long-suffering and full of confidence, she never broods on injuries and pardons every slight. She hastens to outrun the close of
occasum lucis venia praecurrere gestit,
anxia ne stabilem linquat sol conscius iram.
quisque litare deo mactatis vult holocaustis,
offerat in primis pacem: nulla hostia Christo
dulcior, hoc solo sancta ad donaria vultum
mumere convertens puro oblectatur odore.

sed tamen et niveis tradit deus ipse columbia
pinnatum tenera plumarum veste colubrum

rimante ingenio docte internoscere mixtum
innocuis avibus; latet et lupus ore cruento
lacteolam mentitus ovem sub vellere molli,
cruda per agninos exercens funera rictus.
hac sese occultat Fotinus et Arrius arte,
inmanes feritate lupi; discrimina produnt
nostra recensque cruor, quamvis de corpore summo,
quid possit furtiva manus." gemitum dedit omnis
virtutum populus casu concussus acerbo.
tum generousa Fides haec subdidit: "immo secundis

in rebus cesset gemitus. Concordia laesa est,
sed defensa Fides, quin et Concordia sospes
germanam comitata Fidem sua vulnera ridet.
haec mea sola salus, nihil hac mihi triste recepta.
unum opus egregio restat post bella labori,
day worried lest the sun who saw her anger should leave while she is still unreconciled. Whoever would please God with slain holocausts, should first offer Him peace. No victim is sweeter to Christ. It is the fragrance of the odor of this gift alone which delights Him when He turns His eyes to the offerings on the sacred altars.*

"Nevertheless, God Himself teaches the snow white dove wisely to discern with deep-searching instinct a winged snake clothed in soft feathers that mixes with the guileless birds.* The slinking wolf with gory lips disguises as a milky lamb beneath soft wool while he wreaks havoc through the sheepfold with his open jaws. Some such device conceals Photinus* and Arius* grim ferocious wolves. Our dangers and my recent wound,* however slight it may be, show what a secret hand can do."

A groan went up from all the Virtues, shuddering at the cruel deed. Then noble-minded Faith took up the address.

"Nay! Our present welfare calls for no groans. Concord was injured, but Faith has been protected.* And more! Concord is safe in the company of her sister, Faith, and laughs at her wounds. She is my sole salvation.* Nothing weighs heavy on me as long as Concord is restored.

"But, my daughters, now that this war is past, one
o proceres regni, quod tandem pacifer heres belligeri armatae successor inermus et aulae instituit Solomon, quoniam genitoris anheli fumarat calido regum de sanguine dextra; sanguine nam terso templum fundatur et ara ponitur auratis Christi domus ardua tectis. tunc Hierusales templo inlustrata quietum susceptit iam diva deum, circumvaga postquam sedit marmoreis fundata altaribus arca, surgat et in nostris templum venerabile castris, omnipotens cuius sanctorum sancta revisat! nam quid terrigenas ferro pepulisse falangas culparum prodest, hominis si filius arce aetheris inlapsus purgati corporis urbem intret inornatam templi splendentis egenus?

haec ubi dicta dedit, gradibus regina superbis desiluit tantique operis Concordia consors metatura novum iacto fundamine templum. aurea planitiem spatiis percurrit harundo dimensis, quadrent ut quattuor undique frontes, ne commissuris distantibus angulus inpar argutam mutilet per dissona semetra normam.

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more task remains for our concerted labor. It is a task which Solomon, peace-loving heir to a warrior's throne, the unarmed successor to an armed court, finally accomplished because his father's energetic right hand streamed with the fresh blood of kings.* He wiped away the blood, laid out a temple, built an altar, and raised a lofty home for Christ with golden roofs.* Then Jerusalem, beautified by its temple, sacredly welcomed its serene God after the wandering* Ark had been given a place on the marble altars."

"Raise a divine temple in our camp whose holy of holies the Almighty may once again visit.* What does it profit us to drive out the earthly phalanx of Vices with a sword if the Son of Man on coming down from His heavenly home enters the cleansed city of a body which is unadorned and without a shining temple? We have been sweating in close quarters, taking our turns in arms; now let shining garbed* and silent Peace keep us at our duties while the ungirded youths hurry the construction of our sacred dwelling place."

At this conclusion the queen came down the high steps with Concord, her assistant in this great work, to measure out the new temple and lay its foundations. A golden reed marked off the plot in measured spaces* so that the four sides all around would be squared* and no gaping corners or ill-joined walls would destroy the clear-cut angles by discordant symmetry. On the east three doors flood the inter-
Aurorae de parte tribus plagae lucidae portae
inlustratae patet, triplex aperitur ad austrum
portarum numerus, tris occidualibus offert
ianua trina fores, totiens aquilonis ad axem
panditur alta domus; nullum illic structile saxum,
se d cava per solidum multoque forata dolatu
gemma relucenti limen conplectitur arcu
vestibulumque lapis penetrabile concipit unus.
portarum summis inscripta in postibus auro
nomina apostolici fulgent bis sena senatus.
spiritus his titulis arcana recondita mentis
ambit et electos vocat in praecordia sensus,
quaque hominis natura viget, quam corpore toto
quadrua vis animat, trinis ingressibus aram
cordis adit castisque colit sacraria votis,
seu pueros sol primus agat, seu fervor efybos
incendat nimius, seu consummabilis aevi
perficiat lux plena viros, sive algida borrae
aetas decrepitam vocet ad pia sacra senectam;
ocurrat trinum quadrina ad competa nomen,
quod bene discipulis disponit rex duodenis.
quín etiam totidem gemmarum insignia textis
parietibus distincta micant animasque colorum
viventes liquido lux evomit alta profundo:
ior with light. Three other doors open on the south. Three portals offer triple passage on the west. That number too the stately house spreads out before the pole of Aquilus.* There is no building stone; but hollowed from a solid piece and worked with great skill a precious stone surmounts the doorway in a resplendent arch. A single stone forms the vestibule through which one enters. Inscribed in gold on the towering posts of the doors the twelve names of the Sir40. Apostolic Senate gleam.* Through these titles the Spirit steals into the hidden depths of the mind and calls up beautiful sentiments in the soul. No matter what stage of life a man may have reached or which of the four powers may be influencing the life of his body, the Spirit approaches the altar of the heart through these three doors and seeks the sanctuary with pure prayers. Perhaps the early sun is kindling boys or too great warmth is firing youth; it may be that the full day of a life striving for perfection is nearing its complete development or that frigid age of Boreas is summoning broken old men to faithful sacrifice; at any event, three names appear on each of the four entrances Sir50. which were well chosen by the King in honor of His twelve disciples.

A like number of clear jeweled ornaments spangle the covered walls, and light from above reflects a breathing soul of color from their liquid depths.* An enormous chry-
ingens chrysolitus nativo interlitus auro
hinc sibi sappirum sociaverat, inde beryllum,
distantesque nitor medius variabat honores;
hic calcedon hebes perfunditur ex yacinthi
lumine vicino; nam forte cyanea propter
stagna lapis cohibens ostro fulgebat aquoso.
sardonicem pingunt ametystina, pingit iaspis
sardium iuxta adpositum pulcherque topazon.
has inter species smaragdina gramine verno
prata virent volvitque vagos lux herbida fluctus.
te quoque conspicuum structura interserit, ardens
chrysoprase, et sidus saxis stellantibus addit.
stridebat gravidis funalis machina vinclis
inmensas rapiens alta ad fastigia gemmas.
at domus interior septem subnixa columnis
crystalli algentis vitrea de rupe recisis
construitur, quarum tegit edita calculus albens
in conum caesus capita et sinuamine subter
subductus conchae in speciem, quod mille talentis
margaritum ingens opibusque et censibus hastae
addictis animosa Fides mercata pararat.
hoc residet solio pollens Sapientia et omne
consilium regni celsa disponit ab aula
tutandique hominis leges sub corde retractat.
in manibus dominae sceptrum non arte politum
solite,* set in virgin gold and laid between sapphire and beryll, by the reflection it casts lends these stones a varied hue. Here dull calcite* is bathed in the neighboring light of jacinth,* for it so happens that this gem which lines the shores of dark blue lakes reflects a limpid purple.*

Sardonyx bears the tint of amethyst.* Jasper* and beautiful topaz* paint the sardius* beside them. Midst this magnificence a field of emeralds gives the freshness of a meadow in spring as the verdant light rolls the tossing waves. You, too, 0 burning chrysoprase,* conspicuously decorate the building by joining your constellation to the starry stones. Grinding under their heavy chains, the winches raise great gems to the lofty ceiling.

Within the house seven supporting pillars* of silvery crystal, hewed from glassy rock, rise up, their lofty capitals surmounted by a white conical pearl skillfully worked into fluting like a shell. Faith in her zeal had bought and prepared this enormous pearl at a cost of a thousand talents* which she procured by the sale of all her goods at an auction.

Mighty Wisdom sits upon this throne and sends out counsel for the kingdom from this high court. Continually she ponders laws for men's protection in her heart.* In this lady's hand is a sceptre unworked by artisan but made of wood yet living and green which has been cut from its roots.
sed ligno vivum viridi est, quod stirpe reciso
quamvis nullus alat terreni caespitis umor,
fronde tamen viret incolumi, tum sanguine tinctis
interexta rosis candentia lilia miscet
nescia marcenti florem submittere colo.
huius forma fuit sceptri gestamen Aaron
floriferum, sicco quod germina cortice trudens
explicuit tenerum spe pubescente decorum
inque novos subito tumuit virga arida fetus.

Reddimus aeternas, indulgentissime doctor,
grates, Christe, tibi meritosque sacramus honores
ore pio - nam cor vitiorum stercore sordet -:
tu nos corporei latebrosa pericula operti
luctantisque animae voluisti agnoscere casus.
novimus ancipites nebuloso in pectore sensus
sudare alternis conflictibus et variato
pugnarum eventu nunc indole crescere dextra,
nunc inclinatis virtutibus ad iuga vitae
deteriora trahi seseque addicere noxis
turpibus et propriae iacturam ferre salutis.
o quotiens animam vitiorum peste repulsa
sensimus incaluisse deo, quotiens tepefactum
caeleste ingenium post gaudia candida taeto
cessisse stomacho! fervent bella horrida, fervent,
ossibus inclusa fremit et discordibus armis
Though no moisture of earth's soil now feeds it, still it flourishes with verdant foliage andmingles blood-tinted roses with shining white lilies that have not learned to droop their bloom on withered necks. Such was the kind of flowering rod that Aaron bore. His, too, bloomed from dry bark, unfolding tender beauty in its budding hope, and his arid stick suddenly burst into new fruit.*

We give Thee everlasting thanks, most patient teacher, Christ.* We render Thee due homage with our faithful lips since our hearts are stained by the filth of sin. Thou wished us to know the dangers lurking in this fleshy covering of ours and the pit-falls of our struggling souls.** We have seen conflicting senses in a darkened heart sweating in pitched conflicts. Depending on the turn of battle, now our hearts increase in righteousness; now Virtue is subdued and we are enslaved to life's sinfulness. How often have we felt the soul within us burn with love of God when sin's horde is quelled? How often has the warm and heavenly spirit, after pure joys, left a sinful heart? Devastating war rages. It rages pent up in our very members. The dual nature* of man rises with clashing arms for our bodies made of clay bear down upon the soul; while the soul on her side, elevated by a peaceful breath, tosses fretfully in the prison of a blackened heart and in her tight-bound chains spurns defilement.* To gain cross purposes the
non simplex natura hominis; nam viscera limo
effigiata premunt animum, contra ille sereno
editus adflatu nigrantis carceri cordis
aestuat et sordesarta inter vincula recusat.
spiritibus pugnant varlis lux atque tenebrae
distantesque animat duplex substantia vires,
donec praesidio Christus deus adsit et omnes
virtutum gemmas conponat sede pieta
atque, ubi peccatum regnaverat, aura templi
atria constituens texat spectamine morum
ornamenta animae, quibus oblectata decoro
aeternum solio dives Sapientia regnet.
the struggle between light and darkness goes on, and the several forces draw life from our dual essence until Christ our God comes to our aid and builds up every gem of Virtue in our faithful souls, and there where sin once reigned constructs a golden court within the temple and fits into their places as a mark of character ornaments of the soul, which for all eternity rich Wisdom may joyfully rule from her resplendent throne.
PART IV

COMMENTARY ON THE PSYCHOMACHIA

Preface

Prudentius, though he wrote all his works in Latin, gave most of his poems Greek titles, *Apotheosis*, *Hamartigenia*, *Peri­stephenon*, and the present poem, *Psychomachia*. *Psychomachia* means Soul-struggle. In this poem is described the battle of the Christian Virtues with the Pagan Vices for the possession of the soul.

1. Abraham is the father of the Faithful. St. James (II, 23) and St. Paul (Rom. iv, 3; Gal. iii, 6) quote the words of Genesis, "Abraham believed God and it was reputed to him unto justice." (Gen. xv, 6.) St. Paul adds: "Know ye therefore that they who are of the faith the same are the children of Abraham." Gal. iii, 7. And again in Rom. iv, 18-21, the Apostle gives us an animated account of Abraham's faith.

2. Abram was ninety years old when God announced His intention of making him father of many men. Gen. xvii, 1.

3. "Neither shall your name be called any more Abram, but thou shalt be called Abraham, because I have made thee father of many nations." Gen. xvii, 5. "Abram" means "high father." "Abraham" means "father of a multitude."
5. **Senile pignus.** Abraham was one hundred years old when Isaac was born.

9. **Profanis gentibus.** In this allegory there is a double strand of extended metaphor. As individuals we are to fight our personal temptations. As Christians we must fight to put down paganism. In Prudentius' day Christianity was gaining the upper hand in this great struggle. Today the conflict still rages, and Paganism seems to be in the ascendancy.

11. **Prolem coniugalem.** The thoughts and acts which the soul of a Christian should bring forth when united with Virtue is sanctifying grace.

13. **Bellicosus.** There is a real war in our members, and we must have a warrior spirit to drive sin from our souls.

14. **Portenta cordis.** These are the evil inclinations and sins which are trying to possess our souls or have already gained a foothold in the desired land. The means of struggling with these monsters is set down in the body of the poem where they are overcome individually by their contrary Virtues.

15. The *ferōces rēges* were Amraphel, king of Sennaar, Arioch, king of Pontus, Chordorlahomor, king of the Elamites, and Thadal, called king of nations. Gen. xiv, 1.
18. Patruelis. English is rather impoverished in expressions of relationship. This word means "an uncle on the father's side."

22. The early Fathers were noted for their mystical interpretations of numbers. In Greek the number 318 is THI which is the symbol of Christ. Because of its form the T stands for the Cross. IH are the first two letters of the Greek form of Jesus. The interpretation, therefore, of Abraham and his servants becomes: Abraham, the soul, with the help of 318 servants, Christ, conquers all passions. See Lavarenne, p. 210.

The Scripture reads: "Which when Abram had heard to wit, that his brother Lot was taken, he numbered of the servants born in his house three hundred and eighteen well appointed: and pursued them to Dan." Gen. xiv, 14.

30. Monilia. In the plural this word often, as here, has the meaning of "jewels." See the note on line 448.

31. Although Bergman's text has been followed throughout in the preparation of this edition, the reading of this verse as found in Lavarenne has been preferred.

Two difficulties are presented in this verse. The first is disposed of easily. In the Scriptural account of Lot's riches there is no mention of horses but only of asses. Prudentius speaks of mares. There is no evident reason to be-
lieve that this is not just another case of Prudentius' negligence, instances of which are again referred to in lines 399 and 813 of the Psychomachia.

By far the greater difficulty lies in the variation of readings. Bergman, following the A manuscript, reads:

øves, equārum vasa, vestem, bucūlas.

This reading accords with Genesis (xiii, 5) where Lot is said to have "flocks of sheep," but one can hardly imagine that "pails for milking mares," as Lavarenne translates equārum vasa would be enumerated along with such booty of value as sheep, clothing, and heifers. Therefore, following Lavarenne and all the manuscripts except the one Bergman uses, I prefer to read:

greges equārum, vasa, vestem, bucūlas,

mindful that the passage of Genesis still presents a difficulty which is best explained, though not perhaps wholly satisfactorily, by Prudentius' negligence. At least the almost unintelligible expression, equārum vasa, disappears. Moreover, it may be well to note that greges equārum is sanctioned by Cicero for in his Against Verres (II, ii, 7, 20) he speaks of Dio of Halaesa's herd of thoroughbred mares, greges nobilissimārum equārum. To my knowledge there is no instance in classical literature of the use of equārum vasa, and the expression remains vague, almost without meaning in the context.

Baca. The links of the chain were in the shape of ber-
ries. Prudentius is the only author who uses this word in the sense of a chain.

Those of faithful blood were the Jews of the Old Testament who were true to the prophecies of the coming Christ and the Christians of the New Testament who were true to the precepts of that same Christ when He had come.

In the Bible story the wicked princes are those mentioned in line 15 of the "Preface." In the allegory of the Christians they are the various Vices that must be conquered so that man's soul may be free.

Note the alliteration of _prosapiam, vis pessimorūm possideret principum_. When Latin was in its infancy, in the heroic times of Ennius, alliteration was cultivated. During the Golden Age its use declined, but it once more was revived about the time of Prudentius and plays a great part in the literature of Christian hymnody.

_Melchisedech was king of Salem and priest of the Most High God. Gen. xiv, 18. St. Paul (Hebrews vii, 1-3) says: "For this Melchisedech was king of Salem, priest of the most high God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings and blessed him: Without father, without mother, without geneology, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God, continu_
eth a priest forever."

45. "And when he lifted up his eyes there appeared to him three men standing near him." Gen. xviii, 2.

46. Mapalia. Little huts of the nomadic Numidians. Prudentius, who evidently follows Virgil in his antiquities, here transfers the Punic word to Abraham who lived in the nomadic days of the Hebrews. Scripture calls Abraham's home a tent.

47. "Now they were both old and far advanced in years, and it had ceased to be with Sara after the manner of women." Gen. xviii, 11. "And she conceived and bore a son in her old age at the time that God had foretold her." Gen. xxi, 2.

48. Cachinni paenitens. At the time that the three angels foretold Sara's conception she was behind the door of the tent and laughed, thinking it was foolish that anyone should think of an old woman like herself bearing a child. Gen. xviii, 10.

51. Prudentius seems to mean that the course of human action becomes clearer as generations of men live their lives correctly.

57. For the mystical significance of the number 318 see note 22 of the "Preface." This whole latter part of the "Preface" is but an application of the story in the first part.

59. Christ is the Melchisedech of the New Testament. He had
no human father, for His Father is God.

60. Melchisedech's father is unknown; consequently, he cannot be spoken of. He is a fons inenarrabilis. God is the Father of Christ, a Father beyond words of description. He is a parens ineffabilis. Prudentius delights in pointing such contrasts by a simple play on words.

61. Like Melchisedech who offered bread and wine for Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, Christ offers Himself in the Eucharist to those who overcome sin.

62. In the Eucharist Christ comes into the chaste souls of those who have conquered sin, just as the angels came to Abraham.

63. As three angels appeared to Abraham in his tent, so three Persons of the Trinity come to the soul in the Eucharist, for where the Second Person comes, the First and Third come with Him.

64-66. Unless our souls are fecundated by the action of the Holy Spirit, we cannot expect to bring forth any deeds meritorious of everlasting happiness. For such deeds, prolis, the presence of sanctifying grace, perenni semine, is required.

67. Sera puerpera. Sara bore her son late in life; virtue, too, is always late, for virtue should ever be with us.
Prudentius, adherring to the accepted introduction of all great epics, begins with an invocation. He does not, however, call on the Muses with a "pedantisme lourd." Rather he lifts his heart to Christ, his God, his King, his Leader, with a sincerity that mirrors a soul filled with the truth of the Gospel admonition: "Without me you can do nothing."

These twenty opening verses, beautiful in their simple faith and humble hope in Christ, plainly state the Catholic doctrine of man's fallen nature.

Like all ancient authors Prudentius freely used the literature in his hands. The first hexameter of the Psychomachia, plainly taken from Virgil's, Phoebus, graves Troiae semper miserati labores, in Aeneid VI, 56, is, as it were, an acknowledgement of the poet's indebtedness to the pagan writer. We of the twentieth century would be inclined to call such open imitations plagiarism; not so the less sophisticated man of the fourth century, or, indeed, of the whole ancient world. The fact is, they delighted to recognize a familiar line as A.M. Guillemin, L'Originalité de Vir- 

...
à saluer au passage des réminiscences, plus ou moins littérales, qu'il reconnaissait et se réjouissait de reconnaître."

Anyone interested in Prudentius' reliance on Virgil will find ample material in Albert Mahoney's dissertation, *Vergil in the Works of Prudentius*.

3. There is no need to impeach Prudentius' orthodoxy here, as some have suggested. The poet is speaking to the Son only of the Father. There is no reason for mentioning the Holy Ghost. Moreover, the Council of Nicaea, convened less than a quarter of a century before Prudentius' birth, was particularly interested in defining the relation between Father and Son. It is this council's term, "homoousion" (i.e. consubstantial, of the same substance), that Prudentius wishes to bring before his readers in these verses. In fact, the newly formulated Nicene Creed can be detected like an overtone throughout these opening four verses: "God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father."

4. By a subtle distinction between the words unum and solum the poet expresses the mystery of the Trinity. "We adore but one God,...not, however, just one." The point is that there are more Persons than one in God, yet God is one.

5. Christ the King! Prudentius is fond of this title and he applies it to the Son and the Father indiscriminately. The
Christian gives God a great many names. The most characteristic expression of this devotion is the litanies.

5. Pellere. It is interesting to note that Prudentius asks to drive out the faults and not just to put them down as seditio would seem to require.

9-10. We beg a strong defence (praesidium) to protect our freedom of choice in the matter of sin. We ask, thus, that we be not carried away by sinful inclinations. At the same time we desire a strong offensive front (acies) so that we may overcome the invaders.

10. Furiae. "There are, however, three inclinations that drive men headlong into every vice: anger, greed, lust. Moreover, the poets speak of three Furies who troubled the minds of men. Anger sought revenge; greed wealth; lust pleasures of the flesh..." Lactantius vi, 21.

11-17. No man is tempted beyond his power to endure. God's grace is always flowing out to help man in his warfare, for a victory in the ranks is a victory for the noble leader."

14. The turma was a cavalry unit. The three hundred horsemen of a legion were divided into ten turmae of thirty men each. Prudentius evidently wishes to give the impression of swift aid by his use of the term in this passage.
This is the transition between the introduction and the main theme.

In the *Psychomachia* there is a double thread of allegory. The more evident thread is the battle between the Virtues and Vices of an individual soul. Besides, however, there is a more subtle allusion to the battle between Christianity and paganism. Thus, we may conceive Faith as preparing a man to acquire more graces and virtues; or we may consider Faith as the enemy of Idolatry and state religions. Both allegories are clearly contained in the account of this encounter.

The struggle of Faith is first because it is she who prepares the Christian for other Virtues. Her single conflict with Worship of the Ancient Gods is brief and decisive - the shortest struggle in the poem. There is no "declamatic" nor any sign of weakness in this maiden who is "Queen of all the Virtues."

The poet gives Faith all the ruggedness and strength of the pristine Roman. One feels that Prudentius had the plow and ox and virile farmer in mind when he used such words as *agrestis* and *cultus* whose roots go deep into the soil and recall the days when Rome, like the Church in the fourth century, was building strong foundations for a fu-
ture empire.

Faith shows little care for her hair. Tertullian, St. Ambrose, and other early Christian writers scathingly denounced the meticulous oriental beautification of the hair so common in women of their day.

24. Love of praise is hardly a motive worthy of Faith, but we must remember that Prudentius is keeping much of the ancient classical machinery in this allegory, and the heroes of Virgil fought for praise. Minor inconsistencies of this kind are frequent in the *Psychomachia*, betraying a bit of carelessness on the part of the poet.

25. Faith depends on no weapon save her intrinsic strength. The early Christian drew no sword but threw a shield in his own defence. He knew that Faith alone was strong enough for victory.

29. The battle between Faith and the Ancient Cult is not mere rhetoric. Prudentius lived when Faith was still young, vigorous, and striving to exist. He saw her daily take the field against vice; he himself defended her in the battle with the Ancient Cult, notably in his *Contra Symmachum*. One cannot read the *Psychomachia* with sophisticated cynicism and expect to enjoy it. He must see the Faith actually provoking the dangerous Vices so that she may conquer them.
50. The Vestals and other priestesses wore ribbons about their heads to hold their hair in place while sacrificing. So, the Cult of the Ancient Gods is represented as a priestess.

51-35. A frequent criticism of Prudentius is his lack of good taste. However, this passage, apparently wanting in delicacy, is an accurate picture of the bloody sacrifices on the altars of the gods. It is meant by the poet to fill us with disgust for Faith's adversary.

37. Faith is Queen of Martyrs since it is for her that her witnesses have laid down their lives.

38. It is clear from this verse that all the warriors in the armies are not women. The ironic situation, at times satirical, of men under female leaders is forced on the poet by the necessities of Latin grammar since grammatically all virtues are feminine.

The triumph in which the martyrs partake is due them as soldiers of Faith and witnesses of her truth. Though they themselves have not been called upon to fight in this encounter, still they share in the glory of the victory.

40-109. Chastity and Lust, the two great adversaries in the ancient world, are next to meet. Prudentius probably has them meet as soon as Faith has won her victory because
this Vice and Virtue are so universally in constant conflict in every soul. This actual engagement is brief, but the drawn out speech that follows is one of the longest in the poem and a fair example of Prudentius' renowned prolixity.

41. Chastity is called a virgin (virgo); her foe is distinguished by such titles as strumpet (lupa), courtesan (meretrix), and trollop (prostitutum).

42. The allusion is to the corrupt morals of the Sodomites and their destruction by fire and brimstone as told in Genesis, xiv, 24-25. The flaming brands of Lust are symbolic of the heat of passion. Note the words in the passage that bring out the idea of consuming passion: faces (brands), ardors (afame), flamme (fire), fumus (smoke), flagrants (fiery), ignea (firey), calidus (warm), vapor (steam).

43-48. The impulsive action of Lust, reminiscent of the furies in ancient literature, is contrasted with Chastity's calm, constant demeanor. All the Vices of the Psychomachia are turbulent, keeping themselves in a continuous flurry; while the Virtues gently meet their attacks and easily conquer without perturbation.

47. Lupa. Harlots in Rome were sometimes called lupae
which literally means "wolves." Perhaps this appellation was due to the little cells they occupied, especially near the Circus Maximus, which closely resembled dens. Lupanar (line 378), "brothel," has the same derivation.

50. It is interesting to note that Prudentius' compatriots, Lucan and Seneca, shared his liking for horrible details.

53-97. In the mouth of Chastity, Prudentius develops a theme which was very dear to him, the redemption of man's flesh by Christ. This is a well composed speech, worthy of the rhetorical training in declamatio and controversia which marked the Roman education from the days of Quintillian. The peroration of Chastity's address is the most vehement expression in the Psychomachia.

53. Hoc habet. Servius, commenting on Virgil's Aeneid XII, where the same phrase occurs, says that the full expression is habet vulnus letāle (he has a mortal wound). Gladiators used the expression when they struck their adversaries and brought them to the ground.

Regina. Prudentius probably considers each Virtue as a sovereign over her forces. Faith, however, seems to be queen of the other sovereigns (line 716) as well as of her own fighting forces (line 37).
Supremus finis. To say "the last end" may seem pleonastic, but what Prudentius wished to bring out was this: Lust had once been slain by Judith in the person of Holophernes, but she sprang to life again. This time she has really met her doom.

58-65. In place of mythology, with which classic ancient poetry is replete, the early Christian writers used the stories of the Old Testament to illustrate their lessons. By so doing they weaned men, as it were, from the intellectual food which at that time proved harmful for neophyte Christians and satisfied them with the wholesome tales of Holy Scripture.

60. The account of Judith may be found in Judith xiii.

65. In reality Holophernes was punished for daring to attack the people of God. Prudentius seems to think that Judith killed him because he had tempted her virtue.

66. Matrōna. Prudentius attributes some of Judith's incapacity to completely destroy Lust to the fact that she was not a virgin but the widow of Manasses. The Church has always looked upon virginity as a more perfect state than marriage, and so in line 70 the poet brings out the strength and ability of Mary, the Virgin, in thoroughly overcoming Lust.
66. Sub umbra legis...figurat. The Old Testament foreshadowed the New; all was type and prophecy. St. Paul says: "For the law having a shadow of the good things to come, not the very image of the things..." Hebrews x, 1. Again, summing up the prescriptions of the Old Law he says: "which are a shadow of things to come." Collos. ii, 17.

70. Intactae virginis. Here is an example of a layman's belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception dating back to the first years of the fifth century.

72. Before Mary came into this world man was unable to attain heaven because his fallen nature required him to be born in the state of original sin from which handicap he of himself could never find release. With Mary's coming, and her acceptance of God's mission, man sloughed off his old fallen nature and took on a new nature, fallen but redeemed.

73. The Holy Ghost, dwelling within us, plants a new kind of flesh by grace, a flesh that will one day blossom gloriously in another life for all eternity.

74. About a quarter of a century after this poem was written, Dorotheus, bishop of Marcionopolis and ardent follower of the heretic Nestorius went so far as to cry out in an impious sermon in the church of St. Sophia: "If anyone saith that Mary is the mother of God, let him be anathema!" With loud cries of indignation the people rushed from the church. So
we can see how firmly grounded in this doctrine were the
common people of Prudentius' day. However, the Nestorian
heresy was not to come for some years after the poet's
death. In this passage Prudentius is directly contradict-
ing Arianism, the denial of Christ's Divine Nature.

Again Prudentius takes a thrust at Arius who main-
tained this thesis: "The Logos was a creature, created
from nothing, not from the divine substance. The Logos in
turn created all other creatures. God adopted him as a son
though he does not share in the Divine Nature. The Logos
became flesh by taking the place of a soul in Jesus Christ."

Arius failed to grasp the philosophical concepts of
"person" and "nature." His consequent denial of Jesus'
consubstantiality with the Father (cum Patre numen) was
condemned at the Council of Nicaea in 325.

St. Jerome, Prudentius' contemporary, made much the
same statement: "The Word became flesh that we might span
the gulf to the Word from our flesh." II Contra Jovianian.

The poet grants to all flesh the honor that belongs
strictly to Mary alone - God bearing.

Prudentius insists that the Word was God before the
Incarnation and became man only at the moment when the Holy Ghost overshadowed Mary. The assumption of humanity in no way lessened the divinity which was always infinite.

This passage is another example of the rhetorical style of Prudentius' day with its subtile expressions, antitheses, and what might almost be likened to the conceits of Dryden in his early and worst poetic attempts. Still, once the distraction of the poet's cleverness of expression has been overcome, we find a depth of thought in these verses—the outpouring of Himself by Christ for us that we might be raised to an everlasting inheritance from our state of absolute destitution—unparalleled in Latin classical literature.

84. *Nascendo.* Jesus was born into a lower state (*incipiens esse quod non erat*); while we are born into a better lot. This idea of rebirth, repeated again in line 366, is not peculiar to Christianity. Lavarenne comments: "Les initiations à certains cultes orientaux, comme ceaux d'Osiris et d'Isis, reposaient sur la même idée." _Prudence, Psychomachie_, p. 222.

88. Since Mary has come into the world Lust will never gain such strength as she once had. Never will she fully do away with the precepts of Chastity.

89. *Princeps ad mortis iter.* No other vice drags so many men into mortal sin as does Lust.
91-97. In her impassioned peroration Chastity consigns Lust not to the hell of Christianity but rather to the pagan underworld. The manes are the disembodied spirits; Avernus is the lake in Campania where the entrance to Virgil's nether regions is situated; the shadowy atmosphere, the Phlegethon (vada flammea), the noisy pool (stagna sonantia) and, finally, the reference to the Fury: all recall the sixth book of the Aeneid.

97. Christ is King of the Christians. "No man can serve two masters." Therefore, Lust must cease to seek patronage from the followers of Christ.

99-101. Contact with Lust, though one overcome her, leaves a stain which for the pagan coming to Christianity is washed off in the waters of baptism symbolized in the poem by the "waters of the Jordan" - the river in which Jesus was baptized.

107. It was a custom in the ancient world, a practice which prevailed into the Middle Ages, to offer one's arms to one of the temples after a war. Chastity here presents hers to the altar of the Divine Fount.

109-77. Patience and Anger now take up the fray. In the first nine verses of this passage Prudentius has given us a masterly picture, contrasting the mien of Patience and
Anger. There is a pleasing irresistibility in Patience's manner that attracts us and welcomes imitation. Perhaps a northern people fails to see the importance the poet gives this virtue (it is the second virtue one must strive to acquire once he has shaken off paganism); but if we remember that Prudentius was writing for Spaniards, Italians, and men of quick, southern blood there seems to be more reason for teaching Patience early in the inner struggle of a soul.

The speeches in this encounter are brief, pointed, and more stimulating than the long didactic expositions of Chastity. One can now see the versatility with which Prudentius handles the several conflicts, avoiding monotony despite the sameness of incident and the not too great variety of detail.

111. Pilum. The javelin of the Roman legionaries (about six feet long), which was hurled at the enemy's ranks at the beginning of the engagement before proceeding to the use of the sword.

116. Contus. A huge pike used by barbarians.

117. In later Roman days only the centurians wore crests on their helmets. It would seem then that Prudentius considers Patience an officer in the army of Queen Faith.

118-20. The first words of a Vice in the poem are character-
istically sarcastic and biting, always a weapon of an angry man.

Vice is pictured taking advantage of Patience's virtue by ridiculing her as one not allowed to defend herself when attacked, even by crying out in pain. There is more drama in this encounter than in either of the former.

Lorica. The Roman legionary wore a leather cuirass consisting of thongs of heavy leather faced with metal. These were fastened together to cover the body. Two shoulder pieces were added and a plate of iron was placed over the heart. Only the wealthy Roman wore chain armor or mail.

It is a favorite theme of the old epics to go into detail describing the armor of the warriors. Prudentius speaks of the armor common enough in his day. Three thicknesses of linen fabric were woven together and covered over with small plates of metal sewn into the fabric with bronze wire.

Barbarus. Prudentius stresses the fact that the Vices are foreign to the soul, that Virtues are the rightful inhabitants and in these combats are but protecting their interests. Pride, as we shall see, seems to be the only exception.
The ancients skillfully worked the hilts of their swords, studding them with gems and inlaying them with silver and gold. Such a piece of craftsmanship probably was this hilt, telling of glorious days and triumphs of Anger. The same hilt is referred to in the next verse as a traitorous remembrance (perpida signa) because it had failed its master in a crucial moment.

Though his face is drawn by sorrow Job can smile. The great losses of wealth and kinsmen he has suffered seem as nothing to him now that he is safe with his guide and all his sores are closed.

Cicatrix. These were wounds received in front showing that the wounded man was not in flight but still battling.

To have inflicted so many wounds and still not to have conquered is ignominious for Job's enemy but glorious for him.

There is an echo of Jesus' admonition not to lay up treasures in this world and also of His promise that His followers will receive a hundredfold in this life.

Prudentius, in making Patience the motherly assistant of the other Virtues, expresses a sound principle of the spiritual life: most good is done in contemplation and
the repose that comes of accepting patiently all adversities as the plan of Providence, a plan that cannot be countermanded.

178-310. Pride and Anger are closely allied in relationship; each destroys itself if left to its own resources. In the Psychomachia Anger commits suicide with the same weapon with which she would have slain her enemy, and Pride meets death at the hands of an ally because her turbulent spirit prevents her from allowing Humility to take the initiative in the combat.

183-5. Among the pagans a great amount of time was given to the care and arrangement of the hair. Even the men were very meticulous in this practice. It is said that Xerxes' spies found Leonidas and his men busily engaged in fixing their hair before the battle of Thermopylae.

St. Paul in I Tim. ii, 9 and St. Peter in I, iii, 3 warned the Christian women about "plaiting the hair." From the second century tower-like structures rising from the forehead were more or less the style, and false hair such as Pride is portrayed as wearing in this passage was not unfrequently added to one's own. St. Jerome and Tertullian are most emphatic in their condemnation of these vain coiffures.
Humility, too is a queen, but in an effort to depict her characteristic retiringness Prudentius makes her diffident, almost unlikeable, which certainly was not his intention since Humility is one of the most lovable of Christian virtues.

Pride is surprised to find no ornate shield such as Aeneas or Achilles wore. We cannot fail to wonder at the vast amount of ancient pagan literary equipment which Prudentius is disinclined to abandon. Had he not wished to emphasize the allegory of Christianity warring with Paganism much of this forced ancient expression would have at least been mitigated.

There is a strange inconsistency on the part of Prudentius in this passage. It would seem that suddenly the combatants on both sides become men. Moreover, Humility turns masculine, *advena nudus*, and all her followers are men (see line 38). There seems to be no reason why the poet should suddenly forget the type of warrior with whom he is dealing unless perhaps the strong images of history that are summoned up in his imagination at the boast of titles, taking of countries, and the spread of Rome's sway throughout the world makes him momentarily lose sight of the vehicle on which his allegorical meaning is carried.

Hospes. The use of this word heightens the scorn of
Pride. Among the ancients one who failed in his obligations of hospitality was looked upon as base. Wherefore, Pride accuses Humility of coming to take her domain under the guise of friendship.

Pride is like a poison that flows in the veins of every man from birth. This figure is not developed but is immediately changed to another.

As a man grows older his pride increases. The humility of children has often been remarked for, as Prudentius intimates, pride has been instilled in them at birth but as yet has not had time to mature.

Eve's sin was Pride. Satan said, "God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." Gen. iii, 5.

"And the Lord God made for Adam and his wife garments of skins, and clothed them." Gen. iii, 21.

Humility had rights over the souls of men, but before Christ's coming she was exiled from her home in those souls.

Bellona, sister of Mars, was goddess of war.

Unto very recent years the liver was supposed to have close connection with the passions. Chastity has ever been
locked upon as the result of a cold liver; Lust as warm.

John Masefield, in "The Everlasting Mercy," puts the phrase in Saul Kane's mouth when speaking of his meeting with Jane, the barmaid:

And while we whispered there together
I gave her silver for a feather
And felt a drunkenness like wine
And shut out Christ in husks and swine.
I felt the dart strike through my liver.
God punish me for't and forgive her.

Simplicity is scorned as the dupe of every fraud. Paganism fails to see Christ's counsel: "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves."

Pride's haughty self-confidence is well drawn in this disdainful speech in which the scorn of the proud for the humble is most artfully portrayed.

The very manner which Pride has just scorned in Queen Humility is the salvation of that Virtue. By hesitating to put herself forward she has avoided falling into the trap set for her downfall.

Faith had been fired with love of praise (line 24); now Hope brings the same motive forward to spur Humility to action. Here is a true piece of paganism in the Virtues themselves, for praise was the motivating factor in almost all the great deeds of antiquity. However, it may be that the poet is merely showing how fine spiritual growth sometimes springs from natural motives.
There is a deliberation about the details of this passage which continues the masterly portrayal of Humility that goes through this account of the battle. "Pale blood" certainly flows from Pride's severed neck!

"God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." Prov. iii, 34. James iii, 6. I Peter v, 5.

"And whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be humbled and he that shall humble himself, shall be exalted." Matt. xxiii, 12. Luke xiv, 11; xviii, 14.

The story of David and Goliath (I Kings xvii, 4 sqq) is faithfully told to illustrate an example of Pride in the Old Testament being overcome by Humility.

Goliath fell before David's weak years because the boy was truly humble. Before entering the encounter he had said, "The Lord who delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hands of this Philistine." I Kings xvii, 37. Such trust in God is true humility, and David is exalted.

David's humility overcame the boasting Goliath despite his helmet of brass and coat of mail, his brass greaves and buckler. Because the boy relied on Humility, he has merited to sit forever at the feet of his Lord in the kingdom of heaven.
304. "Nothing defiled shall enter into heaven."

310. Commentators have used all their ingenuity trying to account for Prudentius' use of the Occident rather than the Orient as the place whence comes Sensuality. Lavarenne, after quoting various commentators, makes a simple and plausible observation: "Une dernière hypothèse se présente donc à l'esprit: occiduis ne serait-il pas un simple lapsus de Prudence? Il n'est pas défendu de se le demander, quand on connait le tempérament d'improvisateur du poète." *Op. cit.*, page 234.

Lavarenne's theory seems to be substantiated in the verses that follow in the poem for most of the references are to apparel and customs of the East rather than of the West.

311. Sensuality is depicted as one who lives softly and voluptuously. This pernicious vice of the ancient world was the ruin of every empire, Eastern and Western. At the very moment Prudentius was beating out these lines, the strong barbarians from the North were making inroads into the yielding luxury of the South.

317. The Romans reclined at table where they spent a long time over their dinner, sometimes going until early morning. Even the frugal Cato used to converse until late at night, as Cicero tells us in his *De Senectute*, 14, 46. If a drinking party (*comissatio*) followed the meal, it often went to
morning. At these wild orgies, frequently attended by women and even children, garlands and wreaths decked the participants, and musical entertainment and dancing girls helped to distract the guests. These parties were still common in the days of Prudentius as we see from this reference to the wine, music, and flowers.

318. The ancients heated water mixed with spices and herbs which they added to their wine.

339. Electrum. Coin metal the color of amber. It was supposed to be four-fifths gold and one-fifth silver.

340. By their surrender they enslaved themselves to their captors - a loss of liberty they deemed pleasant because of the nature of their mistress. One of man's innate characteristics is to shun toil and search for ease. This is one of the leading factors at the base of all the progress of invention in the modern world.

341. Signis versis. The signa were the standards of a small contingent of the army, the maniples. In this battle within the soul only that part of the legion commanded by Sobriety has given way.

343. Ganea. A combined eating house and brothel.

347. Vexillum. This was the oldest of the Roman standards.
Floating over the general's tent it gave the signal for battle. This standard was the rallying-point of the soldiers in case of a rout. Prudentius shows a fine knowledge of military terms throughout this poem. In fact, it is from the evidence of this knowledge shown here and his own remark in the "Preface" that some students of the poet have argued that Prudentius in his early years served in a military position. See note 15 on page 14 of this thesis.

Agmine primo. The standard bearers went in the first lines while on the march but dropped back when the battle began.

Garlands of lilies are not befitting a soldier, nor, since such garlands suggest all-night drinking bouts do they harmonize with the sobriety a Christian should profess. See the note on verse 317.

Ferrugineus flos. These flowers are the color of ironweed.

Litra. This Eastern form of head-dress was worn by women, and then only by those of a not too respectable class. (Cicero is indignant about the mitella worn by effeminate young men. Pro Rubir. Post. 10, 26.) Sobriety's words to her men are highly insulting. She is determined to wake them from their entrancement by showing them the unmasculine
lengths to which they will be drawn if they follow Sensuality.

360. Sobriety begins to ease the abuse. She turns to reason. Her men have been baptised; they have been signed with the oil of salvation, not the perfumed oil (*nardum*) of death. They have been clothed in the white robe of innocence: Why do they wear the soft garments of Sensuality?

The several allusions to baptism recall the ceremonies of that Sacrament in the early Church. The vigil of Easter was the time of initiation of Christians into the Church, and this ceremony has been described in L. Duchesne's *Origines du Culte Chrétien*. After the blessing of the oils and water, the baptistry doors were opened and each candidate entered nude. "On le fait regarder vers l'Occident, et par trois fois il est sommé de renoncer au démon, à ses pompes et à ses voluptés. Sur sa triple réponse, il est introduit dans la piscine et là on le requiert de confesser, par trois fois, la foi chrétienne. Par trois fois il répond: *Credo*. Il est alors plongé dans l'eau sainte, trois fois aussi, sauf en Espagne, où l'immersion unique était considérée comme une protestation contre l'arianisme." (page 343)

The formula used in this immersion was the same as the Church employs today: "I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."
The neophyte was then taken to the bishop who signed his head with perfumed chrism which he had previously blessed saying: "May the Omnipotent God, who regenerated you by water and the Holy Spirit and forgave you your sins, Himself preserve you in life everlasting."

Then the white robe which Prudentius mentions was put upon the new Christian while the bishop admonished: "Receive the white (candida) robe which you must carry clean before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ." The episcopal blessing was then bestowed on the neophytes, and the bishop began Mass at which the newly baptized received their first Holy Communions.

Prudentius here extols the nobility of baptism by which a Christian is accepted into the kingdom of heaven where he will remain eternally.

Syrma was a long trailing garment worn only by women and effeminate men.

Pallium. This was a distinctive Grecian garment. Even a conservative Roman felt it beneath his dignity to wear one.

Pollice docto. In his Panegyric on the Consuls Probinus and Olybrius, Claudian, a contemporary of Prudentius in pagan literature, also uses this phrase. Speaking of Proba, the mother of the consuls, he says:
Laetatur veneranda parens et pollice docto
iam parat auratas trabeas cinctusque micantes
stamine...

That lovable old woman is filled with joy as her
skilled fingers now prepare the gold-embroidered
garments and raiment gleaming with the thread...

Prudentius, attributing skilled fingers to Faith, prob-
ably was referring to the long practice the Church had in
baptizing, and the consequent smoothness with which the cere-
mony was performed.

365. SS. Peter and Paul both warned us to take up this
shield and war against the flesh. "But put ye on the Lord
Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh in its con-
cupiscences." Rom. xiii, 14. "Dearly beloved, I beseech you
to refrain yourselves from carnal desires which war against
the soul." I Peter ii, 11.

366. By baptism the Christian is born again of the waters of
the Holy Ghost in a new life.

367. Cantharus. A drinking cup with feet and two handles
stretching from the rim down to the feet with a curve often
mounting higher than the rim.

368. Despuit. A rather daring figure, not unusual in Pruden-
tius, with a decided lack of good taste. Literally the word
means "spits out."

Falernian wine was one of the finest in Rome. Horace
sings its praises because he lived at a time when wine was celebrated over-enthusiastically, when its study was a passion and scrupulous care was given to the preservation and cultivation of the vine. Prudentius' use of the word seems to be something of a conceit.

371. This is a typical speech. Having proposed some doctrine such as, in this instance, Baptism, Prudentius strikes at a few evils of the time, illustrates his subject with a biblical sketch and concludes by encouraging reform.

For the story referred to in this passage see Exodus xvii, 3-6.

372. Patres. The Hebrews were the spiritual ancestors of the Christians because it was through them that Christ was promised and came into the world to begin the Christian era.

374. The manna from heaven was a type in the Old Testament of the living manna, Christ Himself who would come down each day in the New Law.

379. The poet seems to intend Sobriety's forces to be made up of men. Unless we are to admit grave inconsistency on Prudentius' part we must concede that there are a great many men in the army, if the army is not entirely composed of men. Note the irony of this passage. A woman is exhorting men to be virile. There is almost a sneering sarcasm in these lines.
for the effeminate men of the Empire.

381. The biting words and logic of the speech are ended. Sobriety now persuades her men by lofty motives drawn from the examples of great figures in the Old Testament to whom she unites the Christians in relationship through Christ.

386. The examples which Sobriety brings forth are those of strong men who fought valiantly for what they knew God wanted. David was in constant conflict. Samuel, when Saul failed to kill Agag and to destroy the best booty, took the matter into his own hands. I Kings xv, 35.

388. Divite ab hoste. Agag, the Amalecite.

390. Samuel's reason for slaying Agag was not that which is adduced by Prudentius. Rather, Samuel slew Agag because God commanded it.

396. Sobriety has shown her men what evil they have done; she has reasoned with them; she has given them examples from whom they may learn. Now she wishes to forestall their despair by instilling in them repentance and hope.

397. Saul, during one of the battles with the Philistines, swore that whosoever should take food before the evening would die. Jonathan, his son, had not been present when his father's command was given. That day he put his lance into a honeycomb and tasted the honey on its tip. God would not
answer the king's prayer that day, and when Saul had found
that Jonathan had disobeyed his orders he demanded his death.
The people interceded, and the punishment was not carried out.

Jonathan had nothing for which to be sorry. He had dis­
obeyed a command of which he had no knowledge. Moreover, in
the biblical narrative there is no indication of repentance.
Jonathan merely says: "I did but taste a little honey with
the end of the rod which was in my hand and behold I must die.
I Kings xiv, 43.

Jonathan had no designs on the throne. If such is the
impression which Prudentius wishes to make, he is in contra­
diction to the Vulgate. To explain this idea Lavarenne makes
two suggestions. Either the poet was following an earlier
version of the Bible or he negligently relied on his memory
for the incident and confused it with some other story such
as David and Absalom.

In her short peroration Sobriety offers herself to her
men if they will only free themselves. There does not seem
to be a great fault in Sobriety addressing so long a speech
in the midst of a battle, as Lavarenne suggests, for when we
look at the state of her troops we readily see that only an
exhortation could bring them to action. They are not retreat­ing. They are surrendering in stupefaction without raising
their arms.
There was probably a golden halo around the head of the Corpus and other elaborate designs at the top of the cross which Sobriety thrust out, for the objects of worship in the fourth century were highly decorated.

Prudentius attributes to Chance something we would expect a Christian to attribute to Providence. These little pagan vestiges however can be overlooked in the light of Prudentius' works as a whole. In the *Psychomachia*, especially, they have their place since this poem is so evidently modeled on the *Aeneid*.

Another Prudentian passage in which the poet labors too diligently over horrible details!

Bergman believes that the *praeteriti aevi* (the day now gone) refers to paganism that has now been overthrown.

It is a principle of asceticism to mortify those senses which we are more inclined to indulge. Writers of devotional books tell us that we will suffer more acutely in Purgatory and Hell in those senses which have been the cause of our sin. Perhaps something of this idea lies behind the antithesis Prudentius draws between Sensuality's past pleasures of taste and her present disgusting draught of gore.

Sensuality's army strongly suggests Milton's invita-
tion to Hirth's train:

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both her sides.

L'Allegro 25 sqq.

434. The cymbal was a very ancient instrument, undoubtedly of eastern origin. Among the Greeks and Romans they were especially used in orgiastic rites of oriental gods and goddesses. It will be noticed that Prudentius seems to have in mind the destruction of these sensual ceremonies symbolized in the loss of the cymbals.

435. The sistrum was a kind of rattle used in the mystical worship of Isis and borrowed at the time the worship was borrowed from the Egyptians. It consisted of a thin oval band of metal, bronze, silver, or gold, fastened to a handle and crossed by a number of little metal rods bent on one end and loosely inserted in the band. It was held in the hand and shaken.

448. The ordinary way of arranging the hair by maidens was to bind it back in a plain knot by fillets (vittae), and hold the knot in place by hair-pins (acus crinalis) made of box-wood, ivory and tortoiseshell. Sometimes a band (diadem) of gold set with precious stones fastened back the hair.
The redimiculum was a long fillet or lappet attached to the mitre for the purpose of fastening that head-dress under the chin but the whole of which when loosened would fall over the shoulders.

Fibulae (brooches) were not only a necessity in the ancient dress, but they were highly ornamental and skillfully worked, frequently in precious metals. Judging from the amount lying about one can conclude that Sensuality's forces not only used the brooch to fasten their palliums at the right shoulder but also took up the custom prevalent among the fashionable of wearing brooches down each arm of their tunics and at their breasts.

The flammeolum was a bridal veil of bright yellow, the color of flame. Why Prudentius should mention it as lost by Sensuality's band is not clear, since marriage, even among the pagans, was a highly respected institution.

Juvenal, too, refers to this veil in Satire X, 334. Claudius' wife Messalina wedded the consul-elect C. Silius. Juvenal inquires for the advice to be given the unfortunate paramour: "And now tell me what counsel you think should be given to him whom Caesar's wife is minded to wed. Best and fairest of a patrician house, the unhappy youth is dragged to destruction by Messalina's eyes. She has long been seated; her bridal veil is ready; the Tyrian nuptial couch is spread openly in the gardens ...

...if you say nay to her, you will have to perish before the
lighting of the lamps; if you perpetrate the crime, you will have a brief respite until the affair known already to the city and the people, shall come to the Prince's ears; he will be the last to know of the dishonor of his house."

Juvenal evidently intends the bridal veil as a satiric effect. Prudentius perhaps wished to symbolize in the loss of this veil a disregard or flippancy in Sensuality's train for the sacred institution of marriage. In either case the use of the diminutive appears to have been consciously meant to suggest a carelessness on the part of the owners in upholding wedlock.

Strofium (breast-band). Greek women wore in place of a corset a large variety of bands and straps which were bound around their breasts either over or under the undergarment.

Monile (necklace). The beauty and splendor as well as the value of necklaces were greatly enhanced by the addition of pearls and precious stones.

This seems to be the only strictly natural entrance of a Vice on the field. In the train of Sensuality many rich articles have been lost; Avarice, seeing an opportunity for gain, follows these lavish revellers.

Edax. Luxury consumes all her patrimony by the great expenses she incurs.
458. Avarice's spacious blouse takes the place of pockets.

469. Prudentius sometimes is negligent in his use of figures of speech. Milk does not make a creature (creāta). The poet probably wishes to say that Avarice bore these Vices and nursed them from her own black breast.

470. Ceraunius. Little is known of this precious stone. It was perhaps a kind of onyx of a reddish hue.

475. Bulla, so called because they resembled bubbles on water, were often used to adorn the sword belt.

482. Avarice causes some of her victims to go on blindly, seeing nothing in this life, enjoying nothing but a darkened search for wealth. Such men do not even see the dangers that inevitably befall them.

486. Avarice holds out some wonderful goal to others. So insatiable becomes their desire for money that all their hopes and plans are frustrated. They die brokenhearted, wounded by the very Avarice they took as their guide to happiness.

492. Speculātor. Bergman reads peculātor. The argument which Lavarenne offers for the present reading seems sufficiently convincing. It is threefold: 1. Speculātor is metrically correct; peculātor incorrect since the u is long. This
is not a decisive argument in itself, for Prudentius frequently enough sins against quantity, even in words which Virgil uses correctly. 2. *Peculatōr* appears nowhere else in Prudentius; while many words of which *Speculatōr* is a member are frequent. A poet, however, may use one rare word, so this argument in itself is not altogether conclusive. 3. The best argument is the sense of the passage. Prudentius has been contenting himself with generalities: morally blind, those taken in by beautiful objects, gold in particular. Such classes may include thieves, merchants usurers, etc. There would be no reason to mention embezzlers specifically; whereas *Speculatōr* taken in the common acceptation of the word, "an investigator," with the association of jealousy would add another class to the enumeration.

Bergman's greatest argument is the fact that *Speculatōr* appears in the most ancient and best manuscripts of Prudentius. Lavarenne, however, points out that even this manuscript which Bergman principally follows is not without some errors and may be contradicted in this verse since almost all the other manuscripts contain *Speculatōr* either in the first hand or as a correction. See Prudence Psychomachie, by Lavarenne, pages 29, 30, and 245.

Perhaps no more violent Vice exists in the world, for it is generally Avarice who brings so much misery to
mankind: wars, sins, and final damnation to the laity and even the clergy.

496. Gehenna is a Hebrew name for the Valley of Hinnom which is south of Jerusalem. In earlier days this valley was notorious as the scene of the horrible worship of Moloch. For this reason it was held in abomination by the Jews and the name was used to designate the place of the damned.

500. This is probably an allusion to the priests who sounded the trumpets before the walls of Jericho. See Josue vi, 10.

502. Reason was the instrument which the Christians used most effectively against the pagans. Her strength in arms comes from the fact that she so intimately sees the nature of sophistry and illusions. Why she so closely allies herself to the tribe of Levi, the order of priests, in this poem is not clearly seen unless it be that most of the burden of propagating the Faith, combating heresy, and defining doctrine fell to the bishops and priests aided by Reason and, of course, Revelation.

504. The priests are Reason's children, for it is she and not emotion nor feeling of any kind that bears the clergy in their chosen state of life.

507. Prudentius shows a marked respect for the priesthood in this passage. He makes sure that his avaricious priests
are few (paucos) and that they sin only venially (vix in cute summo).

511. Reason has so strengthened the priests against Avarice that the Vice's power is wholly ineffectual. We can almost hear Reason proposing her strongest argument to those men who are filled with thoughts of the supernatural and are well-disposed to accept her logic: "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his immortal soul?"

520. Styx, the river surrounding the pagan nether world, is termed avaricious because it wants as many souls as possible. Tartarus, the place of the tormented, is indebted to Avarice for all those in her possession. This is not altogether true. However, perhaps the greatest proportion of the damned are there for sins of greed.

522. Avarice must "keep up with the times." She must know the fashions, the trends of thought, the intentions of men and nations so that, taking advantage of every whim and folly of human nature, she may turn her knowledge to gold.

529. Docta. Philosophers made it a point of their profession to despise riches.

530. Avarice overcame Judas. "Then went one of the twelve who was called Judas Iscariot to the chief priests and saith
to them: what will you give me and I will deliver him unto you?" Matt. xxvi, 14-15.

532. "One of the twelve who dippeth with me his hand in the dish." Mark xiv, 20.

535. "And he indeed hath possessed a field of the reward of iniquity, and being hanged burst asunder in the midst: and all his bowels gushed out." Acts i, 18.

536. When Jericho was taken, everything in it was to be sacrificed to God. Achan, however, coveted a scarlet garment, two hundred sicles of silver, and a golden rule of fifty sicles. For his avarice and consequent disobedience God caused the Israelites to be beaten back from the walls of Hai. When Josue learned the reason for this defeat and God's displeasure, he ordered Achan stoned and all his possessions burned. Josue vii.

540. Anathema. In Christian Latin writers we find many Greek words. This usage is chiefly due to two influences: the introduction of Greek words into the Latin version of the Scriptures and the Hellenic Movement in literature which had left a strong impress on Silver Latin. In the Psychomachia alone Prudentius has used no fewer than twenty-four Greek words many of which have come down to us and have been incorporated into the English language, e. g. *baptisma* (103), par-
Achal1. "TaS a meY:lber of the tribe of Judah. This tribe was revered among the Jews as that from which Christ would be born. The reference seems to be merely for the sake of reminding us that Christ came from the same tribe as Achan, for membership in an illustrious tribe was hardly sufficient to protect an offender from punishment in the Old Law.

Prudentius' transitions are sometimes abrupt to a fault. Here he goes from the story of Achan to a resolution to surprise the priests so suddenly that the reader is shocked.

"But thou shalt appoint Aaron and his sons over the service of the priesthood." Numbers iii, 10.

Bellona. Like another Bellona, Avarice stirs men to war so they may increase their possessions.

Tenero tegmine. Avarice covers her snake-like hair, which is characteristic of the Furies in pagan authors, with a light veil, probably that of the Christian women of the time, so that she may not seem to be a pagan but a follower of Christ.

Avarice has donned this disguise so she may tempt the
priests, but surely Prudentius in these lines does not wish to intimate that the priests will be dishonest in acquiring possessions for their charges. Rather, it seems that Avarice has lost sight of her purpose and now tries to defeat all Christians, not particularly the priests, under the guise of Thrift.

This is a typical example of Prudentius' looseness of narration. Throughout this whole poem there are frequent lapses of this kind which can be accounted for in but one honest way: the poet was careless.

566. **Erīnys.** The Greek form of Fate. The Erinyes it was who punished criminals both in this life and in the next. There is something of an allusion to punishment in this life in these lines, for one who is bound to Avarice is not free and cannot be happy in this life.

567. **Consensus.** It was a common pagan conception that man is a victim of the Fates. The Christian poet sees that man willingly and freely loses his liberty.

573. **Operatio.** In Christian authors this word comes to have the meaning of "Charity."

575. **Postrēmā gradu.** Charity's men were in the third line of the legion which was probably the reserve. Being the older men they were the guardians of the camp; but since age meant
experience, these veterans formed the most efficient and tried portion of the army.

579. **Talentum.** A Greek coin. It probably means "money" in the text.

583. There is an echo of Jesus' words in this passage: "Go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven."

586-88. Little remains for Avarice to grasp so she can pull down the Christian who has stripped himself of every bit of wealth in this world. Many practical examples of such men and women could be seen in Prudentius' time; persons, often enough who had great riches, sold everything, gave it to the poor, and went to live in a little cell in the desert.

596. Lavarenne calls attention to the fact that Charity could not bear down with her knees and feet at the same time. His suggestion is that first she knelt on Avarice until she had choked her; then she stood up for the sword thrust and put her heel on the Vice's throat.

600. "But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where theives do not break through, nor steal." Matt. vi, 20.

608. For one who is interested more in the things of hea-
even than in the things of this world (sanctus) there is a peace and quiet of soul that only freedom of anxiety for the pleasures of this world can bring.

609-12. A person who is satisfied with a modicum of wealth, enough on which to subsist with dignity, is always contented and happy.

613-14. "Do not possess gold nor silver nor money in your purse nor script for your journey nor two coats nor shoes nor a staff, for the workman is worthy of his meat." Matt. x, 9.

615. "Be not therefore solicitous for the morrow; for the morrow will be solicitous for itself." Matt. vi, 34.

617. "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor do they reap nor do they gather into barns: and your heavenly Father feedeth them." Matt. vi, 26.

620. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." Matt. x, 29.

628. It is significant that Charity should repeat so much of the Sermon on the Mount, for the words of Jesus that day brought out God's relation to us and ours to Him and to our fellowmen, which is the essence of all Charity.
Such passages of Prudentius are an excellent indication of his powers of synthesizing doctrine in a few verses. One almost believes that it is in fact these references to Scripture that save the loftiness of this poem.

Zona. An apron-like piece of armor which hung from the center of the belt beneath the cuirass. It was composed of strips of leather studded with flat plates of metal. The word is seldom used at Rome, cingulum being the Roman word for this piece of armor. In his allegory Prudentius makes no distinction between Greece and Rome. He uses their terms indiscriminately. His allegory deals with Paganism and Christianity.

The maidens had tucked up their dresses to have their legs free in battle.

Again we see the over-use of pagan literary equipment; indeed, to refer to God as Tonans seems too daring in a poet of the fourth century. Had Prudentius limited such pagan allusions to the Vices, his allegory would have been more unified and effectual.

"To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with me in my throne: as I also have overcome, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Apoc. iii, 21.

The Eagle was placed on the top of a long pole and was
a sign of union in the whole legion. Where the Eagle was, there was the commander. In the present instance there was more than one standard, indicating that the poet considered the army to be made up of more than one legion. Perhaps he wished each Virtue to command an entire legion. The numbers in the field would be tremendous; yet Prudentius would be justified since it appears from other passages that all mankind is engaged in the struggle under the leadership of the Virtuos.

650. The allusion is to the beautiful Canticle of Moses in Exodus xv. The story of the Red Sea is in Exodus xiv.

656. There is a surprising naivete in this idea of giving fish their swimming place once more.

658. "So Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and dances; and she began the song to them saying: Let us sing to the Lord, for he is gloriously magnified, the horses and the rider he hath thrown into the sea." Exodus xv, 20-23.

661. Subsistente procella. This probably refers to the burning wind that blew all night and dried up the sea. See Exodus xiv, 21.

674. Bergman reads sub tegmine. This is evidently a mis-
Concord was wearing a coat of chain-mail that reached to her waist. To this was added a *zona*. Between the two pieces of armor, at a point where the juncture was imperfect, the dagger of Discord found entrance into Concord's left side.

Discord had been in Avarice's maniple. She, too, knew the art of dissimulation. In all the Vices we have met we see some characteristic failing of the Pagan world: Worship of the Ancient Gods is disgusting; Pride has the haughty military bearing notable in Romans; Avarice manifests the greed of the Empire; and so for the others. Discord, however, is different. She is an enemy whom we must meet in times of peace. The Virtues no longer are struggling with the sins of Rome. They must eject one who has joined them as an ally.

The insignia of her office by which she tragically beats men into a mad frenzy against each other she has been forced to leave on the field; and she binds her hair with a spray of olive leaves, a symbol of peace.

Just as the priesthood was not seriously injured by Avarice, so Concord in the Church is only slightly disturbed by Discord.
710. Every heresy has a different view of God. Where there is no truth there is no unity, for truth alone is one.

711. Hunc minor aut maior. Probably this is a reference to Arianism which held degrees in the Trinity. Christ was less than the Father, and the Holy Ghost was less than the Son.

Modo duplex et modo simplex. Whether or not Prudentius had any particular heresy in mind when he spoke of these various beliefs is doubtful, for many commentators differ in their interpretations. Lavarenne (Psychomachie page 255) sees a reference to Marcion, a Gnostic who taught there were two distinct Gods, the God of the Jews and the God of the Christians. It was a mark of gnosis to be called upon to believe in the God of the Christians. The same commentator sees in the word simplex an allusion to the Unitarians (disciples of Sabellius) who viewed God as one Person under three names. Chamillard (Prudentius, vol. II, page 665) refers simplex to those Grecian heretics who excluded the Holy Ghost from the Trinity; and duplex he considers to mean the Sabellians. Bergman (1897) says: Modo duplex, if the Father and Christ are two gods; modo simplex, if the Father alone is God, and Christ is not divine.

Whatever the true explanation may be, and any of the above is likely to be true, the fact remains that to the reader of the fourth century all these heresies would be
suggested by the one line.

712. According to the Docetists the body of Christ exists in appearance only; the sufferings of Calvary are only make-believe, and the whole drama of the Cross is a sort of romance.

713. Innata anima. Lavarenne detects a probable reference to the Priscillians and other sects influenced by the vague pantheism proposed in Plato's Timaeus wherein the Greek philosopher calls the world a god and gives it a soul.

714. Beliah. A Hebrew word meaning "without a yoke." Unrestraint is the teacher of Heresy. Chamillard would infer from this idea that Satan is Heresy's instructor, for it was Lucifer who first threw off the yoke of subservience.

718. Faith, once the Worship of the Ancient Gods is disposed of, finds it necessary to protect the great band of Virtues over whom she rules as queen by destroying internal dissension.

725. When Heresy is thoroughly criticised, as Horace would have one take a poet apart, she dies. Each Virtue finds her wanting in perfection. She is torn limb from limb because, as Dr. John Alzog says: "Heresy, like the sin of the head of the human family, bursts asunder the bonds of unity, mars the harmony of man's intellectual faculties, and splits the
great community of Christians which constitutes the one true Church into numerous sects, each of which represents, after its own fashion and according to its own idea of Christianity, some one of the spiritual powers of the soul."

726-28. There is a confusion in the text, which, added to a certain obscurity on the part of Prudentius, makes this passage rather vague. The older commentators have nothing to remark on this passage, but Bergman attempts an interpretation (1837 edition of the Psychomachia). Lavarenne seems to feel that Bergman's interpretation is not adequate, and by admitting a pleonasm (secundis bonis, favorable advantages), a fault not uncommon in Prudentius, he solves much of the difficulty. The meaning of verse 726 for him becomes, "Maintenant donc, la situation de l'ame est bonne à tous point de vue." (Psychomachie, p. 256)

727-29. The verses that appear in some manuscripts and which Aldus accepts from his Britannia are:

In commune bonis, postquam intra tuta morari
Contigit, ac statione frui, valloque foveri
Pacificos sensus, et in otio solvere curas;

Both readings mention the safeguarding of the senses. These senses in the allegory are symbolized by the soldiers, for it is the senses that cause the Virtues to struggle to protect the soul. The senses are not evil,
nor are they sufficiently strong in themselves. They need the help of Virtues. Now that the war is over and the Virtues have won, there is no danger. Therefore, the senses may enjoy themselves.

735. Faith and Concord are sisters because Faith is undivided in itself, and therefore Discord has no place where there is true Faith.

741. Mentis. Mens seems to be taken for the soul. Of course, it has no parts, but the poet seems to consider the soul in its activity which is localized in various parts of the body.

Corpus. The body is the camp in the allegory. Sometimes the soldiers are the higher emotions, sometimes they are Christians. There is a general mixing of the two strands of the allegory. We can hardly expect every incident clearly to advance both.

742. Ullo sinu. Lavarenne sees here a belief on Prudentius part that the soul is in all parts of the body.

748. Faith, represented on earth by the Church, has the right to make laws to safe-guard the morality of men, soldiers of the Virtues.

753. Among the Jews Jerusalem was the Holy City because it
was the place of the temple in which the Ark of the Covenant reposed. The true Covenant, the Holy Ghost, dwells within the soul of every true Christian in the state of sanctifying grace. Therefore, for the poet the soul becomes the Holy City.

Prudentius also wants to symbolize the Church which has been stormed by paganism, for as St. Paul says: "But you are come to mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels." Hebrews xii, 22.

756. "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." Matt. xii, 25.

759. **Secta exotica.** Unchristian-like men, who conceal their hate under a false exterior rather than put it off entirely, have within their souls that which Faith would eradicate. If, however, we consider the other allegory, Christianity versus Paganism, it is easily seen that Prudentius had in mind those sects which arise in the Church from misunderstandings on the part of influential men. These sects thrive on hate.

Lavarenne senses in the word _exotica_ all the diffidence to novelty that has passed down in the Church from the
Roman character.

769. St. Augustine in his *City of God*, xix., 10-14, has a panegyric on peace very similar to this one of Prudentius. However, if the present dates of composition of the *City of God* and the *Psychomachia* are accepted, St. Augustine cannot have influenced Prudentius in this instance. There is no reason to believe that Prudentius inspired Augustine for nowhere in his works does the saint mention Prudentius.

The peace so highly praised here is the peace that comes of the Beatific Vision.

772. "If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee; leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled with thy brother, and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift." Matt. v, 23-24.

775. Throughout this passage we are reminded of St. Paul's words on charity. "If I should deliver my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." I Cor. xiii, 3.

779-781. "Charity is patient, is kind: charity envieth not, doaleth not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil: rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the
truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." I Cor. xiii, 4-7.

782. "Let not the sun go down upon your anger." Eph. iv, 26

787. "And walk in love, as Christ also bath loved us, and hath delivered himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odor of sweetness." Eph. v, 2.

788. "Behold I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents and simple as doves." Matt. x, 16.

*Columba and coluber* seems to be a play on words to show how difficult it is to distinguish the feathered snake from a simple dove.

791. "Beware of false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep but inwardly they are raving wolves." Matt. vii, 15.

794. Photinus, a deacon of Ancyra and later Bishop of Sirmium, insisted that the Sonship of Jesus was no more than an indwelling in the man Jesus of the Word, which he identified with the Father. The Son of God, then, began to exist only with his birth from Mary.

Photinus was condemned at Milan in the year 347 or 349 and in consequence of his condemnation by the first synod of
Sirmium (AD 351), he was deposed.

Arius, a priest of Alexander, denied the divinity of Christ. He was condemned at the Council of Nicaea. His doctrine is briefly stated in note seventy-five.

Concord refers to the slight wound which Discord had dealt her before the gates of the stronghold. Such wounds can be expected, both in the soul and in the Church, if one allows false prophets to mingle with the faithful, or if one is deceived by temptations which he allows to associate with the Virtues of his soul.

As long as Faith is not destroyed, Discord cannot detract from Concord's happiness. The heresies of the first centuries had one salutary effect: they caused the Church to state her doctrines explicitly, thus insuring the greater unity of her members.

Unity is the central doctrine of the Church. This unity of faith is her only assurance of life, stability, and permanence. Consequently, Faith may well say, "Concord is my only salvation."

David was too occupied with wars to build a temple to the Lord, but his son Solomon, having leisure, determined to carry out his father's wish. He said to Hiram, king of Tyre, "Thou knowest the will of David my father, and that he could
not build a house to the name of the Lord his God, because of the wars that were round about him, until the Lord put them under the soles of his feet. But now the Lord my God hath given me rest round about; and there is no adversary or evil occurrence." III Kings v, 3-4.

810. "And there was nothing in the temple that was not covered with gold: the whole altar of the oracle he also covered with gold." III Kings vi, 22.

812. Circumvagus. The Ark, until the completion of the temple of Jerusalem had no permanent resting place. It had been made in the desert to contain the Commandments of Sinai. Sometimes it was kept in private homes (II Kings vi, 3, 11), sometimes in a tent or tabernacle (II Kings vii, 6), once it was captured by the Philistines (I Kings iv, 11) and wrought grievous affliction in all the cities of their land to which it was carried (I Kings v-vi). From the time of Moses to the time of Solomon, the Ark traveled about wherever the Hebrews went, until "the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the Lord into its place, into the oracle of the temple, into the holy of holies under the wings of the cherubim." III Kings viii, 6.

813. The description of Solomon's temple in the Bible has no mention of marble. Perhaps Prudentius is guilty of visualizing a Christian Basilica in place of the Hebrew Temple.
This is perhaps the finest peroration in the poem. Faith exhorts the Virtues to build a suitable temple in the soul for the reception of Jesus Christ who as God comes down to dwell in the hearts of Christians (1 Cor. iii, 16). Prudentius is expounding a peculiarly Catholic doctrine, the doctrine of a religion that is not satisfied with only combating sin but must also raise a beautiful edifice of sanctifying grace. In effect he says: "It is not sufficient to merely drive out sin and evil inclinations from our souls; we must also grow beautiful with sanctifying grace. We must become worthy abodes of the divine majesty."

The toga, once the mark of citizenship in Rome, became the symbol of peace in the later Empire. Moreover, when a citizen was going to run for office in the government, he sent his toga, always white, to the fuller who made it glistening white (candida) with a preparation of chalk. Prudentius here seems to allude to this practice, suggesting that Peace is a candidate for ruler of the new Temple of the Soul.

The Temple of the Soul is built by Prudentius on the plan of the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse. "And he that spoke with me had a measure of a reed of gold, to measure the city and the gates thereof and the wall."
"And the city lieth in a four-square, and the length thereof is as great as the breadth." Apoc. xxi, 16.

"On the east three gates: and on the north, three gates: and on the south three gates: and on the west three gates." Apoc. xxi, 13.

"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them, the twelve names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb." Apoc. xxi, 13.

Each side of this building has three entrances through which men may enter into the inner sanctuary of their souls with the Holy Ghost and bring forth the best that is in them. Each side of the building is under the particular patronage of three Apostles, and each side forms an entrance for man in any of the four stages of his life. Boys, just beginning to feel the warmth of life and passions, enter by the eastern doors, the sign of the rising warmth of the sun. Youth, in the full heat of life and passion, enters by the southern door that typifies the full heat of day. Men in their true estate enter by the west to signify that life has brought all it will and now begins to set like the sun. Being finite, life has reached perfection and must needs pass on to oblivion. The bleak, cold north symbolizes old
The object of the whole picture seems to be to demonstrate that for man in every period of life there is a place within his sanctified soul where he may meet his God.

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second sapphire; the third a chalcedony; the fourth an emerald; the fifth sardonyx; the sixth sardius; the seventh chrysolite; the eighth beryl; the ninth a topaz; the tenth a chrysoprasus; the eleventh a jacinth; the twelfth an amethyst." Apoc. xxi, 19-20.

Chrysolitus. To the modern mineralogist this is topaz, a transparent yellowish mineral with a vitreous lustre, valued as a precious stone.

Over the blue of the sapphire and the green of the beryl, the golden rays of the chrysolite are cast to blend the three colors into one beautiful effect.

Calcedon. The name of the town in Asia Minor opposite Byzantium is here used for the mineral, which is a waxy, translucent quartz.

Yacinthi (jacinth) is a bluish-violet gem among the ancients.
Prudentius is not clear. His meaning, however, seems to be this: Jacinth is found near lakes of limpid blue, and it is from these that the mineral obtains its watery bluish-violet characteristic. Chamillard would connect the gem with Cyanea near the Tuxine, but he seems to have little authority for his interpretation.

Sardonicem. Sardonyx is a variety of onyx which contains alternate layers of chalcedony and reddish carnelian.

Ametystina. Amethyst is a gem of clear purple or violet color.

Jaspis. Jasper is an opaque variety of quartz, usually red, brown, or yellow.

Sardium. A red gem. The sardius and the jasper are both mentioned as stones in the breastplate of the Hebrew high-priest.

Prudentius scans this word improperly. It should be sardium. In several other instances of Greek words the poet has made a like mistake: Catholicus (107), smaragdinus (862), margaritum (873). In each case the poet has considered a long syllable as short.

Topazon. A transparent to translucent stone, usually white to yellow but sometimes of light shades of green or red
865. **Chrysoprasus.** An apple-green variety of chalcedony.

866. "Wisdom hath built herself a house, she hath hewn her out seven pillars." Prov. ix, 1.

873. The allusion is to the merchant who when he found the pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought it. See Matt. xiii, 46.

875-77. Wisdom, one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost and symbolic of the Third Person of the Trinity, takes up its abode in the soul, once sin and evil inclinations have been overcome, governing man's actions by the careful disposition of its laws.

877. These laws are safe-guards against sin; thereby they keep the soul in order - the purpose of any law.

884-87. All the princes of the tribes laid rods before the tabernacle of the covenant, twelve rods in all to which Aaron added his. "He returned on the following day and found that the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi had budded, and that the buds swelling it had bloomed blossoms, which spreading the leaves were formed into almonds." Num. xvii, 8.

888. The Christian poet begins his work with a prayer of petition and ends it with a prayer of praise and thanks.
Though sin has befouled his heart, the sinner utters prayers with his lips for the time being in the hope that his heart will be cleansed so that prayer may also rise from it.

Recall the plan of campaign set down in lines 18-20.

Non simplex natura. Prudentius merely wishes to say that man is composed of body and soul.

"For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another, so that you do not the things that you would." Gal. v, 17.

Duplex substantia. Merely another reference to man's composite nature.

These last verses complete the allegory. Sin is driven from the land of the soul so that in peace a temple rises to welcome God who comes down when all is prepared and beautifies our souls with sanctifying grace so that we may live forever in knowledge of eternal values. This is the true "Wisdom who reigns within us."
Bergman, John, Aurelii Prudentii Clementis Carmina, Vienna-Leipzig, 1936. This edition is volume lxi of the Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum, published by the Academy of Vienna. Bergman's study of 230 codices has resulted in the accepted text of Prudentius' works. Besides the text, five valuable indices are appended to the volume: 1. an index of scriptural usages; 2. an index of imitations of older poets; 3. an index of names; 4. an index of subjects treated; 5. an index of words and expressions.

Aurelii Prudentii Clementis V.C. Opera Omnia, London, 1824. This edition appeared with the text of the Parma edition (1738) and the Latin paraphrase of Stephan Chamillard. The interesting part of the edition lies in the fact that the paraphrase is based on the text of Heinsius (1607); whereas the text of the London edition is that attributed to Teoli (1738) and contains several emendations arbitrarily made on Heinsius' reading. Besides Chamillard's paraphrase, this edition has an appendix of the commentaries of Giselinus (1562), Weitzius (1613), and Icon, director of the monastery school of Saint Gall (871). It goes without saying that the text of Bergman has completely replaced this text and the edition is valuable only for the interesting notes found in its commentaries.

Lavarenne, Maurice, Prudence, Psychomachie: Texte, traduction, commentaire, avec une introduction historique, Paris, 1933. This author contemplates a complete edition of Prudentius' works in French. Prudence, Psychomachie is the first of these volumes.

Lavarenne, Maurice, Etude sur la Langue du Poète Prudence, Paris, 1933. Besides a thorough and helpful study of the poet's language, this scholarly work gives a bibliography of 249 titles, giving not only the bare statement of various references but short, adequate criticisms of the more important writings. The interested reader is referred to this bibliography for further research.
The thesis, "The Psychomachia of Prudentuis", written by Louis B. Snider, S.J., has been accepted by the Graduate School with reference to form, and by the readers whose names appear below, with reference to content. It is, therefore, accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

Father Farrell
May 1, 1939

Father Smothers
June 10, 1939