

Felix Platter (1536-1614) and Magdalena Jeckelmann (1534-1613). Married 1557.



Felix Platter, by Hans Bock (1584)

Felix Platter was a Swiss physician, medical scientist, and author. He is best known for his diary, which has been described as “without precedent in early modern literature”¹ in its vivid descriptions of daily life and its frank recounting of the author’s thoughts and feelings. Later in life, Platter slightly recast the diary as a memoir. This account of his courtship of Magdalena Jeckelmann and their wedding is taken from there (see the “Note on Sources” at the end for specifics.)

Felix was born in Basel, Switzerland. He got his medical training at the University of Montpellier in France. The account below begins while he was still a student; at the time of his wedding, he had gotten his doctorate and had returned to Basel.

Felix’s father, Thomas, was born in extreme poverty in the canton of Valais, in southern Switzerland. He managed to educate himself, mastered several

¹Catherine Nicholson, “A Most Particular Life”, *New York Review of Books*, March 26, 2026.

languages, and earned a living as a teacher of ancient languages. He became a humanist scholar and a printer; his printing house published the first edition of John Calvin's *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. In 1544 he obtained a position as principle of a Gymnasium in Basel. In his old age, at Felix's urging, he wrote his memoirs.

Magdalena Jeckelmann's father, Franz, was a barber, a surgeon, and a medical practitioner generally. He was socially more established and financially more secure than Felix's father.

Now it came to pass in the year 1550 that my father — during a late supper, having spent the day at Master Frantz Jeckelmann's barber shop in the company of his friend Stephan am Biel — spoke in high praise of Magdalena, Frantz's daughter. He extolled how well she managed her father's household — for he was a widower — even though she was still so young; and how an honest young man would, in due time, be well provided for with such a wife — along with various other qualities he found praiseworthy in her. I immediately took these words to heart; from that moment on, my thoughts turned in that direction, and I pondered this matter — perhaps more deeply than was fitting for one of my tender years — and wrestled with it inwardly. Yet, I never revealed this to a living soul, save only to my trusted companion, Martin Hüber (son of Hans), who lived with us — to whom I confided this resolve of mine. Premature though it seemed, I believed it to be foreseen by God². Furthermore, I never, whether by waiting, by deeds, or by any outward sign, gave the slightest hint or intimation of these thoughts and affections regarding her person; though, in my own mind, I was constantly apprehensive that she might perhaps detect something in my demeanor. Consequently, I felt a sense of shame and — not without a certain trepidation — dared to visit her home even less frequently than before, going there only to have my hair cut. Nevertheless, I resolved henceforth to conduct myself with greater quietude, modesty, and neatness of dress, and to apply myself diligently to my studies, so that I might soon be able to commence my formal education in medicine.

...

[August, 1551]

Later, my father sent word that I must dedicate myself to medicine: he would come shortly to fetch me; I would undergo the formal investiture, pursue my studies with vigor, and, after a few years, be free to marry. Then, the wife I brought beneath our roof would soothe my father's grief by taking the place of the daughter he had just lost. This touched my heart very deeply, and it reawakened my former thoughts — particularly regarding that person whom my father had always praised so highly

²“jedoch von gott firgesehen” in the original [1] and [4]. The French translation [2] says “inspirés de Dieu”

for her virtue and grace — that I surmised, when he spoke of “another daughter,” that it was precisely to her that he was alluding. I pondered the matter earnestly — perhaps even all too earnestly; for since I was, despite my youth, already well-versed in Latin poetry (in which Paulus Pellonius of Schmalkalden had instructed me), and since ‘I also strove to compose German verses myself — a pursuit in which I met with considerable success — I composed several verses and rhymes concerning love and its effects, directing them toward the aforementioned person. However, to ensure that no one would find them, I hid several of these verses pertaining to her inside my doublet, tucked inside the lining, and subsequently forgot that they were there. These were discovered by a tailor — to whom I had entrusted my doublet for mending — and, unbeknownst to me, he handed them to his son-in-law Michel to read; and he, in turn, showed them to others. Consequently, my intentions and affections toward the young lady became manifest to them all, whereupon they began to mock me, as is the custom. News of this also reached several of my fellow students at the school in Basel, such that it was ultimately revealed even to my father. Although he had never previously given any indication that he was aware of the matter, he nevertheless did not take offense at it — for indeed, it was precisely his own wish; he had long contemplated such a marriage between the two of us, even before he had sensed my own inclination. From this, one may readily conclude that the match was truly ordained by God.

In the strictest secrecy, my father initiated negotiations with Mr. Franz Jeckelmann, adhering to the custom of the Valaisans, who betroth children while they are still in the cradle. The response was that we were both too young, and that it was impossible to know how God would dispose of us. Nevertheless, Master Jeckelmann proved gracious; he simply requested that any decision be postponed until a later date, declaring that it was not his intention to marry off or betroth his daughter for several years to come. Although these discussions were secret — and my father had informed neither his wife nor myself of them — the frequent meetings between the two heads of the families, as well as their reciprocal exchange of gifts of wine and food, led my mother, my companions, and me to surmise that a mutual understanding had been reached, the outcome of which was to be an alliance. Consequently, my friends did not fail to tease me about this matter in the letters they sent me at Roetelen.

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[October 1551]

At our last supper, [my father] invited Master Franz — a gesture that was far from displeasing to me. I concluded from this that everything regarding my marriage had been settled. In addition to a roasted rabbit, we were served a pigeon — one I had taken pleasure in raising, yet which my mother had killed without warning me. My mother was a woman who loved to speak her mind: when she saw Daniel Jeckelmann make as if to light the lantern to escort his father home, she said to me:

”Félix, sit down next to Daniel; you two might well be brothers-in-law one day.” I obeyed, though without appearing to have heard. The meal was not yet finished when someone came in great haste to fetch Master Franz, summoning him to bleed Batt Meier, who was experiencing the first onset of the plague. Consequently, nine o’clock had scarcely struck when Mr. Jeckelmann bade me farewell, wished me much happiness, and took his leave.

...

[January 1556]³

Ultimately, I wrote that I regretted having placed so much weight on the promise of marriage, and having consequently pressed my father to intercede with Master Frantz on my behalf—lest the latter take offense at it. I therefore asked him to let the matter rest, stating that I was content with the answer he had given and with the goodwill that both he and his wife bore toward me. I further begged him to kindly excuse my presumption in this regard, adding that, God willing, I intended to set out on the journey home in about a year’s time; whereas otherwise, had this situation not arisen, I would have remained abroad for several more years to see other lands as well. I also asked my father not to press the matter any further, nor to be overly insistent with them, but rather to handle it only as a suitable opportunity might arise, so that the whole affair might remain all the more discreet. I requested, however, that he convey my warmest greetings to them and, if he deemed it appropriate, to hand over a short letter I had written to Master Frantz (which was left unsealed so that he might read it), wherein I offered my apologies and, furthermore, pledged my utmost goodwill and service. I also wrote to him regarding what Gilbert had confided to me — namely, that as soon as he had arrived in Basel, he had fallen in love with the very woman whom I myself had loved, and that he still loved her; yet, since then, he had attached himself to another — a woman neither beautiful nor wealthy — whom he now loved so dearly (and with whom he perhaps even shared an intimate relationship) that he would surely soon forget the former, just as he would forget Dr. Berus’s Margret.

...

My father wrote to me, expressing how happy he was to think that we Germans were not being persecuted on account of our religion. As word had reached his ears that I was no less skilled a lutenist than a dancer, he concluded by imploring me not to become infatuated with a “Welsch” woman⁴, for he was already working to secure

³This passage is from [4]. I cannot find the corresponding passage in [2], if there is one. It is not clear to me where in the sequence of events this fits.

⁴?? “de ne pas m’amouracher d’une welche” in [2]

for me — immediately upon my return home — a wife who would, without a doubt, be entirely to my liking. He revealed to me the negotiations he had initiated with Master Franz Jeckelmann. The latter had not said no, but wished to await my return before making any final decision. My father sang the praises of the young woman — her virtues, her sound judgment, and her docility. He had long suspected — and my comrade Hummel had recently confirmed him in this belief — that she was a person who appealed to me; this is what prompted him to make these overtures to me — perhaps sooner than might have been strictly proper — so that I might be all the more eager to complete my *cursus studiorum* and return to Basel. He urged me to pursue my studies with ardor and not to neglect the study of surgery.

...

I wrote home, confessing that the young woman had long been dear to me; I asked only for the time to obtain my doctorate and return to my native land, for the hope of winning her hand banished any thought of settling anywhere other than Basel. I added that her father's will alone would not suffice — her own consent was required — and I asked my father to sound out her feelings should the opportunity arise. One night, I dreamt that I was suffering from a pain in my hand and went to consult the barber Jeckelmann; suddenly, his daughter applied something to the afflicted spot, and I felt myself healed. Upon waking, I took this dream as an omen of our union.

Some time later, several of my compatriots and schoolmates arrived in Montpellier. . . . Through them, I received a great number of letters. My father recounted how he had discharged the commission I had entrusted to him — namely, to sound out the young woman I was courting: a task of no small difficulty, for the girl ventured out only to attend church — not to mention the rumors circulating that an understanding already existed between her and me. Eventually, my father managed to speak with her in private; he informed her that I wished to know whether she found me personally agreeable and whether — God willing — she would accept me upon my return, when I would formally ask for her hand. Blushing, she replied that whatever pleased her father would please her as well; she had always heard me spoken of favorably and had always held me in high esteem. Moreover, she had long found me agreeable — a fact she had let slip to her father's godmother, old Schultheiss Fren, to whom she had confessed that she felt a stronger inclination toward me than toward anyone else. Thus, she would wait for me. She planned to go for a family stroll toward Gundeldingen one Sunday, and my father intended to treat them to a collation. Needless to say, this letter filled me with joy and renewed courage. I sent Master Jeckelmann and his daughter two beautiful embroidered cushions, some excellent Cyprus wine, and two large branches of coral.

On August 25, 1556, I received missives from Basel, among which were five sheets of paper folded like an octavo booklet and entirely covered in my father's

handwriting. He expressed his satisfaction at learning that I was working diligently to attain my degree; he hoped that the coming year would see me return home, for Master Jeckelmann was beginning to grow impatient: numerous suitors — several of whom were from very good families — were giving him no peace.

My father also perceived that, by virtue of the goodwill she bore toward me, my future bride would joyfully welcome my return — and that she was yearning for that very moment. “And those who have been turned away repeat: ‘We want to see what a fine doctor he will make — the man who has supplanted us in the eyes of Franz the barber!’ Need I say more on this subject? The entire town is abuzz with the news that Master Jeckelmann has indeed promised you his daughter, and that, henceforth, it is futile for anyone else to come forward. If only you could hear all the talk that is circulating, it would surely spur you to one day confound those who begrudge you your good fortune. But if your primary concern is to give glory to God, to fill my heart with satisfaction, and to be of service to your country — well, that is more than enough to encourage you in your labors.”

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After the meal, we escorted them to the Couronne, walking down Fryenstrasse, where Magadalema Jeckelmann saw me pass — still clad in my Spanish cape — and fled. The innkeeper himself had once sought the hand of my future bride; he teased me about it, from which I gathered that the whole affair had become fairly widely known.

For his part, my father was thinking of arranging a meeting between me and my betrothed. Consequently, he invited Master Franz and his daughter to come and spend the afternoon of the following Sunday at Gundeldingen. It was the 16th of May — a true, joyous spring day. After dinner, I set out with Thiebold Schönauer; we had sent our lutes ahead to the countryside. Upon our arrival, we found two young women in the courtyard: one was the Schenk’s cousin, betrothed to Daniel, Master Franz’s son; the other was Magdalena, whom I greeted warmly. She returned the greeting, though not without blushing. Conversation ensued; soon Daniel joined us, and we strolled throughout the estate, chatting about this and that. My betrothed conducted herself with the utmost propriety and modesty. At three o’clock, we went up into the house; Thiebold and I played the lute together, and then — true to form — I danced the galliard. At that moment, Master Franz entered and bade me welcome. We took our seats at the table and did full justice to a collation that was worthy of a supper. Night was drawing near, and we had just enough time to make it back to the city. On the way, my father and Mr. Jeckelmann walked on ahead; Daniel and I followed at a distance with the young women, chatting pleasantly. Dorothea’s manner of speaking was somewhat bolder than that of my betrothed. Suddenly, she said: “When two young people look upon one another with favor, one must not let things drag on too

long, for misfortune can strike all too quickly.” We parted ways upon the glacis — Master Franz and his company returning through the Steinenthor, and my father through the Eschamar Gate. Agitated by a thousand thoughts regarding my future, we retired to our beds.

I insisted that our marriage be definitively concluded, for I was beginning to grow deeply attached to my future bride. Nor was I displeasing to her — as I had managed to make her half-admit one day when her mother’s cousin, Bulach the butcher, had invited us to come eat cherries in her meadow in front of the Spalentor. Thus, observing our mutual desire, Master Franz and my father decided that the formal proposal should be made by Dr. Jean Huber. My father went to ask him to undertake this task, and he consented willingly. One morning, he summoned Master Franz to the cathedral, discharged his commission, and obtained a favorable response. Toward evening, he came to announce this result to me with his customary cheerfulness and profuse congratulations; however, my future father-in-law wished not to divulge the arrangement until I had passed my doctoral examination — at which point, the matter would be finalized.

This message filled me with joy. Mr. Jeckelmann, too, seemed quite relieved to have finally given his consent. His prolonged hesitation was explained by the fear that my father might be burdened with debt; furthermore, he disliked seeing our house filled with boarders. “I do not wish,” he would say, “to cast my daughter either into debt or into a commotion.” My father assured him that his debts were trifling compared to his assets, which consisted of several houses and the estate of Gundeldingen; he added that he himself desired nothing more than to stop taking in boarders. These explanations satisfied Master Franz — all the more so because Mr. Gaspard Krug (who later became Burgomaster, and who had met me) advised him to accept me, while Mr. Krug’s son, Louis, told him to thank God, for I gave every promise of one day becoming a distinguished physician. He felt that I had already proven my worth by treating his wife: having recently given birth to twins, she was suffering from extreme weakness, and I had prescribed marzipan for her — a remedy that, at the time, was not yet in common use. Thus, my father-in-law eventually became quite content, and he no longer took offense when I visited his barber shop to speak with his daughter. However, these meetings tended to take place in his absence and on the sly: I would slip in through the back door opening onto the alleyway, and we would remain downstairs chatting — in all innocence and honor. Master Franz turned a blind eye to this arrangement. If he dragged matters out for as long as he could, it was because a widower such as he does not willingly part with a young woman who, as he put it, kept his household in exemplary order.

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From that time onward, my visits to my betrothed were frequent — though always kept as secret as possible. I committed and uttered every sort of folly that

crosses a man's mind when he is in the presence of his beloved; Magdalena, for her part, maintained a modest demeanor.

...

Immediately after my initiation, my father pressed for the conclusion of my marriage; indeed, by the end of September, he renewed his insistence with Magdalena's father with even greater vigor. Since I had passed all the trials with honor, and as word of our liaison was beginning to spread, Master Franz had to make up his mind and seal the deal. He gave a polite reply, yet continued to stall for time — for, as I have mentioned, he found it difficult to part with his daughter. In the meantime, I obtained permission to visit his home openly — a fact that rather surprised me, since, with nothing yet formally settled, prudence would surely have warranted certain precautions. My visits, it is true, were conducted with the utmost propriety and honor; we chatted quietly about this and that, taking pleasure in lighthearted banter; often, I would help Madeleine prepare quince preserves. And so, the time passed.

I recall a playful prank: on the feast day of Saints Simon and Jude, I resolved to win the traditional fair-day gift from my future bride. As soon as her father had left, I slipped into the house — at nine o'clock in the morning — through the back door, which was always left ajar. Having encountered no one — for Madeleine was alone downstairs in the shop — I stealthily climbed up to the attic; there, I positioned myself near the dormer window so I could hear the bells announce the opening of the fair at noon. I waited for three hours, bored and shivering. At last, the bells began to peal; immediately, I crept back downstairs, threw open the bedroom door, and shouted with all my might: "The gift is mine!" I had hoped to take my fiancée by surprise, but I found only the maidservant; reciting her lines as if by rote, she informed me that her mistress had gone out. As it happened, Magdalena had hidden herself beneath the staircase; she soon entered, exclaiming that *she* was the one who had won the gift. I paid up handsomely, and she, in turn, gave me a present. I tried to give her a small chain I had brought back from Paris, but she asked me to keep it myself, for fear of gossip: "It would be better to wait until later," she said. Instead, she accepted a beautifully bound copy of the New Testament that I had also purchased with her in mind. Such was our delightful little game for a few weeks — played in the true fashion of young lovers.⁵

Once the fair had passed, my future father-in-law, having run out of excuses, was obliged to schedule the betrothal for the eighth day after St. Martin's Day. At four o'clock, we presented ourselves at his home. On his side, appearing as witnesses, were his friends Mr. Gaspard Krug — who would later become mayor — Martin

⁵I have not been able to figure out what is going on here. The feast day of Sts. Simon and Jude is October 28, and it is customary to give gifts of food, particularly "soul cake", but I have not been able to identify the other customs for that feast day that are alluded to here. In [4] there is a footnote, "An old Basel custom that Platter continued to observe for many years."

Fickler, Gorius Schielin, Batt Hug, and his son Franz Jeckelmann; on our side were Dr. Jean Huber, Matth. Bornhart, and Heinrich Petri. The matter of the dowries was discussed: Master Franz declared a settlement for his daughter amounting to more than 300 livres — 100 florins in cash and the remainder in a trousseau. When his turn came, my father stated that he could not specify an exact figure; he noted only that I was his only son and that his entire fortune would eventually belong to me. It was pointed out to him that he ought, nonetheless, to stipulate a specific sum, given that circumstances could change (as, indeed, subsequent events would prove); he replied that he had been caught unawares, but that, ultimately, he would grant 400 florins. However, he was not in a position to pay this sum in cash, as he currently carried a heavy burden of debt; by way of compensation, he offered us board and lodging under his own roof. These proposals gave rise to some difficulties. Mr. Jeckelmann exclaimed that it was entirely unsuitable for him to cast his daughter into the midst of rowdy boarders, and that he would much prefer to have us live in his own home. My father, too, took great offense at Master Franz reproaching him for his debts; and had not some decent folk been present to intervene, we might perhaps have parted ways without reaching any agreement. This was the first stumbling block on my path and my first source of worry. My fiancée was equally distressed by it; she remained in a state of great anguish in the kitchen, from where she could hear the entire dispute. The matter was finally resolved upon my father's declaration that, while he willingly agreed to give up his boarders, he could not, however, turn them out overnight. From that moment on, my father nevertheless displayed a certain ill humor, which spoiled all the joy of the celebration for me. Finally, we were formally betrothed to one another; I presented Magdalena with the little gold chain I had brought back from Paris. My future father-in-law treated us to a superb meal, during which the conversation flowed most pleasantly — the only thing missing was music, precisely the very thing I was fondest of.

Franz Jeckelmann, my future brother-in-law, had married Schaelin's daughter, who had brought him a considerable dowry. He had never been able to get along with his sister: he constantly sought to play the master and turn the entire household upside down. Magdalena stood her ground against him and went to complain to their father, who never failed to side with his daughter. After supper, I bade the company good night and headed back to our home. At that moment, Franz — a little befuddled by wine (even in ordinary times, his temper was erratic) — accosted me in the street and told me that he pitied me for marrying his sister, against whom he proceeded to launch into a tirade; his words clearly betrayed his state, yet they nonetheless gave me pause. And this was the second vexation to cloud my hopes for happiness.

The wedding was set for the following Monday. The preparations were carried out with great energy; shopping proceeded at a rapid pace, and the meat was prepared. My father was keen to show that I was his only child: yet, although we had neither parents nor close friends, many people took an interest in us; moreover, my father resolved to do Master Jeckelmann the favor of inviting all his friends, every last one

of them. So, when Saturday came, we invited the parents, the neighbors, our patrons, the masters and councilors of the Abbey of the Bear, a few members of the university, the nobility, the Council, the schoolmasters, and our workers with their wives and children.

On Sunday, November 21st, our banns were announced in accordance with custom. In both of my father's houses, tables were set and everything necessary for the wedding feast was prepared; many people came to assist us, and Batt Oefy, the innkeeper of "The Angel", took charge of the cooking. At nightfall, I made my way to Master Jeckelmann's home; there, people were busy arranging bouquets, and I stayed to have supper with them. Upon returning home, I found Mr. Rust, the court clerk — an old acquaintance of my father — who had arrived from Berthoud to attend my wedding and had brought us a fine cheese from the Emmenthal region. He was still seated at the table with my father, who appeared deeply anxious about the prospect of having to host such a crowd of guests; he told himself that he would be unable to pull it off with honor, and that the whole affair would end in his disgrace. When I entered, he received me coldly, reproaching me for going off to visit my fiancée while leaving him in the lurch, without doing my share of the work. He was so angry with me that Mr. Rust had a great deal of trouble calming him down and reassuring him. This scene — the third to come along and poison my joy — was deeply distressing to me; I was not at all accustomed to being scolded in such a manner, but rather to receiving compliments and enjoying my freedom. I foresaw exactly how things would unfold if the two of us were forced to live at my father's expense. I went to bed feeling utterly wretched, and time and again I was seized by the futile regret that I no longer had the slightest avenue of escape.

The following day, October 22nd — Saint Cecilia's Day — I felt utterly dejected, for I had scarcely slept. I put on the wedding shirt that had been sent to me; it was adorned with a gold collar and numerous clasps of the same metal, fitted to a short undershirt in accordance with the fashion of the time. I donned a doublet of red silk and flesh-colored hose. I descended from my room; my father was no longer in such a foul mood. He had indeed attempted to resume his lamentations — despite the fact that there was an abundance of everything — but Dame Dorothea Schenck — a formidable woman who proved of great assistance to us during our preparations — had rebuked him most soundly.

The wedding party having gathered at our home, the procession filed past my father-in-law's windows. Dr. Oswaldus Berus walked by my side; despite his advanced age, he was nonetheless clad in red, wearing a silk doublet slashed at the top and a camlet coat similar to my own. In front of the bride's house, a velvet cap adorned with pearls and flowers was placed upon my head. At nine o'clock, we entered the cathedral. Soon the bride arrived, wearing a gown with a flesh-colored bodice, escorted by Mr. Heinrich Petri. After the sermon, we were united in marriage, and I placed a wedding ring worth eight crowns upon my wife's finger. We returned to our

house on the Chasse, where refreshments were served; I led the bride into the upper chamber, where she received a profusion of gifts.

Note on Sources

Since its rediscovery in the mid 19th century, Felix Platter's *Tagebuch* has been published in a number of forms. I looked at four of these:

1. *Thomas und Felix Platter, Zur Sittengeschichte des XVI Jahrhunderts*, ed. H. Boos. Leipzig: S. Hirzel Verlag, 1878. This includes both Thomas and Felix Platter's memoirs, in the original 16th century Swiss-German dialect. It is printed in Fraktur. It has an index. I have not found a usable copy online.
2. *Memoires de Félix Platter, médecin bâlois*, trans. into French and ed. Edouard Fick. Geneva: Jules-Guillaume Fick, 1866. Available online in Google Books. It has endnotes that provide historical and biographical information, which I did not consult. It does not have an index, but it is searchable.
3. *Beloved Son Felix: The Journal of Felix Platter, a medical student in Montpellier in the Sixteenth Century*, trans. and ed. Seán Jennett. London: Frederick Muller. 1961. A partial translation, ending when Felix completes his studies. In particular this omits Felix's account of his courtship and wedding.
4. *Felix Platter Tagebuch (Lebensbeschreibung) 1556-1567*, ed. Valentine Lötscher, Schwabe & Co, 1976. Again, this reproduces the original dialect; however, it provides extensive notes, explaining people and events, and translating obscure terms into modern German. This does not seem to be online. It has an index.

Additionally, the historian Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie was fascinated by the Plattners' memoirs, and wrote a three-volume work *Le Siècle des Platter, 1499-1628*. The first volume was translated into English: *The Beggar and the Professor: A Sixteenth-Century Family Saga*, trans. Arthur Goldhammer. U. Chicago, 1997. I have looked at the translation, but not at the Ladurie's French original. Ladurie's account is based primarily on [4].

I encountered three large challenges in trying to turn these into a coherent narrative. First, as far as I can tell, there are significant differences between all of these. Second, my French is weak and my German even weaker, so I could not read or skim any of these except [3]. Third, the translation software that I relied on often had trouble with Platter's dialect, and different translation programs gave quite different results for key phrases. For instance in the final phrase, different translations on different sources say that the bride received a profusion of gifts, that she was lavishly honored, and that the married couple was served a sumptuous meal.

I have therefore adopted the following procedure. I didn't use [3]. I used the indices to find pages in [1] and [4] that seemed likely to be relevant, scanned those pages, used OCR technology to turn the scans into digital form, and manually corrected the frequent OCR errors. I ran [1], [2], and [4] through translation software — primarily Google Translation, though for passages that seemed problematic I checked DeepL and ChatGPT-5 as well. I relied almost entirely on these translations of [2] and [4], merging them as best I could. At times I improved the wording of the translation for a smoother English text

I kept all passages that seemed interesting to me. As a result the various pieces from the different sources do not always connect coherently. I may have placed some passages out of sequence, and I may be misrepresenting some material. My apologies for any errors.