

custodians of the peace—even policemen—and in civilized and Christianized America—women as jurors, even as barristers, mountain climbers, jungle huntresses, doctors and police mistresses or rather police madams. “As soon as a man or a people or a literature or a period becomes feminine in type it declines in prestige and in power,” says Amiel, “and as soon as a woman leaves that state of subordination in which her natural merits have full play we see a speedy increase in her natural faults. Complete equality with man makes her contentious. A position of supremacy makes her tyrannical. For a long time the best solution will be found in honoring her and at the same time in controlling her.”

My apology for this presentation of *Agnodice* is this, that but few, a very few of the most scholarly, however well perfected their studies in the humanities, are able and gifted to “wrestle, wrangle, wriggle and writhe” with words and metre and produce such sentences of flawless and inimitable periods of pleasingly and unerringly controlled rhythm and music in its appeals, and its hortatory apophthegms—and not least, to ascribe to Agnodice the beginning of many evils with which the world is now contending and with which and against which the gods or man have no control.

To the writer of *Agnodice* the following classical words do not refer:

“Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult, manus, et mens,  
Poscentique gravem persaepe remittit acutum;  
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.”

“Alas, but few can touch the magic string, and noisy fame is proud to win them; Alas for those who never sing, and die with all the music in them,” said Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

“A wife is half the man, his truest friend;  
Source of his virtue, wealth, the root;  
Whence springs the line of his posterity.  
A wife of gentle speech, a docile dove,  
Sufficient wealth, unbroken health—a friend,  
And learning that subserves some useful end—  
These are a living man’s six greatest blessings.”  
—Mahabharota, B.C. 200.

As Milton has it: “He for God only, and she for God in him,” would save a dying age and bring again those halcyon days “when knighthood was in flower,” when men were men and the gods revered. *Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.*