

PLAUTI COMÆDIÆ SEPTEM

SELECTÆ;

ANGLICE REDDITÆ,

EXPURGATÆ.

SEVEN COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS

SELECT,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

LITERALLY AND GRAMMATICALLY,  
AND CLEARED OF OBJECTIONABLE PASSAGES,

THE MODE OF ACTING THEM, AND THE STAGE BUSINESS, ARE  
CAREFULLY SET DOWN.



THE COMEDIES ARE,

AULULARIA, EPIDICUS, MENÆCHMI, MERCATOR,  
PSEUDOLUS, TRINUMMUS, AND RUDENS.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE SACKVILLE COTTER, A. M.

TRANSLATOR OF TERENCE, FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL  
AND AN ACTOR THERE IN THREE OF TERENCE'S COMEDIES.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND SEMINARIES.

His utere mecum.—Hor.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. F. DOVE,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

1827.

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PLAUTI COMEDIAE SEPTIMUM  
SILICIAE  
AUGUSTI RINDIAE  
EXPOSITAE  
SEVEN COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS  
SELECT

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

LIBRARI AND ORNAMENTALLY  
AND CAREFULLY REVISIONED THROUGHOUT

THE MOODS OF ACTING THEM, AND THE SENSES OF THE  
CONSTRUCTION AND HOW

THE COMEDIES ARE

AULIARIA, EPICURUS, MENECHMUS, MERICATOR,  
PSEUDOLUS, TRINCULUS, AND RUDENS

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LONDON:

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AT 10, BROADWAY

1827.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*Be it known, that this translation is a strict construing  
of the Latin of Plautus for the sake of schools.*

### A SCHEDULE

Shewing the method of strictly construing Latin verbs into English according to grammatical rule, as practised in my translations of Plautus and Terence, set down for the use of schools.—G. S. COTTER.

| <i>Tenses.</i> | <i>Indicatives.</i>                                  |
|----------------|--|
| Present        | Scribo—I write, I do write, I am writing.            |
| Imperfect      | Scribebam—I did write, I was writing.                |
| Future         | Scribam—I will write, I shall write.                 |
| Perfect        | Scripsi—I wrote, I have written.                     |
| Pluperfect     | Scripseram—I had written.                            |
| 2d Future      | Scripsero—I shall have written, I will have written. |

|            | <i>Potentials.</i>  |
|------------|---|
| Present    | Scribam—I may, or can, or must write.                           |
| Imperfect  | Scriberem—I might, or could, or would, or should write.         |
| Perfect    | Scripsirim—I may, or can, or must have written.                 |
| Pluperfect | Scripsissem—I might or could, or would, or should have written. |

These English moods, having such a variety in their meanings, must be judiciously applied in construing Latin, in order to make strong sense and meaning in the sentences. No changing of any one tense or mood, differing from the original, can be allowed in construing. Strict construing, is true translating. Whoever alters moods and tenses in translating Latin into English, is a bad grammarian, and a bad translator—he runs wild, like an untaught colt, and substitutes his own friskings for a sound and true mode of going—he makes a sort of paraphrase, but no translation.

ADVERTISEMENT

The Reviewer, that this translation is a strict copy of the Latin of Pliny for the use of schools.

A SCHEDULE

Showing the method of writing Latin verbs and English according to grammatical rules as prescribed in the translation of Pliny and Terence, and how far the use of verbs.

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| Present    | scribo— I write, I am writing.                                    |
| Imperfect  | scribam— I did write, I was writing.                              |
| Future     | scribam— I will write, I shall write.                             |
| Perfect    | scripsi— I wrote, I have written.                                 |
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These English words having such a variety in their meanings must be judiciously applied in construing Latin in order to make strong sense and beauty in the sentence. No changing of any one tense or mood differing from the original can be allowed in construing. Great care must be taken in translating. Words of one mood and tense in translating Latin into English, is a bad grammarian, and a bad translator. He can only be an accurate copyist and substitute his own feelings for a sound and true mode of conveying a set of phrases, but no translation.

DEDICATION.

THIS BOOK  
 IS DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,  
 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT PEEL,  
 SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT;  
 A GENTLEMAN  
 OF SOUND LEARNING AND POLITE SCHOLARSHIP,  
 A PATRON OF LITERATURE,  
 HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND RESPECTED AS A TRUE PATRIOT,  
 AN ELOQUENT ORATOR IN THE SENATE,  
 AN ABLE STATESMAN, WISE IN COUNSEL,  
 LOYAL TO HIS KING,  
 AND  
 A FIRM SUPPORTER OF OUR EXCELLENT CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE.  
 TO HIM,  
 AS AN ACCOMPLISHED SCHOLAR,  
 AND A JUST CRITIC,  
 SUBMITS THIS WORK OF TRANSLATION,  
 WITH DEFERENCE AND RESPECT,  
 THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED BY PERMISSION  
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT PEEL

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT

A PATRON OF THE ARTS  
AND OF SOUND LEARNING AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

A PATRON OF THE ARTS

HUMBLY REQUESTED AND REQUESTED AS A TRUE PATRIOT

A SUCCESSFUL ORATOR IN THE SENATE

AND AN INFLUENTIAL STATESMAN WISE IN COUNSEL

TO BE

AND

A MAN WHOSE CHARACTER AND CONDUCT IN CHURCH AND STATE

TO HIM

AS AN ACCOMPLISHED SCHOLAR

AND A TRUE PATRIOT

TO WRITE THIS WORK OF TRIBUTE

WITH REVERENCE AND AFFECTION

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

SALUTATIO.

EXIMIIUM VIRUM

PERQUÀM HONORABILEM ROBERTUM PEEL,

CUI SCILICET REX PIENTISSIMUS

ARDUUM SANÈ MUNUS

REGNI SUI RES PUBLICAS ADMINISTRANDI COMMISIT,

ET QUI ISTHOC OPTIME FUNCTUS EST OFFICIO, ET FUNGITUR

IN HONOREM PATRIÆ, ET DECUS, ET GLORIAM,

PLURIMÀ SALUTE, TALEM TANTUMQUE, IMPERTIT

DEMISSE EQUIDEM

HUJUSCE LIBRI AUCTOR.

PREFACE.

SEVEN Comedies of Plautus, in this translation, namely, the *Aulularia*, *Epidicus*, *Menæchmi*, *Mercator*, *Pseudolus*, *Trinummus*, and *Rudens*, cleared of improprieties, and elucidated, are hereby made fit for *acting*; and this translation will be a guide to scholars in our public schools, who may be appointed by the masters to act the plays in Latin, for their improvement in that language. Those readers, who choose to *study* this translation, without consulting the Latin original, will find the Comedies pleasant and amusing, and will be furnished, *without much trouble*, with a knowledge of the style and manner of the comic writings of the Ancients. As for reading them in the Latin original, though the Latin is excellent, and well worthy of the attention of all classical scholars, it is in many parts difficult, and in particular passages so much so, as to require much study to construe it grammatically, and understand it thoroughly. There is some difficulty also, while a reader is puzzled with uncommon words and phrases, to unravel the intricacy of the plots, to

judge of what is referred to, and to comprehend the *dramatic spirit* of the plays, which is often veiled in dark obscurity to the eyes of careless or dull readers.

The labour of *selection* of the *best* plays of Plautus will not be thought lightly of, when it is considered, that, in order to choose those best fitted for acting and for reading, the Author was forced to study almost all of Plautus's Comedies, which are numerous enough to tire out the patience of the most persevering scholar. If the Translator may be allowed to compare himself to a running horse, that goes over a lengthened course with some trial of exertion, perhaps he may attain the glory of being at least a well-winded or bottomed horse, that went cheerfully and stoutly through very difficult and rough ways of a neglected course. Though he is an aged racer (*Ætat.* 72), he flatters himself that he carries his weight well and vigorously, measures his strides with judgment, and neither bolts from the course, nor runs on the wrong side of the post.

The Writer of this translation intended it to be closely literal and grammatical, paying accurate attention to moods and tenses, and preserving carefully the spirit of the original. He trusts that he has rendered the Latin of Plautus into English in good language, plain, and best adapted to the meaning and construction of the sentences. If there had been a greater latitude, the style might have been easily made more elegant. But

for the benefit of all young scholars, and *some* of their teachers, he made the construction perfectly close, and in the precise language, in which the pupils and the preceptors ought grammatically to construe the Latin of Plautus.

It is to be hoped that this book will be found by all readers to be *amusing*. May it also prove *useful* to the scholars, *useful* to the masters and tutors, and *useful* to literature, by calling attention to these beautiful ancient writings, now neglected and nearly forgotten by the learned and classical world!—*Floreat Plauti Comœdiæ!*

*Talia si obtigerint, Author nihil amplius optat.*

GEORGE SACKVILLE COTTER.

October, 1826.

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N. B. At the end of the Volume is given an account of the Life of Plautus; also an opinion of his writings, and the judgment of some ancient writers respecting them. Some observations are also made on the good qualities of Terence's Comedies.

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CHARACTERIS IN THE COMEDY

M. ACCII PLAUTI

AULULARIA

Plautus, the author of the Comedies, was born  
 in Umbria, the name of his father was Accius, and  
 he was called Plautus because he was a slave of  
 a Roman, the name of whose master was Plautus.  
 He was a very good poet, and his Comedies were  
 much admired by the Romans. He was also a  
 very good grammarian, and his works are still  
 much valued by the scholars of the present day.  
 His Comedies are full of wit and humor, and  
 they are also very instructive. He was a  
 very good man, and his works are a great  
 treasure to the world.

CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

- EUCLIO, an Athenian old Gentleman, a Miser.  
PHÆDRIA, the daughter of Euclio.  
STAPHYLA, an old maid-servant of Euclio.  
MEGADORUS, a respectable Gentleman of Athens.  
EUNOMIA, the sister of Megadorus.  
LYCONIDES, the son of Eunomia (and Antimachus), the nephew  
of Megadorus, in love with Phædria.  
STROBILUS, a servant of Megadorus.  
STROBILUS, a servant of Lyconides.  
PYTHODICUS, a servant.  
ANTHORAX and CONGRIO, two cooks.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

AULULARIA.

SCENE.—A street in Athens. MEGADORUS'S house on one side, and EUCLIO'S on the other, with their doors opposite. An altar on one side, between the houses and the back scene.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter EUCLIO from his house, driving before him, with a whip, his old maid-servant STAPHYLA, to the middle of the stage.

*Euclio.* GET OUT, I say, and away with yourself, [*flogs her*] and get out now! By Hercules, you must get out of doors; hence, thou spy-about woman, with your eyes in all quarters.—*Staphyla.* [*weeping.*] But why do you beat me, a wretched woman?—*Euclio.* On purpose that you may be wretched, and curst as you are, may pass a curst life worthy of you!—*Staphyla.* But for what cause now have you thrust me out of the house?—*Euclio.* Shall I account to you, thou bundle of stings? [*He pushes her.*] Go back from the door.—Stop there now. [*She walks on.*] Look how stately she walks! But do you know how the affair stands with you? By Hercules, if to-day I shall have taken up a stick, or a pointed goad into my hand, I shall hurry that slow tortoise-step of yours!—*Staphyla.* Oh! that the gods had driven me to hang myself, rather than I may be a slave with you indeed in this way! [*She mutters to herself.*]—*Euclio.* Now how this piece of wickedness grumbles alone with herself! By Hercules, I will scoop out those eyes of yours, you wicked one, that you may not be able to watch me, as to what I may be about. [*He pushes her.*] Get away from that! [*She comes back.*] Again now? what



again now, again? [*She goes farther off.*] Aha! stand in that place! By Hercules, if you shall have stirred a finger, or a nail from that place, across, across or wide of you, or if you shall have looked back, until I have ordered you, by Hercules, I will immediately give you up to the rack to learn something there. [*He comes forward.*] I know for certain, that I have never seen a more nefarious person than this old woman; and I very wretchedly fear her, lest she may be slyly cheating me quite ignorant of it, [*in a low voice*] and lest she may find out where the gold is hidden! she who has eyes also in the back of her head, the vilest of wretches! I will now go, that I may see whether the gold is so as I hid it, which troubles wretched me most exceedingly. [*Exit EUCLIO into his house.*—*Sta.* [*sola.*] I cannot truly imagine what I may pronounce of malignity or insanity, to have happened to my master; so often he thrust out wretched me in this manner from his house, ten times in one day. I know not, fegs! what furies possess that man! He is on the watch whole nights; but then in the day time he sits whole days, as if he were a lame cobbler. I cannot imagine now, in what way I can conceal the shame of my master's daughter, whose lying-in approaches near; nor is there any thing better for me, as I think, than that I may make a long capital letter of myself, when I shall have tied up my neck in a halter.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter EUCLIO from his house.*

*Euc.* [*Advancing to the front, and speaking to himself in a low voice.*] At length I go out of my house with a mind free from trouble, after that I have seen that all things are safe within. [*He turns about to STAPHYLA.*] Return now you immediately within the house, and keep yourself close within.—*Sta.* Why may I keep within? Whether lest any one may carry away the house? for here with us there is no other gain for thieves! But it is well filled with cobwebs and spiders.—*Euc.* It is wonderful, that for your sake now, Jupiter may not make me king Philip or Darius, you old witch! I wish that those spiders be preserved for me. I am poor, I confess it; I suffer, I bear what the gods give.

Get you gone inside, and shut the door fast. I will be here now presently. Take care how you shall have let any stranger into the house. As any person may possibly ask for fire, I wish it to be extinguished, lest there be a reason that any one may ask it of you. For if any fire shall live there, [*shakes his fist at her*] you shall be extinguished at once. Then say that the water has run out, if any one shall ask for it. The knife, the axe, the pestle and mortar, and the vessels of use, which the neighbours are always asking for, say thou, that thieves came and carried off. In fact, I wish no one to be admitted into my house, I being absent. And I also tell you this beforehand, that even if the good goddess Fortune herself may come, you shall not have admitted her in doors.—*Sta.* Fegs! I believe, she herself takes care not to be admitted, for though she is near at hand, she went no where at any time towards our house.—*Euc.* Hold your prating, and off with you in doors.—*Sta.* I am silent, and am going away.—*Euc.* Shut up the doors, and, mind me now, with both bolts. I will be here just now presently. [*Exit STAPHYLA into EUCLIO's house.*—*Euc.* [*solus.*] I am tortured in mind, because I must go away from my house. Truly I am going very unwilling. But I know what I must do; for he who is our principal officer of our court, promised to divide sums of money among men applying for charity. If I relinquish that, and do not ask it, all may instantly suspect me, I think, to have gold at home. For it is not likely, that a poor man would despise ever so little, but must seek a bit of money. But now, when I conceal carefully from all, that they may not know my wealth, all seem to know it, and salute me more kindly, than they used to salute me before. They go towards me, and stop, and shake hands. They ask me, how I may be in health, what I may do, and what I may be carrying on. [*He pauses awhile.*] Now I will go where I am profited. Afterward, I will betake me home again, at as great a rate as I shall be able.

[*EUCLIO hobbles down the stage to the back scene, and exit.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter from MEGADORUS'S house, EUNOMIA and MEGADORUS.*

*Eun.* I must wish, brother, that you should think, that I speak as to this matter for the sake of my own goodwill to you, and your advantage, as it is right that a sister should do; although I am fully aware, that we women are accounted odious. For we are all deservedly reckoned very loquacious; and they say at this day, that no woman has been found really dumb in any age. But, brother, think of this one thing notwithstanding; that I am nearest in affinity to you, and you also to me. How right it is then, that you should counsel and advise me, and I you, as to what we may judge to be profitable to each of us; nor that *that* should be hidden, nor kept in by fear; but that I may equally make you a partaker of it, and you may make me. For that purpose now I have conducted you privately hither out of doors, that I might here speak of your domestic business along with you.—*Meg.* Most excellent woman, give me your hand. [*They shake hands together.*]—*Eun.* [*Looking about.*] Where is she? but who is that most excellent woman?—*Meg.* Thou.—*Eun.* Do you say that so?—*Meg.* If you deny it, I deny it.—*Eun.* It becomes you faithfully to speak the truth. For no woman can be chosen out as the very best. One woman however, brother, is worse than another.—*Meg.* I think the same thing, nor am I fixed ever to oppose you about that affair, sister.—*Eun.* Give attention to me now, my dear brother.—*Meg.* It is yours, use and command it, if you wish any thing.—*Eun.* I come to advise you, as to that which I think best to your advantage.—*Meg.* Sister, you act now in your usual manner.—*Eun.* I wish things were really acted.—*Meg.* [*In surprise.*] What is it, sister? [*Two lines omitted.*]—*Eun.* I wish you to bring a wife home. *Meg.* Hah! I am now undone!—*Eun.* Why thus?—*Meg.* Because your words distract me in misery, sister. You speak stones at my head.—*Eun.* Heighday! But do this thing that your sister orders

you.—*Meg.* If it may please you, I will do it.—*Eun.* This thing is to your good.—*Meg.* That I may die truly before I shall marry; but if you are willing to give any wife to me, I will marry her with these conditions, she who may come to-morrow must be carried out of doors the day after to-morrow, sister. With these laws give me whom you like to give, and prepare the wedding.—*Eun.* I am able to give you a wife, brother, with a very great portion; but she is somewhat advanced in age; I mean the middle age of woman is hers, and if, brother, you order me to demand her for you, I will demand her.—*Meg.* Do you wish that I should not ask you a question?—*Eun.* Ask it truly, if you wish any thing.—*Meg.* Speaking of a man, who after middle age marries a wife of a middle age, if the old man shall haply have a child, do you doubt but that child may be called the last? Now I will drive off and diminish that uneasiness from you, sister. By the power of the gods, and of my ancestors, I am rich enough. I regard not those great families, high dispositions, plentiful portions, sounds and pomps, carriages of ivory, vestments and purple, which things by their expense reduce men to a state of degradation.—*Eun.* Tell me, prithee, who is she, whom you wish to marry?—*Meg.* I will speak it out. Have you known this old fellow, Euclio, a poor mean man hard by?—*Eun.* I have known him, a man not bad indeed.—*Meg.* I am desirous that his virgin daughter be betrothed to me. Do not make any words about it, sister! I know what you are about to say, that this girl is poor. This poor girl pleases me.—*Eun.* May the gods prosper the affair!—*Meg.* I hope the same.—*Eun.* What then? do you want me as to any thing now?—*Meg.* [*Shaking hands with her.*] Farewell!—*Eun.* Farewell also thou, my brother! [*Exit EUNOMIA into MEGADORUS'S house.*]—*Meg.* [*solus.*] I will now meet Euclio, if he is at home. [*EUCLIO appears at the back scene, slowly hobbling along.*] But behold him! I know not from whence the man is betaking himself home. [*He steps aside.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter EUCLIO from the back scene, and hobbles on,  
not seeing MEGADORUS.*

*Euc.* When I was going from home, my mind foreboded, that I should go in vain. Therefore I did depart unwilling. For no one of the law people came, nor the master of the court, whom it behoved to divide the money. Now I hurry to get quickly home. For I myself am here, but my mind is at home.—*Meg.* [*Advancing towards him.*] May you be well in health, Euclio, and happy at all times!—*Euc.* May the gods love you, Megadorus!—*Meg.* How are you? Are you well in health? and as you wish?—*Euc.* [*Turning aside.*] It is not unintentional, when a rich man speaks kindly to a poor man. Now the man there knows that I have gold, and for that reason salutes me the more kindly.—*Meg.* Do you say that you are well?—*Euc.* I am not over well truly in regard to money.—*Meg.* In truth if your mind is proper, you have enough; you who can pass life well.—*Euc.* [*Aside.*] By Hercules, the old woman discovered to him about my gold. Plainly, it is all abroad. She, whose tongue I will just now chop off, and scoop out her eyes at home.—*Meg.* What are you speaking alone with yourself?—*Euc.* I am grumbling about my poverty. I have a lass grown up without a portion, and who cannot be put into wedlock, nor am I able to marry her off to any one.—*Meg.* Be silent, and have courage, Euclio! She shall be given; you shall be assisted by me. Say if you have need of any thing, and command me.—*Euc.* [*Aside.*] Now when he promises, he is seeking my property, and is gaping to devour my gold. In one hand he carries a stone, and shews bread in the other. I trust to no man, who in wealth is abundantly coaxing to a poor man. When he gives his hand with kindness, there he lays on that man some damage. I have known well those extortioners, who hold fast to themselves whatever they may have touched.—*Meg.* Attend to me awhile. There is a matter, Euclio, which I wish in a few words to speak to you of, concerning a common affair of mine and yours.—*Euc.* [*Aside.*] Alas! wretched me! My gold within has been grappled! Now I know he means as to that matter, to make

some agreement with me. But I will go to examine my house. [*He goes towards his door.*] *Meg.* Where are you departing? *Euc.* I will return to you just now. In truth there is something, on account of which I must go home. [*Exit EUCLIO into his house.*] *Meg.* [*Solus.*] I verily believe, when I shall have made mention concerning his daughter, that he may give her to me in marriage, he will think that he is laughed at by me. There is no other man this day more distressed from poverty. [*Enter EUCLIO from his house.*] *Euc.* [*Aside.*] The Gods do preserve me. My money is safe. It is a secure thing, if none of it is deficient. I have been sadly frightened. Before I returned within doors, I was almost dead with terror. [*He goes up to Megadorus.*] I return to you, if you wish to say any thing to me, Megadorus.—*Meg.* I thank you. I beg as to what I shall ask, that it may not grieve you to speak out freely.—*Euc.* While indeed you may not ask any thing, that it can be unpleasant to me to speak about.—*Meg.* Tell me from what quality of family you think me descended.—*Euc.* From a good stock.—*Meg.* What do you think of my honesty?—*Euc.* Good and right.—*Meg.* What of my actions?—*Euc.* Neither bad nor wicked.—*Meg.* Do you know my age?—*Euc.* I know that it is great, as well as your property.—*Meg.* Certainly and truly indeed I have always thought you a citizen without a bad intention, and I think so now.—*Euc.* [*Aside.*] He smells the gold. [*To Megadorus.*] What now do you wish of me?—*Meg.* Because you know me, and I know you, of what quality you may be, here is a matter which may turn out well both to me and you, and also your daughter. I ask for your daughter to be my wife! Promise now that this shall be.—*Euc.* Heigh-day, Megadorus! you are doing an action not worthy of your usual deeds, that you can mock me who am poor, and harmless towards you and your family. For I have merited from you neither by conduct, nor by words, that you should do what you are now doing.—*Meg.* Neither in truth do I come to mock you, nor do I laugh at you, nor do I think you worthy of it.—*Euc.* Why do you therefore ask for my daughter for yourself?—*Meg.* That on account of me, it may be the better for you, and on account of you and yours, it may be better for me.—*Euc.* This thing comes into my mind, Megadorus, that you are a rich man,

and promising to do great things; also that I am a man, the poorest of poor men. Now if I shall have married my daughter to you, it comes into my mind, that you are the strong Ox, and that I am the Ass. When I may be yoked with you, and when I may not be able to carry the load equally, I the poor Ass may lie in the mire. You the great Ox may not care about me more, than if I never were born; and I may find you most unjust, and my rank of people may laugh at me; no where may I have a fixed stall, if there may be any separation of us. Other Asses may tear me with their teeth, and oxen may gore me. This danger is a great one, that I should aspire from the station of Asses, to that of Oxen.—*Meg.* As far as you shall have joined yourself very closely to good men in alliance, so far it is very good for you. Receive thou this proposal! Listen to me, and betroth that girl to me!—*Euc.* But there is nothing of portion, that I can give. *Meg.* You must not give it. As long as she may come to me, rightly endowed with morality, she is sufficiently portioned.—*Euc.* I say it for that reason that you may not think that I have found any treasures.—*Meg.* I have known it; teach me not; contract her to me.—*Euc.* Let it be done. But, O Jupiter! [*Starts and looks about.*] Have I not perished!—*Meg.* What is the matter to you?—*Euc.* What sounded just now, as it were iron?—*Meg.* Here at my premises I ordered them to dig the garden. [*Exit EUCLIO, hobbling fast into his house.*]—*Meg.* [*Looking round.*] But where is the man? he has gone away, and not made me more certain of the matter. He detests me. Because he sees me wish for his friendship, he acts after the manner of men; where if a rich man goes to ask the kindness of the poorer, the poor man fears to have to do with him; through fear he behaves badly. The same man, when the opportunity has passed, desires it afterward too late. [*Enter EUCLIO from his house, turns round, and speaks to STAPHYLA within.*]—*Euc.* By Hercules, if I shall not have given you up [*shakes his stick at her*] to have your tongue cut out from the very roots, I order and authorise that you put me out to be mutilated. [*He turns to MEGADORUS, and the door is shut.*]—*Meg.* I really see, Euclio, that you think me a fit man, whom you may make sport of, on account of my old age, and with none of my deserving it.—*Euc.* In truth I neither do so, Mega-

dorus, nor if I can desire it, have I the power.—*Meg.* How now? Do you now betroth your daughter to me?—*Euc.* With those conditions. With that dowry which I mentioned to you.—*Meg.* Do you betroth her therefore?—*Euc.* I do betroth her; may the gods prosper it!—*Meg.* So may the gods have acted!—*Euc.* Cause yourself to remember that you agreed upon *that*, that my daughter should not bring any portion to you.—*Meg.* I remember it.—*Euc.* But I know in what manner ye of your sort can be used to act captiously. Thus an agreement is not an agreement. A compact at this time is a compact just as it pleases you.—*Meg.* I will have no disagreement with you. But is there any reason, why we may not have the nuptials to-day?—*Euc.* Truly the reason for them is very good.—*Meg.* I will go therefore, and prepare matters. Do you want me as to any thing?—*Euc.* Only as to that.—*Meg.* It shall be. Farewell! [*MEGADORUS goes to the door of his house, and calls out.*] Hillo! Strobilus! follow me hastily and diligently to the meat-market. [*Exit MEGADORUS at the back scene.*]—*Euc.* [*solus.*] He hath departed hence. Immortal Gods, I beseech you! what a powerful thing is gold! I do believe this man now has heard, that I have a treasure at home. He is gaping after that. On that account he has persisted strongly as to this alliance. [*EUCLIO goes towards his house.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*EUCLIO stops at the door of his house, opens it, and calls to STAPHYLA within.*

*Euc.* Where art thou, who have now babbled to all the neighbours that I was to give a portion to my daughter? Hillo! Staphyla! you I call. Do you hear me at all? Hasten, and wash well the vessels within. I have betrothed my daughter to-day. I shall give her into marriage with Megadorus. [*Enter STAPHYLA from the house.*]—*Sta.* [*Clapping her hands together.*] May the Gods prosper it! But, my stars! it cannot be. It is too sudden a thing.—*Euc.* Hold your prating, and go away. Make things be properly ready, when I shall return home from the Forum. And shut up the house. I will be here just now. [*Exit EUCLIO at the back scene, hobbling fast.*]—*Sta.* [*sola.*] What now shall I do?

Ruin is now near us, both to me and my master's daughter; for her shame and lying-in are near at hand, so that it must become public. What has been hitherto concealed and hidden, cannot be so now. I will go indoors, that what my master commanded, may be done, when he arrives. But truly I fear sad grief to myself, lest I may drink foul liquor soon. [*Exit STAPHYLA into EUCLIO's house.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

[*Omitted, as silly farce.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

[*Omitted for the same reason.*]

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter from the back scene STROBILUS, MEGADORUS's servant, with men carrying baskets of meat and provisions, followed by ANTHORAX and CONGRIO, two cooks, and by a minstrel.*

*Stro.* [*Knocking at EUCLIO's door.*] Hillo! Staphyla! go forth, and open the door!—*Sta.* [*within.*] Who calls me?—*Stro.* Strobilus. [*STAPHYLA enters from the house.*]—*Sta.* What do you want?—*Stro.* That you may receive these cooks, and the flute-player, and the provisions, against the nuptials. Megadorus ordered me to send these things to Euclio.—*Sta.* Prithee, Strobilus, are they about to celebrate these nuptials to Ceres?—*Stro.* How so?—*Sta.* Because I understand that no strong wine has been brought hither.—*Stro.* But now it shall be brought, if he himself may have returned from the Forum.—*Sta.* There are no billets of wood here at our house.—*Cook.* Are there rafters here?—*Sta.* There are so.—*Cook.* Those are pieces of wood, therefore; Seek not for them out of doors.—*Sta.* What, you wretch? Though you wish for fire, is it for the sake of the supper, or for the matter of your own hire, that you are asking us to burn our own house?—*Cook.* I do not ask that.—*Stro.* Conduct us inside the house.—*Sta.* Follow me all of you. [*STAPHYLA goes before them into EUCLIO's house, they follow her, and Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter PYTHODICUS from MEGADORUS's house, and speaks to those within.*

*Pyth.* Mind ye your business. I will go to see what the cooks may be doing. [*Turns away, and the door is shut.*] In truth, to watch this day is my principal business. Unless I may mind this one thing, it is possible the fellows may cook the supper in the dry well, and from thence we shall bring it up in baskets, when ready cooked. But if they shall devour it down below when they shall have dressed any victuals, the upper people are starved, and the lower stomachs stuffed. But I am chattering here, as if there were no business to attend to, when such a troop of rapacious robbers can be in the house. [*Exit PYTHODICUS into EUCLIO's house.*]

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Enter EUCLIO from the back scene, with garlands of flowers in his hand, slowly hobbling forwards.*

*Euc.* I wished at length this day to establish a resolution, that I would be in comfort at the marriage of my daughter. I come to the market; I ask for fishes. They tell me that they are dear. They tell me that lamb is also dear; that beef is dear; veal also; large sea-fish too; and pork. In short, that all things are dear. And though they had been dearer, I had no money. I go away in anger from thence, because I have nothing wherewithal I can purchase. In this way I deceive all these rascals. Then I began to think with myself in the streets, thus: "If you may have squandered away any thing on a festival day, it may be that you shall want on a common day, unless you shall have spared something." After I set forth this reasoning to my heart, and stomach, my mind acceded to this opinion, and how, with the smallest cash possible, I might give my daughter in marriage. I have now bought a small piece of frankincense, and these garlands of flowers. These things shall be put on the

fireplace to our Lar of the family, that he may make the nuptials of my daughter fortunate. [*He looks at his door, and sees it standing open, and starts in surprise.*] But why do I see my house open? [*He listens.*] And there is a noise within! Am I plundered, wretched man? [CONGRIO the Cook speaks within.]—*Cong.* Get a larger box, if you can, in the neighbourhood. This is a small one, and cannot hold it.—*Euc.* [*Clapping his hands and lifting up his eyes.*] Woe to me! By Hercules I have perished! My gold is plundered, and a box is looked for. I am killed outright, unless I hurry in haste to run hither in doors. [*Lifts up his hands.*] Apollo, I pray, assist and help me! with your arrow strike through the thieves of my treasure! It is I, whom you assisted before in such a matter! But am I delaying now to run, before I have totally perished? [EUCLIO runs into his house.]

## SCENA NONA.

*Enter ANTHORAX the Cook, and calls to the Scullions.*

*Anth.* Dromo, scale off the fishes. Do you, Macario, split along the back that conger eel, as fast as you can; and make all be roasted, while I am absent. [*Three lines omitted.*] But what is this clamour that is up hard by? [*A great noise is heard in EUCLIO'S house.*] The cooks certainly, I believe, are doing their work! I will escape inside there, [*pointing opposite*] lest any of the disturbance may be here also. [*Erit ANTHORAX hastily into MEGADORUS'S house.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter CONGRIO the Cook hastily from EUCLIO'S house, claps the door after him, and goes to and fro, shrugging his shoulders, and rubbing his arms and back in great pain.*

*Con.* [*Loudly roaring.*] O ye welcome citizens, neighbours, inhabitants, borderers, and foreigners, all of ye, make way now where I may escape, and make all the streets be wide open for me! I never till this day came to the rag-

ing Bacchanals, and their Bacchanalian place of meeting, to dress victuals; and now they have cursedly pounded wretched me and my scullions with their clubs and bludgeons. [*He rubs his arms and sides.*] I am in pain all over, and actually dead, for that old fellow kept me there at his bruising-school. [*He looks at EUCLIO'S door.*] Ah! sad! sad! I am done for now, miserable as I am! The Bacchanalian place opens! here he is! He is following them up! I know what I will do. [*He catches up a stick from the ground.*] The master himself taught me this. I never saw sticks given to me more welcome. [*Enter all the other people, Cook's Deputies, and Scullions, and Minstrel, rushing from the house, driven in by EUCLIO, with a great stick in his hand.*] So he has driven all of us out of doors, me and these, with clubs laid on their backs.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*EUCLIO calls out, while CONGRIO and the rest are running off.*

*Euc.* [*To Congrio.*] Come back! why are you flying away now? Stop! Stop!—*Con.* [*Turning round.*] Why do you thus cry out, silly old gentleman?—*Euc.* Truly I will now give in your name to the Triumviri.—*Cong.* For what reason?—*Euc.* Because you have a knife.—*Cong.* It is right that a cook should have one.—*Euc.* What, have you threaten'd me or not?—*Cong.* I think it was badly done, that I have not dug your side with it.—*Euc.* There is no man that may live to-day, more wicked than you, nor any one, whom I may more willingly and purposely have punished.—*Cong.* Now, though you may be silent about it, it is plain indeed, and the thing itself testifies the matter, for with your clubs wretched I am made softer than any tumbler. But with respect to us, what have we to do with you, you old beggar-man? What business have we with you?—*Euc.* Do you ask that now? Is it because I have done less, than was due to you?—*Cong.* Let that alone. Now, by Hercules, it shall be with great trouble to you, since this hand of mine feels so painful.—*Euc.* I know not indeed what may happen hereafter, I know your skull feels something now. But what business had you in my house, I be-

ing absent, unless I had ordered you? I want to know that. *Cong.* Hold your tongue then. It was because we have to cook for the nuptials.—*Euc.* Why, a curse! are you to care, whether I shall have eaten raw meat or roast meat? unless you are my guardian.—*Cong.* I wish to know, whether you may suffer, or not suffer us, to cook the supper here.—*Euc.* I also wish to know, whether my goods at my house are to be safe from plunder.—*Cong.* I wish only I may take away my goods which I brought here, safe and sound to me. It does not trouble me, whether I may covet your things.—*Euc.* I know; do not teach me; I have known you.—*Cong.* What is it, on what account now may you hinder us to cook the supper here? What have we done? What have we said to you otherwise than you would wish?—*Euc.* Are you asking still, thou wicked man, who make all the corners and closets of my house a thoroughfare? When you had that employment, that you should be at my fireplace, you should have had a skull that could not be split. That deed was done to you deservedly. Therefore that you may be able to know my sentence on you now, if you shall have approached to the door, hither at all nearer, until I shall have ordered you, I will make you the wretchedest mortal upon earth. [*He shakes his stick at him.*] Now do you know my mind? [*CONGRIO steps away.*] Where are you going off? Come back here again.—*Cong.* So may the Goddess of Thieves love me, but unless you order my pots and skillets to be returned to me, I will vex you with loud abuse before the house. [*Exit EUCLIO into his house.*] What shall I do now? Really and truly I came here with unlucky auspices. I was hired for wages of money. [*He rubs his bruised head.*] There is now more need of a surgeon than my wages!

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter EUCLIO with a square box under his arm, half hid by his cloak.*

*Euc.* This, indeed and verily, shall be with me, wherever I shall go. [*He kisses the box.*] I will carry this with me now; nor will I ever commit it to that place to be in such perils. [*He turns and speaks to CONGRIO and the others behind him.*]

Go ye now at once in-doors all of you, both cooks and minstrels. Introduce also, if you choose, even a whole flock of hirelings; cook ye, bustle and hurry now at once, as much as it pleases you.—*Cong.* It is in good season, after you have loaded their heads with blows of clubs.—*Euc.* [*Pointing to his door.*] Go in-doors you! Your *work* has been hired for this place, and not an oration.—*Cong.* Harkye, old Gentleman! For being beaten, I shall certainly demand from you a sum of money. I was hired a short time since to cook, and not to be beaten.—*Euc.* Go to law with me then! But don't be troublesome. Go and cook the supper! Or else go away from the house to the devil!—*Cong.* Get you gone, you now, to the devil! [*Exeunt CONGRIO and his party at the back scene. Manet EUCLIO.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Euc.* He has departed hence. [*Meditates.*] O immortal gods, a poor man, who has begun to hold communication or business with a rich man, attempts a bold undertaking. How Megadorus annoys me in all ways! who pretended to send cooks here for the sake of honour to me, but he sent them really with that intention, that they should plunder this [*puts his hand on his box*] from wretched me. Suitably also my dunghill-cock within, a favourite of the old woman, very nearly destroyed me; for he began there to scratch with his claws, every where round the place, where these things were buried. What need is there of words? My anger kindled at this. I catch up a club and kill the cock, the evident thief. I believe really that the cooks promised a reward to that cock, if he should have made a discovery as to that treasure. I took away the means out of their hands. What need have I of words? The battle raged about the dunghill-cock. [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But behold him, Megadorus my new relation is stepping here from the Forum! I cannot venture to pass by him, but I will now stay here, and talk with him. [*He retires on one side close to his door.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter MEGADORUS from the back scene, and advances to the front.*

*Meg.* I have mentioned to my friends my intention concerning this compact. They praise the daughter of Euclio; and that it is done wisely, and with good counsel. For truly in my mind, if others may do the same, and that richer men may take home as wives the daughters of poorer men without portion, the State would both be much more united, and we should meet much less envy, than we now meet. [*Lines are omitted down to the third line from the end of the scene, as being intolerably dull and unentertaining.*] In truth, she who is unportioned is in the power of her husband. Portioned women destroy their husbands with expense and loss. [*Turning round, he sees EUCLIO.*] But behold him, my new relation, before his house! What do you say, Euclio?

## SCENA SEXTA.

*EUCLIO advances to MEGADORUS, and addresses him.*

*Euc.* Very willingly indeed I have devoured your speech.  
—*Meg.* Do you say so? have you heard me?—*Euc.* From the very beginning I have heard all things.—*Meg.* However, according to my mind indeed you would act somewhat more properly, if you may be cleaner in person at the marriage of your daughter.—*Euc.* They who have elegance instead of property, and finery instead of affluence, may recollect themselves, from what source they may in future rise. Nor truly, Medagorus, to me or any other poor man, is their rightly established household better than might be estimated.  
—*Meg.* Truly yours is established, and may the gods grant that it may exist so, and may they prosper that which you now have, more and more!—*Euc.* [*Going aside.*] That expression does not please me, "which you now have." He knows as well as myself, that I have this gold. The old woman discovered it to him.—*Meg.* Why do you separate yourself alone thus out of our council?—*Euc.* In truth I was meditating, that I may deservedly accuse you.—*Meg.* What is it?—*Euc.* Do you ask me what it may be? You who have filled all the corners in my house with thieves sent to me a miserable man; You who have sent within my house

five hundred cooks, each of them with six hands, of the race of Geryon; whom if Argus were to keep, who was all eyes, and whom Juno once made keeper to Io, he could never watch them. Likewise you sent me a flute-player, who alone is able, if a fountain burst out with wine, to drink for me the Corinthian spring Pirene. But then the provisions:—*Meg.* Truly there is enough even for a legion of soldiers. I also sent a lamb.—*Euc.* Than which lamb of yours I know well, that there was no where any beast more lean and scraggy.—*Meg.* I wish to know from you, what lamb can be that scraggy beast.—*Euc.* That which is all bones and skin, he so wastes away with agony; besides you may see his bowels in the sun, even when alive, he so shines through, as it were a Punic lanthorn.—*Meg.* I brought it for slaughter.—*Euc.* Then it is best that you alike may bargain for it to be carried out; for now I believe it is dead.—*Meg.* I am willing, Euclio, to drink with you to-day.—*Euc.* I must not indeed in truth drink to-day.—*Meg.* But I shall have ordered one cask of old wine to be brought from my house.—*Euc.* I do not wish it truly; for it is decreed to me to drink water.—*Meg.* I will make you moistened this day finely, but with wine however, given to you, to whom it is decreed to drink water.—*Euc.* [*Aside*] I know what affair he must be at; that he may overcome me with wine; now he aims at that mode, and afterward that this gold that I have, may change its settlement;—I will guard against that; for I will thrust it away from the house somewhere; I will have caused that he may have lost both his labour and his wine at the same time.  
—*Meg.* Unless you want me as to any thing, I am going to wash, in order that I may perform sacred rites. [*Exit MEGADORUS into his house.*]—*Euc.* [*Solus.*] Truly and verily, thou, little chest of mine, [*takes his box from under his cloak, and hugs it to his breast*] hast many enemies, and that gold which is trusted to you. Now this is the best deed for me, that I may carry off thee, my good Box, into the temple of *Fides*. There will I hide it carefully. Thou hast known me, O Goddess *Fides*, and I thee. Take care to yourself that you may not have changed your name towards me, if I trust this to you. I will now go to thee, O *Fides*, relying on thy good faith. [*Exit EUCLIO with his box of gold, at the side scene, having covered the box with his cloak.*]



## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter from the back scene STROBILUS, LYCONIDES's servant, and advances to the front.*

*Stro.* This is the business of an honest servant, to do what I am now intent upon. Nor let the command of a master have to itself any thing of delay or troublesomeness. For whatever servant desires to serve his master rightly, it behoves him to do things for his master early and soon, but for himself late. Now if he may doze, let him doze so, that he may still think himself a servant employed. In truth he who gives his servitude to a master that is in love, as I now serve, if he perceives love to overcome his master, I think that it is the duty of a servant to restrain him for his good, not to drive him into that, to which he may incline. [*Eight lines omitted.*] Now my master loves the daughter of this poor man Euclio. It was just now told to my master, that she was given in marriage to this Megadorus. He sent me hither therefore to spy out, in order that he may know the things that might be done. Now, without any suspicion, I will sit down here by the sacred altar. Hence I shall be able, both here and there, to judge what they may be about. [*He sits down at the side scene close by the altar.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter EUCLIO at the side scene, where he had before gone out towards the temple of Fides. He turns round, and looks towards the temple he had quitted.*

*Eucl.* [*Clapping his hands together.*] O my Goddess Fides! do thou take care, how you shall have told any one, that my gold is there. [*He turns away.*] I do not fear lest any one may find it, it is so well fixed in a hiding-place. Verily and truly, if any one shall have found that box loaded with gold, he can have a noble plunder! [*He turns and stretches his hands towards the temple.*] But I beseech thee, O Fides, that thou wilt have hindered that!—I will now wash me, that I may

do sacred rites, and lest I may delay my relation, and that when he may call on me, he may at once lead my daughter home. [*Stretches out his hands to the temple again.*] Over and over again now watch, O Fides, that I may carry away my box safe from you again! To thy trust I have confided my gold. In thy grove and temple it is now placed. [*EUCLIO comes up the stage and exit into his own house.*—*Stro.* [*Coming forth from the altar.*] What a great deed, O immortal gods, do I hear this man speak of! that he has hid a box loaded with gold here within the temple! O Fides, beware how you may be more faithful to him, I entreat you, than to me! And this chap, I think, is the father of her, whom my master loves. I will go hence within, and search the temple, if I can find the gold any where, while this old gentleman is employed. But if I shall have found it, O beloved Fides, I will make for you a gallon-jug chuck full of nice honeyed wine. I will certainly make it for you; but when I shall have done that, faith I will drink it myself. [*Exit STROBILUS at the side scene towards the temple.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter EUCLIO from his house in great agitation.*

*Eucl.* It is not for nothing, that a raven is croaking on the left hand side. He scraped the ground once with his feet, and was then croaking with his voice. Immediately my heart began to dance about, and to jump into my breast. But I am delaying to run here. [*He hobbles fast towards the side scene, making for the temple, and exit.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter EUCLIO at the side scene where he went out, dragging STROBILUS with one hand, and beating him with his stick with the other.*

*Eucl.* Get out! Get out! you earthworm, who crept just now under the earth, and appeared there awhile ago! Now, when you do appear, by Apollo, I will have you in a wretched plight, you vile juggler you!—*Stro.* [*Getting loose from him.*] What curst evil agitates you? What dealing have you with

me, old fellow? Why do you pester me? Why do you drag me? for what cause do you flog me?—*Euc.* Thou fellow, most worthy of flogging, do you even ask me that? You are not only a thief, but a triple thief.—*Stro.* What have I stole from you?—*Euc.* [*Flogging him.*] Give it back here.—*Stro.* What do you want I may give back to you?—*Euc.* Do you ask?—*Stro.* Indeed I took nothing from you.—*Euc.* But give me that which you *had* taken from me.—*Stro.* Aha! what are you at?—*Euc.* What may I be at? You can't carry it off now.—*Stro.* What do you want for yourself?—*Euc.* [*Lifting up his stick.*] Put it down now.—*Stro.* I believe really and truly, old Gentleman, that you are used to give to others.—*Euc.* Lay down this now! away with your scoffing, I do not trifle now.—*Stro.* What shall I lay down? why do you not speak it out now, whatever it is, by its own name? Truly and indeed I have not taken, nor touched any thing.—*Euc.* Shew your hands here.—*Stro.* [*Hides his hands.*] Ah! ha! you now!—*Euc.* Shew them, I say.—*Stro.* [ *Holding out his hands.*] Look at them.—*Euc.* I see them; But come now, shew me your third hand also.—*Stro.* [*Turning away and stamping.*] Ghosts, and furies, and insanities agitate this old man! are you giving me ill usage or not?—*Euc.* I allow it; the greatest, because you won't mind the thing, and it shall be also now, unless you confess.—*Stro.* What may I confess to you?—*Euc.* What have you carried off hence?—*Stro.* May the gods destroy me, if I have taken away any thing of yours!—*Euc.* But I would not wish you took it therefore! come now, shake out your cloak.—*Stro.* For your judgment?—*Euc.* Lest you may have it between your waistcoats.—*Stro.* Try where it pleases you.—*Euc.* Aha! how kindly the rogue talks, that I may think he has not taken it away! I have known your tricks! come again, shew me your right hand here.—*Stro.* [*Shewing his hand.*] Well there!—*Euc.* Now shew your left hand.—*Stro.* [*Stretching out both hands.*] Why! now I hold forth both to you.—*Euc.* I now omit to search you. But give it me back here.—*Stro.* What shall I give back?—*Euc.* Ah, you are trifling; you certainly have it.—*Stro.* Have I? what have I?—*Euc.* I do not say. You are wishing to hear. Give back that of mine, whatsoever you have.—*Stro.* You are mad! you have examined at your own pleasure, nor have you found any thing of yours about me. [*He is struggling*

*away.*] *Euc.* Stop! stop! who was that other, that was within here along with you? [*Aside.*] By Hercules, I am undone! That fellow within now troubles me! If I let go this one, he will have marched off. Lastly, I have now examined this man, and he has nothing. [*Turns round to STROBILUS, as he is holding him by the arm, with uplifted stick.*] Begone thou, where it pleases you! [*Lets him go.*] May Jupiter and the gods destroy you!—*Stro.* Finely he gives his thanks to me.—*Euc.* I will go hence within there, and will immediately throttle that accomplice of yours. Fly hence thou from my sight! [*A pause, and he stamps with his foot.*] Do you go hence or not?—*Stro.* [*Seeming to go.*] I am going away.—*Euc.* [*Shaking his stick at him.*] Take care that I may not see you ever again. [*Exit EUCLIO at the side scene towards the temple.—Manet STROBILUS.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

STROBILUS solus.

*Stro.* I would rather that I died with a painful death, than that I may not lay snares to-day for that old fellow! Certainly he will not dare to hide the gold here any more. I believe he will bring it back with him now immediately, and change the place of hiding. [*He looks out at the side scene.*] Ah! ha! there's a noise from the doors of the temple! Behold him, the old man is bringing the gold out of doors! For a while I shall have stepped aside here near the temple gate. [*Exit STROBILUS, hastily, at an adjacent side scene.*]

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter EUCLIO, with his box under his arm, half covered with his cloak.*

*Euc.* I used to think that the very greatest dependence was to be placed on the goddess Fides. She has very nearly deceived me. Unless the raven might have come to my assistance, I should have wretchedly perished. I can much wish in truth as to that raven, who made the discovery, that he may come to me; and that I may tell him of something good

for him; for I may as well give him his victuals, as lose it all. [*He uncovers his box, and looks at it.*] Now I am thinking of a lonely place, where I may hide this gold. The grove of Sylvanus outside the wall is unfrequented, and filled with many a willow. There will I get a place for it. I am determined, that I may better trust to Sylvanus than Fides. [*Exit EUCLIO at the back scene, having carefully covered the box under his arm with his cloak.*]

*Enter STROBILUS at the side scene, where he had gone out.*

*Stro.* Well done! well done! The gods wish me safe and preserved. Now will I run before to that place, and get up into some tree, and observe from thence where the old gentleman may hide his gold. Although my master had ordered me to wait for him here, I am resolved, that I will rather seek for ill-usage, when attended thus with emolument and lucre. [*Exit STROBILUS at the back scene in haste after the old man.*]

#### SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter EUNOMIA and her son LYCONIDES from MEGADORUS'S house.*

*Lyc.* I have told you the affair, my mother. You nearly understand with me the business in regard to Euclio's daughter. Now I beseech you, make mention of the matter to my uncle, and I beseech again, mother, as to that which I had lately entreated of you to accomplish.—*Eun.* You yourself know, that I wish those things should be done, which you may be inclined to; and I trust that I shall obtain that from my brother; and the reason is proper, if indeed it is so as you declare, that you violated that virgin, when you were overcome with the effects of wine.—*Lyc.* Can I possibly tell a falsity before you, O my mother?—[*PHEDRIA cries out in labour, in EUCLIO'S house.*] *Phad.* Juno Lucina! I call on thy protection, Juno Lucina, oh!—*Lyc.* I find a better reason, O my mother, for she is crying out, and in labour.—*Eun.* Go this way in-doors, my son, to my brother, that I may effect for you that which you now entreat of me; and that I may have that which you beg of me, obtained

from him.—*Lyc.* Go on, I immediately now follow you, mother. [*Exit EUNOMIA into MEGADORUS'S house.*] But now as to my servant Strobilus, I wonder where he can be, whom I had ordered to wait for me here. I now think with myself, if he attends to me in reality, it is wrong that I should be angry with him. I will go in-doors, since these meetings are about my life and existence. [*Exit LYCONIDES into MEGADORUS'S house.*]

#### SCENA OCTAVA.

*Enter STROBILUS with EUCLIO'S box of gold under his arm.*

*Stro.* [*solus.*] I alone exceed in the riches of Picus, those who inhabit mountains of gold. Now I am unwilling to mention those other kings, beggarly fellows. [*He struts about.*] I am that rich king Philip. O beautiful day for me! For as I departed hence just now, I got to that place long before him, and fixed myself up in a tree long before he came, and from thence spied out where the old fellow was hiding his gold. When he departed, I get myself down from the tree, and dig up the box full of gold. Thence from that place I observe the old man take himself off. He does not observe me, for I now took myself aside a little, outside the pathway. [*He looks at the back scene.*] Ah, ha! behold the man himself! I will go home, that I may hide this gold. [*Exit STROBILUS hastily, at a side scene.*]

#### SCENA NONA.

*Enter EUCLIO bareheaded, tearing his hair, and stamping, and wringing his hands.*

*Euc.* [*Speaking loudly and rapidly.*] I have perished! I am done for! I am dead! Where shall I run? Where shall I not run? Stop! stop! [*running to the side scene.*] Whom have I here? Who is there? I know not! I see nothing! I walk blind! and where I may go, or where I may be, or who I may be, I cannot in my mind find out for certain! [*Stands at the side scene, addressing a supposed crowd outside.*] I beseech you all, help me, I pray and beg! and shew me

the man who can have taken it away! [*Four lines omitted.*] Alas! wretched me! wretched me! I have perished, unhappily destroyed! I am in sad plight, so much of groaning and mournful grief has this day brought to me, and hunger, and poverty! [*Claps his hands.*] I am the most wretched of all men on the earth! For what need have I of life, who have lost so much gold? which I guarded diligently and carefully. I myself defrauded myself and my inclination, and my disposition! now others rejoice in that my misfortune and loss. I cannot bear it! [*He tears his hair, and at length claps his hand to his forehead, and remains silent, standing near his own door.*]

*Enter LYCONIDES from the house of MEGADORUS.*

*Lyc.* What man howling and grieving, complains here before our house? [*Sees EUCLIO.*] This is certainly Euclio. I think 'tis he. [*Lowers his voice.*] I am utterly lost! the matter is all abroad! he knows now, as I imagine, that his daughter has lain in. It is uncertain to me now, what I shall do. Must I go away, or remain here? Whether may I go up to him or run away? I do not know in truth, what I shall do!

SCENA DECIMA.

*Euc.* [*Looking up.*] What man is speaking here?—*Lyc.* I am here.—*Euc.* Truly I am wretched, and miserably lost, who have misfortunes so great, and to whom so much sorrow has happened.—*Lyc.* Be of good courage!—*Euc.* By what means prithee, can I be so?—*Lyc.* Because as to that deed that troubles your mind, I have done it, and now confess it.—*Euc.* [*Starting in surprise.*] What do I hear from you?—*Lyc.* That which is true.—*Euc.* What of evil, young man, have I deserved, wherefore you should do so, and should go to destroy me and my children?—*Lyc.* The god impelled me, he enticed me to her.—*Euc.* How?—*Lyc.* I confess that I have done wrong, and know that I have deserved blame. Therefore I come as to that to supplicate you, that with a gentle and kind mind you may pardon me.—*Euc.* Why have you dared to do that deed, that you should touch that, which could not be yours?—*Lyc.* What do you wish

to be done? That thing has been done, and it cannot become undone. I believe that the gods willed it; for unless they might be willing, it could not happen, I know.—*Euc.* But I believe that the gods were willing, that I must have torture in the pillory through you.—*Lyc.* You cannot have said that.—*Euc.* Why therefore do you touch mine, I being unwilling?—*Lyc.* Because I did so from the fault of wine and love.—*Euc.* Thou most audacious man! that you should have dared to come hither to me, with that speech, thou shameless man! for if that is law, so as you may be able to excuse the matter, we may plunder gold from matron women openly in the clear day-light, and after that exploit, we may make an excuse, if we are caught, that we were drunk, and did it for the sake of love. Wine is a most execrable thing, and also love, if it is lawful for a drunken man, and one in love, to do what may please him without punishment.—*Lyc.* But I came to you of my own accord to supplicate you on account of my folly.—*Euc.* Those men do not please me, who, when they have done a bad deed, clear it away. You knew that it was not yours. It was proper that it should be untouched.—*Lyc.* Therefore because I have dared to touch what belonged to you, I plead no otherwise, but that I may most properly have it.—*Euc.* May you have mine, I being unwilling?—*Lyc.* I do not ask this, you being unwilling; but I think that it is right, she should be mine. But as to her, you will find it right, Euclio, I say, that that property of yours should be mine.—*Euc.* [*Shaking his fist at him.*] Unless you bring it back — —*Lyc.* What shall I bring back to you?—*Euc.* That of mine which you stole away. Now by Hercules, verily I will drag you to the Prætor, and bring an action at law against you.—*Lyc.* Do I steal away any thing of thine? whence, or what is it?—*Euc.* So shall Jupiter love me, what! are you ignorant?—*Lyc.* Unless indeed you shall have told me, what you can be inquiring about.—*Euc.* I say I am asking back from you a box of gold which you confessed to me that you took away.—*Lyc.* In truth I never said it, nor have I done it.—*Euc.* Do you deny it?—*Lyc.* I deny it plump; for neither do I know that gold, nor what that box may be, nor have I known it.—*Euc.* [*Eagerly and fiercely.*] Give me that box, which you had taken out of the grove of Sylvanus! Go and bring it back;

I will divide with you a half-share, and better. Although you are a thief to me, I will not be troublesome. Go then, and bring it back.—*Lyc.* You are not in your senses, who can call me a thief: I thought, Euclio, that you had discovered about another affair. It is what appertains to me, it is an affair of consequence, which I am desirous to speak of with you leisurely, if you have now leisure.—*Euc.* Tell me now with good conscience; you have not then plundered that gold?—*Lyc.* I do say it with a good conscience.—*Euc.* You do not know who may have taken it away?—*Lyc.* I say that also with good conscience.—*Euc.* And you will tell me, if you shall know it, who may have carried it off?—*Lyc.* I will do it.—*Euc.* Nor will you ask for a share to yourself thence from him, whoever he is? Nor will you receive the thief?—*Lyc.* Just so.—*Euc.* What if you deceive me?—*Lyc.* Then may great Jupiter do to me what he chooses!—*Euc.* I am satisfied. Come on now, say what you wish.—*Lyc.* Perhaps you have not known me, from what family I may be born. This Megadorus is my uncle. Antimachus was my father. I am called Lyconides. Eunomia is my mother.—*Euc.* I have known your family. Now what do you want? I am willing to know that.—*Lyc.* You have a daughter of yours.—*Euc.* Yes, lo she is at home.—*Lyc.* You have betrothed her, I think, to my uncle.—*Euc.* You have the whole affair.—*Lyc.* He hath ordered me now to announce to you his rejection of her.—*Euc.* [*In surprise.*] Rejection! matters being prepared, and the nuptials being at hand! [*Clapping his hands.*] that all the immortal gods and goddesses may destroy him as much as can be! on whose account this day I lost so much gold, unhappy and wretched as I am!—*Lyc.* Be of good courage, and speak well of him. Now may the affair turn out well and happily to yourself and your daughter! So may the gods have done it! say thou!—*Euc.* So may the gods bring to pass!—*Lyc.* And may the gods do so to me! Hear me now at once. The man who now confesses his fault before you, is not so worthless, but it must shame him, but he must clear himself. Now I beseech you, Euclio, if I have imprudent done wrong towards you and your daughter, that you may pardon me, and give her to me as a wife, as the laws direct. I confess that I did a wrong to your daughter, in the festivals of Ceres,

through wine, and with the impulse of youth.—*Euc.* [*Striking his hands together.*] Alas me! what dreadful deed do I hear from you!—*Lyc.* Why do you cry out thus? Thou whom I have caused to be a grandfather at the nuptials of your daughter; for your daughter has lain in, on the tenth month after the affair. Understand then the number of months. On that account my uncle sent a rejection of your daughter for my sake. Go thou within doors, and find out whether it be so, as I declare to you.—*Euc.* I have perished utterly! so very many misfortunes join themselves to calamity against me. I will go in-doors, that I may know, what of all this may be true.—*Lyc.* I follow you just now. [*Exit EUCLIO into his house.*]—*Lyc.* [*solus.*] This affair seems now to be nearly in the haven of safety. I do not now know, where I may say, that Strobilus, this servant of mine, is. But still I will wait here a little while notwithstanding, and afterward will follow this old man within doors—[*meditates*] but now in the mean time I will give him the opportunity of finding out my deed from the old woman, the nurse-tender of his daughter, for that old woman knew the affair. [*Exit LYCONIDES at the side scene.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter STROBILUS from the back scene, and advances to the front.*

*Stro.* O ye immortal gods! with what and how great joys ye reward me! I have a box loaded with gold, weighing four pounds. Who is richer than me? What man is there at Athens, even any one now, to whom the gods can be propitious, more than to me? [*Enter LYCONIDES at the back scene at a distance.*]—*Lyc.* I certainly seemed just now to hear the voice of some one talking here.—*Stro.* [*Looking back.*] Aha! do I see my master?—*Lyc.* Do I see here this servant of mine, Strobilus?—*Stro.* It is he himself.—*Lyc.* [*At a distance.*] He is no other.—*Stro.* [*In front.*] I will accost him now.—*Lyc.* I will advance to him. I believe that he went to that old woman, the nurse of this girl, as I

ordered him.—*Stro.* [*Aside.*] Now am I to tell him that I found this prize, and am I to speak it out? For that reason I will beg of him to make me free. I will go then, and tell him the matter out at once. [*LYCONIDES advances, and STROBILUS meets him.*] Master, I have found— [*hesitates.*]  
—*Lyc.* What have you found?—*Stro.* Not what children cry out that they have found within the bean.—*Lyc.* But are you now playing upon me, as you are used to do? [*He turns away.*]  
—*Stro.* Stay, Master, I will tell out the matter. Listen now.—*Lyc.* Come on then, speak.—*Stro.* I have found to-day, Master, very great riches.—*Lyc.* Where?—*Stro.* I say, a box of four pounds weight, full of gold.—*Lyc.* What bold deed do I hear from you?—*Stro.* I have stolen it from this old man, Euclio.—*Lyc.* Where is that gold?—*Stro.* In a chest in my house. And now I wish that I may be made free.—*Lyc.* Shall I make thee free, thou most monstrous of rogues?—*Stro.* Out with you, Master! I know what thing you may be at. Cleverly indeed I have tried your inclination. You were preparing but now to gripe it from me. What would you do, if I might really have found it?—*Lyc.* You cannot have made bad things good. Go, and give back the gold.—*Stro.* Shall I give back the gold?—*Lyc.* Give it back, I say, that it may be restored to him.—*Stro.* Aha! whence shall I get it?—*Lyc.* That which you just now confessed to be in your chest.—*Stro.* I am used to chatter foolish things, and so I speak now.—*Lyc.* But do you know how you shall be?—*Stro.* Now truly torture me to death, but you shall never carry it hence from me; that is, the four-pound box of the old man, which I have not.—*Lyc.* I will carry it away, whether you will or not; when I shall have tied you all-fours, I will bear it off. But why do I delay to rush on the throat of this villain? and why do I not drive his soul instantly to make a journey before its season? Do you give it, or not? [*Seizes him by the collar.*]  
—*Stro.* [*Frightened and trembling.*] I will give it.—*Lyc.* I wish you to give it as now, not at a distant time.—*Stro.* I give it now, but suffer me to recover my breath, I ask you. [*LYCONIDES lets him go.*] Aha! what do you require that I may give, Master?—*Lyc.* Don't you know, villain? And do you dare to deny to me the four-pound box full of gold, which you just now said that you had snatched away? [*He calls*

out.] Hillo there! where are now our flogging jailers?—*Stro.* [*Kneeling.*] Master, hear a few words!—*Lyc.* I do not hear. [*Calling loudly.*] Jailers! Hillo! Hillo!

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter two flogging Jailers from MEGADORUS's house.*

*Jail.* What is the matter?—*Lyc.* I wish that fetters be got ready.—*Stro.* [*Holding up his hands in supplication.*] Hear me, I beseech you; and afterward, you shall have ordered them to bind me, as much as it pleases you.—*Lyc.* I hear you; but hasten the matter very quickly.—*Stro.* If you shall have ordered me to be tormented to death, see what advantage you may obtain. You have the death of your slave. Afterward what you will wish for, you cannot get. But if you had captivated me before now with a reward of sweet liberty, already you would have enjoyed your wishes. Nature produces all men free; and all men by nature are anxious for liberty. Slavery is worse than every evil, than every worst calamity; and whom Jupiter hates, he makes him first a slave.—*Lyc.* You do not speak foolishly now.—*Stro.* Hear the remainder now at once. [*Seven lines omitted.*] Masters use their slaves injuriously, and slaves now obey their masters badly. Thus, what would have been proper to be done, is done on the part of neither. Their provisions, and victuals, and store-cellars, stingy old men shut up with a thousand keys, which things they are scarcely willing should be given, even to their legitimate children. Slaves who are given to thievery, double-dealers, and cunning rogues, open for themselves things shut up with a thousand keys, and snatch by plunder, and consume eatables, and swallow dainties, never about to tell their thefts even with the utmost punishment. Thus too bad slaves avenge their slavery by laughter and jokes; and so therefore conclude, that freedom from slavery makes servants faithful.—*Lyc.* You have spoke indeed rightly, but not in a few words, as you promised me; but if I make you free, you will give up what I am desirous of?—*Stro.* I will give it up; but I wish that witnesses may be present. You will pardon me, Master, when I say, I little trust to you.—*Lyc.* As it pleases you;

let even a hundred be present; I now do not regard that.—  
*Stro.* [*Going to MEGADORUS'S door, and calling aloud.*] I pray you, Megadorus, and thou Eunomia, appear here, and go out of doors, if it pleases you! The affair being perfected, you will presently return.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter MEGADORUS and EUNOMIA from their house.*

*Meg.* [*Looking round.*] Who calls us out here? Hah! Lyconides! are you there?—*Eun.* Why! Strobilus, what is the matter? speak ye!—*Lyc.* It is a short matter.—*Meg.* What is it?—*Stro.* I call you both as witnesses. If I bring hither a four-pound-weight box full of gold, and deliver it to Lyconides, he makes me free, and orders me to be in my own power; [*to LYCONIDES*] do you promise so?—*Lyc.* I promise it.—*Stro.* Have ye now heard what he has said?—*Meg.* We have heard it.—*Stro.* Swear also by Jupiter!—*Lyc.* Aha! how reduced I am by the bad fortune of another man! You are too insolent! [*To MEGADORUS.*] What he desires, I will nevertheless do.—*Stro.* Harkye, now, sir; Your age is not much to be trusted. [*Three lines omitted.*]—*Lyc.* [*To STROBILUS.*] Now expedite the affair as to me quickly.—*Stro.* Take that stone to you!—*Lyc.* [*Taking up a stone.*] If I, knowing it, shall deceive thee, may Jupiter so cast me out from property, the safe city and citadel, as I cast out this stone! [*he throws the stone away*] have I done enough for you now?—*Stro.* It is enough. I go to bring the gold.—*Lyc.* Go with the pace of a Pegasus, and return, greedily gobbling up the way! [*Exit STROBILUS hastily at the back scene.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Lyc.* To a well-conducted man, a very impertinent slave who wishes to be wiser than his master, is an inconvenient matter. May this Strobilus, when free, go to the gallows, only let him bring the box heavy with pure gold, that I may deliver my father-in-law Euclio from his great affliction, to festivity; and that I may conciliate to myself his daughter,

who is newly brought to bed of a child to me. [*He looks at the back scene.*] But behold Strobilus is returning loaded, and I suppose brings the box. [*He looks attentively.*] Now certainly it is the box, that he is bearing.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter STROBILUS from the back scene, with the box of gold under his arm.*

*Stro.* I bring, Lyconides, that which was found, and promised to you, a box of gold weighing four pounds. Have I been slow as to this?—*Lyc.* Well then! [*Takes the box from STROBILUS and opens it.*] O ye immortal gods! what do I see! or what have I here? [*He takes bags of gold out of the box, and puts them back again.*] I have six hundred Philip-pian pieces and more, of three or four minæ each. But let us call out Euclio immediately—

## SCENA SEXTA.

*LYCONIDES goes to the door of EUCLIO'S house, and calls aloud.*

*Lyc.* What ho! Euclio! Euclio!—*Meg.* [*Calling out.*] Euclio! Euclio!—[*EUCLIO opens the window over his door, and puts his head out.*] *Euc.* What is the matter?—*Lyc.* Come down to us, for the gods are willing that you may be preserved. We have the box.—*Euc.* Have ye it, or are ye playing on me?—*Lyc.* We have it, I say; and now, if you can, fly hither.—[*EUCLIO quits the window and comes down to them.*]—*Euc.* [*Clapping his hands together.*] O great Jupiter! O Lar of my family, and queen Juno, and my money-bearer Alcides, at length ye have pitied a wretched old man! [*Takes the box from LYCONIDES.*] Oh! oh! with arms how joyful do I, an old man loving thee, my box, [*kisses it*] embrace thee now, and receive thee with a sweet kiss! [*Kisses it again and again.*] I cannot be satisfied even with a thousand embraces! [*Hugs the box in his arms.*] O thou my hope! O thou the heart of my soul! dissipating all my grief!—*Lyc.* [*To MEGADORUS.*] I always thought that to want gold was the worst thing

possible, both for very young men, and settled men, and all old men. But it is a much worse thing, as I see now, for us to be rich with gold beyond what is actually necessary. Alas! how great miseries has Euclio suffered on account of this box lost by him a short time ago!—*Euc.* To whom shall I return deserved thanks? whether to the gods who regard good men, or to my friends, these upright men, or to each of them? I think it better to each of them. And first, speaking to you, Lyconides, the beginning and author of so great good, I present you, my friend, with this box of gold. Receive it from me with satisfaction! I wish this to be yours, and my daughter's at the same time, Megadorus being present, and his excellent sister Eunomia.—*Lyc.* [Receiving the box held out to him by *Euclio*.] The favour is both properly estimated, and returned to you with gratitude as you have deserved, and *Euclio* is my wished-for father-in-law.—*Euc.* I shall think the favour sufficiently returned to me, if you can receive within your house now with satisfaction, my gift and myself also.—*Lyc.* [Shaking him by the hand.] I do receive you, and wish that my house may be also *Euclio*'s.—*Stro.* [Coming up to his master.] As to what remains now, master, remember that I must be free.—*Lyc.* You have rightly advised me. [*Strobilus kneels to his master, who touches his shoulder.*] Be thou free, *Strobilus*, with thy own good deserving! [*He rises from his humble posture.*] And now prepare for us within a speedy supper.—*Stro.* [Addressing the audience.] O ye spectators, the covetous *Euclio* has changed his nature. He has suddenly become bountiful. So practice ye also bountifulness, and if the story has pleased you well, loudly clap your hands!

END OF THE AULULARIA.

CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

E P I D I C U S.



CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

PERIPHANES, *an old Gentleman.*  
STRATIPPOCLES, *his son by his wife.*  
ACROPOLISTIS, *his natural daughter, by the harlot Philippa.*  
PHILIPPA, *a harlot, mother of Acropolistis.*  
APÆCIDES, *an old Gentleman, friend of Periphanes.*  
EPIDICUS, *a servant of Periphanes, tricking and deceitful.*  
CHÆRIBULUS, *a friend and companion of Stratippocles.*  
THESPRIO, *a servant of Stratippocles.*  
*Two Music-girls.*  
*A Military Officer.*  
DANISTA, *a Money-lender, who lent a sum of money to Stratippocles, to purchase a girl, who was a Captive.*

M. ACCII PLAUTI

EPIDICUS.

SCENE.—*A street. A house belonging to APÆCIDES and PERIPHANES, on one side, and CHÆRIBULUS's house on the other, with their doors opposite.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter THESPRIO at the back scene, and advances; EPIDICUS follows him, and pulls the end of his cloak behind.*

*Epid.* HARKYE, young man!—*Thes.* [*Not looking about.*] Who pulls me by the cloak when in haste?—*Epid.* An intimate.—*Thes.* I believe so, that is, you are very intimate with your spite. [*Hastens on.*]—*Epid.* Look back now, Thesprio!—*Thes.* [*Turning round.*] Oh! do I see Epidicus?—*Epid.* You certainly have the use of your eyes!—*Thes.* Health to you!—*Epid.* May the gods give you what you can wish! I rejoice that you arrive safe.—*Thes.* What else?—*Epid.* What is customary in that case, a supper shall be given you.—*Thes.* I engage—*Epid.* What do you engage?—*Thes.* That I will receive it, if you will give it.—*Epid.* How are you now? are you doing pleasantly?—*Thes.* The specimen is here! [*Struts along.*]—*Epid.* I understand. Well done! You seem more corpulent and portly.—*Thes.* [*Pointing to his right hand.*] Thanks be to this!—*Epid.* Which indeed it behoved you to have lost long ago.—*Thes.* I am now less thievish than formerly.—*Epid.* Why so?—*Thes.* I plunder now openly.—*Epid.* May the immortal gods curse you, how greatly you get on! for as I saw you at the port, I began to

follow at a gallop, but there was scarcely the power of overtaking you just now.—*Thes.* You are a scoffer!—*Epid.* I know indeed that you are a military man.—*Thes.* Speak out boldly, however.—*Epid.* What do you say now, have you been continually well?—*Thes.* As to my life, variegated.—*Epid.* Of those who live variegated, neither the goat kind, nor the panther kind pleases me.—*Thes.* What are you willing I may tell you, unless what is the reality?—*Epid.* That you may answer those things rightly. How is my master's son? is he well?—*Thes.* Stout and strong.—*Epid.* You have brought here a pleasant messenger to me by your arrival; but where is he?—*Thes.* I came here together with him.—*Epid.* Where is he therefore, unless if you brought him in your bag, or in your knapsack?—*Thes.* May the gods destroy you!—*Epid.* I want to ask questions; give me attention, and attention shall be given you in return.—*Thes.* You say what is right.—*Epid.* It becomes me to do so.—*Thes.* But do you now hold the prætorship over us?—*Epid.* What other man will you say that there is this day in Athens more worthy of it?—*Thes.* But one thing is wanting, Epidicus, from your prætorship.—*Epid.* What is that?—*Thes.* You shall know. Two lictors and two rod-bundles of twigs.—*Epid.* [*Shaking his fist at him.*] Ah! woe to you now! But what do you say?—*Thes.* What are you asking?—*Epid.* Where are Stratippocles' arms?—*Thes.* In truth they fled across to the enemy.—*Epid.* His arms?—*Thes.* And quickly indeed.—*Epid.* Do you say these things seriously?—*Thes.* Seriously I say, the enemies have them. [*Eight lines omitted.*] Leave off inquiring now.—*Epid.* Say where is Stratippocles himself.—*Thes.* There is a reason, for which he feared to come here along with me.—*Epid.* What is it?—*Thes.* He is not willing that he should see his father as yet.—*Epid.* On what account?—*Thes.* You shall know. It is because he bought a captive girl, of an elegant and genteel form, out of the plunder.—*Epid.* [*In surprise.*] What do I hear from you?—*Thes.* That which I am telling.—*Epid.* Why has he bought her?—*Thes.* To please his fancy.—*Epid.* How many fancies has that man? for certainly before he went away hence from home to the legion, he himself gave orders to me, that a Music-girl, whom he loved, should be bought for him from a pimp. I have obtained that article for him.—*Thes.* In whatever way

the wind is upon the sea, from that point the sail is set.—*Epid.* [*Clapping his hand to his forehead.*] Woe to wretched me! he has sadly ruined me!—*Thes.* What is that? what is it?—*Epid.* What now? As to her whom he bought, how much has he bought her for?—*Thes.* A cheap price.—*Epid.* I do not ask you that.—*Thes.* What therefore?—*Epid.* For how many pounds?—*Thes.* [*Whispers him.*] So many indeed.—*Epid.* [*In surprise.*] For forty pounds?—*Thes.* He took up that money therefore at usury, from Danista, at Thebes, with a sum to be paid for each day, and for every pound of the money.—*Epid.* Heigh-day!—*Thes.* And that Danista has come along with him, asking for the money.—*Epid.* [*Clapping his hands.*] O immortal gods! how I am destroyed utterly!—*Thes.* What now, or what is it, Epidicus?—*Epid.* He has destroyed me.—*Thes.* Who has?—*Epid.* He who lost his arms.—*Thes.* And why thus?—*Epid.* Because he himself sent letters to me daily from the legion—[*turns away*] but it is best that I may hold my peace. It is better that a serving man may know more than he speaks. That is wisdom.—*Thes.* I know not in truth, why you are frightened. You tremble, Epidicus; I see your very face in that way. You seem to have incurred some punishment against you here, I being absent.—*Epid.* Is it possible, you can't be disagreeable?—*Thes.* [*Turning away.*] I am off.—*Epid.* [*Holding him back by the cloak.*] Stop there! I won't allow you to be off.—*Thes.* Why do you now retain me?—*Epid.* Does he love that woman, whom he bought from the plunder?—*Thes.* Do you ask that? he dies for love of her.—*Epid.* [*Dropping his arms in despair.*] My skin will be flayed off my back.—*Thes.* He loves more than he ever loved you.—*Epid.* May Jupiter destroy you!—*Thes.* [*Going a few steps.*] Dismiss me now, for he forbid me to come home. He ordered me to go to Chæribulus hither near at hand. He ordered me to remain there. He is to come himself there.—*Epid.* Why so?—*Thes.* I will tell you. Because he does not choose to meet his father, nor to see him, before he shall have paid that money which is owed for that girl.—*Epid.* Ah! in truth what sad affairs!—*Thes.* Dismiss me, that I may go now immediately there.—*Epid.* When shall the old man know these things? Our shipwreck must be properly brought about.—*Thes.* How does that appertain to

me, in what way you may perish.—*Epid.* [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*] Because I am unwilling to perish alone, and I want you to perish with me, a friend with a friend.—*Thes.* [*Moving away from him.*] Begone to utter ruin away from me with that proposal!—*Epid.* Go now verily, if you are very much in haste.—*Thes.* I never met any man from whom I may have departed more willingly. [*Exit THESPRIO into CHÆRIBULUS'S house.*] [*Manet EPIDICUS.*]—*Epid.* [*solus.*] He is gone hence. You are now alone, Epidicus. You see now in what situation the affair may be. Unless you have some resource in yourself, you are a gone man, so great calamities hang over you. Unless you support yourself stoutly, you cannot hold up, for mountains of ruin are falling on you. Nor does any scheme please me, by which I may make myself free from this embarrassment. By my tricks I have driven the old man to think, that he is buying his daughter. But he has bought his son's Music-girl, whom the youth himself loves, and whom going away he committed to my care. That son has now brought another girl for himself from the legion, to please his fancy. And now I am flayed alive. For when the old man shall have perceived he has been imposed on, he will skin my back with rods. But take thou precaution, Epidicus! [*He puts his hand to his forehead, thinking.*] That is nothing! [*Snaps his fingers.*] This head of mine is evidently spoiled. [*Three lines omitted.*] What is to be done? what? something must be found! [*A pause.*] But am I delaying to go to meet the young man, that I may know what his business can be? [*He looks towards the back scene.*] And now he himself is there! He is sorrowful. He is walking with Chæribulus, his companion. I will step aside here, from whence I may quietly pursue the discourse of these men. [*EPIDICUS goes aside.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter at the back scene STRATIPPOCLES and CHÆRIBULUS, and advance together.*

*Stra.* I have told you all the affair, Chæribulus, and pronounced to you very perfectly the sum of my griefs, and of my loves.—*Char.* You are foolish, Stratippocles, beyond your age, and what is right. Does it shame you as to that

now, that you bought among the plunder a captive girl, born of a good family? Will there be any one, think you, who may set that down as a crime to you?—*Stra.* By that deed I have found all those enemies to me, who envy me. But to the modesty of that girl I have never administered force, nor crime.—*Char.* Now in that you are the better man, in my mind certainly, when you can be moderate in your love.—*Stra.* That man is of no use, who comforts a doubtful man with his words only. That man is a friend, who assists in a dubious affair, when there is need of reality.—*Char.* What do you wish me to do for you?—*Stra.* To give me forty pounds in money, that may be given to Danista, from whom I took it at usury.—*Char.* Truly if I might have it, I would not deny it to you.—*Stra.* But what therefore signified it, that you were bountiful in speech, if your assistance towards the money was nothing?—*Char.* Moreover in truth I myself am tired out, and distracted with the clamour of law.—*Stra.* I can wish that my friends of that sort were sunk in a furnace rather than the Forum. But I must choose now to buy at a precious price the agency of Epidicus; whom I will indeed deliver to the Jailor slashed with stripes, unless he shall have got for me this day forty pounds, before I shall have spoke out to him the least syllable of the sum wanted.—*Epid.* [*Behind him.*] The matter is safe. He promises well, I hope he will keep his promise well also. The reckoning is paid for my shoulders now, without any cost of mine. I will accost the man. [*He advances and bows to STRATIPPOCLES.*] The slave Epidicus salutes with every good wish of health his master Stratippocles coming from abroad!—*Stra.* [*Turning round.*] Where is he?—*Epid.* [*Going near him.*] He is here. I rejoice that you have arrived safe!—*Stra.* I believe you as to that, as well as I do myself.—*Epid.* Have you been always well in health?—*Stra.* I have been free from disease, but sick from the mind.—*Epid.* As for what appertained to me, I have taken care of it. That which you ordered me to get, has been obtained. The maiden was bought, as to which matter you yourself sent letters to me.—*Stra.* [*Turning away.*] You have lost all your trouble.—*Epid.* But how have I lost it?—*Stra.* Because she is neither dear to my heart, nor pleases me.—*Epid.* What signified it then to command me so strictly, and to send letters to me?—*Stra.* I loved her

formerly;—now, another care hangs over my mind.—*Epid.* It is truly a wretched thing that a man should be unthankful, as to that which you may do well towards him! I, as to what I have done well, it seems, have done wrong! because love has changed place.—*Stra.* I was in an idiot state of mind, when I sent those letters to you.—*Epid.* Does it behove me to be the victim, on account of your folly? How may you subject my back, as the support of your folly?—*Stra.* Why do you hold conversation as to that? There is need to me of forty pounds, hot and quickly, which you must pay to Danista, and that at once.—*Epid.* Tell me now from whence you wish I should get them? From what Banker am I to seek them?—*Char.* From where it pleases you. For unless before evening you can pay out this money, my house you do not enter. You must straightway take yourself into prison.—*Epid.* You readily pretend that with a gay heart, without danger or care. I have known my own ways. It is painful to me when I am flogged.—*Stra.* What do you talk of now? will you suffer me to kill myself?—*Epid.* You shall not have done that. I will approach that danger and boldness, rather than that.—*Stra.* Now you please me, and now I like you.—*Epid.* I will permit myself to do that which pleases you.—*Stra.* What therefore shall be done with that Music-girl?—*Epid.* In some way a scheme shall be found. By some mode I will free the business. And in some way I shall be extricated.—*Stra.* You are full of scheming. I have known you well.—*Epid.* There is a Eubœan soldier, rich, and possessed of much gold, who, when he shall know that that girl was bought for you, and that another is brought here, will at once beseech you voluntarily, that you may transfer her to him. But where is she, whom you brought with you?—*Stra.* I will make her be here now directly.—*Char.* What are we doing here now?—*Stra.* Let us go in hither to your house, that we may pass this whole day merrily.—*Epid.* Go ye within the house. I will call a senate here, and council together in my mind concerning the money business, thinking, against whom chiefly the war is proclaimed, from whom I can take away the money. [*Exeunt STRAPPICLES and CHERIBULUS into the house of the latter.*] [*EPIDICUS solus.*—*Epid.* Take care what you may do, Epidicus! This affair is very suddenly thrown upon you. For now you must

not slumber, nor have you a power of delaying. [*Considers awhile.*] Now my scheme is fixed to besiege that same old gentleman. Go, go, go away in-doors, Epidicus, and tell now the young man, my master's son, that he must not walk out of doors here, nor come to any place where he may meet the old man.—*Exit EPIDICUS into CHERIBULUS's house.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter APÆCIDES and PERIPHANES from the house of APÆCIDES.*

*Apæ.* There are very many men, whom it shames, when there is no occasion, and where they are properly to be ashamed, there a sense of shame forsakes them, at a time when there is a necessity that it may shame them. Now you are that very man. What is there to be ashamed of, that you should bring your wife home, born of a good family, but poor? Her particularly from whom you can call to mind to yourself, that this daughter who is at home, is born?—*Peri.* I have a respect for my son.—*Apæ.* But truly I believed, that you followed to the grave the wife whom you lost, with some modesty, whose tomb, as often as you see, you sacrifice immediately to Pluto with proper victims.—*Peri.* Alas! I was Hercules when she was with me, nor was the sixth labour more bitter to Hercules, than that one was thrown upon me.—*Apæ.* Money is indeed a handsome dowry.—*Peri.* Which in truth is not always given in a marriage. [*They confer together near their house.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter EPIDICUS from CHERIBULUS's house.—He looks across, then turns about, and speaks to STRATIPPOCLES within the house, the door being open.*

*Epid.* Hist! be silent! Take courage! I go out of doors with a fine omen, a bird on the left! I have a sharp knife for cutting open the old man's purse. Now behold him, I see himself before the door of Apæcidas. Just such as I want,

two little old fellows! Now I will turn myself into a leech, and will suck the blood of those, who are called the support of the Senate. [*The door is shut, and EPIDICUS skulks towards the back scene on the opposite side to the old men.*]—*Apæ.* I wish that he may immediately become a husband.—*Peri.* I like your counsel.—*Apæ.* For I have heard that he is fascinated in love with a music-girl, I know not whom.—*Peri.* I am tortured as to that.—*Epid.* [*behind.*] Certainly all the gods assist, strengthen, and love me. These men themselves in fact point the way, by what means I shall get the money from them. Come now, prepare yourself, Epidicus, and throw your cloak about your neck, and pretend so, as if you may have been through the whole city, seeking the man. Do it now, my boy, if you do any thing. [*He throws his cloak round him, hurries to the front passing by the two old men, as if not seeing them, and speaks aloud.*] O ye immortal gods, I wish I may meet Periphanes at home, whom I am tired down with persisting to seek through the whole city; through the Apothecaries' and Barbers' shops, in the gymnasium, and the forum. I have become hoarse with asking for him, and almost fell down with running so fast. [*He pretends to puff and blow.*]—*Peri.* [*Calls out to him.*] Epidicus?—*Epid.* [*Going down the stage on the opposite side.*] Who is it that calls back Epidicus?—*Peri.* I am Periphanes!—*Apæ.* And I am Apæcides! *Epid.* [*Turning round.*] And I indeed am Epidicus! [*He goes up to them puffing and blowing.*] But, Master, I see, you both now come here most opportunely.—*Peri.* What is the matter?—*Epid.* Wait! [*Fetches his breath hard.*] Suffer me to breathe, I beg.—*Peri.* Yes, be at ease.—*Epid.* I am distressed. Let me get back my breath!—*Apæ.* Be quiet now, and at rest.—*Epid.* [*After a pause.*] Give me your attention. All the men of the legion have been sent back home from Thebes.—*Apæ.* Who knows this fact? *Epid.* [*boldly.*] I say that it is a fact.—*Peri.* Do you know that to be so?—*Epid.* I do know it.—*Peri.* How do you know it?—*Epid.* Because I saw the soldiers march in the roads full of them. They bring back their arms, and conduct the carriage horses.—*Peri.* Vastly well done!—*Epid.* Then what a number of prisoners they bring with them! children, and young women; some have two of them, some three, another has five; a concourse of people is along the roads. Every one goes to

see their sons.—*Peri.* Truly a prosperous business!—*Epid.* Then so great a number of harlots, as many as were in all the city, and those bedizened every one of them, were meeting their lovers! When I come to the port, I see there that woman waiting for some one, and four minstrels were going with her.—*Peri.* With whom, Epidicus?—*Epid.* With that woman, whom your son loves and pines for, many years past; when he is hastening to sink his truth, and property, and himself, and you. She was waiting for him at the port.—*Peri.* See now the wretch of a Witch!—*Epid.* But how elegantly clothed she was, decked with gold, and adorned! how neatly! how newly and fashionably! [*Thirteen lines omitted.*]—*Peri.* But go on with your story, as you have begun it.—*Epid.* Two other women behind me began to converse thus together. I went away a little from them. I thus concealed that I was attending to their discourse. I did not hear what they might say, perfectly; I was not however mistaken of their speech.—*Peri.* I have a desire to know it.—*Epid.* There one of them said to the other with whom she was going— —*Peri.* [*Impatiently.*] What?—*Epid.* Be silent therefore that you may hear it. After they espied her, whom your son desperately loves, how pleasantly and fortunately, says one, it has happened to that woman, in troth, whom her lover wishes to set free! Who is he, says the other, to her. There she names Stratippocles, the son of Periphanes.—*Peri.* I am undone verily! What do I hear from you?—*Epid.* This that happened.—I myself afterward when I heard them talk thus, began again to draw near towards them by little and little, as if the crowd was shoving me back against my will.—*Peri.* I understand.—*Epid.* There one asked the other, How do you know? Who told it you? Why, says she, this day letters were brought to her from Stratippocles, that he had taken away at usury from Danista at Thebes, and that it was ready, and that he himself was bringing it for that purpose.—*Peri.* [*Lifting up his hands.*] Tell me now, am I destroyed?—*Epid.* [*Continuing.*] She said thus, and that she had heard so from the woman herself, and from the letter.—*Peri.* What shall I do now? Apæcides, I ask advice from you.—*Apæ.* Let us find something of crafty profitable counsel. For he indeed will be here, either now immediately, or is already here.—*Epid.* If it were right that I

should be wiser than you, I can have given to you crafty counsel, which you may like, as I think, either of you.—*Peri.* Therefore what is it, Epidicus?—*Epid.* And it is available now to that affair.—*Apæ.* Why do you hesitate to say it?—*Epid.* It behoves *you* first to say something, who are wiser than me, and *me* to speak last.—*Apæ.* Well now truly go on, and say it to us.—*Epid.* But you will laugh at me.—*Apæ.* We will not do it in truth.—*Epid.* Well, then, use the counsel if it shall please you, and if it shall not please you, find a better. It is neither sown, nor reaped by me there; but I wish those things which you wish.—*Peri.* I am favourable to you, and now make us partakers of your wisdom.—*Epid.* Let a wife immediately be found out for your son; and so you may punish that Music-girl, whom he wants to set free, and who spoils him to you, and she may be so managed, that she may be a slave all her life.—*Apæ.* It ought to be done.—*Peri.* I am willing to do any thing, so that *that* only may come to pass.—*Epid.* Aha! then; now is the opportunity of effecting it, before he shall have come into the city, as he will be here to-morrow. To-day he will not have arrived.—*Peri.* How do you know?—*Epid.* I do know it; because one who came from thence said that he would be here to-morrow.—*Peri.* But do thou speak out; what shall we do?—*Epid.* I think it must be done thus. You must be desirous, as if to set free the Music-girl for your own satisfaction, and as if you yourself may love her vehemently.—*Peri.* To what advantage does that refer?—*Epid.* Do you ask? It is, that you may buy her before-hand with money, before your son can arrive, and may say that you buy her to give her her liberty.—*Peri.* I understand.—*Epid.* When she shall be bought, you must remove her away from the city; unless your opinion is in any respect otherwise.—*Peri.* Very skilfully said!—*Epid.* But what do you say, Apæcides?—*Apæ.* What do I say now? Why I understand, that you have devised very cunningly.—*Epid.* At this time therefore all hint of the nuptials shall be kept from him, lest the matter in hand may be frustrated.—*Apæ.* You are a lively wise fellow, and the scheme pleases me.—*Epid.* Then do yourself cunningly effect, what you are to do.—*Peri.* Say the business really.—*Epid.* I have also found, how this suspicion may go away from you.—*Peri.* Let me know it.

—*Epid.* You shall know it. Listen now.—*Apæ.* [*To his friend.*] This man is chuck-full of wisdom.—*Epid.* There is need of some man, who may carry down the money there for the Music-girl. For there is no equal necessity that you should carry it there.—*Peri.* What am I to understand now?—*Epid.* Lest any one may think that you do it on account of your son.—*Peri.* Cleverly said!—*Epid.* When you may be hindering him from getting her, that no difficulty may occur on account of that suspicion.—*Peri.* What man shall we find, useful to that affair?—*Epid.* [*Pointing to Apæcides.*] This man will be the best. He will be able to take proper care, who understands legal rights and laws.—*Apæ.* Epidicus, accept my thanks!—*Epid.* But I will do that business diligently. I will meet that man, and bring him here to you, whose property the Music-girl is, and I will carry the money along with him there.—*Peri.* At how much can she be bought at the least?—*Epid.* It may be, that perhaps she can be bought at forty pounds at the least price. But, if you shall have given me more, I will bring it back. There is no over-reaching in that matter; and that money will not be held from you ten days.—*Peri.* How now is that?—*Epid.* Because that another young man desperately loves that woman, a man rich in gold, a great soldier, a Rhodian, a plunderer of the enemy, and a braggart. He will buy her from you, and will give his gold freely. Do this now, and this is ample lucre to you in this case.—*Peri.* I beseech the gods indeed for favour!—*Epid.* You obtain it.—*Apæ.* [*To Periphanes.*] But you now are to go in-doors, and bring out hither the money. I will go to see the parties at the Forum. Epidicus, come thither!—*Epid.* Go not away before I shall have come to you!—*Apæ.* I shall wait till then. [*Exit Apæcides at the back scene.*]—*Peri.* Follow me thou in-doors!—*Epid.* Go, and count the money! I do not delay you.—[*Exit PERIPHANES into the house. Manet EPIDICUS.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Epid.* I am of opinion, that there is no piece of ground in the land of Attica, equally productive, as this our Periphanes. Moreover out of his hidden and sealed up treasury I shake out so much silver, just as much in truth as it pleases

me. But faith I fear, if the old man shall have come to the knowledge of these things, lest my flourishing elm shall find parasite plants, that may entirely strip my branches. Now one matter and thought disturbs me; what Music-girl I shall shew to Apæcides, one that must be hired somewhere. [*He meditates.*] And now I have that also. The old man ordered me to hire some Music-girl early in the morning to be brought home hither to him, while he should make a divination, and that she might sing there. She shall be hired, and it shall be shewn to her beforehand, in what way she may be crafty against the old man.—I will now go in-doors, and receive the money from the swindled old gentleman. [*Exit EPIDICUS into the old man's house.*]

### ACTUS TERTIUS.

#### SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter STRATIPPOCLES and CHÆRIBULUS from the house of the latter.*

*Stra.* I am consumed with waiting, wretched as I am, and am grievously vexed, being ignorant how the soft words of Epidicus may turn out to me. Too long I am wasted with doubts. I am eager to know whether any thing may be, or may not be.—*Chær.* Through that mode offered to you, it is possible to find some other method. I have known indeed in the beginning at once, that you had no good mode in that proceeding.—*Stra.* Then I have truly perished!—*Chær.* You act absurdly, who can torture yourself in mind thus.—*Stra.* If truly I shall have once caught hold of that fellow, I will never suffer him, a servant forsooth, to laugh at us unpunished. [*Eight lines omitted.*] [*They stand near CHÆRIBULUS'S door.*]

#### SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter EPIDICUS from the opposite house, with a bag of money hung at his neck. He turns round, the door being open, and speaks to PERIPHANES within.*

*Epid.* You have now done your duty. It behoves me now to do mine. Through this my care it is proper for you to be at ease. This money has now perished to you, unless that you can carry it to the account of hope in any way to yourself from this. This is very accurate. Trust now to me. So I act, and so my fathers acted. [*He goes to the front on the same side of the stage, and the door is shut.*] O ye immortal gods! Ye have given me this day of the year bright and clear! How smooth, and how easy of success! But am I delaying to go from hence, that I may import into the colony this provision in lucky hour? I am delaying to myself sadly, when I stand here. [*He turns to go across.*] But what is this? I see before the house there, the two companions my master and Chæribulus. [*He goes up to them.*] What are ye doing here? [*To STRATIPPOCLES.*] Receive this now! [*Gives him the bag of money.*]—*Stra.* How much is in it here?—*Epid.* As much as is enough and more than enough. It is superabundant. I have brought more by ten pounds, than you owe to Danista. While I can please and obey you, I think little of my back, and floggings. [*Three lines omitted.*] I am to tell you the Pimp took away all that money for the Music-girl. I paid him. With these hands I counted it down. Your father believed her to be his own daughter. Now I have found out a way again, how your father may be deceived, and how assistance may be administered to you. I have persuaded the old man, and have held some talk with him of the kind in such a way, that when you shall have returned home, you could not have possession of her, whom you wished for.—*Stra.* Well done!—*Epid.* That girl is at home now for the other.—*Stra.* I understand.—*Epid.* Now your father has given me Apæcides as a principal person to this business. He waits for me now at the Forum, as if to take care, whom he may buy from.—*Stra.* Not badly carried on!—*Epid.* Now the cautious fellow himself is caught. Your father himself placed the bag of

money about my neck. He is preparing that you coming home, must immediately become a husband.—*Stra.* He will persuade me to that in one way only, if death hath taken away from me that girl who is brought with me.—*Epid.* Now I have planned this scheme. I will go down myself alone to the Pimp at his house; I will instruct him, if any people may come to him, to say, that the money was given to him for the Music-girl; that he got fifty pounds of silver. In fact three days ago I counted out that with my own hands for that mistress of yours, whom your father supposes to be his daughter. There the Pimp in ignorance will stake his wicked head, as if he may have received money for her, who is brought along with you now.—*Char.* Why you are more versatile than a potter's wheel!—*Epid.* I will have ready now some tricking Music-girl, who may be hired for a piece of money. She can pretend that she has been bought, and being instructed may bamboozle the two old men. Apæcides also shall bring her to your father.—*Stra.* Finely contrived!—*Epid.* I will send her full fraught with my tricks, and loaded with deceits. But I am talking too long here. Ye have delayed me a long time! Ye know these things now, how they are about to be. I am off. [*He sets off towards the back scene.*] *Stra.* Be prosperous in your walk! [*Exit EPIDICUS at the back scene.*]—*Char.* That fellow is very clever at wicked doing.—*Stra.* He has certainly preserved me with his schemes.—*Char.* Let us go in-doors hence to my house!—*Stra.* And somewhat more pleasantly I shall go within, than I went out from you lately. By the valour and assistance of Epidicus, I return from camp, with my plunder in my hands!—[*Shakes and rattles his bag of gold, and exit with CHÆRIBULUS into the house of the latter.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter PERIPHANES from the house of APÆCIDES.*

*Peri.* [*In meditation.*] It has been a proper thing, that men should have a mirror for themselves, not for the sake of their face, where they might contemplate their countenance, but in which they may view the mind of wisdom, and therefore may be able to view their capability of that mind. When they should have viewed that, they should

think afterward, how they might have passed their life formerly in their youth. Just as I myself might think, who lately had begun for the sake of my son to afflict myself in mind, as if my son might have committed a crime against me, or as if my own bad deeds in my youth might not have been very strong against me. In truth we old men are sometimes in a delirium. But this that I have done, was certainly advantageous in my opinion. [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But lo! my companion Apæcides is advancing with the prize. [*Enter APÆCIDES at the back scene conducting the Music-girl hired by EPIDICUS.*] I rejoice that my negociator arives safe. [*Goes to meet him.*] What is done?—*Apæ.* The gods and goddesses assist you.—*Peri.* An omen I have seen, pleases me.—*Apæ.* All things prosperous now give strength to your omen. But order thou this girl to be led away within doors. [*PERIPHANES goes to the door of the house, and calls aloud.*] Hillo! Go out of doors here some one! [*Enter a servant.*] Lead that woman within the house, and do you hear?—*Serv.* [*Bowing.*] What do you wish?—*Peri.* Take care how you permit this one to be associated with my daughter, and do not suffer her even to see her. Do you apprehend me now? I wish that other to be shut up apart in the small chamber. [*Exeunt the Servant and the Music-girl into the house.*] [*Three lines omitted.*]—*Apæ.* Truly and verily in the nick of time we bought that girl before your son!—*Peri.* How now?—*Apæ.* Because a while ago some persons told me, that he had seen your son here.—*Peri.* Then he was preparing this business.—*Apæ.* This verily and indeed is plainly so. In truth you have a clever servant, and worth any price. He is not dear, weighed against gold. How well he caused that Music-girl to be totally ignorant that she was bought by you! So he brought her hither laughing and joyful also.—*Peri.* It is a wonder how this could happen!—*Apæ.* He said that you were about to make for your son a sacred celebration at home, because he may have returned safe from Thebes.—*Peri.* He rightly said.—*Apæ.* Verily he himself told her, that she had been hired to administer to you at the sacred celebration here. But I pretended upon that, that I was as it were ignorant, when at the same time I made myself seem dull-witted.—*Peri.* Truly so it is proper.—*Apæ.* Now an



important business of a friend is brought on at the Forum. I wish to go there as an advocate for him.—*Peri.* But I beg, when you shall have leisure, you will return to me immediately.—*Apæ.* I will be here instantly! [*Exit APÆCIDES at the back scene.*—*Peri.* [*solus.*] Nothing is more agreeable to a man, than an occasional friend. Whatever you may wish, though you are at no trouble, it is done notwithstanding. If I should have deputed to this business some man less skilled, and less crafty to this affair, he would have been cheated; and so my son would most properly laugh at me, grinning with his white teeth in delight. Now this is folly, that I should turn that as a crime to him, which I myself did in my youth. When I was in the wars, in my memorable battles I used to pluck out men's ears, when I had once begun the matter. [*He looks at the back scene.*] But who is this, that I see coming hither? A man who makes his cloak to be swelling in the wind, by shaking it about? [*He steps on one side.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter from the back scene a Military Officer, with a footboy, he swaggers to the front, and swings his cloak about with importance.*

*Offi.* [*Staring about and speaking to the boy.*] Take care how you may go beyond any house, but ask there, where an old man called Periphanes, a Plataean, inhabits! Take care, how you may have come back in uncertainty.—*Peri.* [*Going to the front near him.*] Young man, if I shall have shewn to you that man whom you seek, shall I have kind acknowledgments from you?—*Offi.* [*Looking proud and stately.*] Fortified with the valour of war, I have deserved that it be proper for all men to pay acknowledgments to me!—*Peri.* You have not found an easy place, young man, where you may hold forth your deeds of valour, as you require to do. Be it known to you, if the worse man sets forth his battles to the braver man, from his mouth they become base—But as to him whom you seek, Periphanes of Plataea, I am he, if you want any thing.—*Offi.* Are you he, who, they say, got great riches in his youth, among great men in arms, for his

art of war?—*Peri.* Yes, if you were to hear my battles, you may fly home in dismay with your hands behind your back!—*Offi.* In fact I rather seek one, to whom I may proclaim my own battles, than that man who may relate *his* to me.—*Peri.* This is not the place. Moreover seek thou some other man, on whom you may heap your idle stories!—*Offi.* Attend now that you may understand, on what account I come to you! I have heard that you have bought my mistress.—*Peri.* [*aside*] Aha! now at length I know this man, who he may be! The Soldier, whom Epidicus mentioned to me lately. [*To the Officer.*] Young man, it is so as you say; I have bought her.—*Offi.* I wish to address you with a few words, if it is not troublesome to you.—*Peri.* I do not truly know that it is not troublesome, unless you say what you can want.—*Offi.* It is, that you may transfer her to me, and receive the money for her.—*Peri.* You may have her.—*Offi.* Now why may I spare talking freely to you? I wish to make her this day a freed woman, who may be my concubine.—*Peri.* I will shortly settle the matter with you. She was bought for me for fifty pounds of silver. If sixty are counted down to me, I will cause, that the woman shall employ your idle days, and so in truth that you may carry her off from this country.—*Offi.* Is she bought to my use then?—*Peri.* It is possible for you to have her on these conditions.—*Offi.* You have settled the business kindly and well.—*Peri.* [*Going to the door of the house.*] Hillo there! bring out of doors the Music-girl, whom you conducted in-doors! [*He turns to the Officer.*] I will add also besides, the harp that was hers, as a gift to you for nothing. [*Enter from the house a servant with the Music-girl, leaves her, and exit into the house.*] Come now, receive her at once! [*Periphanes takes her by the hand and presents her to the Officer, who starts back at seeing her.*—*Offi.* What madness takes possession of you? What darkness are you striking at my eyes? You must order the Music-girl within to be produced here.—*Peri.* This is assuredly the Music-girl. There is no other here.—*Offi.* You cannot trifle with me. You are to produce here the Music-girl Acropolitis.—*Peri.* [*Pointing.*] This is she, I say.—*Offi.* This is not she, I say. Do you think that I cannot have known my own mistress?—*Peri.* My son, I say, was desperately in love with this Music-girl.—*Offi.* This is not she.—*Peri.* What? is not this

she?—*Offi.* She is not.—*Peri.* From whence in the world is she then? Truly and verily I gave money for this one.—*Offi.* I think it foolishly given, and all was wrong in your bounty.—*Peri.* Certainly this is she; for I sent a servant, who is used to follow my son. He himself bought this Music-girl.—*Offi.* Oh! ho! that man your servant has cut you to pieces joint by joint, my old Gentleman!—*Peri.* How has he cut me to pieces?—*Offi.* Nothing. My suspicion is so, for this girl has been foisted on you for the Music-girl. You have been cheated, old Gentleman, evidently and in a clever way.—*Peri.* I will seek her now, wherever she is! Captain, farewell! [*Exit the Officer at the back scene.*] [*Manent PERIPHANES and the Music-girl.*]—*Peri.* [*Talking to himself.*] Well done, Epidicus! you are a notable and clever fellow! You have fought a battle here! [*Shakes his head.*] You are the man who have wiped me of the money, sottish as I am! and at the smallest trouble to yourself! [*He turns and addresses the Music-girl.*] Has Apæcides bought you to-day from the pimp? [*A pause, and he speaks louder*] do you hear?—*Mus.-girl.* [*Staring at him.*] I never heard of that man before this day, nor could any one buy me indeed with any money; I am a free woman more than five years.—*Peri.* What business have you therefore at my house?—*Mus.-girl.* You shall hear. Being hired for a price I have come here, that I should sing to the harp for the old Gentleman, while he were carrying on his sacred ceremonies.—*Peri.* [*In astonishment.*] I confess that of all men in Attic Athens I am the most contemptible. But have you known the Music-girl Acropolistis?—*Mus.-girl.* As well as myself.—*Peri.* Where does she dwell?—*Mus.-girl.* Where she may dwell lately, after she is free, I am doubtful.—*Peri.* Ah ha! do you say so? I wish to know who may have freed her, if you know this!—*Mus.-girl.* You shall hear that which I have heard. I have heard that Stratippocles, the son of Periphanes, when absent, took care that she should be made free.—*Peri.* [*Clapping his hands in great emotion.*] I have perished truly, if these things are true! Most evidently Epidicus has gutted my purse!—*Mus.-girl.* I have heard these things so. Do you want me as to any thing else?—*Peri.* [*Stamping in anger.*] That you may perish in curst torture, and get away with yourself instantly!—*Mus.-girl.* Don't you give me back my harp?—*Peri.* Neither harp nor

flutes! Hurry therefore to fly hence, if the gods favour you!—*Mus.-girl.* I shall have gone away just now. You shall give it back to me however at a future time, and with very great disgrace to you! [*Exit Music-girl at the side scene, stirring her fan in a rage, and walking stately.*]—*Peri.* [*solus*] What now? Shall I who am placed in such difficulties, suffer that man to go unpunished? Even though so much more money must be lost, I will lose it rather than suffer myself to be treated in mockery without punishment, and plundered also by them. Is it thus that I have been cheated openly and before my face? Now I despise myself less, compared with him who is called the founder of all laws, and the framer of all civil rights. [*Exit PERIPHANES into the house, thumping his stick upon the ground in great vexation.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter PHILIPPA from the back scene, and advances to the front.*

*Phil.* If a human being has any misery that can claim compassion, that person is miserable according to his disposition. That I experience, to whom many misfortunes flow together into one place, that simultaneously beat my breast. Calamity of many a sort works me. Poverty and terror also dismay the thoughts of my heart, nor have I any where within me a stronghold of defence, where I may place my hopes and expectations. For now my daughter is in the power of enemies, and I am utterly ignorant where at present she may be. [*She stands weeping in great grief.*] [*Enter PERIPHANES from his house, and seeing her, retires behind her.*]—*Peri.* Who is that woman, that is a stranger coming from abroad, evidently alarmed, and who herself compassionates herself?—*Phil.* My Periphanes is said to dwell in these parts.—*Peri.* [*Behind.*] this woman names me! I do believe, a necessity for some hospitality has come upon her.—*Phil.* I can wish to give a reward to any one who may shew that man to me, or where he may dwell!—*Peri.* [*Holding his hand above his eyes to look at her.*] I know this woman

by sight; for I seem, I know not where, to have seen her before. Is she or is she not, the woman whom my mind supposes her to be?—*Phil.* [*Turning round and seeing him.*] Ye good gods! I have often seen this man before!—*Peri.* It is certainly she, whom I remember that I cohabited with, when a poor woman in Epidaurus.—*Phil.* [*Looking steadfastly at him.*] This is evidently he, who first violated my maiden modesty in Epidaurus.—*Peri.* She, on communication with me, brought forth a daughter, whom I have now at home.—*Phil.* What if I were to accost him?—*Peri.* I know not whether I will go to her, if this is she.—*Phil.* Many years make me doubtful, if this is indeed the man.—*Peri.* Length of time makes my mind uncertain. But if it is she, whom with some doubt I imagine it to be, I will communicate with her craftily.—*Phil.* A womanly cunning must now be used by me.—*Peri.* [*Advancing.*] May you be well in health!—*Phil.* I receive that salutation for me and mine.—*Peri.* What else do you say?—*Phil.* May you be well in health! That which you gave to me, I give back.—*Peri.* I do not accuse your honesty. Have I known you?—*Phil.* If I have known you, I will induce your mind to think, that you must have known me.—*Peri.* Where have I seen you?—*Phil.* You are unjustly injurious!—*Peri.* How am I thus?—*Phil.* Because you think it just, that I should serve your memory.—*Peri.* You have spoke smartly.—*Phil.* You speak wonderfully.—*Peri.* Aha! that is excellent! Do you remember a matter?—*Phil.* I remember it.—*Peri.* It was in Epidaurus.—*Phil.* [*Weeping.*] Alas! you have moistened my warm heart now with a tear!—*Peri.* [*Continuing.*] That I lightened the poverty of you a distrest girl, and your mother.—*Phil.* Are you he, who for his own pleasure, planted a heavy calamity on me?—*Peri.* I am he, health be to you!—*Phil.* I am in health, because I perceive that you are in health.—*Peri.* [*Holding out his hand.*] Give me your hand!—*Phil.* Take it. [*They join hands.*] You hold now a woman unfortunate, and in possession of many miseries! [*She weeps.*]—*Peri.* What is it, that your countenance shews you so sadly troubled at?—*Phil.* I lament my daughter, whom I took up born from you.—*Peri.* What as to her?—*Phil.* I have lost her, when brought up. She is in the possession of the enemies. [*She sobs aloud.*]—*Peri.* Have a quiet mind, and tran-

quillize yourself. Behold her safe and sound at my house! For at once after I heard from my servant that she was a prisoner, I gave money immediately that she might be bought. The servant therefore took care of that affair soberly and honestly, however as to other affairs he is wicked at my cost.—*Phil.* Grant me, that I may see her, if you wish me to live!—*Peri.* [*Going to the door of the house.*] What ho! Canthara! Order immediately my daughter Acropolistis to go forth before the house, that she may see her mother.—*Phil.* My courage at length now returns to me. [*They both look at the door in eager expectation.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter from the house the MUSIC-GIRL, and goes up to PERIPHANES.*

*Mus.-girl.* What is it, Papa, that you have called me out before the house?—*Peri.* That you may see your mother, may go up to her, and give salutation, and a kiss to her just now arriving!—*Mus.-girl.* [*Looking about.*] What mother of mine?—*Peri.* She who much affected follows the sight of you with her eyes! [*Philippa stares at her all the time.*]—*Phil.* Who is that woman, whom you order to give me a kiss?—*Peri.* Your daughter.—*Phil.* She my daughter?—*Peri.* Yes, she!—*Phil.* Can I give a kiss to her?—*Peri.* Why not to her, who was born of you?—*Phil.* Thou, man, art gone mad!—*Peri.* I gone mad?—*Phil.* You yourself.—*Peri.* Why?—*Phil.* Because I neither know this woman, who she can be, nor have I known her, nor have I seen her with my eyes before this day. I deny that I have known her, who she may be.—*Peri.* [*Stamps with rage.*] O the faith of gods and men! What? do I play the part of a Pimp? who can have strangers in my house, and can draw out money at all from my house. [*Turns to the Music-girl.*] What are you, who callest me your father, and dost kiss me? [*A pause.*] Why do you stand stupid? Why are you silent?—*Mus.-girl.* What do you wish I may say?—*Peri.* She denies that she is your mother.—*Mus.-girl.* [*With a careless air.*] Let her not be so, if she is not willing! But in truth, she being unwilling, I will nevertheless be the daughter of my mother. [*Pointing to Philippa.*] It is not right that I should

compel *her* to be my mother, if she does not choose it.—*Peri.* Why therefore used you to call me father?—*Mus.-girl.* That is your own fault, not mine, May I not call you father, when you call me daughter? I may even call *her* mother, also, if she can call me daughter. She denies that I am her daughter, she therefore is not my mother. Lastly, this is not my fault. I said all things, which I learned. Epidicus was my teacher.—*Peri.* I have perished! I have ruined myself!—*Mus.-girl.* Have I done any thing wrong then?—*Peri.* [*Shaking his stick at her.*] Truly if ever I shall have heard you call me father, I will destroy your life, you vilest creature!—*Mus.-girl.* I do not call you so. When you shall be willing to be my father, be so then; when you shall be unwilling, you shall not have been my father!—*Phil.* [*To PERIPHANES.*] What? have you bought her on that account, because you supposed her your daughter? From what signs did you acknowledge her?—*Peri.* From none.—*Phil.* Why did you believe her to be my daughter?—*Peri.* My servant Epidicus told me so.—*Phil.* What if it seemed otherwise to your servant? Were you not able to know her, I pray?—*Peri.* How may I have known her? who, however I saw her at first, never saw her afterwards.—*Phil.* [*Clapping her hands.*] I have perished a wretched woman! [*She weeps.*]—*Peri.* Weep not, woman! Go inside the house! have good courage! I will find that daughter.—*Phil.* An Attic citizen from hence, from Athens, bought her. They said indeed that a young man bought her.—*Peri.* I will find her. Say nothing! Begone now in-doors! and keep to yourself this Circè, the daughter of the Sun! [*Exit PHILIPPA into the house, and the MUSIC-GIRL follows her.*] [*PERIPHANES solus.*]—*Peri.* I will take pains now in seeking Epidicus, all business being laid aside. If I find him, I will make this day destructive to him, [*shakes his stick, and knocks it on the ground in a rage*] and that it may become so to the villain! [*Exit PERIPHANES at the back scene, hobbling fast.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter STRATIPPOCLES from CHÆRIBULUS'S house.*

*Stra.* [*solus.*] Badly behaved towards me is Danista, who does not seek the money from me, nor does he bring me that girl, who was bought out of the plunder. [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But behold him! Epidicus is marching hither. What is it, that his brow lours with gloominess? [*Enter EPIDICUS from the back scene, and advances on one side to the front, without seeing STRATIPPOCLES.*]—*Epid.* If Jupiter were to bring with him eleven gods besides himself, all of them thus will not be able to exempt Epidicus from torture. I saw Periphanes buy the flogging straps. Apæcides was present there with him. I believe that those men are now hunting for me. They have perceived, and now know that they have been cheated.—*Stra.* [*Going up to him.*] What are you about, my convenient fellow?—*Epid.* That which a wretched man can do.—*Stra.* What is the matter with you?—*Epid.* Now you are to provide for me provisions for my flight, before I perish; for two bald old men are hunting for me through the city, and carry in their hands monstrous fetters!—*Stra.* Have good courage!—*Epid.* Can I have good courage, whose freedom in this world is buried for ever?—*Stra.* I will preserve you.—*Epid.* Truly they will preserve me safer, if they shall have got me. [*He looks out at the side scene.*] But who is this young woman, and that fat corpulent man, who is coming hither?—*Stra.* [*Looking out.*] This is Danista. But this woman with him, is she, whom I bought out of the plunder.—*Epid.* [*Looking out.*] Is this she?—*Stra.* It is she. Is the girl as I said? look at her.—*Epid.* Is this she certainly?—*Stra.* Contemplate her, Epidicus. From her very toe to the top of her head she is most charming. Is she not so? Consider her, and look! You will have seen an image beautifully painted.—*Epid.* According to your words, you are to proclaim my skin about to be handsome; me, whom both Apelles and Zeuxis might paint, with the colours caused by elm-tree rods and scourgings! [*Enter at the side scene*

DANISTA, *conducting the girl brought to STRATIPPOCLES.*]  
 —*Stra.* Immortal gods! I wonder that you have gone so slow! He who is detained by swelled feet, would have come to me before you come!—*Dani.* This girl in truth delayed me.—*Stra.* If indeed you delayed for her sake, and she wished it, you came here too quickly.—*Dani.* Come, come! pay me now, and count the money! that I may not delay my companions!—*Stra.* It has been fully counted.—*Dani.* Keep to yourself your bag, and bring the money from within hither!—*Stra.* You proceed wisely. Wait, while I bring out the money to you!—*Dani.* Hasten now!—*Stra.* It is at home. [*Exit STRATIPPOCLES into CHERIBULUS'S house.*]  
 [*DANISTA walks down the stage waiting.*—*Epid.* [*Looking steadfastly at the girl.*] Have I any use of my eyes sufficiently true, or have I not? Do I see you, the daughter of Periphanes, born of your mother Philippa, and begotten at Epidaurus?—*Girl.* What man art thou, that dost mention the name of my parents, and my own name?—*Epid.* Have you not known me?—*Girl.* I wish indeed, that it may now come into my mind!—*Epid.* Do you not remember, that I carried you a purse of gold on your birth-day, a hoop ring, and a ring of gold for your finger?—*Girl.* I remember it, my good man. Are you he?—*Epid.* I am he, and that man who was here just now, is your brother from another mother, and from the same father.—*Girl.* What did you say? “my father?” [*She looks at him with surprise.*] Is he alive?—*Epid.* Be of smooth and tranquil mind! Be silent now!—*Girl.* The gods wish me, from a lost woman to be preserved, if you affirm true things.—*Epid.* I have no occasion to tell false things before you. [*Enter STRATIPPOCLES from CHERIBULUS'S house, and DANISTA comes up to him.*—*Stra.* [*Taking money from a bag, and putting it into DANISTA'S hands.*] Take this silver, Danista! here are forty pounds! If any piece shall be doubtful, I will change it.—*Dani.* You have done well! Farewell kindly! [*Exit DANISTA at the back scene.*—*Stra.* [*To the Girl.*] Now in truth you are mine.—*Girl.* Indeed and verily I am your sister, that you may know the matter equally with me! Health to you, my brother!—*Stra.* [*To Epidicus.*] Is this woman in her senses?—*Epid.* She is in her senses, if she calls you her brother.—*Stra.* What? have I become brother to this woman, only

while I go in-doors, and go out?—*Epid.* As to that which is of advantage to you, be silent about it, yourself with yourself, and rejoice at it.—*Stra.* [*Addressing her.*] Thou hast destroyed me, my sister, and found me at the same time!—*Epid.* Be silent in your folly! You have at home near at hand, what you may love, the Music-girl, obtained by my endeavour; and in the same way by my effort I purchase your sister into freedom.—*Stra.* Epidicus, I acknowledge it.—*Epid.* [*Pointing to the door of APÆCIDES'S house.*] Go in-doors there, and order water to be warmed for her! I will cause you to know all these other matters at a later time, when there shall be leisure.—*Stra.* [*Speaking to her.*] Follow me this way, my sister! [*They both approach the house.*—*Epid.* I shall have ordered Thesprio to pass across hither. But remember, if the old men are at all savage against me, to bring support to me along with your sister.—*Stra.* That will be an easy thing. [*Exeunt STRATIPPOCLES and ACROPOLISTIS into APÆCIDES'S house.*] [*EPIDICUS goes to the door of CHERIBULUS'S house, and calls aloud.*—*Epid.* Thesprio, go out that way through the garden, and bring assistance to me at home! It is an affair of consequence! [*He quits the door, and comes forward.*] I much less fear the old men now, than lately I did. I will return within doors now, that these old hosts when arriving, may be looked to. I will tell these same things, that I know, to Stratippocles within. I do not fly away. I am determined to be present at home; that he should not throw out against me, that he was provoked by my flight. I go away in-doors! Too long a time I am talking here! [*Exit EPIDICUS into APÆCIDES'S house.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter PERIPHANES and APÆCIDES from the back scene, with flogging straps in their hands.*

*Peri.* That rascal holds us two old decrepit fellows, sadly in contempt.—*Apæ.* In fact, truly and verily, you keep me miserable in a wretched way.—*Peri.* Hold your peace now! Let me but get the man.—*Apæ.* I say to you now, that you may know it, get to yourself another companion, rather than me! for while I am following you, the gouty blood has fallen

down on the knees of wretched me from natural weariness.—*Peri.* In how many ways has that fellow this day made sport of you and me! But how has he gutted my money-bags!—*Apæ.* Away with the fellow from me! for he is verily the son of Vulcan in a passion! Wherever he touches, he sets every thing on fire! If you may stand near him, he makes you boil with his flame!—[*Enter EPIDICUS from APÆCIDES's house, and stands near the door of it.*] *Epid.* More than twelve gods of the immortal gods in the sky, are now with their aid assistants to me, and fight along with me. As to whatever I have done wickedly, I have helps and supports at home. I scorn all my enemies!—*Peri.* [To APÆCIDES.] Where in the world shall I look for that man?—*Apæ.* While you may look for him without me, you may seek him, as far as concerns me, in the very middle of the sea!—*Epid.* [Going up, and addressing PERIPHANES.] Why are you hunting me? Why do you labour? Why do you [pointing to APÆCIDES] trouble this man? Behold me here! Whether have I fled from you? Whether am I absent from home? Have I gone aside from your view? I do not supplicate to you. Are you willing to bind me? harkye! I offer my hands to you! You have the whipping straps! I saw you buy them. Why do you now delay? Tie my hands together!—*Peri.* Heighday! This man of his own accord gives me his recognizance!—*Epid.* Why do you not bind my hands together?—*Peri.* In truth a wicked slave this!—*Epid.* Verily, Apæcides, I do not want you as an intercessor for me!—*Apæ.* You easily obtain your wish, Epidicus! [Four lines omitted.]—*Epid.* You make delay to yourself, when I stand thus unbound. Tie me, I say, and bind my hands together!—*Peri.* But it pleases me more to examine you unbound.—*Epid.* But you will discover nothing.—*Peri.* [To APÆCIDES.] What am I to do now?—*Apæ.* What may you do? Let him be complied with.—*Epid.* You are a sober-minded man, Apæcides.—*Peri.* Give me your hands therefore!—*Epid.* [Offering his hands.] They care not; and closely tie them together, not however hurtfully.—*Peri.* Judge of it when the work is done. [He ties his hands together with straps.]—*Epid.* This is well! Come on now, ask questions of me! Ask what it pleases you!—*Peri.* In the first place with what confidence have you dared to say, that

she was my daughter who was bought three days ago?—*Epid.* It pleased me to do so, and that was my safeguard. [Three lines omitted.]—*Peri.* But who is that woman?—*Epid.* The mistress of your son; that now you may know all the affair.—*Peri.* Have I given you thirty pounds for buying my daughter?—*Epid.* I confess that they were given; and with that money that I bought that mistress of your son the Music-girl, instead of your daughter! Therefore I touched you for those thirty pounds.—*Peri.* How greatly you cheated me concerning that hired Music-girl!—*Epid.* Truly and indeed it was done, and I judge that it was rightly done.—*Peri.* Lastly, what was done with the money which I gave?—*Epid.* I will tell you. I gave it neither to a bad man, nor to a very good man, your son Stratippocles.—*Peri.* Why dared you to give it him?—*Epid.* Because it pleased me.—*Peri.* What is this insolence, you vile rascal?—*Epid.* I am abused now, as if a slave!—*Peri.* [Sneeringly.] As you are a free man, I am to rejoice!—*Epid.* I have deserved that I should be made free.—*Peri.* Hast thou deserved it?—*Epid.* Go and see within doors; I will cause you to know that this is so.—*Peri.* What business is that?—*Epid.* The affair itself will now tell you. Only go you in-doors!—*Peri.* Oho! it is not rashly said! Keep him here, Apæcides! [Exit PERIPHANES into the house.]—*Apæ.* What is that business, Epidicus?—*Epid.* Truly I stand here, bound very wrongfully, by whose endeavour this daughter of his has been this day found.—*Apæ.* Do you say that you have found his daughter?—*Epid.* I have found her, and she is at home. But how bitter a thing it is, when for things well done you may reap a harvest of calamity!—*Apæ.* How tired are we, each of us, in seeking you through the city to-day!—*Epid.* I am tired with finding out you, ye are tired with seeking me! [Enter PERIPHANES from the house.]—*Peri.* What are you talking of there with so great energy? I know that he has deserved well, and that it must be proper to do something for that deserving! [To EPIDICUS.] Give me your hands you, that I may loose them.—*Epid.* You may not touch them!—*Peri.* Hold them forth now!—*Epid.* I do not choose it.—*Peri.* You do a wrong thing!—*Epid.* Never in truth, unless you make atonement to me this day, will I suffer myself to be loosed.—*Peri.* [Laughing.]

You ask a very good thing, and a very right thing. I will give you socks, and a tunic, and a cloak.—*Epid.* What then besides?—*Peri.* Your freedom.—*Epid.* But afterward? To a new-freed man there is need of something that he may eat.—*Peri.* It shall be given. I will furnish food.—*Epid.* Never truly this day, unless you shall have entreated me, shall you loose me!—*Peri.* [*Laughing.*] I beseech you, Epidicus, that you may pardon me, if in ignorance I have done any thing wrong with my own fault! But, on account of that affair, [*he touches his shoulder with his hand*] be thou free!—*Epid.* Against my will I give you this forgiveness, but I am compelled by necessity. Loose me now truly, if it pleases you! [*He offers his hands.* PERIPHANES and APÆCIDES take off the straps that bound his hands, and then go into their house, EPIDICUS following them. Exeunt PERIPHANES, APÆCIDES, and EPIDICUS.]

*Enter the Company of Players, and one of them addresses the Spectators.*

He whom you have seen, is that man who gained his freedom by his wicked conduct! Clap your hands, and farewell! Raise your loins, and lift yourselves upwards!

END OF THE EPIDICUS.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

M E N Æ C H M I.

CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

- ✓ MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS, a Gentleman of property.  
✓ MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, his brother, also a man of wealth.  
An Old Man, father-in law of Menæchmus Surreptus.  
The Wife of Menæchmus Surreptus.  
EROTIUM, the harlot of Menæchmus Surreptus.  
PENICULUS, a parasite of Menæchmus Surreptus.  
A Physician.  
Jail-floggers.  
✓ CYLINDRUS, a cook.  
✓ MESSENIO, a servant of Menæchmus Sosicles.  
A Maid-servant.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

M E N Æ C H M I.

SCENE.—A street in Epidamnum. MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS's house on one side, and EROTIUM's house on the other, with their doors opposite.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter PENICULUS from the back scene, and advances to the front.

Pen. The young men gave me the name of Peniculus, for that reason because whenever I eat, I clear the table, clean of every thing! They who bind captives with chains, and they who put fetters on runaway slaves, in my opinion indeed act very foolishly. For to a miserable man, if bad usage is added to calamity, there is a greater desire to run away, and to act roguishly. Certainly they deliver themselves from chains by some means or other. In that case the fettered wear away the door with a file, or drive out a spike-nail with a stone. Him, that you wish to keep strictly that he may not run away, it becometh to be bound well with victuals and drink! You may fasten a man's nose easily to a plentiful table. While you afford him what he eats and can drink, at his own will, and plentifully every day, verily he will never fly, though he may have committed a great crime. [Three lines omitted.] Assuredly I go now to Menæchmus, by whom I have been for a long time esteemed, that he may voluntarily bind me down in that same manner. For that person not only nourishes men, but fosters and amuses them. No doctor prescribes a medicine so good.



In fact the young man himself is fond of the nicest dainties, gives costly suppers, and heaps up the tables with good things. [*Six lines omitted.*] Now I go to see him. [*He goes towards MENÆCHMUS'S door, and stops at seeing the door opened.*] But the door of his house is thrown open! and behold him, I see Menæchmus himself. He is going forth out of doors.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS from his house. He turns round, and speaks to his wife within, the door being open.*

*Men.* Unless you were bad, and unless you were foolish, unless you were wild and mad, which you may see is hateful to your husband, you yourself ought to hate yourself! Besides this, if you shall have done such a thing to me after this day, I will cause, that you, destitute and packed out of doors, must visit your father again. For as often as I want to go abroad, you retain and recal me, and ask where I may be going, what affair I can be about, what business I may be carrying on, what I may seek, what I may bring, and what I may have done out of doors! I have actually brought home a tax-gatherer, and so it is necessary for me to tell every affair, whatever I have done, or am doing. [*Three lines omitted.*] You will guard against what is wrong, if you are wise. You will cease to watch your husband. And so, that you may not observe me in vain, on account of that care you take, I will this day lead a harlot to supper, and will order this supper somewhere abroad. [*He advances to the front.*—*Pen.* [*Behind.*] That man seems to abuse his wife, but in fact he is speaking to me, for if he sups abroad, in truth he punishes me, and not his wife.—*Men.* [*To himself.*] Huzza! truly at length by scolding I have driven away my wife from the door! Where are now the admirers of a proper husband! Why do they all cease to reward me, congratulating that I have fought bravely! [*He takes a woman's cloak handsomely adorned, from under his own cloak.*] I stole this cloak just now from my wife within there. I am carrying it to my harlot. [*Six lines omitted.*] What man is here? [*He looks back.*—*Pen.* [*Advancing.*] I am here!—*Men.* Oh! my convenient fellow,

and ready occasion, health to you!—*Pen.* Health to you in return! [*They shake hands.*—*Men.* What do you say now to me?—*Pen.* I hold by the hand my protecting Genius!—*Men.* You could not come to me in a more proper time, than you do now come.—*Pen.* So I am used to do. I know all the niceties of a convenient time. [*Twenty-eight lines omitted, as unfit.*—*Men.* [*Shewing the woman's cloak.*] This now shall be carried to my mistress, this harlot Erotium. I will order immediately a dinner to be prepared for me, and you, and her. From that time we will drink, even until tomorrow's day-light star.—*Pen.* Cleverly you have spoken. Am I to knock at the door now?—*Men.* Knock at it! Wait, wait, [*as he is going to knock*] I beseech you now! [*The door of EROTIUM'S house is opened.*] Behold, she is going out from her own house!—*Pen.* [*Pointing at the open door.*] Oho! you see the sun there! Are you not greatly blinded by the bright rays of its substance?

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter EROTIUM from her house.*

*Ero.* Health to you, my life! my Menæchmus! [*They embrace.*—*Pen.* Why am I left out?—*Ero.* You are out of the number in my account. [*Seven lines omitted.*—*Ero.* [*Pointing to the female cloak.*] What is this?—*Men.* Apparel for you, my rosebud, and spoils taken from my wife. [*Nine lines omitted.*] Take this to yourself! [*He presents the cloak to her*] since you alone live most agreeable to my ways of life. [*Four lines omitted.*] Do you know what I wish you to attend to?—*Ero.* I know. I will take care to get those things which you will wish to have.—*Men.* Order therefore for us three a dinner to be got ready at your house, and provisions to be bought, and some nice delicacies from the Forum. And this immediately.—*Ero.* It must be done indeed.—*Men.* We are going on to the Forum, but just now we shall be here; and while the dinner is cooking, we will drink in the mean while.—*Ero.* Whenever you will, come to me! The thing shall be prepared.—*Men.* Hasten now! [*to Peniculus.*] Follow me, thou!—*Pen.* Truly and verily I will stick to you, and follow you at the same time. And since I am not

to lose you to-day, I can gain the riches of the gods to myself. [*Exeunt MENÆCHMUS and PENICULUS at the back scene.*]—*Ero.* [*Going to the door of her house, and calling aloud.*] You within there, call out to me Cylindrus the cook out of doors immediately! [*She returns.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter CYLINDRUS the cook from EROTIVM's house.*

*Ero.* Take a basket, and this money; [*she gives him money*] look at those, you have three pieces there!—*Cyl.* I have them.—*Ero.* And bring provisions. See that there be enough for three people, and let it not be deficient, nor over and above.—*Cyl.* Of what sort will these men be?—*Ero.* I, and Menæchmus, and his Parasite will sup here.—*Cyl.* Now those are ten men, for the Parasite readily performs the duty of eight men at supper.—*Ero.* I have mentioned the guests; take care of the rest of the business yourself.—*Cyl.* It must be done. The things are even now dressed! Order them to go to lie down at table!—*Ero.* Return quickly!—*Cyl.* I will be here now instantly. [*Exeunt—CYLINDRUS at the back scene, EROTIVM into her house.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, and MESSENIO his servant, with a cloak-bag in his hand, from the back scene.*

*Men.* There is no pleasure, Messenio, in my mind, greater to navigators, than when from the deep afar they espy land.—*Mess.* There is a greater, I will not speak falsely, if coming to land, you may see that, which shall have been your own country! But I beseech you, for what reason have we now come to Epidamnum? Whether or no are we to go about all the islands, as we have done the sea?—*Men.* I go to seek a twin-brother of mine.—*Mess.* Now what bounds are

there to be of our seeking him? This is the sixth year after we give up all our attention to that business! We have been carried round the Istri, the Hispani, the Massilians, the Illyrians, and all the upper sea, and foreign Greece, and all the Italian coasts, where the sea reaches them. I do believe, if you were hunting for a needle, you would have found the said needle, if it could appear, a long time since. We are seeking for a dead man among the living. For we should have found him a long time ago, if he were alive.—*Men.* Therefore I am seeking for some man, who may make that a sure matter to me, and who may say that he knows, that that man is dead. Beyond that, I will not take pains to seek. But otherwise, while alive, I will not desist from performing this duty. I know as to him, how dear he may be to my heart.—*Mess.* You are making a knot in a smooth rush! But are we not to return home from hence, unless we are to write a history of our adventures?—*Men.* I wish you may use some wise talking, and avoid your evil speech! Be not thus troublesome! This matter shall not be in your fashion.—*Mess.* [*Aside.*] Oho! with this word in truth I am to know that I am a servant! He could not in a few words speak more plainly. But nevertheless I cannot contain myself, but I must speak. [*To his master.*] Do you hear me, Menæchmus? When I look into the purse, I find, we are indeed very thin of a supply of the needful. Verily and truly I think, unless you will return home, you will groan sadly, when you will have no money while you are seeking your brother. Now truly this Epidamnian nation of men is of this description; given to pleasure and the greatest drunkards. Then a vast many sycophants and spungers dwell in this city; and besides, harlot women, no where in the world more engaging, are said to be here. In addition, the name of Epidamnum is given to this city, because no one almost sojourns here without loss of property.—*Men.* I will guard against that. Give me up the purse here!—*Mess.* What do you want with that?—*Men.* I have fears from you now, from your own words.—*Mess.* What do you fear?—*Men.* Lest you should put some damage upon me in Epidamnum. You are a great lover of women, Messenio! But I am a man given to anger, of an unhappy mind. I will have guarded against either thing happening, when I shall

have the money, that you may not commit a fault, or that I may be angry with you.—*Mess.* Take it, and keep it; [*he gives him a large purse of money*] you will have done so with my good consent.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter CYLINDRUS from the back scene, with a basket of provisions.*

*Cyl.* [*Talking to himself.*] I have bought good provisions, and according to my opinion shall put down a good dinner before these dining people. [*He advances, and sees MENÆCHMUS at the front.*] But behold him! I see Menæchmus there! Woe to my back! The guests are now walking before the door, before I am returning with the provisions! I will go up to him and speak to him. [*He goes up to MENÆCHMUS, lays down his basket, and bows.*] Menæchmus, health be to you!—*Men.* [*Answering.*] The gods will love you! Do you know who I am?—*Cyl.* I am not mistaken truly! \* where are the other guests?—*Men.* What guests are you seeking?—*Cyl.* Your Parasite.—*Men.* My Parasite? [*Turning to MESSENIUS*] certainly this man is mad!—*Mess.* Have I told you, that there are very many knaves here?—*Men.* [*To CYLINDRUS.*] Young man, what Parasite of mine do you seek here?—*Cyl.* Peniculus.—*Mess.* Behold him, I have him safe here in the bag! †—*Cyl.* You come here, Menæchmus, too soon to the dinner. I am now returning with the provisions!—*Men.* Answer me, young man, at what price are pigs sold here, really fit for sacrifice?—*Cyl.* For a piece of silver.—*Men.* Receive that money from me; and order yourself to be cleared and expiated from my money! For I know indeed for certain that you are mad, who are troublesome to an unknown man, whoever you are.—*Cyl.* I am Cylindrus! Have you not known my name?—*Men.* Whether you are Cylindrus, or Corindrus, you shall have gone to perdition! I have not known you, and also am not willing to have known you!—*Cyl.* Your name is Menæchmus,

\* In the Latin, instead of, "non herclè verò," it should certainly be, "non herclè erro."

† A pun of Messenio's on the word "Peniculus," which signifies "a napkin."

so far is what I know.—*Men.* You speak as a man in his senses, when you call me by my name. But where have you known me?—*Cyl.* Where can I have known you? You, who must have this mistress of mine, Erotium, as your harlot mistress!—*Men.* Neither in truth have I her, nor do I know you, what man you may be.—*Cyl.* Do you not know who I may be? who very often hand the glasses at our house, when you drink.—*Mess.* [*Shaking his fist at CYLINDRUS.*] Sad fate to me, when I have nothing, wherewith I may break that man's head!—*Men.* Are you used to hand glasses to me, who before this day never saw, nor came to Epidamnum?—*Cyl.* Do you deny it?—*Men.* I do deny it actually in truth.—*Cyl.* [*Pointing.*] Do you not dwell in that house?—*Men.* May the gods destroy those men who dwell there!—*Cyl.* This man is truly mad, who himself curses himself! [*MENÆCHMUS turns away in anger.*] Do you hear, Menæchmus?—*Men.* [*Turning about again.*] What do you want?—*Cyl.* If you were to consult me as to that piece of money, which awhile ago you promised to give me, you must order, if you can be wise, a little pig to be brought to yourself, for truly and verily, and for certain, you are not well in your senses, Menæchmus, who now thyself cursest thyself!—*Mess.* Aha! What a man this really, and how very hateful in my sight!—*Cyl.* [*to MESSENIUS.*] He is used to joke with me often in that manner. How fond of laughing he is, when his wife is not present!—*Men.* [*Pointing to the basket.*] What business are you doing with this?—*Cyl.* What do you wish, I say? this that you see, is it provision enough for three of you? or am I to provide more for you, and the parasite, and the woman?—*Men.* What woman do you speak of, and what parasites?—*Mess.* [*To CYLINDRUS.*] What wickedness urges thee, who can be troublesome to him?—*Cyl.* [*To MESSENIUS.*] What business have you with me? I have not known thee! I am talking with him whom I have known.—*Men.* In truth you are a man out of his reason. I know it for certain.—*Cyl.* [*Taking up his basket.*] Now therefore I will make these be cooked, and there shall be no more delay. From this time [*speaking to MENÆCHMUS*] depart not thou any where very far from the house! Do you want now any thing of me?—*Men.* That you may go to the very worst perdition!—*Cyl.* In the mean time it is in truth

better, that you should go, and recline at the table, while I apply these articles to the strength of a good fire. I will go in-doors, and tell Erotium that you are at hand, and standing here; that she may lead you away from hence, rather than you may stand here at the door!—[Exit CYLINDRUS with his basket into EROTIIUM'S house.]—Men. [To MESSENIUS.] Has he gone away now? In truth I find by experience that your words were not false.—Mess. Only observe! Now I do believe that a harlot woman dwells there, as that mad fellow said indeed, who went hence just now.—Men. But I wonder how he can have known my name!—Mess. In truth it is not wonderful. Harlots have this custom; they send to the port servant-boys and servant-girls, if any foreign ship arrives at the port; these ask whose it may be, and what may be the name of it; afterward those women adjoin themselves quickly to a stranger, and fasten themselves on him. If they have enveigled him, they send him home a ruined man. [He points at EROTIIUM'S door.] Now in that port stands a pirate ship, from whom I soberly think we must keep off.—Men. Indeed and in truth you advise me rightly.—Mess. Then at last I shall know that I have advised you rightly, if you shall have been properly cautious.—Men. Be silent now awhile, for the door of the house has creaked! [They step back.] Let us see the person who goes out hence!—Mess. I will dispose of this in the mean time. [He puts the cloak-bag at his back.] Observe these things now, if you please. Behold the ship!\*

## SCENA TERTIA.

Enter EROTIIUM from her house, and CYLINDRUS, and two servants of MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS. The door is left open.

Ero. Let the doors remain thus! [To CYLINDRUS.] Be gone thou! I do not wish the doors to be shut up. Now prepare, and take care of matters within! See that every thing be done which is necessary! Put down the couches, and burn incense. [Exit CYLINDRUS.] Neatness is a charm to the mind of lovers. Our pleasantness, however, is to the

\* Sultis, put for, si vultis; navales pedes, the oars of a ship, put for the ship itself.

lover a calamity, and to us is an advantage. [She looks about.] But where is he, who the Cook says is before the doors? And behold him, I see the man who is of use to me, and very much gratifies me. It is done to him in the same way as he deserves, and that too of my own accord, that he may be of greatest consequence at my house. Now I will go up to him, and speak to him with delight. [She goes up to him.] My dear life, these things seem wonderful to me, that you are standing here at the doors, to whom these doors must always lie open, more than your own house, since this house must be always yours. Every thing is prepared as you ordered, and as you chose, nor have you any delay within; the dinner, as you commanded, has been got ready within; and when it pleases you, we may go and recline at table.—Men. [Looking round.] With whom is this woman talking?—Ero. With you indeed.—Men. What communication had you ever with me, or what business now?—Ero. Because truly Venus was willing, that you alone of all men should exalt me; and that was not without great merit of yours. For indeed, you by your kindnesses make me flourishing.—Men. [Aside to MESSENIUS.] For certain, Messenio, this woman is either mad, or drunk, who can address me, a man unknown to her, so familiarly.—Mess. Have not I told you, that those things used to happen here? The leaves first are now falling on you, however, if we shall be here these three days, then the trees will fall on you! For in this way all these harlots are coaxers, and eager for the money. But suffer me awhile to address this woman! [He goes near her.] Harkye, my woman! I am speaking to you.—Ero. What is it?—Mess. Where have you known this man?—Ero. In the same place where he has known me for a long time, in Epidamnium.—Mess. In Epidamnium! him, who never till this day put his foot into this city hither, within it.—Ero. Heighday! you are making pleasantries. [She turns to MENÆCHMUS.] My Menæchmus, my dear, but do you not go within my house? [She points to her door.] To go in here will be more proper for you.—Men. Verily this woman calls me rightly by my own name; I very much wonder what business this can be.—Mess. [Aside to MENÆCHMUS.] That purse that you hold, has been smelt out by her.—Men. Now in truth you have hinted to me well. Take this awhile; [he hands the purse

privately to MESSENIUS.] Now I shall know, whether she can love me rather, or the purse.—*Ero.* [*Approaching him.*] Let us now go in, that we may dine!—*Men.* You invite me agreeably, and it is so great a favour!—*Ero.* [*In surprise.*] Why therefore have you ordered me awhile ago to cook a dinner for you?—*Men.* Have I ordered you to cook a dinner?—*Ero.* Certainly, for you, and your Parasite.—*Men.* Curse on it, what Parasite? [*aside*] certainly this woman is not very sane in mind!—*Ero.* Peniculus.—*Men.* Who is that Peniculus? is it the Peniculus with which my shoes will be wiped?—*Ero.* In truth it is he, who came with you just now, when you brought me the cloak, which you stole from your wife.—*Men.* What is it? have I given you a cloak that I stole from my wife? Are you in your senses? [*To MESSENIUS.*] Surely this woman is fast asleep, standing up in the manner of a horse!—*Ero.* On what account does it please you to hold me in ridicule, and to deny to me things that happened?—*Men.* Tell me what is that, which I may deny, and that I can have done!—*Ero.* That you this day gave me your wife's cloak!—*Men.* I deny now even that. In truth I never at any time had a wife, nor have I now; nor ever put my foot hither within the gate, since I was born! I have dined in the ship. From thence I went out hither, and have met you.—*Ero.* [*Clapping her hands.*] See now! I am an undone and wretched woman! what ship are you now talking of to me?—*Men.* A ship made of timber.—*Ero.* My dear, leave off now to make sports, and go this way along with me. [*Points to her door.*]—*Men.* My good woman, you are seeking some other man, I know not whom, and not me!—*Ero.* Have I not known you, Menæchmus, the son of your father Moschus? who used to say he was born at Syracuse in Sicily?—*Mess.* [*Aside to MENÆCHMUS.*] Whether has that woman come from thence, who has known you so craftily?—*Men.* I think indeed, she cannot be refused.—*Mess.* You must not have done so! You have perished, if you shall have entered within her threshold!—*Men.* Pray, hold your tongue now! The affair is carried on well. I will assent to the woman, whatever she shall say; if I can but get hospitable entertainment. [*Turning to EROTIVM.*] Just now I opposed you, not unwise in that; [*in a*

\* Alluding to the word Peniculus, that means a Linen-cloth. *batavil*

*low voice to her*] for I was afraid of him, [*points at Messenio*] lest he should carry word to my wife about the cloak and the dinner! Now, when you choose, let us go in!—*Ero.* Are you to wait now for the Parasite?—*Men.* I neither wait for him, nor care about him; nor, if he shall have come, do I wish him to be admitted.—*Ero.* Laa, now! I shall willingly have taken care of that! But do you know what I will love you to do?—*Men.* Order me any thing in any way!—*Ero.* That you may carry down that cloak, which you had lately given me, to Phrygia, that it may be trimmed again, and that some workings may be added, which I am fond of.—*Men.* Certainly now you speak rightly. In that way it will be disguised, so that my wife may not know that you have it, if she shall have seen it in the street.—*Ero.* Therefore, by-and-by, take it away with you, when you shall go away!—*Men.* Certainly.—*Ero.* Let us go in-doors!—*Men.* I will follow you now. I want to speak with this man a little. [*Exit EROTIVM into her house.*] Harkye, Messenio, come hither!—*Mess.* [*Going up to him.*] What business is it?—*Men.* Hist! do you wish to know?—*Mess.* What is it now therefore?—*Men.* [*In a low voice.*] It is necessary.—*Mess.* What is necessary?—*Men.* I know how you will speak to me.—*Mess.* You are so much the more faulty.—*Men.* I have the prey! I have begun so much of the business. Go as fast as you can, and conduct away those servants immediately into the tavern of the Inn. Then mind that you come to meet me before the setting of the sun.—*Mess.* Master, have you not known those harlots?—*Men.* [*With a stern voice.*] Be silent, I say! it will pain me, not you, if I shall have done any thing foolishly. This woman is silly and unskilled, as far as I have seen just now. Here is a prize for me!—*Mess.* Go now, and be ruined!—*Men.* Do you not go away now? [*Exit MENÆCHMUS into EROTIVM's house.*]—*Mess.* [*Looking after him till the door is shut.*] He has perished in truth! The pirate-ship is towing the cock-boat swamped! But I am a fool, who can require myself to direct my master. He bought me, as one obedient to his word, and not as a commander to him. [*He turns and speaks to the servants standing behind.*] Follow me, ye two, that I may come, as was ordered, to meet my master early in the evening! [*Exit MESSENIUS at the back scene, the two servants following him.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter* PENICULUS *from the back scene, and advances.*

*Pen.* I am now more than thirty years born, when in the mean time I never did any worse deed, nor a more nefarious one, than to-day, when I thrust myself miserably into the middle of the full assembly. Where, as I am staring about, Menæchmus stole himself away from me, and went off to his mistress, as I believe, and was not willing to carry me there. But may all the gods sink that man, who first devised an assembly of citizens, and by this business employs men already employed. Was it not proper, that idle men should be chosen to that affair? who, when they may be cited, unless they were to be present, must pay a fine outright. There is plenty of men, who eat their several meals every day, and who have no business at all; who are neither invited to eat, nor invite any one. It behoves those men to attend to the meeting, and to the assemblies. If that were so, I should not this day have lost my dinner; I, to whom, I believe that I wished to have a dinner given, as much as I see myself alive. I will go now, [*he steps towards EROTIUM'S house*] for still the hope of the remains of the dinner delights my mind! [*The door of EROTIUM'S house is opened.*] But what? do I see Menæchmus? He is going out of doors with a chaplet! The feast is removed! Certainly I come in bad season. [*He steps back.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter from EROTIUM'S house MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES. He turns about, and speaks to her within, having a chaplet on his head, and the woman's cloak upon him.*

*Men.* May you not be satisfied, if I shall bring you back early in the evening, this cloak nicely and cleverly trimmed up? I will have caused that you shall say, it is not it, as it shall be so altered. [*He goes to the front, and the door is shut.*]

*—Pen.* [*Behind.*] He is carrying the cloak to Phrygia, his dinner being over, and the wine drank up, and the Parasite being shut out of doors! Verily, I am not that man that I am, if I shall not have avenged this injury, and myself also handsomely. I will observe what he may be about, and afterward will go up to the man, and speak to him.—*Men.* [*To himself.*] O immortal gods, to what man have you ever given more good in one day, and who cannot have hoped for it. [*Two lines omitted.*]*—Pen.* I cannot hear what he is saying privately to himself. Satiated with eating he is now speaking of me, and my condition.—*Men.* [*Continuing.*] She says that I gave this to her [*handles the cloak*] and had stole it from my wife; but I saw that she was wrong. I began though to assent at once, as if my transaction were so with her. Whatever the woman had said, I said the same. What need is there of many words? I no where have been well off, with so little expense.—*Pen.* [*Behind.*] I will go up to the man; for I delight to disturb him. [*He comes up familiarly close to him.*]*—Men.* [*Staring at him.*] Who is this, that comes against me! [*moves off from him a step or two.*]*—Pen.* What do you say, thou man lighter than a feather, most vile and iniquitous, a curse of a man, a cheat, and of no value? What have I deserved of you, wherefore you should destroy me? How you stole yourself away from me just now from the Forum! You inflicted death upon the dinner, I being absent! Why have you dared to do so with that, to which I was equally entitled.—*Men.* Young man, I beg to know, what business you have with me, who in ignorance can abuse me, a man unknown to you? Do you wish, that punishment be given to you for your bad words afterward?*—Pen.* I understand that you indeed have given that already truly.—*Men.* Answer me, young man, I beg; what is your name?*—Pen.* Do you also laugh at me, as if you may not have known my name?*—Men.* In truth I never saw you, as far as I may know, before this day, nor have known you. But surely whoever you are, if you may behave yourself, you cannot be hateful to me.—*Pen.* [*Staring at him.*] Have you not known me?*—Men.* I may not deny it, if I may have known you!*—Pen.* Menæchmus, awake from sleep!*—Men.* I am awake really and truly, as far as I may know.—*Pen.* Have you not known your Parasite?*—Men.* Young man, your head

is not sound as I understand.—*Pen.* Answer me, have you not stole that cloak to-day from your wife, and given it to Erotium?—*Men.* I neither in truth have a wife, nor have I given a cloak to Erotium, nor have I stole it.—*Pen.* Are you sufficiently sound in mind? This affair is now decided. Have I not seen you go out of doors, drest in that cloak?—*Men.* Woe to that head of yours! You think that all men are jugglers, because you are one. Do you say that I was dressed as to that cloak?—*Pen.* I say so truly and verily.—*Men.* Why don't you march off with yourself where you are worthy to go? or why do you not order yourself to be purified, O thou most insane man?—*Pen.* No one shall prevail on me ever truly, but that I will tell all the affair to your wife now immediately, how it may have been carried on. All those injuries shall fall upon you. I will have caused, that you shall have eaten your dinner not unpunished. [*Exit PENICULUS into MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS'S house.*]—*Men.* [*After a pause.*] What is this business? Do I see any one clearly, these people so make fun of me! [*He looks at Erotium's door.*] But the door has creaked!

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter a Maidservant from Erotium's house, and goes up to Menæchmus, holding a buckle in her hand.*

*Maid.* Erotium says, that she would love you much, if you can convey this at the same opportunity to the goldsmith, and that you must add an ounce weight of gold, and order this buckle to be fashioned again quite new.—*Men.* Tell her that I will attend to both that, and any thing else, whatever she shall like, if she shall wish any thing to be minded.—*Maid.* Do you know what this buckle may be? [*She gives it into his hand.*]—*Men.* I know not unless it be made of gold.—*Maid.* This is it, which you said formerly, that you had stole from your wife secretly out of her closet.—*Men.* Never indeed was it done by me.—*Maid.* Do you not remember it, I beseech you? Give me back the buckle therefore, if you do not remember it.—*Men.* Wait. [*He looks at the buckle most minutely.*] Yes, indeed, I remember it. Now certainly this is it, which I gave her!—*Maid.* That very one.—*Men.*

Where are those bracelets, which I gave along with it.—*Maid.* You never gave any.—*Men.* Certainly now I gave this along with them.—*Maid.* Shall I say that you will take care of it?—*Men.* Say so; it shall be taken care of. I will cause that both cloak and buckle be brought back together.—*Maid.* My Menæchmus, my dear, grant that my ears may be furnished, in respect to pendants of a weight of two pieces, that I may see you with pleasure, when you will have come to us!—*Men.* Let it be so! Give me the gold; I will give, myself, the workmanship price.—*Maid.* Give it, I beg, from yourself, and I will have returned it to you afterward.—*Men.* But truly now give it from yourself!—*Maid.* I will give you double afterward.—*Men.* I have it not!—*Maid.* But you, when you shall have it, then give it! Do you want me as to any thing more?—*Men.* Say that I will take care of these, that as soon as possible, and whenever they can be, they may be even fit for sale. [*Exit the Maid-servant into EROTIIUM'S house.*]—*Men.* Has she gone away in-doors? [*He looks about.*] She has gone away. She has shut the doors! Certainly all the gods assist, and give me prosperity, and love me!—But why do I delay, while opportunity and time are given me, to depart from these profligate places? Hasten, Menæchmus, and run away, and give a quick step! I will take off my garland, and throw it to the left side, that if any one may follow, they may think that I have gone off this way. I will go, and meet my servant, if I shall be able, that he may know from me these advantages, which the gods give me. [*Exit at the back scene.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter the Wife of MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS from her house, and PENICULUS.*

*Wife.* Shall I suffer myself to be here in wedlock, when my husband can plunder secretly whatever is at home, and carry it away to his mistress?—*Pen.* But do you now be

silent! I will have caused, that you shall catch him in a manner openly seen. Follow me now. [*They go to the opposite side.*] He was tipsy with a garland on him, and was carrying the cloak to Phrygia, which he stole from you to-day in the house. [*He sees the garland on the ground.*] But behold that garland which he had! Now am I telling falsities? Aha! he went off this way! [*He points to the side scene, near the garland.*] If you wish to follow him in his steps! [*he looks towards the back scene.*] And now, Ods-bobs! behold him, he is returning most opportunely! But he does not bring the cloak.—*Wife.* What shall I now do with him?—*Pen.* The same that you always did, scold him.—*Wife.* So I think.—*Pen.* Let us step aside hither. [*They retire on one side.*] Listen to him from an ambush!

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter from the back scene MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS, and advances to the front.*

*Men.* How foolish a custom we greatly practise here, and vastly troublesome! And every one the best and greatest have this way with them! They all wish to themselves a great many clients. [*Fifteen lines omitted.*] Forasmuch as a certain client to-day kept hold of me, who was too solicitous about him, nor was it possible in any way to do what I wished, he so employed me, he so detained me! [*Eight lines omitted.*] May all the gods destroy him, for he has spoilt this whole day to me, and me also, who looked at all to-day at the Forum! I have spoilt my day! I ordered an excellent dinner to be prepared. My mistress waits for me, I know. When first it was possible, I instantly hastened to get away from the Forum. She is angry with me now I believe. The cloak will appease her, which I gave, and which I took away from my wife to-day, and carried off to this Erotium. *Pen.* [*To the wife aside.*] What do you say now?—*Wife.* That I am badly married to a vile husband.—*Pen.* Do you hear perfectly what he says?—*Wife.* Entirely.—*Men.* [*In front.*] If I were wise, I must go hence in-doors, where it can be pleasant to me. [*He goes towards the door of Erotium's house, and his wife calls out to him.*] *Wife.* Stop! or it shall be bad

for you else! Truly indeed you took away that cloak with profit to yourself, in that way it is given. Do you think that you can do those wicked crimes secretly? *Men.* [*Turning round with indifference.*] What is that business?—*Wife.* Do you ask me that?—*Men.* Do you wish that I may ask him?—*Pen.* Take away your fine talkings hence! [*To her.*] Go at him thou!—*Men.* [*To his wife.*] Why are you afflicted with me?—*Wife.* It behoves you to know.—*Pen.* He knows, but in his iniquity dissembles.—*Men.* What business is this?—*Wife.* [*Rapping her fan on her hand.*] As to the cloak!—*Men.* [*In seeming surprise.*] The cloak?—*Wife.* [*Shaking her fan at him.*] How do you say as to the cloak?—*Pen.* [*To him.*] Why are you alarmed now?—*Men.* I am alarmed at nothing but one thing. The cloak gives me a cloak of paleness.\*—*Pen.* But you should not have eaten your dinner secretly from me! [*To her.*] Go on against your husband. *Men.* [*Sternly to him.*] Do you not hold your peace?—*Pen.* Verily and truly I do not hold my peace. [*To her.*] He nods at me that I may not speak!—*Men.* I do not verily and truly ever nod at all, nor wink at you.—*Wife.* Dear me! truly I am a wretched woman! [*She weeps.*]—*Men.* How are you miserable? explain to me.—*Pen.* Nothing is more audacious than this man, who denies those things which you see yourself!—*Men.* I swear by Jupiter and all the gods, wife, and is this sufficient for you, that I have not nodded at him.—*Pen.* She believes you now about those things. But return to that place again!—*Men.* Where may I return?—*Pen.* In truth to Phrygia, I am of opinion; go, and bring back the cloak!—*Men.* What cloak is that?—*Wife.* I am silent now, when he does not remember his own business.—*Men.* [*To her.*] Has any one of the servants done wrong? Do the maids, or the servants answer you saucily? Speak out to me! It shall not be unpunished.—*Pen.* You are trifling!—*Men.* [*To her who is in tears.*] You are very sorrowful, that does not please me much.—*Pen.* You are trifling now!—*Men.* But are you angry with some one of your acquaintances?—*Pen.* You are trifling again!—*Men.* Are you angry with me at least?—*Pen.* Now you are not trifling.—*Men.* I have not in truth done wrong as to any thing.—*Pen.* Aha! now again you are trifling!—*Men.* Tell me, my wife, what is

\* A pun of Plautus evidently, in the words, "Palla Pallorem."



grievous to you?—*Pen.* [*To her.*] Complaisant now he is wheedling you.—*Men.* [*To him.*] Is it possible you cannot be troublesome to me? Do I speak to you? [*He turns and reaches out his hand to his wife.*]—*Wife.* Take away your hand!—*Pen.* Thus now the story is told! Hasten thou, I being absent, to eat up the dinner; and afterward before the house drunk, deride me with a garland on your head.—*Men.* In truth I have neither dined, nor have set my foot inside a house hither this day.—*Pen.* Do you deny it?—*Men.* I do deny it truly and verily!—*Pen.* Nothing is more audacious than this man. Have I not seen you awhile ago stand here before the house with a garland of flowers? at a time too when you did deny that my head was sound? And you did deny also that you knew me! You did say that you were a stranger!—*Men.* Moreover, as lately I parted from you, so at last I am now returning to the house.—*Pen.* I have known you. You did not think it was in my power to punish you. I told all things indeed to your wife.—*Men.* What have you told her?—*Pen.* I know not. Ask her yourself.—*Men.* [*To her.*] What is this, wife? what has he narrated to you? what is it? but do you not say what it can be?—*Wife.* As if you can be ignorant. A cloak was stolen from me in my house!—*Men.* Was a cloak stolen from you?—*Wife.* Do you ask me?—*Men.* Now I need not ask, if I may know it.—*Pen.* O the vile man! how he dissembles! You cannot conceal it! I have known the affair well. In truth I have told all things out.—*Men.* What is it?—*Wife.* Since it shames you not, and you are not willing to confess it yourself voluntarily, hear me, and attend! and I will cause you to know, why I am sad, and what he may have told me. My cloak was stolen from home;—*Men.* [*Interrupting.*] Was a cloak stolen from you?—*Pen.* [*To her.*] Do you see how the nefarious man takes you up? [*To him.*] It was taken from her, you need not say from you. Now truly if it had been stolen from you, Menæchmus, it would have been safe!—*Men.* [*To him.*] I have nothing to do with you! [*To her.*] But what are you saying?—*Wife.* A cloak, I say, is lost from my house.—*Men.* Who stole it?—*Wife.* In truth he knows that, who took it away!—*Men.* Who is this man?—*Wife.* A certain man, by name Menæchmus!—*Men.* Verily it was done nefariously! Who is that Menæchmus?

—*Wife.* Thou art he, I say.—*Men.* Is it I?—*Wife.* Thou.—*Men.* Who accuses me?—*Wife.* I myself!—*Pen.* And I! and you carried it off to your mistress, Erotium.—*Men.* Have I given it her?—*Pen.* You, you are he, I say! Do you wish an owl to be brought, which may say to you constantly, *You, You!*\* For we already are tired out!—*Men.* By Jupiter and all the gods, I swear to you, wife, and this is enough for you, that I have not given it!—*Pen.* Yea, truly and certainly, we are not used to speak falsely.—*Men.* But I have not bestowed that cloak, but only gave it to be made use of!—*Wife.* Truly and really I neither give your coat out of doors, nor your gown to be used by any one! It is right that a woman only may give women's clothes out of doors, a man, man's apparel. But do you not bring back my cloak home?—*Men.* I will cause that it shall be brought back.—*Wife.* You will have done it, as I think, for your own advantage, for home you shall never enter, unless you shall bring my cloak at the same time.—*Men.* Shall I never enter my house?—*Pen.* [*To her.*] What is to happen to me, who have given this attendance on you?—*Wife.* Your attention shall be repaid to you, when any thing shall be stolen from your house! [*Exit the Wife into her own house, and claps the door after her in a fury.*]—*Pen.* That indeed and in truth never will be, for I have nothing at home, that I can lose. May the Gods destroy you both, as well the husband as the wife! I will hasten to the Forum, for I plainly understand that I have fallen off from this family! [*Exit PENICULUS at the back scene.*] *Men.* [*Solus.*] My wife thinks that I have acted badly towards her, when she thus shuts the doors against me! as if I may not have another better place, where I can be admitted. [*He looks at his door.*] If I displease you, good wife, it is to be borne. But I shall certainly have pleased this Erotium, who will not shut me out from her, but will shut me up at home with herself! Now I will go, and ask her, that she may give me back the cloak, which I gave her a short time since. I will get another for her, and a better. [*He goes to EROTIIUM'S door.*] Hillo! who is doorkeeper here? [*Knocks gently.*] Open ye the door, and some of you call out Erotium before the door!

[*He retires a few paces.*]

\* Plautus has made the cry of the screech-owl resemble, Tu, Tu!

## SCENA TERTIA.

Enter EROTIVM from her House.

*Ero.* [Looking about.] Who seeks me here?—*Men.* An enemy to himself more than to your beauty! [He advances to her.]—*Ero.* My Menæchmus, why do you stand now before the house? Follow me in-doors! [She goes towards her door.]—*Men.* Wait! do you know what it is that I come to you about? Truly and indeed as to that cloak, my dear, which I gave you awhile ago, give it back to me again! My wife has found out all the affair, how it was done in every particular. I will get for you a cloak of twice as much more value, which you will like.—*Ero.* In truth I gave you that cloak, that you might carry it to Phrygia, but shortly before this! and also that buckle to carry it to the Goldsmith, that it might be made new!—*Men.* Do you say, that you can have given me the cloak and a buckle? It was never done. Recollect the matter. For I truly, after I gave that cloak to you awhile ago, and departed to the Forum, am now returning from thence, and see you now for the first time after those transactions.—*Ero.* I see what affair you are at! It is now, that you may defraud me, because I trusted those things to you. At that business you are aiming!—*Men.* I do not require it indeed for the sake of defrauding you, but I say to you, that my wife has discovered the matter.—*Ero.* I have not of my own accord beg'd of you that you would give it me. You yourself brought it to me voluntarily; you gave it as a gift to me. Now you ask the same back again. I will suffer it. Keep it to yourself; carry it away and use it, either yourself or your wife, or even thrust it into your eyes both of you! You shall not put a foot hither inside my doors after this day, be certain of it, since you hold in contempt me, so well deserving towards you! Unless you shall bring money, in vain you try, and cannot wheedle me! Find some other woman hereafter, whom you may keep in disappointment. [She walks stately into her house.]—*Men.* Truly at length angrily indeed! [He calls after her] harkye thou! I say to you, wait now! Come back! [She returns.]—*Ero.* Are you still standing here? Do you dare still to return for my favour? [Exit into her house in a rage, and claps the door after

her.]—*Men.* [After a pause, and looking at the door.] She has gone away in-doors, and shut up the house! Now am I a man most sadly excluded. Neither have I any credit now at home, nor with my mistress! I will go, and consult my friends as to this affair, what they may think should be done. [Exit MENÆCHMUS at the back scene.]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES at the back scene, with the cloak on, that he got from EROTIVM.

*Men.* I acted too foolishly awhile since, when I trusted my purse with money in it, to Messenio. I believe he has plunged himself somewhere into a brothel. [He walks to the front, leans his head on his hand, and meditates.]

Enter from her house the wife of MENÆCHMUS SUBREPTUS.

*Wife.* I will go forth to see, how soon my husband may return home. But behold, I see him! I am safe; he brings back the cloak, I see.—*Men.* [Walking in front.] I wonder where Messenio can now be walking!—*Wife.* I will go up to him, and receive the man with such words as he deserves. [She advances, and stands alongside of him.] Does it not shame you to go forth into my sight, thou villain of a man, with that ornament on you?—*Men.* [Amazed.] What is it? What affair agitates you, good woman?—*Wife.* You impudent man, do you even dare to mutter one word, or to speak with me?—*Men.* What at length have I committed, that I may not dare to speak?—*Wife.* Do you ask me now? [Claps her hands.] O the impudent audacity of the man!—*Men.* Do you not know, woman, why the Greeks used to say, that Hecuba was a bitch-dog?—*Wife.* I do not know indeed.—*Men.* Because Hecuba used to do the same thing which you are now doing. She heaped all imprecations on whomsoever she had seen. And therefore properly she began to be called a bitch.—*Wife.* I cannot suffer those crimes! For I can have rather, that I was a widow for an age, than to suffer those vile crimes of

yours, which you commit.—*Men.* What is it to me, whether you can suffer yourself to be a married woman, or may be in a way of departure from your husband? Whether is it the custom thus here, that they must tell their stories to a stranger arriving?—*Wife.* What stories? I say, I will not be in sufferings any farther, but will live in separation, rather than I will put up with your evil ways.—*Men.* Truly, and indeed, live as a widow for aught I care, even as long as Jupiter shall hold his kingdom!—*Wife.* But did you deny to me awhile ago that you had stole the cloak, and now you have the same before my eyes? [*Shakes her fan at him.*] Whether does it shame you of this?—*Men.* Why verily, woman, you are exceedingly audacious, and bad! Do you dare to say that this was stole from you, which another woman gave me, that I should get it trimmed up?—*Wife.* Truly as to that, by my stars I will now call my father, and will relate to him your bad crimes, which you commit. [*She calls to a servant in her house.*] Go, Decio, seek for my father, that he may come to me along with you! So say, that the matter is! [*She turns to MENÆCHMUS.*] I will now expose those wicked deeds of yours.—*Men.* Are you in your senses? What wicked deeds of mine?—*Wife.* When you plunder my cloak and my gold, from your wife in her house, and carry it away to your mistress! Do I say these things pretty right?—*Men.* I beg truly, woman, if you know, shew me what I may drink, with which I may be able to bear your petulance. I know not what man you judge me to be.—*Wife.* If you deride me, in fact however you are not able to deride him; my father who is coming hither! [*She looks at the back scene.*] But do you not look back? [*MENÆCHMUS looks back.*] Have you known him?—*Men.* I have known him at the same time with Chalcas. I have seen him on the same day in which I saw you, before this time!—*Wife.* Do you deny that you have known me? Do you deny that you have known my father?—*Men.* By Hercules I will say that same thing, if you wish even to bring your grandfather here!—*Wife.* By my stars you do this in the same manner, as you are used to do other things. [*They stand at the front, apart from each other.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter from the back scene, an Old Gentleman, slowly hobbling with a stick; he advances a few steps and stops leaning on his stick, and talks to himself.*

*Old Man.* As well as my time of life is, and forasmuch as there is necessity for this being done, I will step forward, and hurry now to get on; but as to that matter how easy it be for me, I am not deceived in the thing. For agility forsakes me, and I am beset with old age; I bear a body weighed down; my powers have left me; as age is an unhappy circumstance, so it is a bad commodity also on my back; in fact it brings very many and very bad things with it, when it comes; all of which were I to enumerate, my speech were too long. But this thing is uneasy to me in my heart and mind; what this business can be, that my daughter so suddenly seeks for me to go to her! Nor does she make it more known to me what it may be, or what she may want, or why she may call me. But now I nearly know what business it may be; I believe that some quarrel has sprung up, with her husband. [*Six lines omitted.\**] But whatever it is, I now shall know it. [*He looks up towards the front of the stage.*] And behold, I see herself before her house, and her husband sorrowful! It is that, which I was suspecting. I will address her. [*He hobbles towards the front.*]—*Wife.* I will go to meet my father. [*She meets him.*] Health to you much, my father!—*Old Man.* May you be well, and in health! Do I come to you to have a salute? Do you order me to be called for a salutation? Why are you sorrowful? But why has he [*points to Men.*] stood away from you in anger? Ye have been bickering between you two, I know not why! Speak in a few words, which of the two has incurred the blame! Let me have no long speeches.—*Wife.* I have indeed by no means been in fault in any way. This first I am to allege, father. Truly I cannot live here, nor continue in any way. And for that reason you must carry me away from hence!—*Old Man.* But what is that?—*Wife.* I am held as a laughing-stock here, father!—*Old Man.* By whom?—*Wife.* By him, to whom you

\* In this translation, lines are sometimes omitted on account of tediousness.

gave me up, my husband.—*Old Man.* Now behold, here is a quarrelling! How often have I told you at length that you should be cautious, and that neither of you should come to me with a complaint!—*Wife.* How can I guard against that, my father?—*Old Man.* Do you ask me that?—*Wife.* Unless you do not like it.—*Old Man.* How often have I instructed you, that you must comply with your husband? that you must never observe what he may do, where he may go, and what things he may carry on?—*Wife.* But now going hence, he loves a harlot near at hand!—*Old Man.* He is very wise! on account of that pains-taking, I shall cause that he shall love her still the more.—*Wife.* And he drinks there.—*Old Man.* Will he drink less in truth for your sake, whether it shall please him there or elsewhere? A curse! what is this shamelessness? at the same time you can desire to hinder him, so that he may not go forth to supper, and that he may not receive any stranger at your house. Do you require men to be slaves to you? Can you demand at the same time to give them their task? May you order them to sit among the maids, and to card wool?—*Wife.* Truly, father, I find, I have not brought you here as an advocate for me, but for my husband. You stand up on one side, and plead the cause on the other.—*Old Man.* If he may have done wrong in any way, I will accuse him so much the more excessively, than I have accused you. Now, since he keeps you adorned with gold, and well clothed, and affords you properly maid-servants and provisions, it is better for you, woman, to assume a sober mind.—*Wife.* But he robs my gold, and my cloak, out of my chests awhile ago. He plunders me, and bears away my ornaments, unknown to me, to his harlots.—*Old Man.* He does badly, if he does that; if he does not do it, you act badly, who can falsely accuse him, when innocent.—*Wife.* But even at this moment he has the cloak, father, and the buckle which he had carried down to her. Now he brings it back, because I have found out the matter.—*Old Man.* I will now know from him, if it happened. I will go to the man, and speak to him. [*He hobbles to the front, where MENÆCHMUS has been for some time standing.*] Tell me, Menæchmus, what ye both are debating, that I may know it! Why are you sad? But why do you put aside from you that woman, who is angry?—*Men.* Whoever you are, and whatsoever is your name, old man, I

call to witness highest Jove and the gods.—*Old Man.* [*Interrupting*] Concerning what business, or what matter of all matters?—*Men.* That I have not done wrong to that woman, who accuses me [*holds out a piece of his cloak*] that I have stolen this from her in her house, and swears that I took it away. If I have ever set my foot within her house where she dwells, I wish that I may become the most miserable of all miserable men!—*Old Man.* Are you in your senses, who can wish for that, or deny that you ever set foot into that house, [*pointing to it*] where you yourself dwell, thou most insane of men?—*Men.* Do you say, old man, that I dwell in that house?—*Old Man.* Do you deny it?—*Men.* I do deny it, in truth indeed!—*Wife.* You deny these things very impudently, except where you went out from this night!—*Old Man.* [*To the wife.*] Go aside this way, daughter! [*she steps aside.*] [*To Menæchmus.*] What do you say? have you gone out from hence? [*Points to the door.*]—*Men.* Into what place, or for what business, prithee?—*Old Man.* In truth I do not know.—*Wife.* Indeed he is deluding you!—*Old Man.* [*Turning to her.*] Don't you keep yourself quiet? [*To MENÆCHMUS.*] Verily now, Menæchmus, you have joked long enough. Now mind this business! *Men.* I ask what have I of business with you? From whence, or what man are you? What have I done to you, or in fact to her, who is troublesome to me in such a manner? [*MENÆCHMUS begins to glare with his eyes and make faces.*]—*Wife.* Do you see that his eyes are growing green? how a green colour rises from his temples and forehead? how his eyes strike fire! See there! *Men.* [*Aside.*] What is better for me, than since they declare me to be mad, I may pretend that I am insane, that I may frighten them away from me? [*He turns, and yawns, and stretches, and howls.*]—*Wife.* How he yawns, stretching himself! What shall I do now, my father?—*Old Man.* [*Retreating as fast as he can hobble.*] Go away hither, my daughter, the farthest that you possibly can away from him!—*Men.* [*Throwing his arms about, and yelling loud.*] Evœ, Evie, Bromie Bacche, where do you call me into the wood to hunt? I hear you, but I cannot go away from these places, that ravenous bitch-dog so holds me on the left hand! But behind is that other old he-goat, who has often in his time destroyed an innocent citizen with false testimony.—*Old Man.* [*Lifting his hands and eyes.*] Woe to your wretched head!—*Men.* Lo! Apollo commands me from

his Oracle, that I should burn that bitch's eyes out with burning torches! [*He points his finger at her, and makes grimaces.*]—*Wife.* [*Running to her father.*] I have perished, my father! He threatens to burn my eyes out.—*Men.* [*Aside.*] Alas me! They say that I am mad, when they themselves are mad of their own accord!—*Old Man.* Harkye! daughter! *Wife.* What is it? what do we do?—*Old Man.* What if I call out the servants here? I will go and bring out those, who may take him away from hence, and tie him down at home, before he can make any more disturbances!—*Men.* [*Aside.*] Now verily, unless I lay hold of some plan for myself, they will carry me off home to them! [*Aloud.*] Do you forbid me, O Apollo, to spare my fists in any way, on this bitch's face? Unless instantly she may get out of my sight, I will do what you order, to her abominable and great destruction! [*He puts his arms in a pugilistic attitude.*]—*Old Man.* Fly hence, daughter, as fast as you can, lest he may knock you down!—*Wife.* I fly away! but, my dear father, keep him here, that he may not go off any where hence! Am I not a wretched woman, who hear those things? [*Exit Wife in haste into her house.*]—*Men.* [*Aside.*] I have well got rid of her. Now I will remove away this most vile, bearded, shaking old Tithonus, sprung from his father Cygnus. [*Calls aloud.*] O Apollo, do you command me thus, that I shall break his limbs, and bones, and joints, with that very walking stick, which he himself holds? [*He moves towards the Old Gentleman.*]—*Old Man.* [*Retreating.*] You shall suffer for it if you shall have touched me, or if you shall have approached nearer to me!—*Men.* [*Vociferating wildly.*] Apollo, I will do what you order. I will take a two-edged axe, and bone this old man, and then I will chop his bowels piecemeal!—*Old Man.* [*Aside.*] Verily now that must be guarded against, and taken care of by me. Seriously now I am afraid of him, as he threatens, lest he shall have done any harm to me!—*Men.* [*Jumping and raising his arms.*] Apollo, you command me many things. Now you order me to take the yoked horses unbroke, and fierce, and to mount into the chariot, that I may bruise down this old Gætulian lion, stinking and toothless! [*Jumps upwards.*] I have now mounted into the car, and now I hold the reins; now the lash is in my hand. Get on, ye horses, make the sounds of your hoofs appear in swift galloping. Cause the velocity of your feet to be bent

towards him. [*Points at him.*]—*Old Man.* Do you now threaten me with your yoked horses? *Men.* Lo! Apollo, lastly you order me to make a rush upon him who stands there, and to slay him! [*He starts forward, and suddenly stops.*] But who is this that drags me by the hair hence from the chariot? He alters your command, and the decree of Apollo!—*Old Man.* Alas truly! a disease acute and severe! Gods and Faith! even this man who is mad, how well he was a little before! How a disease so great has fallen upon him suddenly! I will go, and call a Physician instantly, as fast as possible. [*Exit the old man at the back scene, hobbling fast.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Men.* [*Solus.*] Have those people gone away, prithee, out of my sight, who forcibly compel me, that in real good health I must be mad? Why do I delay now to depart to the ship, while it is possible to go there safe and sound? [*Two lines omitted.*] [*Exit MENECHMUS SOSICLES in haste at the side scene.*]

*Enter the Old Man from the back scene, hobbling slowly, as if in pain.*

*Old Man.* My loins are in pain from sitting, and my eyes from watching for the Doctor, and waiting for him, until he can get away from an operation. The odious man scarcely at last is coming hither from the sick people. He says, that he has bound up a broken leg like Æsculapius, but a broken arm like Apollo. I am now thinking whether I can pronounce, that I am bringing a physician, or a setter of legs! [*He looks round towards the back scene.*] And behold him! He is stalking this way! He moves at the pace of an ant.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter from the back scene a Physician in great formality of dress, and stalking pompously along. The Old Gentleman meets him, and they advance.*

*Doct.* Had you told me, pray, what disease he might have? relate it, my old gentleman! whether is he distracted, or frightened with fancies? Let me know this! whether does a lethargy seize him, or a dropsy?—*Old Man.* Why I bring

you here for that reason, that you may tell *me* that, and that you may make him sound, stout, and whole!—*Doct.* [*Taking snuff with an air.*] That indeed is a very easy matter to me! That he shall be perfectly sane, I promise it to you on my faith now!—*Old Man.* I wish him to be attended to with great care.—*Doct.* Why, I will try the cure more than six hundred times in a day. I will take care of him in such a way for you with the greatest attention.—*Old Man.* [*Looking at the back scene.*] And behold him, the man himself there!—*Doct.* Let us observe him what affair he may be at! [*They step on one side.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS from the back scene, and advances to the front.*

*Men.* Verily indeed this day has turned out perverse and adverse to me! All those things which I thought to do clandestinely, it hath made known. There is the Parasite, who has made up the measure to me of his wickedness and cowardice! my Ulysses, who has stirred up so much calamity against his patron! which fellow, if I live indeed, I will deprive of his life. But I am silly to say that it is his, which is mine, for he was brought up with my food and expense. I will deprive the fellow of his very soul. But this harlot has acted fittingly, as is the custom of harlots. Because I ask for the cloak, that it may be brought back again to my wife, she says that she had given it me. Alas! verily, and in truth, I live an unhappy man! [*He remains in deep thought.*]  
—*Old Man.* [*To the Doctor.*] Do you hear what he says?—*Doct.* He declares that he is miserable.—*Old Man.* I must wish you to go up to him.—*Doct.* [*Advancing.*] May you be in health, Menæchmus! [*MENÆCHMUS takes his arm from under his cloak.*] Why do you bare your arm, prithee? Do you not know how much mischief you may do now to your disease?—*Men.* [*Looking sternly at him.*] But go you, and hang yourself!—*Doct.* Do you understand me at all?—*Men.* Why may I not understand you?—*Doct.* [*To the Old Man.*] This affair can scarcely be managed with an acre of Hellebore! [*Turning to his patient.*] But what do you say, Menæchmus?—*Men.* What do you want?—*Doct.* Tell me this that I ask you! do you drink now white wine, or black wine?

—*Men.* [*Scornful.*] But go thou and be hanged!—*Old Man.* [*To the Doctor.*] Now in truth he is beginning to get mad in the first instance.—*Men.* Why don't you ask me, whether I may be used to eat purple bread, or black bread, or dirt bread? and whether I may be used to eat birds with scales, and fishes with feathers?—*Old Man.* [*Lifting up his hands and eyes.*] O dear me! do you hear, Doctor, how delirious he talks? why do you delay to give him some potion before his raving takes him?—*Doct.* Wait now! I will still ask questions.—*Old Man.* You destroy him with more talking.—*Doct.* [*To MENÆCHMUS.*] Tell me this! Are your eyes used ever to become fixed?—*Men.* What! do you think I am a locust, thou vilest man?—*Doct.* Tell me, do your intestines ever grumble, as far as you may notice?—*Men.* When I am full, they never grumble. When I am hungry, then they make a noise.—*Doct.* [*To the Old Man.*] He answered this word truly indeed to me, not like an insane man! [*To the patient.*] Do you sleep till day-light? do you readily go to sleep, wishing for it?—*Men.* I sleep through the night, if I have paid money to whom I owe it. But may Jupiter and all the gods curse you, Mister Examiner!—*Doct.* [*To the Old Man.*] Now the man begins to be frantic. From those words I judge, and advise you, take care of yourself!—*Old Man.* Now truly indeed, he is more moderate in his words than he was lately. For he said awhile ago, that his wife was a ravenous bitch-dog!—*Men.* [*With a loud voice.*] What said I?—*Old Man.* I say you are mad!—*Men.* [*Astonished.*] I mad?—*Old Man.* You there! who even threatened to ride me down with four yoked horses in a chariot. I saw you do these things, and I myself charge you with these things!—*Men.* But I know, that you plundered the sacred crown of Jupiter, and I know, that on account of that affair, you were clapped up into prison! and I know, that you were flogged with rods under the gallows, after you were let out! Then that you slew your father, and sold your mother, I also know. Do I answer these bad words to your bad words well enough for a sane man?—*Old Man.* I beg of you truly, Doctor, whatever you are about to do, do it quickly! Don't you see that the man is mad?—*Doct.* Do you know what is the best thing you can do? Make him be carried down to me!—*Old Man.* Do you think so? *Doct.* Why not?

There I shall be able to manage the man from my own judgment.—*Old Man*. Well, as it pleases you.—*Doct.* [*To MENÆCHMUS.*] I will make you drink Hellebore during some twenty days.—*Men*. But I will stick you with goads, while you are hanging, during thirty days.—*Doct.* [*To the Old Man.*] Go and call the men, who may bring him down to me! *Old Man*. How many are enough?—*Doct.* For that purpose four men, for I see that he is frantic. Not less than those.—*Old Man*. They shall be here just now! Do you keep him there, Doctor.—*Doct.* But I will go home that things may be prepared, which there is need of being prepared. Do you order the servants to bring him to me!—*Old Man*. I will cause that he shall be there just now! *Doct.* I depart!—*Old Man*. Farewell! [*Exit Doctor at the back scene. Exit the Old Gentleman at the side scene.*—*Men.* [*Looking after them.*] My father-in-law has gone away; and the Doctor has departed. I am now alone. Oh, Jupiter, what is it, that these men here pronounce that I am mad! for in fact, since I was born, I never have been sick for one day. I am neither mad, nor do I begin battles, nor quarrels. Being well myself, I regard others as being well. I have known men, and often address them. Are not those, who say that I am mad, really mad themselves? [*He meditates.*] What shall I now do? I am desirous to go home. But my wife does not permit me! And hither, [*pointing to EROTIIUM'S house*] no one admits me! too wickedly it has been guarded against. Here therefore I will stay till night. I believe at last I shall be admitted into my house. [*He stands near his own door.*]

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter MESSENIO from the back scene.*

*Mess.* It is a trial to a good servant, who manages his master's business, and views, and puts in order, and applies to it, that, his master being absent, he may guard his master's property diligently, as if he himself were present, or even more carefully. [*Twenty-three lines omitted.\**] After I fixed my goods, and the servants at the inn, as my master had commanded, I come here thus to meet him. [*He goes to-*

\* Omitted as tedious and dull, and the Act being a very long one.

*wards EROTIIUM'S door.*] I will now knock at the door, that he may know that I am here. Nor do I know whether I can get him out of doors safe of damage from this frolic. But I fear, lest I may come too late, the battle being fought to an end. [*He stops near EROTIIUM'S door, as if waiting for his master.*]

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter from the back scene the Old Man attended by Jail-floggers.*

*Old Man.* [*To the men.*] By gods and men I say to you, jailers, that you must mind my command exactly as to what I have ordered, and do now order. Make that man, [*pointing to MENÆCHMUS*] be carried off into the lofty surgery-shop instantly, unless you value not your own legs and sides. Guard against any of you minding what he may threaten. [*They stand staring.*] Why do you stop? Why do you doubt? Already it behoved you to snatch him up aloft. I will go to the Doctor! I will be at hand here, when you shall come. [*Exit the Old man at the back scene.*] [*The men gather about MENÆCHMUS.*] —*Men.* I am lost! What is this business? Why do the men there run towards me, I pray? What do you want? What do you seek after? Why do you stand round me? [*They seize and drag him.*] Where do you drag me? Where do you carry me? I have perished! I beg your protection! Ye citizens of Epidamnum, help me! [*Struggles with them violently.*] But do you not let me alone?—*Mess.* [*On the opposite side starting round.*] Immortal gods, I pray! what do I see with my eyes? Some men, I know not who, are carrying my master aloft most unworthily!—*Men.* Who is bold enough to assist me?—*Mess.* I, master, most boldly! [*Very loud.*] O citizens of Epidamnum, a vile and scandalous deed, that my master here, in a town at peace, should be dragged in daylight in the street, he who came free to you! [*To the men.*] Let him go at once!—*Men.* I beseech you, whoever you are, to give me aid, and not to suffer so great an injury to be done to me, so remarkably—*Mess.* Yes, I will both give you aid, and defend you, and assist you strenuously. I will never suffer you to perish. It is more just that I should perish! Master, prithee, drag out the eye of

that fellow, who holds you by the shoulder! [MESSENIUS strikes them, fighting valiantly against each.] I will give a harrowing now to the faces of these fellows, and stick my fists in them! By Hercules, you are carrying him with the greatest destruction to yourselves! Let him off, ye villains!—*Men.* [Fighting and struggling manfully.] I have hold of this fellow's eye!—*Mess.* Make the hollow eyepit appear in his face! O ye rascals, ye villains, ye robbers! [desperate fighting and boxing.]—*Jailer.* We are lost. I crave your mercy indeed!—*Mess.* Let him off therefore all of you!—*Men.* Why do you touch me at all? [To MESSENIUS] Tear the fellows with your fists!—*Mess.* [Boxing bravely.] Get along, rascals, drive off, fly away hence to destruction! [Three of the men run away.] Here's for you also, [he drives his fist at the remaining one] because you give way the last! and you shall have this reward [he gives him a facer, the fellow runs off, and the stage is cleared of the Jail-floggers.] I have marked their faces however very well, and as I wished! Verily and truly, master, I came to your aid just now in right time.—*Men.* But may the gods do well to you always, young man, whoever you are! For if it were without you to help me, this day I could never live to the setting sun!—*Mess.* Therefore in truth, if you can do rightly, master, set me free from slavery!—*Men.* Can I set you free?—*Mess.* Yes, master, since I have saved you.—*Men.* What is it? Young man, you are wrong.—*Mess.* What? am I wrong?—*Men.* I swear to you by father Jupiter, that I am not your master!—*Mess.* [Staring in surprise.] Do you not hold your peace now?—*Men.* I do not speak false! nor has any servant of mine ever done such a thing as you have done for me!—*Mess.* Thus suffer me, therefore, if you deny that I am yours, to depart a free man.—*Men.* Truly indeed as far as I am concerned, be free, and go where you shall wish!—*Mess.* Do you order me then to go?—*Men.* I order you indeed, if I have any command over you. [Three lines omitted.]—*Mess.* I will dwell with you, and when you shall go, I will go home along with you!—*Men.* By no means.—*Mess.* I will now go to the Inn! I will bring back the goods and the money to you. The purse is properly fastened up in the cloak-bag along with the provisions, and I will now bring it down hither to you.—*Men.* Bring it carefully!—*Mess.* I will return

it safe to you, just as you gave it me. Wait for me here! [Exit MESSENIUS at the back scene.]—*Men.* [Solus.] How many wonderful things indeed have started up to me this day in an amazing manner! Some deny me to be that man that I really am, and shut me out of doors! Even this man said, that he was my servant, whom I have now made free. He says that he will bring me the purse with money. If he shall have brought it, I will tell him, that he must go away free, where he shall choose, lest at that time when he shall have got his senses, he may ask the money back from me. My father-in-law, and the Physician did say that I was mad! As to what this may be, it is a wonderful thing! These matters seem to me no otherwise than dreams. I will now go in-doors to this harlot, altho' she is angry with me. I will try if I can prevail on her by entreaty, that she may restore the cloak, which I will then carry back home. [Exit into EROTIVUS'S house.]

## SCENA OCTAVA.

Enter from the back scene MENÆCHMUS SOSCILES,  
followed by MESSENIUS.

*Men.* [Advancing.] Do you dare, audacious as you are, to say that I met you any where to-day, after I ordered you to come hither to meet me?—*Mess.* Why I saved you from attack just now, when there were four men, that were carrying you aloft, close to these houses! You were crying out for the aid of gods and all men, when I run up and delivered you by force of fighting, without even your asking me! On account of that business, because I saved you, you sent me away a freed man. When I said that I would seek for the money, you ran before as fast as possible to meet me again, that you may deny those things that you did!—*Men.* Have I ordered you to go away free?—*Mess.* Certainly you did.—*Men.* It is most certain to me, that I myself may rather become a servant, than that I may ever make you free.



## SCENA NONA.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS from EROTIIUM'S house.  
He turns and speaks to those within.*

*Men. Sur.* If you are willing to swear by your eyes, you will not truly on that account establish it the more, that I can have taken away the cloak and buckle, ye vilest women.—*Mess.* [*Starting and clapping his hands.*] O immortal gods! what do I see?—*Men. Sos.* What do you see?—*Mess.* The reflection of you in a mirror.—*Men. Sos.* What's the meaning of that?—*Mess.* It is your image as like as possible.—*Men. Sos.* Faith indeed it is not unlike, if I know my own form.—*Men. Sur.* [*Coming up to MESSENIUS.*] Hail to you, young man, who saved me, whoever you are!—*Mess.* Young Sir, I beg truly tell me your name, unless it is unpleasant!—*Men. Sur.* In truth, you have not deserved of me so, that it may be unpleasant, as to what you can wish. My name is Menæchmus!—*Men. Sos.* That is my name in truth!—*Men. Sur.* I am a Sicilian from Syracuse.—*Men. Sos.* That home and country is mine!—*Men. Sur.* What do I hear from you?—*Men. Sos.* This which is the reality.—*Mess.* [*Pointing at SURREPTUS.*] I truly have known him. He is my master!—*Men. Sos.* You seem to me to be delirious! do you not remember, that you went out of the ship together with me to-day?—*Mess.* Truly you ask me properly. You are my master! [*To the other.*] Look thou for a servant! [*To SOSICLES.*] Greet you, Sir! [*To the other.*] Farewell, Sir! [*Pointing at SOSICLES.*] I say that this is Menæchmus!—*Men. Sur.* But I say that I am Menæchmus!—*Men. Sos.* What is this story? Are you Menæchmus!—*Men. Sur.* I say that I am so, born of my father Moschus!—*Men. Sos.* Are you born from my father?—*Men. Sur.* Truly, young man, from my own father.—*Mess.* Immortal gods, give me the hope unexpected, which I now surmise! For unless my mind deceives me, these are two twin brothers! for they mention alike both the father and mother they may have had. I will select my master now. [*Calls out aloud.*] Menæchmus!—*Men. Ambo.* What do you want?—*Mess.* I don't want you both! But which of you was brought here in the

ship with me?—*Men. Sur.* Not I!—*Men. Sos.* But I was!—*Mess.* I want you therefore. Step aside hither! [*They go aside.*]—*Men. Sos.* I have gone with you, and now what is it?—*Mess.* That man is either a cheat, or your twin brother. For I never saw one man more like to another man! nor is water to water, nor milk to milk, any where more like, believe me, than he is to you, and you are to him. But lately he mentions the same native country and father, and so it is better that we should go up to him, and ask him questions.—*Men. Sos.* In truth but you have advised me rightly; and I thank you! Go to attend to this matter I beseech you, and in truth be you freed, if you find out, that he is my brother!—*Mess.* I hope to do so.—*Men. Sos.* And I too hope, that the same will be. [*Sixteen lines omitted.*]—*Mess.* [*To MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS.*] Tell me what you remember at most distant time in your native country.—*Men. Sur.* That I went away to Tarentum with my father, to carry on the business of merchandize, then afterward that I strayed away from my father, among men, and was carried away from thence.—*Men. Sos.* [*Clapping his hands.*] Oh lofty Jupiter, preserve me!—*Mess.* Why do you cry out? Do you not hold your peace? [*To MENÆCHMUS SURREPTUS.*] How many years old were you, when your father takes you away from your native country?—*Men. Sur.* Seven years old! For then my teeth were first falling. Nor have I seen my father ever since.—*Mess.* What! How many sons of you were there to your father?—*Men. Sur.* As I now very well remember, two.—*Mess.* Which of you were the elder, you or the other?—*Men. Sur.* Both equally alike.—*Mess.* How can that be?—*Men. Sur.* We were both twins.—*Men. Sos.* [*Lifting his hands.*] The gods are willing to preserve me!—*Mess.* If you interrupt, I shall have done!—*Men. Sos.* I am silent, rather than that.—*Mess.* [*To SURREPTUS.*] Tell me, were you both of one name?—*Men. Sur.* By no means! for to me was this name, which is now, Menæchmus. They called him then Sosicles.—*Men. Sos.* I have known these proofs! I cannot be restrained but that I may embrace you, O my brother, my twin-brother, greeting to you! I am Sosicles! [*He runs to him, and they embrace.*]—*Men. Sur.* But how afterward has your name become Menæchmus?—*Men. Sos.* After it was reported to us,

that you and your father were dead, our grandfather changed my name! That, which is the name to you, he gave to me.—*Men. Sur.* I believe that it was so done, as you say. But answer me this!—*Men. Sos.* Ask it.—*Men. Sur.* What was the name belonging to our mother?—*Men. Sos.* Theusimarche!—*Men. Sur.* It agrees. [*He embraces him.*] Welcome, my brother, unhopèd for, whom I now behold in many years after our boyhood!—*Men. Sos.* And welcome, thou, whom I have always to this time sought for with many wretched labours, and whom I rejoice, is now found out.—*Mess.* [*To MENÆCHMUS SOSCICLES.*] This was the reason, that this harlot called you by the name of him. She thought that you were he, as I believe, when she calls you in to dinner.—*Men. Sur.* Truly in fact this day I ordered a dinner to be prepared for me here unknown to my wife, from whom I stole a cloak lately in my house. I gave it to this harlot.—*Men. Sos.* Do you speak, brother, of this cloak which I have?—*Men. Sur.* How has this cloak come to you?—*Men. Sos.* The harlot led me away hither to dinner. She said that I had given it to her. I dined exceeding well. I drank, and got the cloak, and this gold. [*Shows what he got.*]—*Men. Sur.* I rejoice in truth, if any thing of good hath accrued to you on account of me. For she, when she invited you to her, believed that you were me.—*Mess.* [*To his master.*] Do you delay me, but that I may go free, as you have ordered?—*Men. Sur.* He asks, brother, a very good thing, and a very just thing! Do it for my sake.—*Men. Sos.* [*Touching MESSENIO'S shoulder.*] Be thou free!—*Men. Sur.* I rejoice since you are free, Messenio.—*Men. Sos.* Because these things have happened, brother, according to my opinion let us both return into our native country!—*Men. Sur.* Brother, I will do, as you shall wish. I will make an auction here, and will sell whatever I have. Now in the mean time, brother, let us go within doors!—*Men. Sos.* Let it be so.—*Mess.* [*To them both.*] Do you know what I ask of you?—*Men. Sur.* What?—*Mess.* That you may give me the office of a crier.—*Men. Sur.* It shall be given.—*Mess.* Therefore now this moment are you willing that it should be proclaimed, that an auction will be? and what day it will be?—*Men. Sur.* On the day of the seventh.—*Mess.* [*With a loud voice, and waving his hat.*] There will be an auction at the house

of Menæchmus early in the morning of the seventh without fail! The slaves will be sold, the furniture, the farms, the house, all things will be sold as far as they will be lawful, for ready money. His wife also will be sold, if any purchaser shall have come! [*To the Brothers.*] I believe it will scarcely take fifty days in the whole auction! [*To the Audience.*] Now fare ye well, spectators, and loudly applaud us.

END OF THE MENÆCHMI.



CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

DEMIPHO, an Athenian old gentleman.

CHARINUS, Demipho's son, a young man.

The Wife of Demipho.

ACANTHIO, a servant of Charinus.

PASICOMPSA, a handmaid, mistress of Charinus.

LYSIMACHUS, a citizen, neighbour, and friend of Demipho.

DORIPPA, wife of Lysimachus.

EUTYCHUS, son of Lysimachus and Dorippa.

SYRA, an old woman, Dorippa's maid-servant.

A Cook.

Cooks, Scullions, and Attendants.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

MERCATOR.

SCENE.—A street, with houses and temples. LYSIMACHUS'S house on one side, and DEMIPHO'S on the other, with their doors opposite.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter from the back scene, ACANTHIO. He goes to the front in haste, and out of breath.*

*Acan.* [Solus.] Ever try, Acanthio, with your utmost power and strength, and endeavour that your master, when thrown down, may be preserved by thy attention! Come on now! Drive away from you lassitude; guard against being given up to slothfulness! At the same time suppress your short breathing, though I can scarce bear this difficulty of my breath. But now at the same time drive off most completely those that walk in your way, thrust them aside, and drive them into the road! This custom here is very bad to a man running; no one deigns to give way to a hurrying man! [Enter CHARINUS at the side scene behind.] Now three things are at once to be done, when you may have begun one thing! You must run, you must fight, and make a broil too in the street.—*Cha.* [Behind.] What is it, that he requires of himself a race so expeditiously? I have a solicitude to know what this business is, or what he can have to announce!—*Acan.* I am trifling here. I am standing back equally as much as the affair is involved in danger.—*Cha.* [Behind.] I know not what calamity he announces!—*Acan.* My knees forsake the runner. I am lost. My spleen makes a disturb-

ance, and seizes my heart. I am now destroyed! I cannot move my breath. In such a way I can be but a very bad trumpeter.—*Cha.* [*Behind.*] But now truly take thou the skirt of your coat, and wipe away the sweat from you!—*Acan.* In truth all the baths in the world will never take away this lassitude from me. Shall I say that my master Charinus is at home or abroad?—*Cha.* [*Behind.*] I am doubtful what that business may be. It were a pleasure that I could know from him the matter, that I may be more certain.—*Acan.* But am I still standing here? Do I still delay to knock at the boards of these doors? [*He knocks at DEMIRHO's door.*] Open the door some one! [*The door is opened.*] Where is my master Charinus? Is he at home, or abroad? Does any one think fit to approach the door?—*Cha.* [*Coming up to him.*] Acanthio, behold me whom you seek!—*Acan.* The discipline of this house is no where more lazy.—*Cha.* What affairs agitate you grievously?—*Acan.* Many, O master, thee and me.—*Cha.* What business is it?—*Acan.* We have perished!—*Cha.* Give that beginning to my enemies!—*Acan.* But it has happened to you by your lot.—*Cha.* Speak that business, whatever it is!—*Acan.* Softly! I am willing to be at rest awhile! For your sake I have broke the veins of my lungs, and already I spit blood!—*Cha.* Devour Ægyptian gum with honey, and you will have made yourself well.—*Acan.* But now do thou drink hot pitch, and your disease will have gone away.—*Cha.* I have known no man more irascible than you!—*Acan.* But I have known no man more abusive than you! [*Six lines omitted.*]—*Cha.* Come, give me your right hand, Acanthio. [*He holds out his hand to him.*]—*Acan.* Well, it shall be given! [*He joins hands.*]—*Cha.* Are you willing to obey me, or are you unwilling?—*Acan.* You may try it by the proof of me, who have burst myself by running for your sake, in order that you might know instantly, things which I should know.—*Cha.* I will make you free within a few months.—*Acan.* You now hit me with a gentle slap.—*Cha.* Can I any where dare to proclaim a false deed to you, but you know if I want to tell a lie, even before I may have said it?—*Acan.* Oh now your words in truth add fatigue to me, and you are torturing me!—*Cha.* Are you thus obedient to me?—*Acan.* What do you wish I may do?—*Cha.* You may do? that which I wish.

—*Acan.* What is it therefore that you wish?—*Cha.* I will tell you.—*Acan.* Tell it!—*Cha.* Truly I wish to speak softly.—*Acan.* You are afraid now that you may awake the sleeping spectators.—*Cha.* [*Threatening with his hand.*] Woe to you!—*Acan.* Truly I bring to you this matter from the port!—*Cha.* What do you bring? tell me.—*Acan.* Force, fear, torture, care, and strife, and penury!—*Cha.* I have perished! You indeed have brought me hither a whole treasure of misfortune! I am done for.—*Acan.* Yes you are!—*Cha.* I know it. Now you will call me wretched!—*Acan.* You have spoke. I now am silent.—*Cha.* What is that misfortune?—*Acan.* Ask not! it is the greatest calamity.—*Cha.* I beseech you, now free me from suspense! Too long I am doubtful of mind.—*Acan.* Easy now! I wish to search out many things, before I may be beaten.—*Cha.* Truly and verily you shall be beaten unless you now speak, or depart from hence.—*Acan.* [*Pointing to his breast.*] See this, what palpitation is here? There is no mind more easy than mine, when the thing began.—*Cha.* I beseech you truly, and entreat, that you may tell instantly, what that matter can be! since I see that I must supplicate my servant.—*Acan.* At length I seem an unworthy man.—*Cha.* Yea a worthy one!—*Acan.* [*Looking proud.*] So I believed indeed.—*Cha.* Tell me, I beg, has the ship perished?—*Acan.* The ship is safe. Fear not!—*Cha.* What as to the other goods!—*Acan.* They are safe and sound.—*Cha.* But do you explain, why it may be, that you sought me just now, running through the city?—*Acan.* You indeed now take my oration from my mouth.—*Cha.* I am silent.—*Acan.* Do be silent! I believe if I were to tell any thing good, you would press me eagerly, who now, when a calamity is to be heard, demand of me to speak out!—*Cha.* I beseech you verily, that you make known to me that calamity.—*Acan.* Since you entreat me, I will speak out. Your father—*Cha.* What did my father do?—*Acan.* Your mistress—*Cha.* What as to her?—*Acan.* Hath seen—*Cha.* Hath seen? Woe to me miserable! Answer me this that I ask you.—*Acan.* Now ask thou me, if you wish any thing.—*Cha.* How could he see her?—*Acan.* With his eyes.—*Cha.* By what means?—*Acan.* Open eyes.—*Cha.* Go hence to the gibbet! You are trifling in a capital affair of mine.—*Acan.* What a curse; how am I trifling, if I answer you what you

ask me?—*Cha.* Has he certainly seen her?—*Acan.* As certainly in fact, as I see you, and you me.—*Cha.* Where has he seen her?—*Acan.* Within the ship, where he stood near her, and chatted with her.—*Cha.* You have destroyed me, O my father! [*Claps his hands.*] Harkye you! harkye; have you not taken care, lest he should see her, you scoundrel? Did you not put her away, you rascal, lest my father might behold her?—*Acan.* It was because we were busy with our own business. We were eager in putting together, and arranging the goods. While these things are done, your father is carried to us in a little boat; nor hath any one seen the man, until he was in the ship above.—*Cha.* [*Wringing his hands.*] In vain have I escaped the sea in dreadful tempests! In truth I now thought myself to be on land, and in a safe place; but I see that I am carried to the rocks by the raging waves and billows. Speak moreover what may have been done.—*Acan.* After he beheld the woman, he began to ask whose property she might be.—*Cha.* Hath any one answered him?—*Acan.* I at once met him, and threw in, that you had bought that woman as a maid-servant to your mother.—*Cha.* Has he seemed to you to believe it?—*Acan.* Do you even ask that? Why the wicked fellow began to toy with her.—*Cha.* With her, prithee, did he begin to dally?—*Acan.* It would be a wonder that he should dally with me!—*Cha.* [*Putting his hand to his breast.*] Alas! truly my miserable heart! which melts drop by drop, as if you may have thrown in salt into water. I have perished!—*Acan.* Aha! You have said now that one word most true. But there is that folly in you.—*Cha.* What shall I do? I believe my father will not credit me, if I shall say that I bought that girl for my mother. But besides, it seems to me to be wickedness, to tell a lie to a parent. Nor will he believe, nor is it credible, as to a woman with remarkable beauty, that I had bought her as a maid-servant to my mother.—*Acan.* Do you not hold your tongue now, most foolish man? he will certainly believe it, for he believed even me.—*Cha.* I wretched fear lest a suspicion may take my father, as the thing is really carried on. Answer this that I ask you, prithee!—*Acan.* What do you ask?—*Cha.* Has he seemed to suspect, that she was my mistress?—*Acan.* He has not seemed. But as I said every thing, he believed me.—*Cha.*

True, as he seemed to you to think.—*Acan.* It is not so, but he believed me.—*Cha.* Woe to wretched me! I am lost! But why do I here perish in lamenting? Why do I not go to the ship? Follow me there! [*He goes towards the back scene.*]—*Acan.* If you go that way you will come to it, plump meeting your father. After he shall see you to be timid and distressed, instantly he will keep you back, and will ask from whom you bought her, for how much you may have bought her; he will try you when you are frightened.—*Cha.* Well I will go this way rather. [*He steps towards the side scene.*] Do you think now, that my father has gone away from the port?—*Acan.* Why I ran forward hither on that very account, that he might not bear you down unexpecting it, or might cajole you.—*Cha.* Excellent! [*Exeunt at the side scene.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter DEMIPHO from the back scene hobbling forward.*

*Dem.* In a wonderful manner the gods make sport of men; and in wonderful instances give visions in sleep. In this way I, in this very night which has passed, have been busy enough in dreams, and have been a man well exercised and employed. I seemed to myself to buy a beautiful she-goat. [*Twenty-five lines omitted.*] I went hence to the port with the first light early in the morning, after I transacted here what I chose to do; and there I beheld a ship from Rhodes, in which my son was conveyed here yesterday. It pleased me, I know not why, to visit the ship. I went on board a small boat, and am carried to the vessel, and there I beheld that woman with exquisite beauty, whom my son brought as a maid-servant to his mother; whom after I saw, I fell in love with; not so as sober men are wont to do, but in the same manner as violent men are used to do. I verily and truly loved formerly in my youth, but never to this extent, as I now am raging. One thing truly indeed I now know, that I have perished with love. [*Three lines omitted.*] But I will

be silent. [LYSIMACHUS'S door opens.] But behold him! I see my neighbour! he is going out of doors.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS *from his house, followed by his two Slave-jailers.*

*Lys.* [To the first Jailer.] [Seven lines omitted.] Take care that you tell my wife, that I have business in the city, that she may not expect me; and say that three lawsuits this day are to be decided by me;—now, remember to say this.—*Jailer.* Is there any thing more?—*Lys.* It is only so much. [Exit Jailers.]—*Dem.* [Coming up to Lysimachus.] Health to you, Lysimachus!—*Lys.* Well met! Health to you, Demipho! What are you about? what happens?—*Dem.* I am as miserable as possible.—*Lys.* May the gods have averted it!—*Dem.* The gods indeed cause this matter.—*Lys.* What is it?—*Dem.* I will tell you, if I can see that you have either attention or leisure.—*Lys.* Although I have business, if you wish for any thing, Demipho, I am never too much occupied to give attention to my friend.—*Dem.* You are telling your benignity to me, who have tried it. What age do I seem to you to be of?—*Lys.* An old man near death, ancient, and decrepid!—*Dem.* You see all wrong. I am a boy, Lysimachus, seven years old!—*Lys.* Are you in your senses, who can say, that you are a boy?—*Dem.* I tell the truth. [Seven lines omitted.] But now may I dare to speak out to you, if I can wish for any thing?—*Lys.* Speak out boldly!—*Dem.* Attend therefore.—*Lys.* It shall be done carefully.—*Dem.* I am in love!—*Lys.* Are you with your grey head in love, O most iniquitous old fellow?—*Dem.* Whether my head is grey, or red, or black, I am in love.—*Lys.* You are now making sport of me here, I think, Demipho.—*Dem.* Cut my throat, if it is false, as I may say! [Seven lines omitted.] Now, I believe you are thinking to scold me.—*Lys.* Can I scold you?—*Dem.* There is nothing now, that you may be angry with me for. Other famous men have done such a thing before. It is natural to man to love, and it is natural to man to pardon. Then do not reprove me! My will did not impel me to this.—*Lys.* I do not reprove you.—*Dem.* But nevertheless, do not estimate me the worse for this fact!

—*Lys.* I estimate you less? Ah! may the gods not have permitted it!—*Dem.* See now that you be so!—*Lys.* It is already seen.—*Dem.* For certain?—*Lys.* You wear me out. [Aside.] This man is out of his senses from love. [To him.] Do you wish any thing more? [He goes a few steps.]—*Dem.* Farewell!—*Lys.* I am hastening to the port; for I have business there.—*Dem.* Walk, and prosper!—*Lys.* Fare thee well and prosper!—*Dem.* May it be well with you! [Exit LYSIMACHUS at the back scene.] [A pause.] Moreover I also have business at the port. Now therefore I will go there. [He looks towards the side scene.] But in very good time I see my son. Behold him there! I will wait for the man. There is need to me now of my seeing him, by which means I may be able to persuade him, that he may sell that girl, and not give her to his mother, for I heard that he had brought her here as a gift to her. But there is need of precaution, lest he may perceive, that I in some degree have given my affection to her. [He steps on one side.]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter* CHARINUS *from the side scene.*

*Cha.* There is no man more miserable than myself in truth, I think, nor any one to whom more adversity can be so lasting. Is it not enough, as to my beginning to do any thing, that whatever it is that I desire, nothing can fall out proper to me, but some bad affair is thrown against me, which depresses every right intencion. In wretchedness I got for a price a mistress for myself to please my inclination, thinking that I could have her unknown to my father. He found her out, and saw her, and has destroyed me! Nor have I pondered what I shall say, when he may ask me about her; so many thoughts, even ten of them, contend uncertain in my breast! Nor do I know what counsel I can take in my heart at this time, so great a confusion is in my mind, together with affliction! At one time the advice of my servant pleases me, at another it does not please me. Nor does my father seem capable to be induced to think, that that hand-maid was bought for my mother. [Five lines

*omitted, as tedious.*] Formerly he drove me hence against my will, from my home and from himself, and ordered me to go to trade as a merchant. There I found this calamity. When affliction can conquer pleasure, what is there of pleasantness in it? In vain I hid and concealed the girl, and had her removed away from sight. My father is as a fly, and nothing can be had secret from him. [*Three lines omitted.*]—*Dem.* [*Behind.*] What is that, which my son is saying there with himself alone? He seems to me to be in trouble. I know not why.—*Cha.* [*Looking back from the front.*] Aha! This is indeed my father that I see! I will go and speak to him. [*He goes to his father.*] What is done, father?—*Dem.* Whence come you? Why are you in haste, my son?—*Cha.* All is right, father!—*Dem.* So I wish. But what's that, that your colour is changed? Is any thing the matter with you?—*Cha.* I know not what ails me, father. I have not been at rest in my thoughts comfortably all this night past!—*Dem.* As you have been carried over the sea, your eyes now dazzle at the land.—*Cha.* More sick than that, I think.—*Dem.* That is the case, I say. But it will have gone off immediately. You are pale from it in truth. If you can be wise, go and lie down at home!—*Cha.* I have no leisure; I wish first to transact my business.—*Dem.* Do it to-morrow, or the day after do it!—*Cha.* I have often heard from you, father, it becomes all wise men to attend to their concerns before any thing.—*Dem.* On with you then! I do not wish to oppose your opinion.—*Cha.* [*Aside.*] I am safe, if my trust in that word is immovable and perpetual.—*Dem.* [*Aside.*] What is it, that he separates himself into counsel alone with himself? I do not fear now, lest he may have been able to find out, that I love her. For I have not done any thing foolishly, as lovers are used to do.—*Cha.* [*Aside.*] My affair is as yet truly and verily in safety. For I am sure that he knows not about that mistress; which if he might know, his speech would be different.—*Dem.* [*Aside.*] Now I attack him about that girl.—*Cha.* However I now take myself off! [*Turning to DEMIPHO.*] I am going, that I may deliver as a friend, the things commissioned to me, to my friends.—*Dem.* Yea, stay awhile! I wish to know a few matters first.—*Cha.* Say what you may wish.—*Dem.* Have you been always in health?—*Cha.* Perpetually well while I

was there indeed, but as soon as I was brought into port, I know not how, my mind is uneasy.—*Dem.* That was caused, I believe indeed, by a nausea. But it will immediately have gone away. But what do you say? Have you brought a handmaid to your mother from Rhodes?—*Cha.* I have brought her.—*Dem.* What? how is that woman in appearance?—*Cha.* Not bad truly.—*Dem.* How is she as to manners?—*Cha.* I have seen none better in my opinion.—*Dem.* She appeared so truly indeed to me, when I saw her.—*Cha.* [*In seeming surprise.*] What then! have you seen her, father?—*Dem.* I have seen her, but she is not suited to us; nor therefore does she please me.—*Cha.* How in truth?—*Dem.* Because she has not a form proper for our house. There is no need to us of a handmaid, unless of one that may weave, that may grind, chop wood, may make yarn, sweep the house; be beaten, and may cook the food daily dressed for the family. That one will be able to do nothing of these things properly.—*Cha.* For the sake of that in truth I have bought her, whom I may give as a present to my mother.—*Dem.* You may not do so, and you must not have said that you brought her here.—*Cha.* [*Aside.*] The gods favour me.—*Dem.* [*Aside.*] I am falling low here by degrees. [*To him.*] Now what I omitted saying is, that woman will neither be able to follow your mother properly enough as a companion, nor will I suffer it.—*Cha.* How in truth do you mean?—*Dem.* Because with that appearance it must be wrong, if she follow the mistress of a family. For when she may walk the street, all must stare and look, and nod, and wink, and hiss. [*Four lines omitted.*]—*Cha.* Now truly you say what is right, and I agree with you. But what shall be done with her?—*Dem.* Rightly! I will have bought for your mother some stout servant-maid, tolerable, but with bad shape, as becomes the mother of a family, either a Syrian, or Egyptian.—*Cha.* What therefore if she be returned to the person from whom she was bought!—*Dem.* By no means.—*Cha.* He said that he would take her back, if she may not please.—*Dem.* There is no need of that. [*Three lines omitted.*] I think that I can advantageously sell her.—*Cha.* But verily indeed you must not sell her for less, than I bought her for, father!—*Dem.* [*Snappishly.*] Hold your tongue now! There is a certain old man, who ordered me to



buy a girl of that appearance.—*Cha.* But a certain young man, father, ordered me to buy one for him, of that sort such as she is.—*Dem.* I think that I can sell her for twenty pounds.—*Cha.* But if I may choose it, seven and twenty pounds are now given.—*Dem.* But I—*Cha.* But I, I, I, say—*Dem.* [*Angry.*] Why you don't know what I am about to say! Hold your tongue! I can add three pounds more, that they may be thirty.—*Cha.* Where have you applied?—*Dem.* To him who is buying her.—*Cha.* Where is that man?—*Dem.* [*Looking out at the side scene.*] Behold I see him there! He orders me to add even five pounds now.—*Cha.* In truth may the gods curse him, whoever he is!—*Dem.* [*Looking out again.*] He is now nodding to me in that same place again. I will add six pounds.—*Cha.* Seven will be given to me. Odds-bobs he never shall conquer me this day! My man requires her to my great advantage.—*Dem.* In vain he requires her. I will have her for mine.—*Cha.* But the other promised me first.—*Dem.* I don't care about that.—*Cha.* He demands her for fifty pounds.—*Dem.* Not a hundred is given, that shall get her. You must not set a price upon her against the opinion of my mind. By Hercules, you shall have a very great profit. For he is an old man for whom she is bought. He is out of his senses from love of her. You will get what you shall ask.—*Cha.* Certainly and truly that young man, for whom I am buying her, perishes grievously from love of her.—*Dem.* Much more in fact that old man, if you were to know all.—*Cha.* Never in truth was nor will be that old man more mad from love, than that young one, to whom I give this assistance, father.—*Dem.* Hold your prating, I say! I will have rightly seen to that affair.—*Cha.* What are you to do?—*Dem.* What is it?—*Cha.* I have not received her as a slave!—*Dem.* But he is to get her, and suffer him to do so!—*Cha.* You cannot by law sell her.—*Dem.* I will have seen to something on that head.—*Cha.* But after she belongs to me along with another, how do I know what may be his mind? whether he may wish to sell her, or may not wish.—*Dem.* I know that he is willing.—*Cha.* But in truth I believe that there is some one, who may not be willing.—*Dem.* What does that signify to me?—*Cha.* Because it is proper that his own affair should be managed by him.—*Dem.* What do you say?

—*Cha.* She belongs to me along with another. Now he is not present here.—*Dem.* You answer before I ask.—*Cha.* You are buying her before I sell her, father!—*Dem.* No one, faith, shall have her, rather than he whom I choose. I am determined.—*Cha.* Do you think you are determined?—*Dem.* Why I am now going hence to the ship. There she shall be sold.—*Cha.* Do you wish me to go with you there?—*Dem.* I do not wish it.—*Cha.* That does not please you, I see.—*Dem.* It is better that you should be busy as to what matters have been committed to you.—*Cha.* You hinder me then!—*Dem.* But do you excuse yourself by saying, that you have been busy. You are not to go to the port, now I tell you.—*Cha.* It shall be minded.—*Dem.* [*Aside.*] I will go to the port, and there is need of caution, lest he may find out my plan. I won't myself buy her, but will give directions to my friend Lysimachus. He had said awhile ago that he was going to the port. I am delaying myself when I stand here. [*Exit DEMIPHO at the back scene.*]—*Cha.* [*Solus.*] I am annihilated! [*Wrings his hands in grief.*] I am lost!

## SCENA QUARTA.

CHARINUS stands in sorrow with folded arms.

*Cha.* Why am I alive? Why do I not die? What is there of advantage to me in life? It is a certain thing I will go to a Physician, and will there destroy myself with a deadly potion; since that is taken away from me, for whose sake I desire to live. [*He goes to the side.*] [*Enter EUTYCHUS from LYSIMACHUS'S house opposite, and calls to CHARINUS.*] *Eut.* Wait! Wait! I beseech you, Charinus!—*Cha.* Who calls me back?—*Eut.* Eutyclus, your friend and companion, also your nearest neighbour.—*Cha.* [*Turns and goes up to him.*] You do not know how much of calamity I may suffer!—*Eut.* I do know it. I heard all those things from my door. I know all the affair.—*Cha.* What is it that you know?—*Eut.* Your father wishes to sell—*Cha.* You have all the business.—*Eut.* Your mistress—*Cha.* You know too much.—*Eut.* In spite of you.—*Cha.* You know a great deal. But how do you know that she is my mistress?—*Eut.* You yourself told it me yesterday.—*Cha.* How oddly I have forgot that I told it you!—*Eut.* It is a fact not wonderful.—

*Cha.* I am to consult you now. Answer me with what death you think I had best perish.—*Eut.* Do you not hold your tongue? Take care how you may have said that to me.—*Cha.* What do you wish me to say therefore?—*Eut.* Are you willing to trick your father nicely?—*Cha.* I wish it in truth.—*Eut.* Do you wish I may go to the port?—*Cha.* How else than as you will wish?—*Eut.* And that I may carry off the girl with a price?—*Cha.* How else can you pay for her, than by gold?—*Eut.* But from whom will that come?—*Cha.* I will entreat Achilles to give me the gold, with which Hector was redeemed.—*Eut.* Are you in your senses?—*Cha.* Truly if I were in my senses, I may not require you as my physician.—*Eut.* Are you willing, that she may be bought for as great a price as is asked?—*Cha.* Add something over and above, or a thousand pieces more than he will bid.—*Eut.* Now stop your tongue! What do you say? From whence will the money come that you may give, when your father will require it?—*Cha.* It shall be found, it shall be sought out, something shall be done.—*Eut.* You torture me! I fear now that word, "Something shall be done."—*Cha.* But do you not hold your tongue now?—*Eut.* You command me to be dumb, as I am now.—*Cha.* Is that matter sufficiently ordered to you?—*Eut.* You may attend to any thing else.—*Cha.* It cannot be.—*Eut.* Farewell in comfort!—*Cha.* I cannot truly be so, before you shall have returned to me.—*Eut.* Be stouter in mind!—*Cha.* Farewell, and conquer, and preserve me!—*Eut.* I will have done it. Wait for me at home!—*Cha.* Therefore bring to pass, that you may at once return with the prize. [*Exit EUTYCHUS at the back scene, and CHARINUS into DEMIPHO'S house.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS, followed by PASICOMPSA weeping and sobbing.*

*Lys.* [*Talking to himself.*] I have attended to my friend in a friendly manner. I have bought this piece of traffic, which my neighbour asked me to do. [*He turns towards her.*] Now you are mine. Follow me quietly. Weep not, I say! You do very foolishly, for you spoil eyes such as yours. What! There is more reason indeed that you may laugh, than that you may be in affliction.—*Pasi.* O my dear, my old gentleman, by the gods, I beg, speak out to me!—*Lys.* Ask what you choose.—*Pasi.* Why may you have bought me?—*Lys.* May I have bought you? that you may do what may be commanded you.—*Pasi.* I am determined to do, as far as my power and knowledge goes, what I shall think that you wish.—*Lys.* I shall command you nothing of work of labour.—*Pasi.* Truly, and indeed, my old man, I have not learned to carry loads, nor feed cattle in the country, nor to suckle children. [*Five lines omitted.*]—*Lys.* I want to ask you this one thing.—*Pasi.* I will answer you when you ask me.—*Lys.* What do you say now? What name shall I tell that you have?—*Pasi.* Pasicompsa! [*Eleven lines omitted.*]—*Lys.* Now, woman, lest you be disappointed, you are not mine, and do not imagine you are so!—*Pasi.* Tell me therefore, I beg, whose property I am.—*Lys.* You have been redeemed by your master. Again I have redeemed you. He entreated me to do so.—*Pasi.* My courage has returned! if faith is kept with me.—*Lys.* Be of good courage! that man will set you free. He so truly dies for you, and this day saw you for the first time.—*Pasi.* Now indeed it is two years, since he began an acquaintance with me. Now when I know that you are his friend, I will tell you every thing.—*Lys.* What do you say? Is it now two years, since he has communication with you?—*Pasi.* For certain. And we have sworn between ourselves together, I with him, and he

with me. [*Four lines omitted.*] No young man do I love more.—*Lys.* He is quite a boy, you fool; for indeed, it is not in fact long since his teeth fell out.—*Pasi.* [*In surprise.*] What! his teeth?—*Lys.* It is nothing. [*He goes towards his door.*] Follow me, hither now! He entreated that I would give you room at my house during one day; and for that reason, because my wife is in the country. [*Exeunt into LYSIMACHUS'S house.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter DEMIPHO at the back scene, and hobbles forward.*

*Dem.* At length I have obtained, that I myself should make myself bad. A mistress has been bought for me without the knowledge of my wife and son! It is determined. I will have recourse to my old ways, and will delight myself. [*Nine lines omitted of disgusting soliloquy.*] My wife is waiting for me some time past, fasting at home. She will torture me with scolding if I shall have returned in-doors. But, as the matter is, truly and lastly, I will not go there, considering all, but will meet this neighbour, before I may return home. I want that he may hire for me some house, where that woman may dwell. [*LYSIMACHUS'S door opens.*] And behold him! he is going out of doors.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS from his house. The door being open, he speaks to PASICOMPSA within.*

*Lys.* I will bring him to you immediately, if I shall have met him.—*Dem.* [*At a distance.*] He mentions me.—*Lys.* [*Turning round, and going up to DEMIPHO.*] What do you say, Demipho?—*Dem.* Is the woman at home?—*Lys.* What do you think?—*Dem.* What if I shall visit her? [*He goes towards the door.*—*Lys.* [*Stopping him with his hand.*] Why do you hurry? Wait!—*Dem.* What shall I do?—*Lys.* Do what there is need of being done! Take care to think awhile. *Dem.* Why may I think? Verily and truly I think there is need of this being done, that I may enter in there.—*Lys.* Why, you old wether sheep, may you go within the house?

—*Dem.* What else shall I do?—*Lys.* Listen to this first, and attend! [*Five lines omitted.*] May you a stinking old man, full of old age, and with a foul breath, kiss that young woman? You, who when coming up to her, must set her vomiting?—*Dem.* What if therefore we may lay hold of some cook, who may cook a dinner here at your house against the evening.—*Lys.* Ah! I am thinking of that. Now you speak wisely, and like a lover.—*Dem.* [*Stepping aside.*] Why do we stop then? Why therefore do we not go, and look for provisions, that we may be pleasant?—*Lys.* In truth I follow you. And verily you will find a place for her, if you are wise. Certainly she shall be with me not one day beyond this day! I fear my wife, if to-morrow she shall have returned from the country, lest she may light upon her here.—*Dem.* The thing is settled. Follow me! [*Exeunt DEMIPHO and LYSIMACHUS at the side scene.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter CHARINUS from DEMIPHO'S house.*

*Cha.* Am I a miserable man or not, who can no where be comfortably at rest? If I am at home, my mind is abroad. But if I am abroad, my mind is at home. For love lights up a fire in my breast and heart. [*Four lines omitted.*] But now at last, if Eutyclus were a man with gouty feet, he could have returned surely from the port by this time! That is the greatest fault in him, that he is too tardy a fellow, contrary to my wish. [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But is this he whom I see running? It is indeed he himself. I will go to meet him. [*He raises his hands supplicating.*] O thou who art the beholder and mistress of gods and men, the same to all men; since thou hast offered me this lively hope, I return thee thanks! [*He looks anxious back.*] Is he stopping at all? Alas! I have perished! His countenance by no means pleases me. He now is walking mournful! My bosom burns! I am in doubt! Now he shakes his head! [*He goes down the stage and calls.*] Eutyclus! [*Enter EUTYCLUS from the back scene.*—*Eut.* Alas! Charinus.—*Cha.* Before you can recover your breath, speak out in one word! Where am I? Here, or among the dead?—*Euc.* You are neither among the dead, nor are you here.

—*Cha.* Then I am safe. Immortality is given me. This friend has bought her. Finely he has tricked my father. There is no man that can live, more successful in obtaining. Tell me, I beg, if I am neither here, nor in death, where am I?—*Eut.* No where at all.—*Cha.* I am undone! That speech has destroyed me now. It is an odious manner of speaking, when you may transact business, to speak far from the purport. Whatever it is, come to the material point of things.—*Eut.* First of all then, we have perished!—*Cha.* Why do you not tell me rather what I know not?—*Eut.* The woman is taken clear off from you.—*Cha.* Eutyclus, you commit a great crime!—*Eut.* How?—*Cha.* Because you destroy a free citizen, your companion and equal!—*Eut.* May the gods not have suffered it!—*Cha.* You have thrust a sword into my throat! I shall now die.—*Eut.* I beg of you truly, do not cast down your mind!—*Cha.* There is no one for whom I may dispirit myself. Say moreover another bad thing. Tell me, for whom is she bought?—*Eut.* I know not. She was bid for and carried away, when I arrive at the port.—*Cha.* [*Wringing his hands in grief.*] Woe to me! You already indeed cast upon me burning mountains of calamity. Go on, and torture me, you hangman, since in fact you once began it.—*Eut.* There is not more grief to you as to that, than there has been this day to me.—*Cha.* Tell me who bought her?—*Eut.* I know not in truth.—*Cha.* Hah! is it thus that a good friend should give his attention?—*Eut.* What do you wish me to do?—*Cha.* The same that you see me do, that you may perish with grief. Why have you not asked, what the countenance may have been, of the man who might have bought her? if the woman by that means could be traced out.—*Eut.* [*Weeping.*] Me miserable!—*Cha.* Leave off weeping at that which you now are guilty of.—*Eut.* What have I done?—*Cha.* You have destroyed me, and also your faith with me in my estimation!—*Eut.* The gods know that *that* was not any fault in me.—*Cha.* Well done! Heighday! You call the absent gods as witnesses! How may I believe you as to that?—*Eut.* Why it is in your own power what you may believe. What I may say, that I have in my power.—*Cha.* You are subtle as to that matter, so as to answer like for like. To what you are ordered you are lame, blind, dumb, defective, and weak. You promised to deceive my father! I believed that I com-

mitted the affair to a skilful man, but I commit it to a very dull stone.—*Eut.* What should I do?—*Cha.* What should you do? Do you ask me that? You should inquire, you should ask who he might be, or whence he might be, from what lineage, whether he were a citizen, or a stranger.—*Eut.* They said, that he was a citizen of Attica.—*Cha.* You should find at least where he might dwell, if you cannot find the name.—*Eut.* No one said that he knew it.—*Cha.* But at least you should find out the face of the man.—*Eut.* I have done so.—*Cha.* Of what appearance therefore did they say he was?—*Eut.* I will tell you. He is grey-haired, bandy-legged, pot-bellied, wide-mouthed, with black eyes, and long jaws.—*Cha.* You do not mention a mere man to me, but a treasure of evil and mischief, I know not whom. Is there any thing else, that you can say of him?—*Eut.* It is just so much, that I can understand.—*Cha.* Truly now that fellow with the long jaws has given me great calamity! I cannot endure it. I am resolved to go hence into exile. [*Three lines omitted.*]—*Eut.* But why do you take that counsel?—*Cha.* Because in truth love afflicts me.—*Eut.* [*Five lines omitted.*] Tell me, if you depart from this city, do you think that you will leave your love behind you? If *that* by chance is much cherished in your mind, and if you have it a fixed thing, how much better is it, that you depart to the country somewhere, be there, and live there, until the desire and love of her lets you off.—*Cha.* Have you spoken now?—*Eut.* I have spoken.—*Cha.* You have spoken in vain, this is a most determined thing with me. I am going home, that I may salute my father and mother. Afterward, unknown to my father, I will fly from this country, or will hit upon some scheme. [*Exit CHARINUS 'hastily into DEMIPHO'S house.*]—*Eut.* [*Solus.*] How suddenly he rushed away, and has gone off! Woe to me miserable! I am determined to order a number of criers to be hired, who may search for her, and may find her. Afterward I will immediately go to the prætor, and beg of him, that he may give me searchers in all the villages. For I find that nothing else is left for me now. [*Exit EUTYCHUS at the back scene.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter DORIPPA, LYSIMACHUS's wife, at the side scene.*

*Dor.* Since a messenger came to me to the country from my husband, that he was not about to go to the country, I made up my mind, and came back here, that I may follow him, who flies from me. [*She looks back.*] But I do not see that that old woman of mine, Syra, is following me. And now behold her! She is coming on at last. [*Enter SYRA from the side scene with a bundle of green sprigs.*] Why do you not go faster, Syra?—*Syr.* By my stars I cannot, this is so great a load I carry.—*Dor.* What load do you bear!—*Syr.* Eighty and four years, and to that is added slavery, sweat, and thirst. At the same time these things that I carry, weigh me down.—*Dor.* Give me something, Syra, with which I may increase our neighbour's altar.—*Syr.* [*Holding out a sprig.*] Give now this twig of bays to it!—*Dor.* [*Receiving the sprig.*] Do you go in-doors, Syra!—*Sy.* I am going. [*Exit SYRA into LYSIMACHUS's house, hobbling and moaning.*] *Dor.* [*Lays the sprig on the altar, and supplicates.*] O Apollo, I beseech thee, that thou mayest give peace propitious, and health and welfare to my family, and that, favourable in peace, thou mayest be kind to my son! [*Enter SYRA from her mistress's house, clapping her hands.*]—*Syr.* I have perished outright! I have perished, an unhappy woman! woe to me wretched!—*Dor.* Pr'ythee, are you well in your senses? Why do you screech out?—*Syr.* O my Dorippa! Dorippa!—*Dor.* Why do you cry out, I beg?—*Syr.* A woman, I know not who, is within here in the house!—*Dor.* [*Starting.*] What! a woman!—*Syr.* A woman, ay a harlot.—*Dor.* Are you truly serious?—*Syr.* You are to know, that you are very wise, who have not stayed in the country; Though a fool was able to perceive, that that woman is the mistress of your very fine husband.—*Dor.* By my stars I believe so.—*Syr.* [*Going to the door, and beckoning to DORIPPA.*] Go this way with me, that you may see at the same time, O my mistress Juno, Alcmena the harlot.—*Dor.* By my stars truly, I go there as fast as possible. [*Exeunt DORIPPA and SYRA into LYSIMACHUS's house.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS at the back scene.*

*Lys.* [*Slowly advancing.*] Is it little of a bad thing, that Demipho is in love, but also besides, that he must be expensive! If he should have invited ten chief men of the state to supper, he had too much provisions for them. But he directed the cooks, just as on the sea the boatswain is used to direct the rowers. I myself have hired a cook. But I wonder that he comes not, as I had ordered him! [*The door of his house opens, and he turns towards it intently.*] But who goes out hence from our house? There is an opening of the doors. [*He steps back to a little distance.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter DORIPPA from her house, weeping.*

*Dor.* There never will be, nor ever was a woman more miserable than me, who can have married such a man! Alas! wretched me! Ah! to what husband can you commit yourself, and your property? Ah! is this the man to whom I brought ten talents of portion? Oh! that I should see these things, and should suffer these affronts!—*Lys.* [*Behind.*] I have perished truly! my wife has now returned from the country. I do believe that she has seen the woman in the house. But I cannot hear well from hence, what she may be saying. I will go up nearer. [*He approaches.*]—*Dor.* Woe to me miserable!—*Lys.* [*Behind, sighing deeply.*] Yea, and to me also!—*Dor.* I have perished totally!—*Lys.* [*Behind.*] And I verily and truly have utterly perished, a wretched man! She has seen her. O, that all the gods may destroy you, Demipho!—*Dor.* Indeed this is it, that my husband has been so unwilling to go to the country.—*Lys.* [*Behind.*] What shall I do now, unless that I may go up, and speak to her? [*He comes up on one side of her.*] The husband salutes his wife! People of the country become frequenters of the town.—*Dor.* Those of the country act more modestly than those who are not in the country.—*Lys.* Do those of this country do wrong ever?—*Dor.* On my faith less than those in the city, and seek much less vice for themselves.—*Lys.* But in what respect have those of the city done wrong?

inform me.—*Dor.* Because that woman is within there.—*Lys.* Have you seen her?—*Dor.* I have seen her.—*Lys.* Do you ask whose property she is?—*Dor.* I will find it out however. I am eager to know that. But you, knowing it well, are trying me!—*Lys.* Do you wish I may say, whose property she is? That woman, that woman [*he hesitates*] truly now—[*he stops again, and speaks aside.*] Woe to me! I know not what I shall say.—*Dor.* You hesitate!—*Lys.* I have not seen her more—[*He stops again.*]—*Dor.* Why do you not tell it?—*Lys.* Moreover I will, if it may be right.—*Dor.* [*Rapping her fan on her hand.*] It behoved you to speak it out.—*Lys.* [*Stammering.*] I am not able to tell it, you hurry me so! You press me, as if a guilty man.—*Dor.* [*Sneering.*] I know you are very innocent, and I am to suppose so!—*Lys.* [*Aside to himself.*] Speak the matter now to her boldly, Lysy!—*Dor.* Tell me the matter directly!—*Lys.* I will tell you now.—*Dor.* But it ought to be told certainly.—*Lys.* She is—[*he stops again.*] Do you wish also I may tell her name?—*Dor.* You are doing nothing! I have the matter evidently. You are a guilty man.—*Lys.* Of what crime? That woman in fact is *she*—*Dor.* Who is she?—*Lys.* Why *she*—*Dor.* Hillo! ho! what?—*Lys.* Now, if there were no use in it, surely I would not say it!—*Dor.* Do you not know who *she* may be?—*Lys.* In truth yes, I do know. Concerning her I have been taken as a referee.—*Dor.* A referee! Oh, now I know. You have called her hither into counsel to you.—*Lys.* Truly she is so given to me, as a deposit.—*Dor.* I understand.—*Lys.* In truth there is nothing of that.—*Dor.* At once you are to clear yourself.—*Lys.* [*Aside.*] I have found too much business here. Truly and verily I am sticking fast!

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter at the back scene a Cook and Scullions, with several baskets of raw provisions.*

*Cook.* [*To the Scullions.*] Come on! Go quickly! for a supper must be dressed for the old fellow the lover. And now I think of it again, it is to be cooked by us not for him to whom we are hired. [*Three lines omitted.*] Go ye this way! [*They all advance towards LYSIMACHUS'S house.*] But behold him! Here is the old gentleman who hired us!—*Lys.* [*Agitated.*] Now behold, I am undone! The Cook is here.—*Cook.*

[*To LYSIMACHUS.*] We have come here to you, Sir!—*Lys.* Get you gone now!—*Cook.* What? get you gone?—*Lys.* [*Going close to him.*] Hist! Begone now!—*Cook.* Must I go away?—*Lys.* [*In a low voice.*] Go away!—*Cook.* Are you not about to sup?—*Lys.* We are now saturated with eating. [*Aside.*] I have perished now!—*Dor.* What say you? Have those, between whom you are made a referee, ordered these provisions to be brought here for you?—*Cook.* [*To LYSIMACHUS.*] Is this your harlot, whom you told me awhile ago you loved, when you were buying the victuals?—*Lys.* [*Close in his ear.*] Do you not hold your tongue?—*Cook.* [*Looking at DORIPPA.*] A clever enough proportion of a woman! Truly she covets a husband.—*Lys.* Go, and be hanged, fellow!—*Cook.* She is not bad.—*Lys.* But you are bad!—*Cook.* I think that this is a very clever concubine.—*Lys.* Don't you march off, you? I am not he, who awhile ago hired you.—*Cook.* What is it? Yes, by jingo, you are the very same man as to that.—*Lys.* [*Aside.*] Woe to wretched me!—*Cook.* Now your wife is in the country, whom you had said awhile ago that you hated, as much as you did serpents.—*Lys.* Have I said that to you?—*Cook.* To me, by jingo, and truly.—*Lys.* [*To her.*] So shall Jupiter love me, wife, as I never said that thing!—*Dor.* Do you now deny it?—*Cook.* [*To her.*] He did not say that he hated *you*, but his own wife.—*Dor.* [*To her husband.*] Those things are become public, that you hate me. *Lys.* But now I deny that.—*Cook.* And he said that his wife was in the country.—*Lys.* [*Pointing to DORIPPA.*] This is that wife. Why are you troublesome to me?—*Cook.* Because you say that you have not known me. But are you afraid of that woman?—*Lys.* I am wise enough, for she is my only companion.—*Cook.* Do you wish to try me?—*Lys.* I don't wish it.—*Cook.* Give me my wages then!—*Lys.* Ask it to-morrow, and it shall be given. Go away now!—*Dor.* [*In tears.*] Alas! me miserable!—*Lys.* [*Aside.*] Now I find that old phrase to be true, that some evil comes on account of a bad neighbour.—*Cook.* [*To his men.*] Why do we stand here? Why don't we go? [*To LYSIMACHUS.*] If any mischief happens to you, it is not my fault.—*Lys.* Why you are tearing me to pieces, wretched as I am.—*Cook.* I know now, what you may want; that is, you wish me to go from hence.—*Lys.* I do wish it, I say.—*Cook.* I will go away, but give

me a drachma first.—*Lys.* It shall be given.—*Cook.* Order it therefore to be given at once. It can be given in the interim, while these men are putting down the stores.—*Lys.* But do you not go away? Is it possible, you cannot be a troublesome man?—*Cook.* [To the men.] Come here, put down the provisions at the feet of that old fellow! [To *LYSIMACHUS.*] These baskets I will order to be got from you either by and by, or to-morrow! [The baskets are put down.] [To the men.] Follow me! [Exit *Cook and Scullions at the back scene.*]  
—*Lys.* Perhaps it is the case, that you wonder at that *Cook*, because he came and brought these things. I will tell you what the matter is.—*Dor.* I do not wonder that you do any thing of injury or crime. Nor truly will I bear it, that I should thus be treated in marriage, so ill, and that harlots should be introduced thus into my house. [She goes to the door of her house and calls out.] *Syra!* *Syra!* [Enter *SYRA from the house.*] Go, and ask my father in my words, that he may come to me now directly, together with you hither!—*Syr.* I am going! [She hobbles off at the side scene.] *Lys.* [Agitated.] You know not, wife, what business this may be, and I implore you—I will now give my oath in set words, that I never had communication with that woman. [He looks at the side scene.] Has *Syra* now departed? In truth I have perished! [Exit *DORIPPA into her house.*] But behold! this woman also has gone away! Woe to wretched me! But thou neighbour of mine, may all the gods and goddesses destroy you with your harlot, and your curst love! He has loaded me with a suspicion most unworthily. He has stirred up enemies to me. At home my wife is most furious. [He meditates awhile.] I will go to the Forum, and tell these things to *Demipho*, and that I will drag that woman by the hair of her head into the street, unless he carries her off from hence, wherever he chooses, out of this house. [He goes to the door of his house and calls.] Wife! hillo there! Wife! Though you are enraged at me, order, if you can be wise, these provisions to be carried hence within-doors! [He returns from the door.] With this same supper it will be in our power by and by to sup very comfortably together. [Exit *LYSIMACHUS at the back scene.* Servants come out of the house, and carry in the baskets of provisions.]

## SCENA QUINTA.

Enter *SYRA at the side scene.*

*Syr.* [Leaning on her stick.] At the place where my mistress sent me to her father, I find he is not at home. They said, that he had gone away to the country. Now I am bringing back the account home. [She goes towards her mistress's house, and stops there to rest herself. Enter *EUTYCHUS from an opposite side scene.*] *Eut.* I am wearied from hunting through the whole city, and cannot trace out any thing concerning that woman. [He looks across, and sees *SYRA.*] Now my mother has returned from the country, for I observe *Syra* to stand before the house! [He calls out.] *Syra!* *Syra!*—*Syr.* [Looks about.] Who is it that calls me?—*Eut.* I am your master, and your foster-child!—*Syr.* Health to you, my child!—*Eut.* Has my mother now returned from the country? Answer me.—*Syr.* For her own very great safety indeed, and that of her family!—*Eut.* What business is that?—*Syr.* Your very fine father has brought a mistress in-doors into the house?—*Eut.* How do you know?—*Syr.* Your mother coming from the country found her at home.—*Eut.* In truth I did not think that my father was a man of those employments. Is the woman now still within?—*Syr.* Yes.—*Eut.* Follow me! [Exit *EUTYCHUS into his father's house.*]

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Syr.* [Sola.] By my stars women live with a hard restriction, miserable truly, and a more unjust one than men do. For if a husband has introduced a harlot unknown to his wife, even if the wife has found it out, it is with impunity to the husband. If a wife has gone away from her husband secretly out of doors from home, cause is made for the husband, and she is driven out from wedlock. I wish that there were the same law for the husband, that is for the wife! As a wife that is good, is content with one husband, why may not a husband be content with one wife? My stars! I would have caused, that husbands may be punished, if any one of them shall have secretly from his wife introduced a harlot; in the same way as those women are driven out, who are

guilty of a crime in regard to themselves. And then more men would be deprived of their homes, than there are now women deprived. [*Exit SYRA into her mistress's house.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

### SCENA PRIMA.

*The stage is darkened. Enter CHARINUS hastily from the back scene, muffled in a long cloak.*

*Cha.* [*Advancing to the front.*] O upper and lower temple of creation, hail! At the same time farewell! This day I carry away my last step from my native home. All advantage, product, provision, and improvement of this house, [*points to his father's house*] is now cut off from me, destroyed, and alienated; and I have perished. [*Lifts up his hands.*] O ye gods penates of my parents! and thou, O Lar, the protector of my family, to you I recommend, that ye may well defend the property of my parents! I shall now follow other gods penates as my protectors, another Lar, another city, and another state. I detest the Attic territories. For in a place where worse manners daily increase, where you cannot be able to distinguish, who may be friendly, and who may be faithless, and where that may be snatched away which can chiefly please your inclination, there truly such a country is not desirable, even if the kingdom be given one. [*He stands on one side in front in deep thought.*]

### SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter EUTYCHUS from LYSIMACHUS his father's house.*

*Eut.* [*With his hands lifted up.*] O thou, who art the beholder and mistress of gods and men, the same to all men, I give thee thanks that thou hast offered to me this blessed hope! Is there any god who may be joyful with my joy? What I sought, was at home. There six companions are; life, friendship, country, joy, sport, and joke! By the find-

ing of them I have destroyed ten very bad affairs at once, anger, enmity, folly, ruin, perverseness, grief, tears, banishment, poverty, and solitude! Grant me, ye gods, I beg, a speedy opportunity of meeting that man, my dear friend!—*Cha.* [*In front.*] I am prepared. I cast away pride. I myself am companion to myself, servant, horse, groom, esquire. I myself am my own commander, I myself the same am obedient to myself. [*Three lines omitted.*—*Eut.* [*Standing at a distance at the other side.*] I am thinking where I shall run to seek him.—*Cha.* [*In front.*] It is a certain thing that I will always seek her, wheresoever in the world she has been carried off from hence, and neither shall any river stop me, nor mountain, nor the sea besides. Nor shall heat stop me, nor do I fear cold, nor storm, nor hail. I will bear the rain, and will sustain labour, the sun's heat, and thirst. I will not give up, nor be at rest, any where by night, nor by day, before I shall have traced out in reality either my mistress, or my death.—*Eut.* I know not whose voice now flew to my ear!—*Cha.* I call upon you, ye gods of the roads, that ye may protect me well!—*Eut.* [*At a distance.*] O Jupiter, is that Charinus there?—*Cha.* O ye citizens, fare ye well! [*He passes down the stage on the opposite side from EUTYCHUS.*—*Eut.* Stop instantly, Charinus!—*Cha.* [*Still going on.*] Who calls me back?—*Eut.* Hope, Safety, and Victory.—*Cha.* What do ye all want as to me?—*Eut.* To go along with you.—*Cha.* [*Stopping.*] Seek ye another companion! These companions that hold me, do not let me go.—*Eut.* Who are they?—*Cha.* Care, Misery, Sickness, Tears, and Lamentation.—*Eut.* Reject those companions, and look back here, and return.—*Cha.* If you wish to talk with me, now follow me close! [*He continues his way towards the back scene.*—*Eut.* Stop at once!—*Cha.* [*Stopping again.*] You do wrong, who delayest me when hastening. The sun is gone down.—*Eut.* If you were to hurry here also, as you are hurrying there, you may do more properly. The wind is favourable now to come hither, only take the helm! Here is the serene west wind, but there is the rainy south. The one makes calmness, the other stirs up all the waves. [*CHARINUS returns to the front near EUTYCHUS.*]*[Five lines omitted.]* Stretch out your arm now! Take hold of mine! [*CHARINUS in the dark takes hold of EUTYCHUS's arm.*] Do



you now hold me?—*Cha.* I do hold you.—*Eut.* Hold me still! Where were you going just now?—*Cha.* To banish myself.—*Eut.* What do you go there to do?—*Cha.* What a wretched man can do!—*Eut.* Fear not! I will now restore you into joys before you go.—*Cha.* Now I am going!—*Eut.* Hear that which you chiefly wish to hear, and which you may rejoice at! [*CHARINUS goes away in disbelief.*] Stop instantly! I come as a friend, wishing very well to you.—*Cha.* [*Stops.*] What is it?—*Eut.* As to your mistress—*Cha.* [*Eagerly.*] What as to her?—*Eut.* I know where she may be.—*Cha.* Do you know, I beg?—*Eut.* And that she is well and safe.—*Cha.* Where do you know her to be safe?—*Eut.* In a place where I know her to be.—*Cha.* I had rather that I knew it.—*Eut.* Can you be but of a calm mind?—*Cha.* What if my mind is in uncertainty?—*Eut.* I will place it in tranquillity and safety. Fear not now!—*Cha.* I beseech you, speak where it may be, that you can have seen her. [*A pause.*] Why are you silent? Say it now! You torture wretched me with your closeness.—*Eut.* [*Looking about.*] It is not far distant hence from us.—*Cha.* Why do you not therefore shew it, if you see it?—*Eut.* [*Looking in the face of his friend.*] I do not in truth see it now, but I saw it awhile ago.—*Cha.* Why do you not cause that I may see it?—*Eut.* I will cause that to be.—*Cha.* That is a distant thing to a lover.—*Eut.* Are you still afraid? I will shew you all things. No one lives more friendly to me than he is who has her, nor is there any one, whom it may be more proper, that I should wish very well to.—*Cha.* I care not for that, I seek for her.—*Eut.* Concerning her therefore I speak to you.—*Cha.* Say therefore where is she?—*Eut.* In our house!—*Cha.* If you speak true, I judge it to be a good house, and handsomely constructed. But why may I believe that? do you report it from hearsay?—*Eut.* I myself have seen her.—*Cha.* Who carried her to your house?—*Eut.* You ask a wrong question. [*Five lines omitted, as tedious.*]—*Cha.* But why do I not cast off this apparel? [*He goes up to his own door, DEMIPHO'S.*] Hillo! Some one of you go out of doors hither immediately, and bring me hither a short cloak from thence!—*Eut.* Hah! Now how much you please me! [*Enter a Servant Boy with a short cloak in his hand from DEMIPHO'S house.*]—*Cha.* Welcome, my boy, take this

long cloak, and these things! [*He pulls off his long cloak and belt, gives them to the Boy, and takes the short cloak and puts it on.*] Stand in that place, boy, now at once, that if these things may not be true, I may go on to perform this my intended journey.—*Eut.* Do you not believe me?—*Cha.* I believe all things indeed that you tell me. But why do you not conduct me to her within, that I may see her?—*Eut.* Wait awhile!—*Cha.* Why shall I wait?—*Eut.* It is not the proper time of going within.—*Cha.* You torture me!—*Eut.* There is no need, I say, that you should go within-doors now.—*Cha.* Answer me, for what reason?—*Eut.* It is not time for the business.—*Cha.* Why?—*Eut.* Because it is not convenient to her.—*Cha.* Is it so? Is it not convenient to her who loves me? and whom I love in return? This man plays upon me in all ways! I am very foolish who can believe him! He delays me. I will resume my long cloak again.—*Eut.* Wait a little and hear this!—*Cha.* [*Calling to the Boy.*] Boy, take back this short cloak! [*He gives back the short cloak, and puts on the long one again.*]—*Eut.* My mother is violently angry with my father, that he should have brought a harlot before her eyes into the house, while she herself is absent in the country, and suspects that she is his mistress. She is now searching the matter out within.—*Cha.* Now is the sword in hand!—*Eut.* But if I were to introduce you there now—*Cha.* I have nothing to do with your bombast, and I am off from hence! [*He begins to hurry away.*]—*Eut.* Stay, stay, Charinus!—*Cha.* [*Stopping.*] You are in error. You cannot deceive me.—*Eut.* Nor indeed am I at all willing to do so.—*Cha.* Why do you not therefore suffer me to pursue my journey?—*Eut.* I do not suffer you.—*Cha.* I am delaying. [*Calls out.*] You, Boy, begone hence in-doors very quickly! [*Exit Boy into DEMIPHO'S house.*] Now I have mounted into the chariot! Now I have taken the reins into my hands!—*Eut.* Are you not in your senses?—*Cha.* Now ye feet of mine, why do ye not throw yourselves into the chariot straightway for Cyprus? since my father prepares banishment for me.—*Eut.* You are silly! Be unwilling, pr'ythee, to say that.—*Cha.* I am determined to follow on, that I may resume my intention to trace her out, wherever she may be.—*Eut.* Why, she is at home!—*Cha.* Certainly what this man has said, he spoke it

falsely.—*Eut.* Verily I have said true things to you.—*Cha.* [*Rowing again.*] Now I have come to Cyprus!—*Eut.* But do thou follow me, that you may see her whom you seek for.—*Cha.* Having inquired, I have not found her.—*Eut.* I now set aside the anger of my mother.—*Cha.* I go on moreover to seek her. Now I have arrived at Chalcis! I see then my host in Zacynthus! I tell him why I may have come there. I ask who may have carried her, who may have her, if there he may have heard of her?—*Eut.* Why do you not discard that bad nonsense, and walk with me hither within-doors? [*Three lines omitted.*]—*Cha.* I embark in a ship. I set sail immediately. Now I am at home! I have now returned from banishment. [*He comes up in a friendly manner, and shakes hands with EUTYCHUS.*] Health to you, my friend Eutyclus? How have you been in health? What! Are my parents well? You answer, a supper shall be given. You invite me well, I reply. You speak kindly. To-morrow I will sup with you; but at present at home. So it is decent. So it ought to be done.—*Eut.* Hillo! what! are you dreaming? This man is not in his senses!—*Cha.* Why then as a friend, do you not hasten to cure me?—*Eut.* Follow me now!—*Cha.* I follow! [*EUTYCHUS goes slowly towards his house, CHARINUS follows impatient close behind.*]—*Eut.* Softly, I beg! You are treading on my heels. Do you hear me?—*Cha.* I have heard you this long time past!—*Eut.* [*Turning his head and stopping.*] I want peace to be settled towards my father along with my mother; for now she is enraged.—*Cha.* [*Shoving him towards the house.*] Go on now!—*Eut.* On account of her, I say—*Cha.* [*Thumping his back.*] Go now!—*Eut.* And therefore mind yourself—*Cha.* [*Pushing him vehemently towards the house.*] But therefore go you now! I will make her as kind directly, as when Juno is kind to Jupiter! [*Exit EUTYCHUS into his father's house, CHARINUS thumping him forward, and treading on his heels, and thus exeunt ambo.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter DEMIPHO and LYSIMACHUS at the back scene.*

*Dem.* [*While they both are advancing.*] As if you may never have done any thing like this deed of mine!—*Lys.* In truth,

never. I took care that I should not do any thing. I am scarce alive, wretched as I am! For my wife on account of that woman is all in a ferment.—*Dem.* But I will clear you, that she may not be angry.—*Lys.* Follow me! [*They go towards LYSIMACHUS's house.*] But I see my son going out there! [*They go aside together.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter EUTYCHUS from his father's house, he turns about, and speaks to his friend within.*

*Eut.* I will go to my father, that he may know, that my mother's anger against him is appeased. I return immediately. [*He turns away, and the door is shut.*]—*Lys.* [*To DEMIPHO.*] The beginning pleases me. [*They both go up to EUTYCHUS.*] What are you doing? What happens, Eutyclus?—*Eut.* You both have come most opportunely!—*Lys.* What is the matter?—*Eut.* Your wife is calm and appeased. Give me your right hand now! [*He shakes hands with each of them.*]—*Lys.* The gods are preserving me.—*Eut.* [*To DEMIPHO.*] I bring you word, that you have no mistress.—*Dem.* May the gods destroy you! What business in truth is that, pr'ythee?—*Eut.* I will speak it out. Therefore attend ye both of you!—*Lys.* Now we both give attention to you. [*Three lines omitted.*]—*Eut.* [*Addressing DEMIPHO.*] It had not been a proper thing at your age, from your son, a young man in love, to snatch away a mistress bought with his own money!—*Dem.* What do you say! is she the mistress of Charinus?—*Eut.* [*Aside.*] How the old villain dissembles!—*Dem.* He indeed had told me, that he bought her as a servant-maid to his mother.—*Eut.* Therefore have you bought her on that account? You are a new lover, and an old boy!—*Lys.* [*Laughing.*] In truth very well! [*To EUTYCHUS.*] Go on still! I will assist you from this on both sides of him! [*They stand on each side of DEMIPHO.*] Let us both load him constantly with words, that he is worthy of!—*Dem.* I am annihilated!—*Lys.* Lo! he who did to his innocent son so great an injury!—*Eut.* Whom indeed I truly, when he was going into banishment, brought back home! For he was going to banish himself.—*Dem.* Has he gone away!—*Lys.* Are you still talking, you old sprite? At that age it did be-

come you to withhold all those arts!—*Dem.* I confess I have done wrong in truth.—*Eut.* What still are you speaking, you evil spirit? At that age it became you to be free from those crimes! In the same manner as the different time of the year, so different conduct suits a different time of life. [*Four lines omitted.*] Give back the girl to your son, that he may have her to himself.—*Dem.* Now as he wishes, it is lawful through me, that he may have her to himself. Let him take punishment into his own hands, as he chooses, on account of this injury, only do you make peace, that he may not be angry with wretched me. If I could have known in truth, or it could have been said to me, even in a joke, that he loved her, I would never effect, that I should carry her away from her lover. Eutyclus, as you are his friend, I entreat you, preserve me, and assist me. Make me your client! You shall say, that I am mindful of the kindness.—*Lys.* Entreat him, do, that he may pardon your misdemeanors, and your youthful age!—*Dem.* [*In an angry mood to LYSIMACHUS.*] But are you persisting now, a heighday, to attack me thus contumeliously! I hope that such a time may arrive to me also, that I may pay back to you a like favour.—*Lys.* I have now dismissed those arts.—*Dem.* And truly I from this time forth. *Lys.* That is nothing! By custom your mind will again bring you to this!—*Dem.* I beseech you, that ye may now have satisfaction concerning it. Moreover, flog me with whips even, if it pleases you to do so!—*Lys.* You speak rightly now. But your wife will do that for you, when she shall have known this matter. *Dem.* [*Alarmed.*] Surely there is no need that she may know it.—*Eut.* What is that? Come then, she shall not know of it. Fear thou not! Let us go in-doors, as this place is not proper for your deeds to be spoken of, and while we are talking, we are not aware, that there may be judges, who may pass by along the streets.—*Dem.* Oddsobobs! but you say rightly! By that same proceeding our story will be the shorter! Let us go!—*Eut.* Your Son is here within with us.—*Dem.* It is excellent well! We will pass that way through the garden, home.—*Lys.* Eutyclus, I wish this affair to be transacted, before I return within-doors.—*Eut.* What is that?—*Lys.* Answer me; do you know for certain that your mother is not angry with me?—*Eut.* I know it.—*Lys.* Take care as to that!—*Eut.* See me now! [*Holds up his head*

*in confidence.*]—*Lys.* I am satisfied. But I beg truly now, still take care!—*Eut.* Do you not believe me?—*Lys.* Yes, I believe you, but nevertheless I wretched fear.—*Dem.* Let us go in-doors!—*Eut.* Verily, let us mention laws for old men, as I think, before we may go, which laws they must keep, and be contented. He who shall be sixty years of age, if we shall know any such, whether a husband, or indeed a bachelor, to commit fornication, we will act with him by the law here, and we will judge him to be a fool. And let not any one hereafter prohibit his son, a young man, but that he may be in love, if he chooses it! Let this law therefore restrain old men, as it were from this night, for the first time! [*To the Audience.*] Fare ye well in kindness! And, ye young men, if this law pleases you, it is proper, truly on account of the work of our old men here, that you loudly applaud us, and clap your hands.

END OF THE MERCATOR.

in character]—Yes, I am satisfied. But I beg truly now, still take care I—No, do you not believe me?—Yes, I believe you, but in verities I wish you to—Yes, but no government—But why do we mention laws for old men, as I think, before we may go, which laws they must keep, and be contented. He who shall be sixty years of age, if we shall know any such, whether a husband, or indeed a bachelor, to commit fornication, we will set with him by the law here, and we will judge him to be a fool. And let not any one prescribe prohibitions to a young man, but that he may be in love, if he chooses it. Let the law therefore restrain old men, as it were from this night for the first time! [Exit the character.]—There ye well in judgment! And ye young men, if this law please you, it is proper, truly on account of the work of our old men here, that you loudly applaud us, and clap your hands.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

STILIX, an old Centurion of Athens, father of Calisto.  
 CALISTUS, son of Stilix, in love with Phaedra.  
 PHAEDRA, a friend of Calisto.  
 PANTOPUS, a witty servant of Stilix and Calisto.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

PSEUDOLUS.

PHAEDRA, a friend of Stilix.  
 PANTOPUS, the waiter of Calisto.  
 A Cook.  
 Servants of both.  
 A boy belonging to Phaedra.  
 PHAEDRA, a servant of Pseudolus, a witty man.

CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

SIMO, *an old Gentleman of Athens, father of Calidorus.*

CALIDORUS, *son of Simo, in love with Phœnicium.*

CHARINUS, *a friend of Calidorus.*

PSEUDOLUS, *a crafty servant of Simo and Calidorus.*

SIMIA, *a sycophant and cheat.*

CALLIPHO, *a friend of Simo.*

BALLIO, *a pimp, to whom Phœnicium belongs.*

PHÆNICIUM, *the mistress of Calidorus.*

*A Cook.*

*Servants of Ballio.*

*A Boy belonging to Ballio.*

HARPAX, *a servant of Polymachæroplacides, a military man.*

M. ACCII PLAUTI

PSEUDOLUS.

SCENE.—*A street in Athens, with houses and temples. BALLIO'S house on one side, and SIMO'S on the other, with doors opposite.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter from SIMO'S house, CALIDORUS and PSEUDOLUS.*

*Pseu.* IF from you being silent, master, I could become more certain, what miseries so wretchedly vex you, I would willingly have spared the task of two men, of myself of asking you, and of you of answering me. Now, since that may not be, necessity compels me, that I may ask you. Answer me, what is the reason, that you now for many days past carry letters about with you, wash them with your tears, and do not make any one a sharer of your purpose. Speak it out, that what I am ignorant of, I may know along with you.—*Cal.* I am wretchedly miserable, Pseudolus!—*Pseu.* May Jupiter keep that from you!—*Cal.* This does not belong to the judgment of Jupiter. Under the dominion of Venus I am beaten, not under that of Jupiter!—*Pseu.* Is it lawful for me to know it, what it may be? For before this you held me, as chief companion to your counsels.—*Cal.* My disposition is the same now.—*Pseu.* Acquaint me what grievance you have! I will assist you either with money, or by my efforts, or with good counsel.—*Cal.* Take these letters [*hands them to him*]. Do you yourself inform yourself, what misery and care wastes me away!—*Pseu.* Compliance shall be given you. [*He looks at the letters.*] But what is this, I beg?—*Cal.* What is it?—*Pseu.* I do truly believe, that, unless the sybil

can have read them, no one else can interpret them.—*Cal.* Why do you speak severely of these clever letters? clever epistles written by a skilful hand?—*Pseu.* [*Looking at a letter.*] I beseech you now, have the poultry kind hands also? for certainly a hen wrote these!—*Cal.* You are odious to me! Read or return the letters.—*Pseu.* Yes, in truth I will read them through. Apply your mind now!—*Cal.* It is absent.—*Pseu.* But do you summon it!—*Cal.* I in fact will be silent. Do you summon it hence from the wax, for my mind is there now, and not in my breast.—*Pseu.* [*After reading awhile.*] I see your mistress now, Calidorus!—*Cal.* [*Looking about.*] Where is she, I beg?—*Pseu.* Behold her stretched in the letters, she is lying on the wax!—*Cal.* But may the gods and goddesses, you now such as you are—*Pseu.* Have preserved from harm truly!—*Cal.* I was for a while as the green herb in summer. Suddenly I rose, and suddenly I fell.—*Pseu.* Be silent, while I read the letters through!—*Cal.* Therefore why do you not read them?—*Pseu.* [*Reading.*] “Phœnicium, through wax, and linen, and letters, her interpreters, sends salutation to her lover Calidorus, and seeks safety from thee, weeping with a fluttering mind, and heart, and breast.”—*Cal.* [*Clapping his hands together.*] I have perished! Nowhere do I find safety, Pseudolus; that which I may send back to her.—*Pseu.* What safety?—*Cal.* That of money. Read now! I will cause you to know now, how suddenly there must be need to me of money being found.

*Pseu.* [*Reading on.*] “The Pimp has sold me to a Macedonian officer abroad for twenty pounds, my dear love! And before he departed hence, the officer had given fifteen pounds, and now only five pounds remain unpaid. On that account the soldier left here a token, his own image expressed from a ring in wax, that the person who might bring a token like it hither, should send me along with it. For that affair this day is appointed, being the nearest Dionysian day.”—*Cal.* Those festivals are to-morrow truly. Ruin is near me, unless I have some help in you.—*Pseu.* Suffer me to read the letter through.—*Cal.* I permit you, for now I seem to talk with her. [*Seven lines omitted.*]—*Pseu.* [*Reading.*] “Distraction, separation, and ruin is coming, unless I have some safety in you, or you in me. All these things that I have known, I have taken care that you should know. Now

I shall try you, how far you may love, and how much you may pretend it! Farewell!”—*Cal.* That is written in misery, Pseudolus!—*Pseu.* In great misery surely!—*Cal.* Why do you not weep then?—*Pseu.* I have eyes as dry as pumice. I cannot prevail on them, that they may bring up one tear only.—*Cal.* And why thus?—*Pseu.* My family was always dry-eyed!—*Cal.* Do you not dare to assist me?—*Pseu.* What shall I do for you?—*Cal.* Alas!—*Pseu.* Alas? Oh! I will give you that truly and verily, you are not to spare that!—*Cal.* I am wretched! I find no where money to borrow, Pseudolus!—*Pseu.* [*Lifting hands and eyes.*] Alas! alas!—*Cal.* Nor is there any money within!—*Pseu.* Alas!—*Cal.* And he is about to carry away the woman to-morrow!—*Pseu.* O dear! Alas!—*Cal.* In that way now do you assist me?—*Pseu.* I give you that which I have. For that *Alas* is a perpetual treasure in our house!—*Cal.* It is all over with me this day. But can you now only give me some drachmas to borrow, which to-morrow I will return you?—*Pseu.* Scarcely in truth do I think I can do it, even if I shall give myself as a pledge. But what do you wish to do from having a drachma?—*Cal.* I want to buy a rope for myself.—*Pseu.* For what reason?—*Cal.* That I may hang myself. I am determined before night to embrace darkness.—*Pseu.* Who therefore will give me back my drachma, if I shall have given it you? Whether do you not wish to hang yourself on purpose for that reason, that you may defraud me of my drachma, if I shall have given it you?—*Cal.* Certainly by no means can I live, if she is removed, and carried off from me. [*He weeps.*]—*Pseu.* Why do you weep, you goose you? You shall live!—*Cal.* Why should I not weep? who have neither a coin of silver ready, nor can I have the hope of a farthing any where in the world.—*Pseu.* As far as I understand the real meaning of the letters, unless you may have wept for her in tears of silver drachmas, as to what by your tears you want yourself to make out, it is of no more signification, than if you were to pour water into a sieve. But truly now, fear not, I will not forsake you, loving as you do! I hope that with some good effort, or with an endeavour now, that I shall find for you aid of money from some place or other, this day. And I know not from whence I shall say, that *that* is to be, unless that it is to be. For so far my

presumption rises.—*Cal.* I wish that deeds may aid the words that you say! In you are now all the hopes of my life.—*Pseu.* Is it enough, if I get this woman for you to-day, so that she may be yours, or if I give you twenty pounds?—*Cal.* Enough, if it is really to be.—*Pseu.* Ask of me twenty pounds! That you may know, that I will get for you what I promised; ask of me, I beseech you truly! I delight to promise.—*Cal.* Will you give me to-day twenty pounds of money, Pseudolus?—*Pseu.* I will give them, and now be not troublesome to me any more! And lest you may deny that this was said to you, I tell you beforehand, I will touch your father for it, if I shall be able to touch no one else!—*Cal.* May all the gods preserve you to me! But if you can, for the sake of propriety you may touch even my mother also!—*Pseu.* Concerning that matter, go to rest on either eye!—*Cal.* On either eye is it, or on either ear?—*Pseu.* This word of mine is less in vulgar use. Then lest any one may deny that it was said to them, I declare to all men, that at this day they may guard against me, and must not trust me.—*Cal.* [*Looking at the Pimp's door.*] Hist! Be silent truly, I beg!—*Pseu.* What is the matter?—*Cal.* The Pimp's door has cracked!—*Pseu.* I should wish rather now, that his legs had cracked!—*Cal.* And now he himself is going out, a totally perjured villain! [*They retire some way back.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter BALLIO the Pimp from his house, driving before him with a thong-whip some ragged-looking servants.*

*Ball.* Get out there! [*Lashes two or three of them.*] Get on! Go, you lazy wretches! badly accustomed, and bad minded, to any of whom nothing ever occurred to do what is right! [*Three lines omitted.*] Fellows, who have these intentions, and this is their work, when an opportunity is given, snatch, pilfer, catch, plunder, drink, eat, and run away. So that you may choose rather to have wolves among sheep, than these as guards at home. [*Ten lines omitted.*] See how they are minding other matters! Mind ye this! Attend to this matter! Cock your ears hither, ye

stripe-worthy race of men! Odds-curse, your back will never be harder than this leathern cat-o'-nine-tails of mine! [*He flogs a fellow who writhes and roars.*] How now? Does it pain you? Aha! So it is applied, if any slave despises his master. Stand up, all of you, opposite me here, and mind what I say! [*Six lines omitted.*] When I return from the Forum, see that I may find all the things prepared, and that all things may be nice, and well cooked. For this is my birth-day. It becomes you all to celebrate it together. I wish in fact to receive some great men very magnificently, that they may suppose I have property. Go away in-doors, and get ready these things quickly, lest there be any delay when the cook may come to me! [*The servants go into the Pimp's house, all except a Boy.*] I am going into the market, that whatever fish is there, I may buy it up at any price. Go before me, boy! Caution is necessary, lest any one may cut my purse. Or wait there! There is something that I almost forgot to say at home. [*The rest of this scene on the part of BALLIO is so disgusting, that it must be omitted.*] [*Exit BALLIO into his house.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*CALIDORUS and PSEUDOLUS advance a little way forward.*

*Cal.* Do you not hear, Pseudolus, what this man says?—*Pseu.* Truly, master, I hear him, and am applying my mind to it. For some time past I with him, and he with me, are in good will together, and there is an old friendship between us. I will carry on against this fellow to-day on his birthday a great scheme of malignity, and a well matured one.—*Cal.* What need is there of it?—*Pseu.* Cannot you mind something else now?—*Cal.* But!—*Pseu.* Hubbub but!—*Cal.* I am wretched-hearted!—*Pseu.* Harden your heart then!—*Cal.* I cannot.—*Pseu.* See that you can.—*Cal.* By what means can I be able to subdue my mind?—*Pseu.* Mind rather the good that may be, than think in your mind about adversity.—*Cal.* Those things are nonsense! It is not pleasant to a lover, unless the lover acts like a fool.—*Pseu.* Are you going on still!—*Cal.* O, my Pseudolus, suffer me

to be an idiot! Permit me!—*Pseu.* Suffer yourself as to that; only let me depart! [*He steps away, as if going off.*]—*Cal.* Stay! stay! Now as you shall wish me to be, so I will be! [*PSEUDOLUS returns to him.*]—*Pseu.* Now you are wise!

*Enter BALLIO from his house.*

*Ball.* The day is going away. I am giving delay to myself! [*He addresses the Boy, who had been standing near the door.*] Go before me, boy! [*The Boy walks slowly towards the back scene before him.*]—*Cal.* [*To PSEUDOLUS.*] Harkye! he has gone from hence! Why don't you call him back?—*Pseu.* Why do you hurry? softly!—*Cal.* But before he can get away.—*Ball.* [*To the Boy.*] What is this curse? You go too slowly, boy!—*Pseu.* [*Calling.*] Hillo you! Infant! Infant babe! I call to you! Harkye, you new-born baby, come back, and look at us! Although you are busy, we stop you. Stay, I say! Those are here, who want to speak with you!—*Ball.* [*Turning round.*] What is this? Who is it, that gives me troublesome delay, when so busy?—*Cal.* He who was a preserver to you!—*Ball.* He who was so, is dead. He who is now, is alive.—*Pseu.* That is too proud!—*Ball.* You are too troublesome! [*He turns away, and goes on.*]—*Cal.* [*To PSEUDOLUS.*] Call him to account! Follow him up!—*Ball.* Go on, boy!—*Pseu.* Let us go this way, and meet him. [*They go down by the side scenes, and confront him.*]—*Ball.* May Jupiter destroy you, whoever you are!—*Pseu.* I want you.—*Ball.* But I see you both. Turn yourself this way, boy. [*He walks another way.*]—*Pseu.* Is it not possible to talk with you?—*Ball.* But it does not please me.—*Cal.* But if it is any thing to your advantage!—*Ball.* Then it is lawful. [*He walks on again.*]—*Pseu.* Harkye, wait! [*Takes BALLIO by the arm.*]—*Ball.* Let me go!—*Cal.* Ballio, hear me!—*Ball.* I am deaf. On my truth you are talking in vain.—*Cal.* I gave you money while I had it.—*Ball.* I don't ask you for what you gave!—*Cal.* I will give you cash, when I shall have it.—*Ball.* [*With indifference.*] Bring it me, when you shall have it.—*Cal.* Alas! Alas! In what a vile way I have lost that which I brought to you, and which I gave you!—*Ball.* Your money defunct, you are now talking about it! You are a fool. You are transacting a business, that's

over.—*Pseu.* Acknowledge him at least, who he is!—*Ball.* I know a long time who he has been; now let himself know who he is! Walk away you! [*He pushes away CALIDORUS, as he walks.*] [*Here twelve lines are omitted.*]—*Pseu.* But do you know what we wish of you?—*Ball.* Why I know it pretty nearly. That I may have some loss certainly!—*Pseu.* It is both that and this. Now, as to what we call you back for, attend to me, I beg!—*Ball.* I hear. But as I am now busied, compress into a few words what you may want.—*Pseu.* It shames him, as to what he promised you, that he gave not yet to you the twenty pounds for his mistress, and on the day in which he promised it.—*Ball.* That is easier borne by much that shames a man, than that which grieves him. It shames him here, that he has not given me the money; it grieves me that I have not received it.—*Pseu.* But he will give it. He will get it. Wait only these some days! [*Twenty lines omitted, the scene being too long.*]—*Cal.* All men fear to trust me.—*Ball.* I have the same rule, I fear to trust.—*Pseu.* To trust indeed! harkye you! Does it not repent you, thinking of how great use he may have been to you?—*Ball.* No lover is a proper one, unless he who perpetuates gifts, and gives constantly. When there may be nothing to give, let him cease to love at the same time! [*Twelve lines omitted.*]—*Cal.* Is thus the favour so badly returned from you, to me well deserving your kindness?—*Ball.* What now do you want?—*Cal.* That you may wait these six days only at farthest, and may not sell her, and may not ruin me, a man in love!—*Ball.* Be of good courage! I will wait even six months.—*Cal.* [*Rubbing his hands in joy.*] Well done! O most clever man!—*Ball.* But do you wish, that from a joyful man, I may make you still more rejoicing?—*Cal.* What is it now?—*Ball.* Because indeed I have not Phœnicium now to be sold!—*Cal.* You have not?—*Ball.* I have not, truly and verily.—*Cal.* [*Turning to PSEUDOLUS.*] Get the victims, Pseudolus, that I may now sacrifice to this excellent Jupiter! [*Twelve lines omitted.*] Tell me, I beseech you truly, [*this to BALLIO*] and seriously now, this that I ask you. Have you not my mistress Phœnicium to be sold?—*Ball.* Certainly, and in truth I have not. For I sold her some time since.—*Cal.* In what way?—*Ball.* Without ornaments, with all her naturally consti-



tuted form.—*Cal.* Have you sold my mistress?—*Ball.* Certainly, for twenty pounds.—*Cal.* [*Starting in amazement.*] For twenty pounds?—*Ball.* Or for four times five pounds, whichever you will, to a Macedonian Officer, and already I have fifteen pounds of it.—*Cal.* What do I hear from you?—*Ball.* That your mistress is made into money.—*Cal.* Why have you dared to do that?—*Ball.* It pleased me. She was my own.—*Cal.* Hillo! Pseudolus! bring me a sword!—*Pseu.* What need of a sword?—*Cal.* [*Pointing at the Pimp.*] To slay him, and myself. What do you say, thou most false of all men, as far as earth contains them, hast thou not sworn, that thou wouldst sell her to nobody but to me?—*Ball.* I do confess it.—*Cal.* To wit, in fashioned words.—*Ball.* But intended words also.—*Cal.* You have been false, you villain!—*Ball.* But I pocketed some money though! I a villain can draw out money from home now. You, who are good, and born from that grand family have no cash at all!—*Cal.* Pseudolus, assist on the other side of him, and load this fellow with curses!—*Pseu.* It must be done. [*Goes on one side of him.*] You impudent fellow!—*Ball.* [*Coldly.*] It is so.—*Pseu.* A wicked wretch!—*Ball.* You say the truth.—*Pseu.* A rogue!—*Ball.* Why not?—*Cal.* [*On the other side of Ballio.*] You robber at funerals!—*Ball.* Certainly.—*Cal.* You executioner!—*Ball.* Excellently done.—*Cal.* Thou cheat!—*Ball.* All these things are mine.—*Pseu.* A parricide!—*Ball.* Go on you! [*Four lines omitted.*]—*Cal.* You beat your father and mother!—*Ball.* And slew them also, rather than I would give them food! have I done wrong at all?—*Pseu.* We are pouring our words into a broken cask. We lose our labour.—*Ball.* Do ye wish to say any thing else besides?—*Cal.* Does it shame you at all?—*Ball.* That you are found an empty lover, as a nut without a kernel. But though you have said to me many and bad words, against me, unless the officer shall have brought me the five pounds that he owes me, as this particular day was fixed for paying that money, if he shall not come, I think that I can be able to do this duty to myself.—*Cal.* What is that?—*Ball.* If you shall have brought the money, I shall have broke the bargain with him. This is a duty to myself. If it be worth your while, I will talk more with you. But without money it is in vain, that you require me to pity you. This is my decision, that

you may consider from this, what you may further do. [*Ballio moves away.*]—*Cal.* Are you departing now?—*Ball.* I am now full of business. [*Exit Ballio with the boy at the back scene.*]—*Pseu.* [*Looking after him.*] You shall have more business a little afterward! [*To Calidorus.*] That is my man. Unless all the gods and goddesses desert me, I will roast that fellow, in the very same manner as a cook does a shell-fish. But now, Calidorus, I want you to assist me.—*Cal.* What do you command me?—*Pseu.* I want to assault this town, that it may be taken this day. To this business it is necessary to have a man, cunning, skilful, clever, and crafty, who may make our orders effective; not one, that may sleep at his post of watch.—*Cal.* Tell me what you are about to do!—*Pseu.* I will cause you to know it in good time. I don't choose to repeat it twice. Stories are made long enough thus without it.—*Cal.* You desire a very good, and a most proper thing.—*Pseu.* Hasten, and bring the man quickly! There are few friends out of many, who can be depended on.—*Cal.* I know that.—*Pseu.* Therefore [*looking carefully on each side*] get a chosen one to you! Out of many of them seek out one, who can be a sure man.—*Cal.* Just now I will make him be present here.—*Pseu.* Can't you go away? You make delay to yourself by your talking. [*Exit Calidorus at the side scene.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

Manet PSEUDOLUS.

*Pseu.* [*Solus.*] After he has gone away, you stand alone here, Pseudolus! To whom not one drop of sure counsel is ready, nor also of money. Nor do I know now, what I shall do, nor where to begin first, nor have you, Pseudolus, a knowledge whence you may begin. [*Seven lines omitted.*] Now I have been willing to throw a net over our old man, but, by what means I know not, he perceived it before hand. [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But my words and voice must now be stopped, for I see, behold him now, Simo coming on hither, along with his neighbour Callipho. Out of this old tomb I will this day dig out twenty pounds, which I may give to my master's son. Now I will step aside here, that I may gather their conversation. [*Pseudolus goes aside.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter SIMO and CALLIPHO from the back scene, and walk up the stage together.*

*Sim.* [Two lines omitted.] No one can go beyond my son, I do believe; for the only talk among all men through the city is now, that he is willing to liberate his mistress, and to seek for money to that purpose. Several bring me word of this, and now—In fact I perceived that matter before this time, and I smell out his scheme.—*Pseu.* [Behind the old gentlemen.] This affair now is done up! This business sticks fast! Where I wanted to go for providing of money, the way is there now completely blocked up! The old fellow has perceived it all beforehand. There is no booty for the plunderers!—*Call.* [To *Simo.*] In truth those things that are told you, that your son is in love, and is willing to circumvent you in regard to money, those matters said to you are perhaps all lies. But if they are true, as the custom now chiefly is, what wonderful thing has he done? what new thing? if a young man loves, and if he liberates his mistress?—*Pseu.* [Behind.] O the clever old man! [Nine lines omitted.]  
*Sim.* [Turning round.] Who speaks here? This truly is my servant Pseudolus! He corrupts my son, and is the head of all wickedness. This is the leader; this is that tutor of youth! Now I expect to be tortured!—*Call.* That is folly now, to carry your anger thus ready about you. How much better it is to go up to him with kind words, and to seek out, whether those things that they tell you, be true, or not.—*Sim.* I will mind you.—*Pseu.* [Behind.] The march is to you, Pseudolus! prepare yourself a speech against the old fellow! I am first though to salute my master, as is right. Afterward, if there be an opportunity, I am to salute the neighbours. [He comes up to his master.]—*Sim.* Health to you! what is doing?—*Pseu.* [Standing erect and stiff.] Standing here in this way!—*Sim.* [To *CALLIPHO.*] See, Callipho, the attitude of the man, as it were, princely!—*Call.* I think he stands properly and confidently.—*Pseu.* [Standing with his head erect.] It becomes an innocent servant, who can be without fault, to be proud, most particularly with his own master.—*Call.*

[To *PSEUDOLUS.*] There are matters which we wish to ask you, that we ourselves know and have heard, as it were through a cloud of mist.—*Sim.* [To *CALLIPHO.*] This fellow will wear you out with words, so that you may not think that Pseudolus, but Socrates is speaking with you.—*Pseu.* It is so. A long time past you spurn me, I perceive, and I myself know that you have little faith in me. You covet that I should be bad, and yet I will be of strict honesty.—*Sim.* Pseudolus, make your ears now to be at leisure, that my words may be able to go where I wish them! [Eleven lines omitted.] What do you say? do you know that my son loves any music-girl?—*Pseu.* It is for me to deny it.—*Sim.* May he be willing to liberate any woman?—*Pseu.* This also I deny.—*Sim.* Do you prepare to take away from me any twenty-pounds by wheedling, and crafty tricks?—*Pseu.* Can I take them away from you?—*Sim.* Well! which you may give to my son, and with which he may free his mistress?—*Pseu.* It is necessary to confess this.—*Call.* He confesses it.—*Sim.* Have I not told you that just now?—*Call.* I remember it.—*Sim.* [To *PSEUDOLUS.*] Why were these things concealed from me, immediately when you found them out? Why have I not known it?—*Pseu.* I will tell you. Because I was unwilling that a bad custom should be produced by me, that a servant should criminate his own master before a master. [Ten lines omitted.]—*Sim.* What now will ye do? for money indeed cannot be carried away hence from me, who must have particularly perceived the scheme. Now I will give notice to all, that no one may trust money to you.—*Pseu.* I will never in fact supplicate any one for money while you shall live. You truly shall give me the money! From you in truth I shall take it!—*Sim.* Will you take it from me?—*Pseu.* Certainly!—*Sim.* By Hercules blind out my eye, if I shall have given it you!—*Pseu.* You will give it though! I now tell you to be upon your guard against me.—*Call.* Certainly and truly I know, if you shall have carried off the money, you will have done a wonderful and great exploit!—*Pseu.* I will do it however.—*Sim.* If you shall not have carried it off, what then?—*Pseu.* Then flog me with rods! But what if I shall have carried it off?—*Sim.* I give Jupiter a witness to you, that I will give you no punishment during my life.—*Pseu.* Make yourself remember that!—*Sim.* Cannot I be on my guard, to

whom it is told beforehand to be so?—*Pseu.* I tell you beforehand, that you must take care! I tell you, I say, to take care! Have a care! Aha! You will give me the money this day with those very hands of yours.—*Call.* A very knowing fellow surely, if he keeps his word!—*Pseu.* Carry me away to be your slave, if I shall not have done it.—*Sim.* You speak well and kindly, but already you are my slave.—*Pseu.* Do ye wish also I shall say, what ye may more wonder at?—*Call.* I wish indeed to hear, for I listen to you with pleasure.—*Sim.* Come on now! for with pleasure enough I hear you talk.—*Pseu.* Before I shall fight that battle, I will first have another fight, famous and memorable.—*Sim.* What fight?—*Pseu.* Why with this Pimp your neighbour. As to that music-girl whom your son pines for, I will cleverly chouse the Pimp of her with tricks and skilful frauds.—*Sim.* [Coming closer to him.] What is it?—*Pseu.* I will render each thing effected this day by the evening.—*Sim.* If you shall have performed these works, as you declare, you will have excelled in power king Agathocles! But if you shall not have done it, there is no reason why I may not instantly clap you into prison.—*Pseu.* Not for one day only, but for ever! But if I shall have effected it, will you give me the money with your own free will, which I were to give at once to the Pimp?—*Call.* [To SIMO.] Pseudolus requests a proper right. Say to him, I will give it.—*Sim.* But now do you know what comes into my mind? What if these men have agreed between themselves, Callipho, or by agreement and contrived tricks make up a plan, by which they may chouse me of my money?—*Pseu.* Who can be more audacious than me, if I may dare to do that bad deed? Truly, Simo, if we have thus agreed together, or entered into counsel of that affair, or if we have even met about that business, so mark me down all over with rods of elm, as letters are written in a book with a pen!—*Sim.* Set going your schemes now immediately, when it pleases you!—*Pseu.* Give your attention to me for this day, Callipho, I request, so that you may not any where apply yourself to other business.—*Call.* Why now, I had yesterday appointed, that I would go to the country.—*Pseu.* But now disturb the plans which you have fixed.—*Call.* Now I am determined not to go away, on that account you mention. It is a pleasure to me to see your schemes, Pseu-

dolus, and if I shall see that he does not give you the money, which he said he would, rather than it may not be done, I will give it myself. I will not swerve from this.—*Pseu.* For truly, if you will not give it, you will be accused with a great outcry, and violently indeed. Come on now! Move yourselves off hence in-doors at once, and give room in turn to my deceptions!—*Sim.* Let it be done. You must be complied with.—*Pseu.* [To SIMO.] But I wish you to be at home constantly.—*Sim.* Truly I give this attention to you.—*Call.* But I will go to the Forum. I will be here presently.—*Sim.* Return immediately! [Exit SIMO into his house. Exit CALLIPHO at the back scene.]

Manet PSEUDOLUS.

*Pseu.* [Nine lines omitted.] It pleases me now to step aside hence within-doors, for some little time, while I call together within my heart all my roguish deceptions! [Exit PSEUDOLUS into his master's house.]\*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

### SCENA PRIMA.

Enter PSEUDOLUS from SIMO's house.

*Pseu.* O Jupiter, how cleverly and prosperously all things turn out to me, whatsoever I do! nor is any counsel contained in my breast, that I can doubt of, or what I may be afraid of. [Six lines omitted.] Now will I nobly batter down Ballio, [speaking to the audience] this common enemy of mine and yours. Give ye your attention now! I want to assault this town, that it may be taken this very day. And to this I will bring my legions. If I sack this town, I will make this matter pleasant to my citizens. From thence I will load and fill myself and all my friends with plunder, sharers together. I will strike terror and fright into my

\* The first act, notwithstanding the omissions, is of great length; but the dialogue is excellent.

enemies, that they may know that I am born in the world. I am sprung from a fine race, and so it becomes me to effect great exploits, which may afterward be spoken of in regard to me as a renowned man, and thus for a length of time. [*He look towards the back scene.*] Now as to this man whom I see, who is he that is offered to my eyesight opposite, an unknown man? It is my wish to know what he may want here with his long sword on. [*PSEUDOLUS steps aside.*] From hence I will lie in wait for him, to know what affair he may be about.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter from the back scene HARPAX, servant of the Officer, with a purse in his hand.*

*Har.* [*Staring up at the houses.*] These are the places, these the situations, which were pointed out to me by my master. I am now regarding with my eyes the description, which my master the officer related to me thus; "that it is the seventh house from the gate, where dwells that pimp, to whom he ordered me to carry the token, and this money. [*He chinks the money in the purse.*] I would vastly wish for some one, who may make it certain to me, where here the pimp Ballio dwells. [*He advances forward, looking from side to side.*—*Pseu.* [*Behind him.*] Hist! Silence! Silence! This is my man, unless all gods and men forsake me. Now I have need of a new scheme! A new affair this is suddenly offered to me. I will first in the beginning turn myself to this matter. I dismiss all those things, which I before began to do. I will now in truth finely smite this military messenger coming here!—*Har.* [*Having stared for some time at BALLIO'S door.*] I will knock at the door, and call out some one that's within, to come out of doors. [*He knocks repeatedly.*—*Pseu.* [*Coming to him.*] Whoever you are, I wish you to make a diminution of your knocking, for I the spokesman and patron of the doors just now went forth out of doors.—*Har.* Are you Ballio?—*Pseu.* Yea, verily, I am his sub-deputy vice-Ballio!—*Har.* What word is that?—*Pseu.* I am his yeoman-butler, and the procurer of his provisions.—*Har.* As if you were to say, that you are gentleman-usher of the hall?—*Pseu.* Why, I have command

over the gentleman-usher.—*Har.* In what way are you then? are you a slave, or free?—*Pseu.* Now indeed I am a slave.—*Har.* So you seem; and you don't seem worthy that you may be free.—*Pseu.* [*Shaking his fist at him.*] You are not used to regard yourself, when you can speak injuriously to another.—*Har.* [*Aside.*] It is certain that this is a bad fellow.—*Pseu.* [*Aside.*] The gods preserve me, and love me. For there is my anvil. [*Points at HARPAX.*] I will hammer out many deceits from this to-day.—*Har.* [*Aside.*] What is he saying apart with himself there?—*Pseu.* What do you say, young man?—*Har.* What is it?—*Pseu.* Are you, or are you not from the Macedonian officer? The servant of him, who bought from us hence the woman lately? and who had given to my master the fifteen pounds of silver, and owes five?—*Har.* I am. But where in the world have you ever known me, or seen me, or spoke with me? For indeed I never came to Athens before this, nor have I ever seen you with my eyes before this day.—*Pseu.* Because you seem to be from thence. For when he departed formerly, this day was appointed for the money, on which he should bring it back to us, nor as yet has he brought it back.—*Har.* Yes, it is here! [*Holds up the purse.*] *Pseu.* Have you, my friend, brought it?—*Har.* I myself!—*Pseu.* Why do you doubt to give it me?—*Har.* Must I give it you?—*Pseu.* To me verily and truly, who take care of the property and accounts of my master Ballio, receive his money, lay it out, and give it to those that he is in debt to.—*Har.* If truly you bring out the treasures even of lofty Jupiter, I will never trust a farthing of money to you.—*Pseu.* While you are making a pother, the money will be lost.—*Har.* [*Tightening the strings of his purse.*] I shall have kept it fastened up thus rather.—*Pseu.* Woe to you, lad! You alone are found forsooth, who can doubt of my faith! as if six hundred times as much were not used to be trusted to me!—*Har.* It may be that others may think so, it may be also, that I cannot trust you.—*Pseu.* As if you may say, that I wish to chouse you out of the money.—*Har.* Yes truly, as you may say, and as if I also may say, that I must suspect it. But what is your name?—*Pseu.* [*Aside.*] There is a servant belonging to this pimp called Syrus; I will say that I am he. [*Turns to HARPAX.*] I am Syrus!—*Har.* Syrus?—*Pseu.* That is my

name.—*Har.* We are making many words about this! If your master is at home, why do you not call him forth? that I may transact that business, as to which I am sent hither, whatever your name is!—*Pseu.* If he were within, I would call him out. But if you are willing to give the money to me, it will be more effectually paid, than if you shall have given it to himself.—*Har.* But now do you know what it is? My master sent me to give this money, and not to lose it. Now I know for certain that you have a raging fever as to this money, because it is impossible to lay your claws upon it. I will trust the money to no other man, unless to Ballio himself.—*Pseu.* But he is now busy. His business is going on before a judge.—*Har.* May the gods prosper it! But when I shall think that he is at home, I shall have returned here. Do you take this letter from me, and give it him. For a token is there, between my master and yours concerning the woman.—*Pseu.* I know indeed, that he who should bring the money, and his stamped seal hither to us, my master said he was willing that the woman be sent along with him. For here he left us even a sample of that.—*Har.* You have the whole affair.—*Pseu.* Why should I not have it?—*Har.* Give therefore that token to him!—*Pseu.* It shall be. [*HARPAX gives him the letter with the token.*] But what is your name?—*Har.* Harpax!—*Pseu.* [*Shouldering him with a violent shove.*] Get away with yourself, Harpax! you don't please me! you shall not, verily and truly, go inside here, lest you shall have done some harpy deed!—*Har.* I am used to drag prisoners out of a battle, and from this is my name.—*Pseu.* By Apollo I think you would much more drag brazen vessels out of a house!—*Har.* It is not so. But do you know what I may beg of you, Syrus?—*Pseu.* I shall know it, when you shall have told it.—*Har.* I am to turn down outside the gate hither into the third shop, to that bad, and lame, and fat old woman, Chrysis.—*Pseu.* What do you want of me now?—*Har.* That you may call me from thence, when your master shall have come.—*Pseu.* At your pleasure, certainly.—*Har.* For, as I came here tired from the road, I wish to indulge myself now.—*Pseu.* In truth you are wise, and your plan pleases me. But take care that you be not out of the way, when I shall call you to me!—*Har.* Why, when I shall have dined, I shall give myself up to sleep.—

*Pseu.* In truth I think so.—*Har.* Now what do you wish?—*Pseu.* That you may go away, in order to sleep.—*Har.* I am going away. [*He walks to the side.*]—*Pseu.* And do you hear, Harpagus? Order yourself to be well covered up! You will be pleasant, if you shall have sweated well! [*Exit HARPAX at the side scene, yawning and stretching with fatigue.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

Manet PSEUDOLUS.

*Pseu.* [*Looking after HARPAX.*] Immortal gods! That man has preserved me by his coming here! By his supply for my scheming journey, he has brought me, from blundering on, into the very right way. For opportunity itself could not arrive more opportunely, than this letter has been brought to me opportunely. For this is brought as a cornucopia, where is contained whatever I wish! [*He looks at the letter in his hand.*] Here are my deceits, here are all my tricks, here are my frauds, here my money, here is a mistress for my loving master's son! [*Fourteen lines omitted here, as tedious soliloquy.*] O immortal gods! That great lie of mine, which I suddenly contrived here just now, when I said I belonged to the Pimp, was not dear, when valued against pure gold. Now with this letter I will deceive three men, my master, and the Pimp, and the man who gave me this letter. Well done! Like for like! [*He looks towards the side scene.*] But now another thing has happened, which I was desirous of. Calidorus is coming! Behold him! He brings along with him some one, I know not who! [*He retires near the back scene.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

Enter from the side scene CALIDORUS and his friend

CHARINUS.

*Cal.* I have spoke out before you all things sweet and bitter. You know of my love, you know my difficulty, you know my poverty.—*Cha.* I remember all things completely. Do you only make me know what you wish me to do!—*Cal.* Since I have told you these other things, if you are to know the rest, I wish you should know concerning the token also.

—*Cha.* All things, I say, I have known; now only make me know, what you want me to do!—*Cal.* Pseudolus has ordered me thus; that I should conduct to him some man, friendly, active-minded, and benevolent.—*Cha.* You observe the command well certainly, for you conduct one who is friendly, and wishing well to you. [*Shakes him by the hand.*] But that Pseudolus is strange to me.—*Cal.* He is a very clever man! He is my engineer. He said to me, that he would effect those things which I mentioned to you.—*Pseu.* [*Behind.*] I will address this man saucily!—*Cal.* [*Looking about.*] Whose voice sounds here?—*Pseu.* Hillo! Hillo! I address you, you, you, my prince! You, who dost command Pseudolus, I seek! To whom I may give three times, and threefold, triple, and three joys, in three ways, with three schemes, and joys thrice deserved; got by fraud from three machinations; by wickedness, by deceit, and cheating; I have brought them to you in this very small sealed packet!—*Cal.* [*To CHARINUS.*] That is the man!—*Cha.* How the rascal blusters, like a tragedian!—*Cal.* Advance a step opposite to him! [*CHARINUS and PSEUDOLUS approach each other.*]—*Pseu.* Stretch out your arm now boldly to wish me health!—*Cha.* Tell me, Pseudolus, whether I may salute you by the name of Hope, or Safety?—*Pseu.* In truth each of them.—*Cha.* Hail to you each way! [*Shakes hands with PSEUDOLUS.*] But what is done?—*Pseu.* What are you now afraid of?—*Cal.* I have brought this man here, Pseudolus.—*Pseu.* What? Have you brought him on your shoulders?—*Cal.* I have conducted him, I meant to say.—*Pseu.* Who is he?—*Cal.* Charinus!—*Pseu.* Well done. I make him a lucky omen!—*Cha.* But you are to command me boldly, as to whatever there is need to do.—*Pseu.* Now I acknowledge the favour. May it be well with you, Charinus! I am unwilling that we should be troublesome to you.—*Cha.* You troublesome to me? That saying is indeed troublesome to me!—*Pseu.* Then on that account do you wait there now a moment!—*Cha.* What is that meaning?—*Pseu.* [*Taking out the letter from his pocket.*] I intercepted just now this letter, and the token.—*Cha.* The token? What token?—*Pseu.* Which was brought here from the officer just now, by his servant, who was bringing it with five pounds of money, [*to CALIDORUS*] and who was compelling your mistress away from

hence. Just now I swindled him!—*Cal.* How?—*Pseu.* The story is acted [*looks at the audience*] for the sake of these spectators. They who were present here know it. I shall have told it you hereafter.—*Cal.* What now are we to do?—*Pseu.* You shall have your mistress free this day!—*Cal.* Shall I?—*Pseu.* You yourself.—*Cal.* I myself?—*Pseu.* You yourself, I say. If indeed this head of mine shall live; if you will only find a man for me speedily.—*Cal.* Of what sort?—*Pseu.* Bad, crafty, and clever; one, who when he may have begun, may hold fast moreover by his own courage, what it may behove him to do. A man also, who not often may have been made use of here.—*Cha.* If he is a slave, does it signify any thing?—*Pseu.* Truly I have much rather that he be so, than a freeman.—*Cha.* I think that I can give you a man, bad and clever; who came lately from his father Carystus. Nor has he gone out from the house any where, nor came to Athens ever before yesterday.—*Pseu.* You assist me well. But there is need of five pounds of money found and borrowed, which I will give back this day, for his father [*points at CALIDORUS*] owes me one pound of it.—*Cha.* I will give it you. Do not seek it any where else.—*Pseu.* Oh! how opportune a man to me! There is also need of a long cloak and sword, and a broad-brimmed hat!—*Cha.* I can give them from myself!—*Pseu.* O immortal gods! Charinus indeed is not here to me, but absolute plenty! But that servant who came here from Carystus, is he any way wise?—*Cha.* Even from his cradle!—*Pseu.* It becomes the man to have a tunic with long sleeves! [*Five lines omitted.*] But what shall I say the name be to that servant?—*Cha.* Simia!—*Pseu.* Does he know how to conduct himself in an adverse affair?—*Cha.* A spinning top does not turn equally quick!—*Pseu.* Is he at all crafty?—*Cha.* Very often in bad deeds.—*Pseu.* How is he, when he is openly caught in lies?—*Cha.* He is an eel. He slips out instantly! But what are you about to do?—*Pseu.* I will tell you—when I shall have dressed up the man, I intend him to become the fictitious servant of the officer; and that he may carry this token to the Pimp, with five pounds of money. That then he may lead away the woman from the Pimp. There's for you! There's all the story! But in what manner he must do every thing, I shall have told to the man himself.—*Cal.* Why therefore do we now stand

here?—*Pseu.* Bring ye the man to me, ready dressed with all his ornaments, immediately now to Æschinus the banker's. But hasten!—*Cha.* We will be there sooner than you!—*Pseu.* But depart ye therefore very quickly! [*Exeunt CALIDORUS and CHARINUS into SIMO'S house.*]

*Manet PSEUDOLUS.*

Whatever doubtful or ambiguous was in my mind before, is now quite clear. It has no lees in it. My heart now goes on its way. I will lead under my standards all my ranks, and all my legions, with a favourable omen, and with a clear auspice, and according to my own opinion. I have a confidence now, that I can overthrow my enemies. I will now go to the Forum, and will load Simia with my instructions, what he must do, and that he may not stagger, and may carry on this cheatery skilfully. Now I shall have caused, that the fortified town belonging to the Pimp, shall be totally sacked, and devastated! [*Exit PSEUDOLUS at the back scene.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter from BALLIO'S house a Boy, servant to BALLIO.*

*Boy.* Verily to that boy, whose servitude the gods give to a Pimp, and when they add a base occupation to the same, they give a great calamity, as far I now see within my heart, and many miseries. Just so has this servitude turned out to me, where I am set over all small and great calamitous affairs. Nor can I find that person who can love me, so as to treat me in a proper manner. Now to-day is this Pimp's birth-day, and he has threatened us all from the lowest to the greatest, if any one should not have sent to him a gift to-day, that he should perish to-morrow under the greatest torture. Now I know not truly what I shall do in my affairs, nor am I able to give, what they who are able are used to give. Now unless some one will afford to wretched me this day a gift for the Pimp, to-morrow I must swallow

fuller's earth. Alas! of how little consideration am I now to that affair, and yet truly how badly I fear him in my wretchedness! If any one can give me something, that my hand may become more weighty, though they say that *that* is always done reluctantly, I think to be able to compress the jaws of the Pimp in some degree. [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But now my voice and oration must be stopped, for behold him, my master is taking himself home, and brings a cook here with him.

SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter BALLIO from the back scene, followed by a Cook with baskets of provisions, from the market.*

*Ball.* They who call it a market of cooks, call it in that foolishly, for it is not a market of cooks, but a market of thieves! For if I, being sworn to it, should seek a worse man, I could not possibly bring any cook a worse fellow, than this I bring, chattering, bragging, impertinent, and useless. Now hell certainly refused to take this man to itself, that there might be a man here, who can cook a supper for the dead! For this man can cook only what can please them.—*Cook.* If you thought of me in that way as you declare, why did you hire me?—*Ball.* From scarcity. There was no other. But why did you sit in the market, if you were a cook, the only one after others?—*Cook.* I will tell you. By the covetousness of men, I am made a more wicked cook, than I should be of my own disposition.—*Ball.* By what reasoning is that?—*Cook.* I will tell you now. Because in truth when first they come to hire a cook, no one seeks *him* who is best and dearest. They rather hire him who is cheapest. From this I have been to-day the only frequenter of the market. Those wretched men, the other cooks, would have gone for drachmas as their hire; no one whatever can force me to rise from my seat, at a less price than a piece of coined money. I do not dress a supper so as other cooks do, who bring up actual meadows of grass dressed upon their dishes; who make the guests as oxen, and give them herbs in plenty. They dress these herbs moreover along with other herbs. [*Eight lines omitted.*] From this circum-

stance indeed men pass here in the world so short a life, when they heap up herbs of this sort on their stomach, formidable not only in the eating, but even to be spoke of. Men eat those herbs, which cattle do not eat.—*Ball.* What do you say? Do you, who can blame these dressings of dishes, use sauces divine, that can prolong life to men?—*Cook.* [*Aside.*] Speak thou boldly now! [*To the Pimp.*] Truly they who shall eat my victuals, that I shall have dressed, shall be able to live even two hundred years! [*Six lines omitted.*]—*Ball.* May all the gods destroy you with your cookings of dishes, and with all those lies of yours!—*Cook.* Suffer me to speak!—*Ball.* Speak, and may you go to perdition!—*Cook.* When all the dishes are hot, I open them all, and that savour they have, flies to heaven with feet downwards! Jupiter sups on that savour every day.—*Ball.* A savour with feet downwards?—*Cook.* I have been wrong without knowing it.—*Ball.* What is it then?—*Cook.* Because in truth I meant to say with hands downwards.—*Ball.* If you go nowhere to cook, what does Jupiter sup upon?—*Cook.* He goes to bed without his supper.—*Ball.* Go thou to destruction! For that cause shall I give you a piece of coined money this day?—*Cook.* I do confess indeed, that I am a cook most dear in price. But for that price I cause, that my clever doing may appear, as to what I came hired for.—*Ball.* In truth it is to thieve!—*Cook.* Do you require to find any cook, unless with the claws of a kite, or an eagle?—*Ball.* Do you require to go any where to cook, that you must not cook supper there with your hands tied up? [*He speaks to the boy.*] Now therefore you who are mine, I command you instantly that you may hasten to remove away all my goods here! And then, that you may have this fellow's eyes before your eyes; wherever he shall look, do you look there also; if he shall go any where here, do you go on along with him. If he shall put forth his hand, do you put forth your hand also. If he shall take any thing that's his own, suffer him to take it. If he shall take what's mine, hold it fast against him. If he shall go, go thou also. If he shall stand, stand near him also. If he shall stoop, stoop thou likewise. [*Nine lines omitted.*] Stop now, cook! At how great a price may you teach me that one thing, how to cook a supper?—*Cook.* For what reason?—*Ball.* That I may

keep you now, that you may not plunder any thing from me.—*Cook.* If you believe me, as to what I say, for a piece of coin I will teach you. If not, I will not for a pound indeed! But whether are you about to give a dinner to-day to your friends, or to your enemies?—*Ball.* In truth I am to give it to my friends surely.—*Cook.* But do you now invite your enemies to-day, I desire you, rather than your friends! For I will give a supper to-day so well drest, and will sauce it so with sweetness, that every one who shall have tasted what is drest, I shall cause him to gnaw his very fingers.—*Ball.* I beg of you verily, before you shall give any thing to the guests, taste it yourself first, and give it also to your scullions, that ye may all gnaw off your thievish hands.—*Cook.* Perhaps now you may not believe these things which I am saying.—*Ball.* Do not be troublesome! Already you din me too much. You do not please me. [*He points at his door.*] Harkye! I dwell there! Go away in-doors hither, and cook the supper as fast as you can!—*Cook.* But you are to go now, and lie down to it, and give me the guests all ready! For even now the supper is almost spoiled with waiting for you all! [*Exeunt the Cook and the Boy into BALLIO's house with the baskets of provisions.*]—*Ball.* [*Looking after them.*] Aha! See that young shoot! This also is a bad chap, he is the cook's deputy tongue-licker! Truly I know not, what I may now first guard against; there are so many thieves in my house. There is a robber too in the nearest house to mine. [*Points at SIMO's house.*] For now this neighbour, the father of Calidorus, asked of me with great earnestness a little before at the Forum, that I should take care of myself from his servant Pseudolus, and that I should not have any trust in him. For that he would circumvent me on this very day, that he might get the woman from me, if he were able. He told me that *that* man had promised stoutly to him, that he was about to carry away Phœnicium from me by tricks. Now I will go away in-doors, and give a command to my domestics, truly that no one may trust any thing to that Pseudolus! [*Exit BALLIO into his house.*]\*

\* Plautus seems to have expended his genius on the two first excellent Acts, and to have made the third Act a very trifling one. However, it is probable he intended this third Act as a mere interlude, to fill up the time, while Pseudolus is dressing up his sycophant cheat, and getting ready his tricks and devices. Although this Act appears most insignificant, no doubt it gave great entertainment to an old



## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter PSEUDOLUS at the back scene, and advances.*

*Pseu.* If ever the immortal gods wished any one to be assisted by their aid, they surely desire me and Calidorus to be preserved, and the Pimp destroyed, when they produced to me you, Master Simia, as an assistant, so clever and crafty a man! [*Turns round as if talking with him.*] But where is that man? [*Looks on every side.*] Am I, a foolish fellow, speaking these things alone, I myself by myself? He bamboozled me certainly, I think, when bad myself, I guarded myself so sillily against bad men! I have perished then in truth if that man has gone off, nor shall I this day effect this work, which I wanted to do. [*Enter SIMIA at the back scene, properly dressed for the occasion, and stalking along stiff, proud, and erect.*] But behold him! I see a statue hardened and hammered! How grandly he carries himself! What ho! In truth I was looking about for you. [*SIMIA stalks slowly up to him.*] I feared very much, lest you might have gone away.—*Simi.* There was business of my own, which I resolved that I would do. I own that.—*Pseu.* Where had you remained?—*Simi.* Where it pleased me!—*Pseu.* I know that pretty well now.—*Simi.* Why do you ask me therefore, what you know?—*Pseu.* But I want to advise you as to this matter.—*Simi.* One that is to be advised himself, must not advise me.—*Pseu.* At least I am very much despised by you.—*Simi.* Why may I not despise you? I who must be called a man of the army?—*Pseu.* I want this to be done immediately, which has now been just begun.—*Simi.* Do you see me do any thing else, but it?—*Pseu.* Therefore walk nimbly.—*Simi.* Yes, but I wish to walk slowly. [*He stalks along with head erect.*]—*Pseu.* This

Roman audience, from the introduction of a chattering, impudent, hireling, braggadocio cook; a character held by the people in great derision and contempt. The cooks, it appears, were a set of fellows, hired in the market-place to prepare particular suppers and entertainments, and were reputed to be great thieves, and bad characters. Such fellows are introduced on the stage by Plautus, who certainly knew the taste of his audience. They do not exactly suit the taste of a modern polite dramatic critic.

is that occasion wanted, while that fellow is asleep, and I wish you to try to approach the Pimp before that man.—*Simi.* [*Stopping short.*] Why do you hurry? Softly now, softly! Fear thou not. May Jupiter have caused thus now, that he, whoever he is, that comes from the officer, may be present with me openly at the same place together! Never in truth shall he be a better Harpax than I shall be. Have good courage then! I will shew off that business handsomely made out. With tricks and lies I will so frighten that military stranger, that he himself may deny, he is the person that he may really be, and that he may imagine me to be the man, that himself certainly is.—*Pseu.* How can that be?—*Simi.* You slay me when you ask me that!—*Pseu.* O my clever fine fellow! You, with your ever and also tricks, and moreover with your lies, you, I say, may Jupiter preserve to me!—*Simi.* Yea, preserve to myself! But see, does this dress become me well?—*Pseu.* It is excellent.—*Simi.* It may be so.—*Pseu.* May the good gods give you, as much as ever you may wish for to yourself! For if I may wish, that they may give as much as you are worthy of, my wish is less than nothing, for I never saw any man more abominable and rascally!—*Simi.* Do you say that to me?—*Pseu.* I do not say it to you. But the gifts that I promised you, I will give and make up, if you shall have wisely managed this affair.—*Simi.* Cannot you hold your tongue? He who advises, makes the mindful man unmindful, as to what such attentive man remembers. I know all things. They are stored in my breast. My tricks are craftily meditated.—*Pseu.* He is an expert man you have to do with.—*Simi.* Neither is he, nor I.—*Pseu.* But take care, that you may not be unsteady!—*Simi.* Cannot you hold your peace?—*Pseu.* So may the gods love me.—*Simi.* They will not do so, and you will now pour out absolute lies.—*Pseu.* How I do love you, Simia, on account of your villany! and I fear you, and esteem you a great man!—*Simi.* I have learned to give that up to others. Now you cannot wheedle me!—*Pseu.* How handsomely I will receive you this day, when you shall have effected this work!—*Simi.* [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Four lines omitted.*] But hasten to shew me where's the door of the Pimp's house!—*Pseu.* [*Points to BALLIO's house.*] This is it. The third here.—*Simi.* [*Looking at the door.*] Hist!

Be silent, the house is open!—*Pseu.* I believe there is a curse upon the house.—*Simi.* Why now?—*Pseu.* Because in truth it is vomiting out the Pimp.—*Simi.* [*Looking at BALLIO's door.*] Is that he?—*Pseu.* It is he.—*Simi.* He is a bad commodity!—*Pseu.* See that! He does not go straight forward, but crossways, just as a crab is used to do. [*They retire.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter BALLIO from his house, sloping with vulgar gait to the front.*

*Ball.* I think this man less bad, than I did imagine a cook to be, for he has grappled as yet nothing even, beyond a glass and a jug.—*Pseu.* [*Behind to SIMIA.*] Harkye! you! now is the opportunity and time.—*Simi.* I agree with you.—*Pseu.* Enter on the business craftily, and I will be here in ambush. [*SIMIA gets to the back scene, and walks up the street from thence, speaking loud.*—*Simi.* I had the number carefully. This is the sixth nearest alley from the gate, and into that alley he had ordered me to turn down. How many houses he may have mentioned, that I am not quite sure of. *Ball.* [*Looking about at him.*] What man is this with a cloak on, or whence is he, or whom does he inquire after? The face of the man seems foreign and ignoble.—*Simi.* But behold the man, who will make the thing that I want to know more certain to me from this uncertainty. [*He walks towards BALLIO.*—*Ball.* He's approaching me straightway. Whence in the world shall I say that this fellow is from?—*Simi.* [*Coming up and staring in BALLIO's face.*] Harkye! you with a goat's beard! who are standing there, answer me what I ask!—*Ball.* Hillo! you, do you not salute me first?—*Simi.* [*With surly voice.*] I have no salute to bestow.—*Ball.* Odds-bobs you will get just so much from hence.—*Pseu.* [*Behind.*] This is good at the beginning.—*Simi.* [*To BALLIO.*] Have you known any man in this narrow street, I ask you?—*Ball.* I know myself.—*Simi.* Few men do that which you speak of, for in the Forum there is scarcely every tenth man who can have known himself.—*Pseu.* [*Behind.*] I am safe, for he is philosophizing now!—*Simi.* [*To BALLIO.*] I seek here a man that is a bad fellow, a law-breaker, impious,

perjured, and wicked.—*Ball.* [*Aside.*] He is surely seeking me, for those are my titles, if he can mention the name only. [*To SIMIA.*] What is that man's name?—*Simi.* The Pimp Ballio!—*Ball.* [*Aside.*] I knew it. [*To SIMIA.*] Young man, I am the very man, that you seek.—*Simi.* [*Staring at him.*] Are you Ballio?—*Ball.* Verily and truly, I am he.—*Simi.* [*Taking him by the cloak.*] How well clothed this house-breaker is!—*Ball.* I believe if you saw me in the night, you would keep your hand off me.—*Simi.* My master desired me to present health to you much. Take this letter from me! [*Takes out the letter, and holds it out.*] He ordered me to give you this!—*Ball.* Who is that man, that ordered you?—*Pseu.* [*Behind.*] I am lost! Now my man's in the middle of the mud. He knows not the name. His business sticks fast now!—*Ball.* Who do you affirm, sent this to me?—*Simi.* Look at the seal! You yourself mention his name to me, that I may know that you are Ballio himself.—*Ball.* [*Reaching out his hand.*] Give me the letter!—*Simi.* [*Giving the letter.*] Take it there, and acknowledge the seal.—*Ball.* [*Looking at the seal.*] Oho! This is Polymachæroplacides, The actual, very man himself! I have known him. Aha!—*Simi.* Polymachæroplacides is his name. Now I know that I have given you the letter properly, after you spoke out the name of Polymachæroplacides.—*Ball.* But what is he doing?—*Simi.* What a man truly brave, and a good warrior should. But hasten, I beg, to read over this letter; for the business is thus; that you are both to receive the money at once, and to commit the woman to me. For it is necessary that I should be this day at Sicyo, or else to-morrow suffer death, my master is so very peremptory.—*Ball.* I have known it; you tell me of things well known.—*Simi.* Hasten therefore to read the letter through.—*Ball.* I am doing that, if you can only hold your tongue. [*Reads.*] "The soldier Polymachæroplacides sends this written letter to the Pimp, and his image stamped in a seal, which was agreed to formerly between us two."—*Simi.* The token is in the letter.—*Ball.* I see it and acknowledge the seal. But in a letter is it customary to send no greeting written?—*Simi.* So is the discipline of the army, Ballio. But as you have begun, go on to know the subject, and what that letter may declare.—*Ball.* Listen only! [*Reads again.*] "Harpax is my camp-

servant, who comes to you." [BALLIO looks hard at him.] Are you that Harpax?—*Simi*. I am he, and am Harpax himself truly.—*Ball*. [Reading.] "Receive the money from him, who carries that letter, and I wish the woman to be sent along with him. It is fit to send a written greeting to those worthy of it; if I were to think you worthy of it, I should have sent it to you." [He folds up the letter.]—*Simi*. What now?—*Ball*. Give me the money, and carry off the woman!—*Simi*. Which of us is delaying the matter?—*Ball*. But follow me therefore in-doors! [Exeunt BALLIO and SIMIA into BALLIO's house.]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Pseudolus advances from his hiding-place at the back scene.*

*Pseu*. A worse man, and more cunningly bad I have never truly seen, than is this *Simia*! And I very much and badly fear, and am terrified at that man, lest he may be as bad to me, as he was towards him, and lest in this successful business he may turn his horns against me, if he may take occasion to shew how bad he can be. In fact indeed I do not wish that to be, for I am well-disposed towards him. And now I am in the greatest fear in a threefold way. First of all, I now fear his being my comrade, lest he may desert me, and pass over to the enemy. But I fear also, lest my master may return just now from the Forum, and our robbers may be taken, the prize being carried off from them. While I fear these things, I fear also, lest that fellow Harpax may come hither, before this Harpax shall have gone off hence with the woman. [He looks at BALLIO's door, and listens awhile.] I am lost truly! Too slowly they go out of doors! My heart with pack and baggage is expecting, that if he cannot bring the woman out along with him, it must fly away into banishment from my breast. [The door of BALLIO's house opens.] I am a conqueror! [He claps his hands for joy.] I have subdued my watchful guards! [He retires to a little distance.]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter SIMIA from BALLIO's house, leading in PHENICIUM, who is weeping.*

*Sim*. Weep not, Phœnicium, you know not how the matter may be. But not long hence I will cause you to know it. I am not carrying you to that long-toothed man, the Macedonian, who makes you now in tears. I am conducting you to that man, to whom to join yourself, you most desire. Not long hence I will cause that you shall embrace Calidorus.—*Pseu*. Why have you staid so long within, I beg? How long has my heart been pummelled with beating against my breast!—*Simi*. You have found now an occasion, you rogue you, for examining me with hostile insidiousness! You must know, we measure the way hence with military marchings.—*Pseu*. Now, truly, although you are a rascal, you admonish rightly! March by the direct way of the grand triumph soberly on! [They march slowly towards the back scene, SIMIA leading the van, PHENICIUM in the centre, and PSEUDOLUS closing the rear, and exeunt in due order.]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter BALLIO from his house smiling, and rubbing his hands in joy.*

*Ball*. [Laughing.] Ha! Ha! Ha! Now at last my mind is in safety, since that man has gone off from this, and carried off the woman. It were pleasant to me now that *Pseudolus*, the head of all wickedness, should come here, in order to take away the woman with his tricks. I know in truth full well, I would rather perjure myself with false words a thousand times than that that fellow should cheat me in derision. Now truly I will laugh at the man, if I shall have met him. But I do believe that he was put into prison, as was proper. Now I can wish as to *Simo*, that he may come in my way, that he may be mutually happy in my gladness.

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter SIMO from his house.*

*Sim.* [Talking to himself.] I go out to see, what business my Ulysses may have transacted, or whether he may have in his possession the standard from Ballio's citadel.—*Ball.* [Coming up to him.] O fortunate man, give me thy fortunate hand, Simo! [They shake hands together.]—*Sim.* What is it now?—*Ball.* Why now?—*Sim.* What now?—*Ball.* There is nothing that you may fear.—*Sim.* What is it? hath the man come to you?—*Ball.* No!—*Sim.* What therefore is there of good news?—*Ball.* The twenty pounds are sound and safe to you, which this day Pseudolus stipulated to get from you.—*Sim.* Would it were so in truth!—*Ball.* Ask of me twenty pounds, if he to-day can have got that woman, or shall give her to your son this day, as he promised, ask that of me, I beseech you! I delight to promise it to you. That you may know the affair to be safe in every way, even possess the woman herself as a gift to you!—*Sim.* There is no danger as far as I may know, in stipulating. As you have said, you will give then twenty pounds?—*Ball.* They shall be given.—*Sim.* This indeed is not badly done. But have you met the man?—*Ball.* Yes, both of them together.—*Sim.* What does he say? What does he tell? I beg of you, what does he say to you?—*Ball.* Theatrical stuff! Words which are used to be said to a pimp in comedies, he said that I was bad, and wicked, and perjured.—*Sim.* Now, by Apollo, he told no lie!—*Ball.* Therefore I was not angry.—*Sim.* What is there, that you may not fear from him? I wish to hear that.—*Ball.* Because he never will carry away the woman with him now, nor is he able. Do you remember, awhile ago, that I told you that she was sold to the Macedonian officer?—*Sim.* I remember it.—*Ball.* Well! his servant brought hither to me the money, and the token of a seal.—*Sim.* What then?—*Ball.* About which it had been agreed between me, and that officer. That man took away the woman with him a short time before this.—*Sim.* Do you say that in good truth?—*Ball.* How can that be to me?—*Sim.* Take care now, lest he may be some one

playing tricks! *Ball.* The letter, and the image on the seal make me sure. Why truly he led her from the city just now to Sicyo!—*Sim.* Well done by Hercules! Why do I delay to make Pseudolus be classed among the number of millstones? [He looks at the back scene.] But who is this man coming with a long cloak?—*Ball.* Truly I do not know, but let us observe him, where he may be going, or what business he may be transacting here. [They retire a little to the side scene.]

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter HARPAX from the back scene.*

*Har.* [Thirteen lines omitted as tedious.] In truth that Syrus, to whom I gave the token, would let me stay yet, and for ever, in the public-house. I remained there, as he had ordered me. He said, that he would call me, when the Pimp should be at home. But since he does not come, nor calls me, I come hither of my own accord, that I may know what affair may be going on, lest that man may play tricks upon me. Nor is there any thing better, than that I may knock at this door, [points at the Pimp's] and call out hither some one that's within. I wish that the Pimp may take this money from me, and send the woman now along with me!—*Ball.* [Calling from behind.] Harkye you!—*Sim.* What do you want of him?—*Ball.* This man belongs to me.—*Sim.* How then?—*Ball.*—Because he is my prize. He has money for me! It pleases me now to snap at this fellow.—*Sim.* Are you now about to devour him?—*Ball.* While he is new, while there is an opportunity, and while he is intent upon it, it becomes him to be devoured; for good men impoverish me, bad ones nourish me. Bad men increase my property; industrious men are a loss to me; wicked fellows are my gain.—*Sim.* A curse on you! which the gods will give to you who are so wicked!—*Har.* [In front.] But I am delaying now, that I don't knock at these doors, to know whether Ballio may be at home. [Five lines omitted.] Harkye! Hillo! [He knocks thundering at the door.] Where are ye all?—*Ball.* Hillo! young man, what's owed to you there? [To SIMO.] I shall go loaded with plunder from this chap! To me he is good luck.—*Har.* [Knocking again violently.] Does

any one open this door?—*Ball.* Hillo! Cloak-fellow, what is owed to you there?—*Har.* [*Turning about and staring.*] I seek the master of the house, the Pimp Ballio!—*Ball.* Whoever you are, young man, make short work of your seeking!—*Har.* Why now?—*Ball.* Because he himself present sees you present before his face. [*BALLIO and SIMO advance to him.*]—*Har.* [*Staring at SIMO.*] Are you he?—*Sim.* Why, mister cloak-man; guard against a sad mishap, and stretch out your finger against him, [*points to BALLIO*] for he is a Pimp!—*Ball.* [*Pointing to SIMO.*] This is a fine man!—*Har.* Are you talking with me now, eh?—*Ball.* I do talk to you; what do you wish to yourself?—*Har.* [*Diving in his pockets, and grubbing out an old dirty purse.*] Take this money!—*Ball.* Already I have stretched out my hand, if you may give it me.—*Har.* Take it! [*Gives him the purse.*] Here are five pounds of money chosen and ready counted! My master Polymachæroplacides ordered me to bring this to you, which he did owe, and that you would send Phænicium along with me!—*Ball.* Your master?—*Har.* So I say.—*Ball.* The officer?—*Har.* So I speak.—*Ball.* The Macedonian?—*Har.* Yes, I say.—*Ball.* Has Polymachæroplacides sent you to me?—*Har.* You say the truth.—*Ball.* [*Holding the purse.*] That you should give me this money?—*Har.* If you are indeed the Pimp Ballio.—*Ball.* And that you should carry away the woman from me?—*Har.* Ay.—*Ball.* Has he said that it was Phænicium?—*Har.* You remember right.—*Ball.* Wait there! [*He takes SIMO on one side.*]—*Har.* But hasten now in a hurry! for I am in haste. You see that there is much yet to be done in the day.—*Ball.* I see. [*Points to SIMO.*] I want to apply to this man also! Wait only there! I will return to you even now. [*To SIMO aside.*] What now shall be done, Simo? What are we to do? I plainly understand this man, who has brought the money.—*Sim.* What now is it?—*Ball.* Do you not know what this affair may be?—*Sim.* I am nearly with the most ignorant.—*Ball.* Verily that man, the rogue Pseudolus, how skilfully he has hatched a cheating trick! He has given to this fellow so much money as the soldier owed, and dressed out this man, who should call for the woman. This Pseudolus of yours employed here this man, as if he were from the Macedonian officer.—*Sim.* Have you the money from the

man?—*Ball.* Do you ask about that which you see here? [*Opens his hand with the purse in it.*]—*Sim.* Harkye! Remember therefore to give me of the plunder, half of that! It is right that *that* should be between us.—*Ball.* What! A curse! Why the whole of it is yours!—*Har.* [*Bawling loud.*] How soon are you to attend to me?—*Ball.* I am attending to you truly. [*To SIMO.*] What now do you advise me, Simo?—*Sim.* Let us make game of this speculating fellow!—*Ball.* Very well! until he himself shall have perceived, that he is made sport of. [*To HARPAX loudly.*] Come hither you! [*HARPAX goes to them.*] What do you say? Now are you the servant of that man?—*Har.* Most certainly.—*Ball.* For how much has he bought you?—*Har.* By victory in battle, at the price of his own strength. For I was a very great commander at home in my own country!—*Ball.* Has he ever sacked the prison, your native place?—*Har.* If you shall affront me, you shall hear of it!—*Ball.* In how many days have you come from Sicyo hither?—*Har.* By the next day at noon.—*Ball.* You came diligently, faith! How speedy this man is! [*Four lines omitted.*] When the soldier used to go by night to the watch-guard, did you go with him there? Did the sword of the soldier fit your scabbard?—*Har.* [*Looking savage at him.*] Go you, and be hanged!—*Ball.* It must how ever be for you to go there at a proper time to-day.—*Har.* But now, do you send out the woman to me, or give me back the money!—*Ball.* Wait!—*Har.* Why may I wait?—*Ball.* Tell me about that long cloak, how much it was hired for?—*Har.* [*Surlily.*] What is it?—*Ball.* What does your long sword gain for you?—*Har.* [*Staring.*] There is need of hellebore for these men!—*Ball.* [*Taking him by the cloak.*] Hillo! ho!—*Har.* [*Struggling off.*] Let me go!—*Ball.* What price would your flapped hat take away this day from your master?—*Har.* How, from my master? What are you dreaming about? I have all these things indeed of my own, [*takes off his hat, and looks at it*] bought with my own money!—*Ball.* Is it the money that your trowsers have? Answer I beg, this thing truly and seriously that I ask you! What do you earn now? At what small price has Pseudolus hired you?—*Har.* Who is that Pseudolus?—*Ball.* Your tutor, who taught you this deceit, that you might take away the woman from me by cheatings.—*Har.* What Pseudolus do you talk of to me,

and what cheatings? Which man I have not known of any colour.—*Ball.* You are not getting out of that now! There is no profit for a cheat here to-day! Then you, take a message to Pseudolus; that another has carried off the prize, who came here, the prior Harpax.—*Har.* I am verily and indeed that Harpax!—*Ball.* Yes, you want indeed to be so! [*To SIMO.*] This is an arrant cheat.—*Har.* I gave you money, and awhile ago coming here, a token at once to your servant, and a letter sealed with the image impressed of my master, here before the door!—*Ball.* Have you given a letter to my servant? What servant?—*Har.* Syrus.—*Ball.* There is no depending on this. This man is a wicked cheat! He is badly versed in all the minutiae of it. Why the true Harpax himself brought that letter hither to me!—*Har.* I am called Harpax! servant of the Macedonian officer. I neither do any thing cheatingly, nor malignantly, nor have I known that Pseudolus, what man he may be, nor do I know him.—*Sim.* [*To BALLIO.*] Unless it is a wonder, Pimp, you have evidently lost the woman!—*Ball.* I fear that truly more and more, when I hear his words.—*Sim.* In fact also for a while past that Syrus freezes my heart, who received this token! Wonders are here! He is certainly Pseudolus. [*To HARPAX.*] Harkye you! Of what appearance was he awhile ago, to whom you gave the token?—*Har.* A certain red-haired man, with thick legs, swarthy, with a large head, sharp eyes, red face, and very large feet!—*Sim.* You have destroyed us, after you mentioned the feet. It was Pseudolus himself.—*Ball.* [*Striking his forehead.*] It is all over with me! I now die, Simo.—*Har.* Odds-bobs I will not suffer you to die, unless the money is given back to me, the whole twenty pounds.—*Sim.* And also to me twenty other pounds.—*Ball.* [*To SIMO.*] Will that sum be taken away from me, which I promised only in a joke? At least give Pseudolus to me!—*Sim.* Shall I give up Pseudolus to you? What has he done wrong? Have I not told you a hundred times, that you should take care of yourself from him?—*Ball.* He has destroyed me!—*Sim.* But he has bilked me out of twenty good pounds!—*Ball.* What shall I do now?—*Har.* If you shall have given me the money, go and hang yourself!—*Ball.* May the gods destroy you! Follow me therefore this way to the Forum, that I may pay you.—*Har.* I follow you.—*Ball.* To-day I shall be rid of stran-

gers. To-morrow I will have to do with citizens. [*Five lines omitted.*] It is certain, that I am making this day, the day of death to me, instead of my birth-day! [*Exeunt BALLIO and HARPAX at the back scene.*]

## SCENA OCTAVA.

Manet SIMO.

*Sim.* [*Looking after them.*] I touched that fellow well! But my servant touched well his enemy! Now I am determined to lie in wait for Pseudolus, in a different manner from what is done in comedies, where they lie in wait for servants with goads and whips. But I will now without revenge, draw out the twenty pounds, which I promised him in case he should have effected the matter. I will take them down against him voluntarily. That man Pseudolus is very skilful, very crafty, and very bad! And has exceeded Dolus at Troy, and Ulysses! Now I will go in-doors, and draw forth the money, and lie in wait for Pseudolus. [*Exit SIMO into his house.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter PSEUDOLUS from the side scene drunk, and having his head crowned with a garland and chaplet.*

*Pseu.* [*Staggering forward.*] What's all this? Does this happen in this way? [*He staggers.*] Do ye stand or not, good feet of mine? Or, do you wish that some one may take me up, when sprawling here? Now, odds-bobs, if I shall have fallen [*looks down at his feet,*] it will be your fault. [*He tries to step forward, and reels, but recovers.*] Now are you proceeding to get forward, feet of mine? Ah, I must be in a rage to-day! Now this is a great fault in wine, it lays hold of the feet first, and is a false wrestler! Verily and truly I am marching off [*moves a step or two, but staggers and recovers*]

at this time nobly drunk! Where's the need, that I should make much prosing? This wine is a man's sole reason, why he may love life. Here are all pleasures; in this are all the glories of the world. [*Ten lines omitted.*] In this way have I, and my younger master, spent this whole day in good will together, after that I performed all my work as I wished, the enemy being put to flight. [*Ten lines and a half left out, as objectionable.*] I came out hither then [*hiccups*] that I might get rid of a surfeit. Now I am coming from my young master to my elder master, to put him in mind of our bargain. [*He goes up staggering to SIMO's door, and knocks.*] Open ye the door! [*Knocks again louder.*] Open the door! Hillo there! Tell ye to Simo, some or other of you, that I am here! [*He retires a little from the door, and balances himself.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter SIMO from his house, with a purse of money in his hand.*

*Sim.* The voice of a very bad man calls me out of doors! [*He looks about, and seeing PSEUDOLUS, stares at him with astonishment.*] But what is this? how is it? what are you about? do I see you thus?—*Pseu.* [*Staggering towards him.*] You see your Pseudolus drunk, with a chaplet on his head!—*Sim.* This is freely done, verily and indeed! [*As he stands PSEUDOLUS rocks his body to and fro.*] But see the attitude of his standing! Is he frightened on my account, I wonder? I am thinking now, whether I may rather speak to him harshly or kindly! But this that I carry in my hand [*holds up the purse*] hinders my being harsh to him now, if there is any hope to me contained in this.—*Pseu.* [*Staggering along close up to him.*] A bad man goes to meet a very good man.—*Sim.* May the gods love you, Pseudolus!—*Pseu.* Fix me now steadily, and take care that I may not fall! Don't you see me, how wet with wine I be?—*Sim.* What is this impudence, that you should go in the day-time thus, drunk with a chaplet?—*Pseu.* [*Hiccuping.*] Why now it pleases me much.—*Sim.* I do believe really, you wretch you, that you would be able to drink up four most plentiful grape-harvests of Campania in one season!—*Pseu.* Say, in the winter

season.—*Sim.* You admonish well. But tell me however, from whence I may say, that you brought that deep-laden bark of yours?—*Pseu.* I have been drinking just now along with your son. But harkye, Simo, how very handsomely Ballio has been touched! Those things that I told you of, how I made them be effected!—*Sim.* Do you hold him in derision? He is a very bad man.—*Pseu.* I caused that this woman, quite free, be united with your son!—*Sim.* I know all things in train, as you did every thing.—*Pseu.* Why therefore do you hesitate to give me the money?—*Sim.* You ask for your right, I do confess. [*He gives him the purse.*] Hold it fast now.—*Pseu.* But you did deny that you would give it to me, and yet you give it! [*To them enter BALLIO from the back scene.*] Give this man something! [*Points to BALLIO.*] And then do you follow me this way!—*Sim.* May I give him any thing?—*Pseu.* You will give him something, I know.—*Sim.* What shall I do to this man? He readily takes away my money from me, and then makes sport of me!—*Pseu.* Woe to the conquered! [*Pulls BALLIO in front of him.*] Turn yourself this way, man! do you hear?—*Ball.* I never thought this could have happened with regard to me, that I should become a suppliant to you! Alas! Alas! Alas! [*Wrings his hands with distress.*]—*Pseu.* Leave off you!—*Ball.* I heavily grieve!—*Pseu.* Unless you would grieve, I should grieve!—*Ball.* [*Looking at the purse in his hand.*] What's this you have? Do you want to take away money, Pseudolus, from your master?—*Pseu.* With a most willing heart and mind!—*Ball.* Do you not choose to do a favour to me, as to some part of the money from this?—*Pseu.* I know you will say that I am greedy. For you never shall be richer by one penny from this! Nor would it pity you of my back, if I could not have effected this to-day.—*Ball.* There will be a time when I shall punish you if I live! [*He steps away departing.*]—*Pseu.* Why do you threaten? Sure I have my back here for you.—*Ball.* Go on just now!—*Pseu.* Therefore return!—*Ball.* Why may I return?—*Pseu.* Return here only! You shall not be deceived.—*Ball.* [*Coming back.*] I do return.—*Pseu.* To drink along with me.—*Ball.* Must I go for that purpose?—*Pseu.* Do what I order you. If you go, [*points to the purse in his hand*] I will make you take away from this either half, or even more than that.—*Ball.* I go;





CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

CHARMIDES, *an old gentleman, an Athenian merchant.*

LESBONICUS, *the son of Charmides.*

STASIMUS, *servant to Charmides and Lesbonicus.*

CALLICLES, *a friend of Charmides and Lesbonicus.*

MEGARONIDES, *a friend of Charmides and Callicles.*

PHILTO, *an old gentleman.*

LYSITELES, *the son of Philto.*

*A cheating sycophant or sharper.*

M. ACCII PLAUTI

TRINUMMUS.

SCENE.—*A street, with houses and temples. CALLICLES'S house on one side, and PHILTO'S on the other, with their doors opposite.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter MEGARONIDES from the back scene and advances.*

*Meg.* In truth to scold a friend for a deserved fault, is a deed in general out of our duty, but in advanced age is a matter useful and profitable. Therefore I will reprove my friend this day for deserved bad conduct, unwilling indeed as I am, unless that my friendship may invite me to do it. In truth this disease of depravity has too much encroached on good morals, so sick between life and death are nearly all the people. But while some are in a distempered state thus, in the mean time bad morals, like irrigated grass, have sprouted forth most fruitfully. Nor is there any thing now plentiful here, unless bad morals! It is in one's power now to reap a most plentiful harvest of these, and here, as is too much the case, a set of men make it a matter of more account to obtain the favour of a very few, than do that which may profit the public in general. Favours thus outdo that which is really advantageous. Favours that are a hindrance in many points, and are odious, and cause the obstruction of private and public good. [*He retires in meditation.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter CALLICLES from his house. He turns round, and speaks to his wife within.*

*Call.* I wish that our Lar may be decorated with a garland to-day. Now wife, have respect for him, that this dwelling may turn out to us good, lucky, happy, and fortunate. [*He turns away from the door, and advances.*] And that I may see you as soon as it be possible, a dead woman.—*Meg.* [*Behind.*] This is he, who has become a boy in his old age; who has been guilty of a reprobable fault. I will accost the man! [*He goes towards CALLICLES.*]—*Call.* Whose voice sounds near me?—*Meg.* Of your well-wisher, if you are so as I wish, but if you are otherwise, of your enemy, and one angry with you.—*Call.* Health to you, O my friend and equal! [*He shakes hands with him.*] How fare you, Megaronides?—*Meg.* Health to you sincerely also, Callicles! Are you well? have you been well?—*Call.* I am well, and have been very well. *Meg.* How does your wife do? how is she in health?—*Call.* Better than I wish!—*Meg.* It is well for you, that she is in good health, and lives.—*Call.* I believe indeed that you rejoice, if there is any evil to me!—*Meg.* That which is good to me, I desire the same to be to all my friends.—*Call.* Harkye, how does *your* wife do?—*Meg.* She is immortal. She lives, and is about to live.—*Call.* You tell me good news indeed; and I pray the gods, that remaining alive, she may support your life!—*Meg.* If she were only married with *you* indeed, I may in truth wish the matter so!—*Call.* Do you wish we may change wives? that I may marry yours, and you marry mine?—*Meg.* Have your own wife, as you have got her; a bad thing known is best. For if I now were to take an unknown one, I may not know what I may do. But listen to this, and have done with your jokes, for I come hither to you for a certain purpose.—*Call.* Why do you come?—*Meg.* That I may scold you with many bad words. *Call.* Me?—*Meg.* Is there any one else here besides you and me?—*Call.* [*Looking about.*] There is no one.—*Meg.* Why therefore do you ask, whether I am to scold you, or not? unless you think, that I am to reprove myself. [*Six lines omitted.*]—*Call.* What comes into your mind, that you talk

to me thus?—*Meg.* Because it becomes all good men and good women, to keep suspicion and fault from themselves.—*Call.* Each thing cannot happen.—*Meg.* Why?—*Call.* Do you ask? I know in my own breast, suppose, that I will not commit a fault. Suspicion lies in another person's breast. For if I may suspect, that you stole the crown from the head of Jupiter from the capitol, if you may not have done that, and yet it may please me to suspect it, how can you hinder me that I may not suspect it? But I desire to know that business, whatever it is.—*Meg.* Have you any friend or intimate, whose heart may be wise?—*Call.* Verily I'll speak the truth. There are some, whom I know to be friends. Some there are, whom I suspect. There are those, whose dispositions and minds I cannot know, whether they may incline to the part of a friend, or an enemy. But you are the surest of my most certain friends. If you know that I have done any thing foolishly, or wickedly, if you do not accuse me of that, you yourself are to be reprov'd.—*Meg.* I know that, and if I came hither for any other cause, you request what is right.—*Call.* I am waiting for it, if you may have any thing to say.—*Meg.* In the first place of all then, you are badly spoken of in the conversations of the people. Your fellow-citizens stamp you as greedy of filthy lucre. But there are also others, who call you a vulture. That you care not whether you devour enemies or citizens. When I hear these things said against you, I am wretched tortured.—*Call.* It is, and it is not in my own power, Megaronides. With regard to their saying it, *that* is not in my power. That they may not deservedly say it, *that* is within my power.—*Meg.* Was this Charmides your friend?—*Call.* He was, and is now. That you may believe it to be so, I will tell you a matter as authority. That is to say, after his son dissipated his property, and he himself was dragged down to poverty, and that his daughter was a grown-up girl, also that his mother was dead, and his wife dead, as he was to go himself hence to Seleucia, he recommended his virgin daughter to me, and all his property, and that profligate son. If he were my enemy, I believe he would not trust these to me.—*Meg.* What do you say as to the young man, whom you see to be corrupted, and who has been committed to your trust and care, why do you not recover him? why do you not correct

him for the better? It had been somewhat more just of you to give attention to the matter, that you might somehow make him a better man, and not that you yourself should accede to the same infamy, and mix together his bad disposition along with your evil way.—*Call.* What have I done?—*Meg.* That which a bad man would do.—*Call.* That is not my way.—*Meg.* Have you bought or not this house from the young man? [*A pause.*] Why are you silent? This, where you yourself now dwell? [*Points to CALLICLES'S house.*]—*Call.* I bought it, and gave money, forty pounds, to the young man himself, into his hand.—*Meg.* You gave the money?—*Call.* It was done, nor does it grieve me of the deed.—*Meg.* A young man truly given up to a bad trust! Hav'nt you given him by these means a sword to kill himself with? What else is it, or what difference is there, your giving money to a young man loving women, and weak of mind, to build up his extravagance when commenced?—*Call.* Should I not pay him the money?—*Meg.* You should not give it him. You should neither buy any thing from him, nor sell to him. Nor should you give him opportunity, by which he might become worse. Have you wronged *him* who has been committed to you? He that committed him to you, have you driven that man out of his house? Upon my word it was well entrusted to you, and finely taken care of! Believe this, he might have managed his own affair better.—*Call.* You subdue me, Megaronides, with your accusations in a manner quite novel, so that what was trusted to my silence, faith, and confidence, and that I should not tell it to any one, lest I might make it public, it may be necessary now to confide to you.—*Meg.* Whatever you shall have confided to me, you will find it, where you shall have placed it.—*Call.* Look round you then, lest any witness may be near us. [*The other looks on every side.*] And I beg of you, again look round! [*His friend examines the altar and the house-doors.*]—*Meg.* [*Coming back to him.*] I listen now, if you may tell me any thing!—*Call.* If you can be silent, I will speak—As Charmides went from hence abroad, he shewed me a treasure in this house, here in a certain closet—[*CALLICLES starts as if hearing a noise.*] But do look about!—*Meg.* [*Looking round.*] There is no one.—*Call.* [*Continuing his narration.*] Of Philippian pieces to the number of three

thousand. Alone with me, and weeping, he entreated me through friendship and trust, that I would not let that be known to his son, nor to any one, by whom it might be divulged to him. Now if he comes back here safe, I will give back his own to him. If any thing shall have happened there, I certainly have a store, from whence I may give a portion to his daughter, who was committed to me, that I may fix that condition of life upon her, that is befitting her.—*Meg.* [*In surprise.*] O immortal gods! how soon in a few words you have made me another man! I had come to you quite different. But as you have begun, go on further to inform me!—*Call.* What shall I tell you? how that profligate young man has almost entirely destroyed his wisdom and my trust, and all those hidden things!—*Meg.* How so?—*Call.* Because, while I am in the country only six days, without consulting me, and I being absent and ignorant, he advertises this house to be sold.—*Meg.* The wolf thus was ravenous the more, and pressed on more furiously. He observed that the dogs were asleep, and wished to turn aside the whole entire flock.—*Call.* He would have done it in truth, unless the dogs might have perceived it beforehand. But now I want to ask you in my turn, what was my duty that I should do, and let me know it; whether it was right that I should discover the treasure to him, against that very thing which his father might have begged of me? or should I suffer another master to be in possession of this house? Should the money be his, that bought it? I bought the house rather, and gave the money for the sake of the treasure, that I might deliver it up to my friend. Nor have I bought the house for myself, nor my own profit. I have bought it back for him again. I gave the money from myself. These things are so. Whether right or wrong, they are done. I confess, Megaronides, that I have done so. *There see my bad deeds! There is my avarice for you! On account of these things do your revilings bear on me?*—*Meg.* Stop! you have conquered your chastiser! You have shut up my tongue. There is nothing that I can answer.—*Call.* Now I beg of you that you may assist me with your care and counsel, and may hold in common with me this duty of mine!—*Meg.* I promise you my assistance.—*Call.* Therefore where will you be a short time hence?—*Meg.* At

home!—*Call.* Do you wish any thing else?—*Meg.* That you may mind your trust.—*Call.* It is done diligently.—*Meg.* But what do you say?—*Call.* What do you want?—*Meg.* Where does the young man now keep?—*Call.* When he sold the house, he retained to himself this back-apartment here.—*Meg.* I wished to know that. In truth go away now. [*CALLICLES moves off a few steps.*] But what do you say?—*Call.* [*Coming back.*] What?—*Meg.* The girl, I suppose, is now with you?—*Call.* She is so, and I take care of her, almost as if she were my own.—*Meg.* You do rightly.—*Call.* Before I depart, are you about to ask me any thing?—*Meg.* Farewell! [*Exit CALLICLES into his house.*] Nothing in truth is more foolish and stupid, nor more false-tongued, nor more tattling, nor more audacious, nor more perjured, than these citizens, so diligent in town, whom they call witty jesters! And I myself thus conduct myself in the same way along with them, who have been a receiver of their false words. Men who pretend that they know all things, neither do they really know any thing. They know only what every one of them has in his mind, or is about to have. They know, as they fancy, what a king may have whispered to his queen. They know too what Juno said in conversation with Jupiter! Things which never were about to be, and never were done, yet those chaps know them. They care not a straw whether they may praise, or abuse, whom they like, falsely or truly, as long as they may be sure of that, which can be agreeable to them. All men used to say, that this Callicles was unworthy of this realm, and even to live, who could have ruined this young man with his own money. From the words of these tale-bearers, in ignorance sprung forward to chastise my harmless friend. But if the authority was required always from the root, from whence those men can tell of what was heard, unless *that* may appear clear, the matter ought to be with loss and injury to the tale-bearer. If this were done so, it were done for the public good. I would cause that there be few, who may know what really they don't know, and that they may have their silly talking more confined. [*Exit MEGADORUS at the back scene.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter LYSITELES from PHILTO's house, and advances, wrapt in thought.*

*Lys.* I am revolving many things in my mind at once, and get much uneasiness in thinking of them. I myself am heating myself, and fretting and fatiguing myself. Hence my working mind is a master over me. But this thing is not clear to me, nor enough studied by me, which plan of the two I may rather follow for myself, that I may judge of greater stability for passing my life; whether it may be preferable that I should be subservient to love, or obtaining property in the world. On which side of the question there may be more pleasure of life, to the passing one's years, of this matter it is not perfectly clear to me. [*Nineteen lines omitted as tedious.*] Love in truth gives bitter things to you in plenty, which circumstance may be of bad consequence. This quality avoids the Forum, drives away your relatives, and itself drives itself away from its own contemplation. Nor do any men wish, that a man such as that be called their friend. In a thousand ways love is to be known nothing of, is to be kept afar off, and abstained from. For whosoever has fallen into love, perishes worse, than if he may leap from a rock. Then, get you gone, Love! Keep your business to yourself! O Love, may you not ever be my friend! There are some however whom thou canst keep wretchedly and miserably, whom thou hast made liable to thee. I am determined to apply my mind to worldly advantage, though in that is practised great labour to the mind. Good men wish these things to themselves; property, trust, honour, glory, and favour. This is the reward to upright men. Therefore it pleases me more to live with upright men, rather than with wicked vain-talking people.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter PHILTO from his house.*

*Phil.* [*Looking about.*] Where has that man taken himself abroad out of the house?—*Lys.* [*Coming up to him.*] I am here, father! Order me any thing. I will neither delay you, nor will I hide myself from your sight in any skulking place.—*Phil.* You will have done what is consonant to your other actions, if you will reverence your father. Now I exhort you by your duty; I am unwilling, my son, that you hold any conversation with wicked men, neither to talk to them in the street, nor in the Forum. I have known this age, of what morals it may be. A bad man wishes a good man to be bad, that he may be like himself. Bad morals disturb and jumble every thing. There is the rapacious man, and the covetous, and also the envious. They make a sacred thing profane, and a public thing their private emolument. It is a greedy nation. I grieve at these things. These are the affairs that torture me. [*Seven lines omitted as tedious.*] But live thou in my method, and ancient manners. The things, which I prescribe to you, practise *them*. I have no patience with those silly ways, and confused ones, with which even good men disgrace themselves. If you will fulfil these my commands, things many and good will settle in your breast.—*Lys.* Ever until this age from early youth, I have given a submission to your commands and precepts, father. With respect to my mind, I have supposed myself to be free. And as to your command, I have thought it right, that my mind should serve a servitude to you.—*Phil.* [*Five lines omitted.*] If you have conquered your mind, rather than your mind has conquered you, that is what you may rejoice at. It is much more proper that you should be so as is requisite, than as it pleases your inclination. They who conquer their mind are always estimated better men, than those whom their inclination subdues.—*Lys.* I always had these things as a covering protection to my age; that I should never carry myself to any place, where there might be an assemblage of what is bad; that I should not go by night to walk about, and that I should not take away his own from any other man. That I should not produce un-

easiness to you, my father, I have diligently taken care.—*Phil.* Are you reproaching me as to any thing? As to that which you have done well, you did it for yourself, not for me. My age is almost passed. That matter chiefly signifies to your own. That is a good man, whom it does not repent how good he may be, and of what good thrift. He who himself only pleases himself, is neither good, nor of good thrift.—*Lys.* On account of that subject, father, I have thought of these things, that there is a certain matter, which I wish that I may obtain from you by entreaty.—*Phil.* What is that? I delight to comply with you.—*Lys.* To this young man here, of a very great family, and my friend and equal, who has managed his property less cautiously and considerately than should be, father, I am willing to do a benefit, if you are not unwilling!—*Phil.* Of your own means, I suppose?—*Lys.* Of my own certainly. Now what is yours is mine, but all mine is yours.—*Phil.* How does he go on? is he in want?—*Lys.* He is in need.—*Phil.* Had he a fortune?—*Lys.* He had.—*Phil.* How has he lost it? was he related to public business, or maritime affairs? had he merchandise, or any articles to be sold, when he lost his property?—*Lys.* Nothing of those things.—*Phil.* What therefore?—*Lys.* By his goodnature in truth, father. Besides, to please his mind, he dissipated some of it in luxuries and delights.—*Phil.* See there now truly, a man spoke of almost as your intimate! who never indeed broke his fortune by any thing that was good, and is now in want. I have no patience that he should be your friend with qualities of that sort.—*Lys.* Because he is without all bad disposition, I am willing to bear with his poverty.—*Phil.* That man deserves ill from a reduced beggar, who gives him what he eats, and what he may drink; for he both loses that which he gives, and produces a life to the other tending to misery. I do not say this for that reason, that I may not be willing to do what you wish; and in fact I will do it willingly; but when I say this word to any person, I am to shew to you, that it must pity you of all others in such a way, that it may not pity others of you.—*Lys.* It shames me to desert him, and decline assistance in his adversity.—*Phil.* Faith it is better to be ashamed, than to suffer grief and vexation.—*Lys.* In truth I will say, father, we have

much riches well got, by the power of the gods, and of our ancestors, and by your own power. If you may have benefited a friend, let it not grieve you to have done so; but that it may shame you rather, if you may not have done it.—*Phil.* If you may take any thing from great riches, does it become more or less?—*Lys.* Less, father. But do you know what is wont to be sung to a niggardly citizen? “Have not what you have; and that which you have, esteem it a bad thing to have; since you can neither bear to benefit yourself, nor another.”—*Phil.* I know indeed that it used to be so; but, my son, that man is blameless, who has nothing with which he may perform his duty.—*Lys.* We have riches by the power of the gods, which we may both use ourselves, and with which we may be united with other benevolent men.—*Phil.* Now, faith, I cannot refuse you any thing that you may wish. Whose poverty do you wish to relieve? Speak out openly to your father.—*Lys.* This young man’s Lesbonicus, the son of Charmides, who dwells there. [*He points to CALLICLES’S house.*—*Phil.* He who has devoured what was his own, and what was not.—*Lys.* Do not rail at him, father! Many things happen to a man, that he likes, and also that he does not like.—*Phil.* Come now, speak out, what you now wish to give him!—*Lys.* Nothing at all, father! [*Seven lines omitted, the scene being so very long.*] Do thou only hinder me not from receiving it, if he may give any thing to me.—*Phil.* If you shall have received any thing from him, pray will you relieve his poverty by that?—*Lys.* By that now, father.—*Phil.* Now faith, I wish you may teach me that piece of wisdom.—*Lys.* Certainly. Do you know him, from what family he may be born?—*Phil.* I know he is from one excellent good.—*Lys.* There is his sister, a fine girl grown up! I desire, father, to make her my wife!—*Phil.* What? without a portion?—*Lys.* Yes, without a portion.—*Phil.* Your wife?—*Lys.* Just so, and your money being safe too. By this means you will have the greatest favour from him. Nor will you be able to help him by any means more conveniently.—*Phil.* Shall I suffer you to take a wife without a portion?—*Lys.* You must suffer it, father; and by that means you will have added fine reputation to our family.—*Phil.* Truly since I see you bringing in both friendship and favour into our family, though I have been

opposed to you, I judge the matter thus; I permit you to ask for the girl, and to marry her.—*Lys.* [*Clapping his hands.*] May the gods have preserved you to me! But add to that favour one thing!—*Phil.* But what is that one thing?—*Lys.* I will speak it out. You yourself go to him, you yourself conciliate him, you yourself ask for the girl!—*Phil.* Let me see now about that!—*Lys.* You will very quickly transact it. All will be strong, that you shall have done. One word of yours will be more weighty to that affair, than a hundred of mine.—*Phil.* Behold you now, I have agreed to this business in kindness. My assistance shall be given.—*Lys.* You are an obliging man! This is the house. [*He points to CALLICLES’S door.*] Here he keeps. His name is Lesbonicus. Come on now, and mind the affair! I will wait for you at home. [*Exit LYSITELES into PHILTO’S house.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

PHILTO solus.

*Phil.* These things are not very good, nor as I think it right to do. But they are better, than those things that are worse. But this one thing now consoles me and my mind, that he who counsels in respect to a son, nothing else than what pleases himself alone, does nothing at all, becomes wretched in mind, and makes the matter in no way more effectual. That man prepares a more inclement winter for his old age, when he stirs up that untimely storm. [*The door of CALLICLES’S house is opened.*] But lo! the house is opened now, where I was going. Opportunely Lesbonicus himself is going out of doors with his servant. [*PHILTO retires.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter from CALLICLES’S house LESBONICUS, followed by his servant STASIMUS.*

*Lesb.* There are less than fifteen days, since you received from Callicles forty pounds for this house; is this not so as I say, Stasimus?—*Stas.* When I consider, I seem to remember that it was done.—*Lesb.* What has been done with that money?—*Stas.* It was eaten and drunken, stripped

away, and washed away in the bagnios. The fishman, the baker carried it off. Also, the butchers, cooks, gardeners, perfumers, and poulterers. It was done up quickly, as if you were to throw a poppy to the ants. [*He gives his master a paper of accounts.*]—*Lesb.* [*Looking over it.*] Now less was taken up in these matters than six pounds.—*Stas.* Why what have you given to harlots?—*Lesb.* I subtract that from the money also.—*Stas.* Why what have I stole by cheating?—*Lesb.* Ay! ay! That is the principal account of it.—*Stas.* That cannot appear to you so, if you may pretend it; unless you suppose your money to be immortal; too late and foolish and what ought to have been taken care of before, a man after he has ate up his money, thinks of counting it afterward!—*Lesb.* The proper account of the money however by no means appears.—*Stas.* Indeed and verily the account appears there, but the money is gone. You received forty pounds from Callicles, and he received the house from you in right of possession.—*Lesb.* Yes, certainly.—*Phil.* [*Behind.*] I think our relation truly has sold his house! When his father shall come from abroad, his place is at the gate, unless perhaps he shall have crept into his son's stomach!—*Stas.* [*To his master.*] A thousand Olympian drachmas, which you owed of an account, have been paid to the banker.—*Lesb.* I suppose, those which I engaged for.—*Stas.* Verily say, those which I paid down! Those which you gave out according to engagement very lately for that young man, that you said was sick.—*Lesb.* It was done.—*Stas.* So that it must have been lost.—*Lesb.* That also happened, for I saw him miserable, and it pitied me for him.—*Stas.* It pitieth you of others, but of yourself it neither pitieth, nor shameth you.—*Phil.* [*Behind.*] It is the right time of accosting him. [*He advances.*]—*Lesb.* [*Looking round.*] Is this Philto who is coming to me? It is certainly he himself.—*Stas.* Truly faith I were to wish, that he became my slave with all his money!—*Phil.* [*Coming up.*] Philto most truly salutes the master and servant, Lesbonicus and Stasimus!—*Lesb.* May the gods give you, Philto, whatever things you may wish for! How is your son?—*Phil.* He wishes well to you.—*Lesb.* Truly he does what is mutual with me.—*Phil.* My son sent me to you, that I might conciliate affinity and good-will between him and you. He wishes to marry your sister, and I

have the same opinion, and wish it.—*Lesb.* [*Stares at him looking surprised.*] Aha! I know your way. In your prosperity you laugh at my calamities.—*Phil.* [*Putting his hand on his breast.*] I am a man. You are a man. So shall Jupiter love me, I neither came to deride you, nor do I think you worthy of it. But this matter is as I said. My son entreated me, that I should require your sister as a wife for him.—*Lesb.* It is right that I may have known the course of my own affairs. Our party is not equal with yours. Seek ye some other affinity for yourselves.—*Stas.* [*Aside to him.*] Are you sound of mind or intellect, who can reject this proposal! Truly I observe that a friend is found ready to help you.—*Lesb.* [*To STASIMUS.*] Get away hence to the gibbet!—*Stas.* If faith I were to begin to go there, you would forbid it!—*Lesb.* [*To PHILTO.*] Unless you want me as to any thing else, Philto, I have answered you.—*Phil.* I trust, Lesbonicus, that you will be kinder to me one day, than I now find you to be. Be it known, that both to act foolishly, and to talk foolishly, each at once in a man's life, is not a good thing, Lesbonicus.—*Stas.* By Hercules, he says the truth!—*Lesb.* [*With his fist held up at STASIMUS.*] I will dig out your eye, if you shall have added a single word.—*Stas.* But odds-bobs I will speak however! for if it shall not be lawful to speak so here at present, I shall speak afterward blind of one eye!—*Phil.* [*To LESBONICUS.*] Do you say now thus, that your families and wealth are not equal with our ours?—*Lesb.* I do say so.—*Phil.* But why thus? if you shall have come into a house to supper, and if by chance a wealthy man shall have come there to you on the same footing, and a supper be laid down which they call a fine one, where rarities may have been gathered from clients—if any thing may please you that may have been gathered there, do you set about eating, or would you recline with the rich man without your supper?—*Lesb.* I should have eaten, unless he may forbid it.—*Stas.* But I faith, although he may forbid it, would eat and devour with both cheeks filled. [*Nine lines omitted.*]—*Phil.* Make yourself think thus, Lesbonicus, that it is best, that you yourself may be the best. If you cannot think that, at least that you may be the next to the best. Now I wish you, Lesbonicus, to give and receive this proposal, which I bring, and which I ask from you. The gods are rich, opulence be-

fits them, and power. But we are little beings of men, and when at once we have lost our small portion of life, the beggar and the most opulent man, when dead, is accounted with an equal valuation at Acheron.—*Stas.* It were a wonder, if you cannot carry your wishes there, that when you be dead, you may be in the same condition still, since your name is up for that.—*Phil.* Now that you may know, that party and riches are not here, and that we do not neglect your favour, I require for my son your sister without a portion. May which affair turn out happily! have I that agreed to? [*A pause.*] Why are you silent?—*Stas.* [*Clapping his hands.*] O immortal gods! of what a sort now is this proposal!—*Phil.* [*To LESBONICUS.*] Do but speak, and may the gods prosper it, the word, “I promise her.”—*Stas.* Alas! when there was no use in the word, he used to say, “I promise.” Now here, when there is need, he cannot say it.—*Lesb.* Since you think me worthy of your alliance, I have now great gratitude to you, Philto. But though in truth my folly has fallen heavily upon me, Philto, we have a piece of land under the city here, and I will give it as a portion to my sister. For that only is remaining and left to me of my folly, besides my life.—*Phil.* In truth I dwell not on a portion.—*Lesb.* I am determined to give it.—*Stas.* O my master, do you wish to give away from us that nurse of ours, which supports us? guard against having done that, what shall we ourselves eat afterward?—*Lesb.* [*To STASIMUS.*] Do you hold your tongue now! Shall I give an account to you?—*Stas.* [*Aside.*] We are evidently done for, unless I devise something. [*Beckons to PHILTO.*] Philto, I want you. [*He removes to a little distance, and beckons again to PHILTO.*]—*Phil.* [*Going to him.*] Do you wish for any thing, Stasimus?—*Stas.* Step aside some way hither. [*They go farther from LESBONICUS.*]—*Phil.* By all means.—*Stas.* I tell you this thing secretly, that he may not know it from you, nor any one else.—*Phil.* Trust to me boldly what pleases you!—*Stas.* By gods and men I say to you, that you must not have suffered that land ever to become yours, nor your son’s, and I will tell you the story of the affair.—*Phil.* In truth it pleases me to hear it.—*Stas.* First of all, when at any time the land is ploughed, in every fifth furrow the oxen die.—*Phil.* [*Knocking his stick down.*] Get you gone with that!—*Stas.* The gate of Acheron

is in our field! And besides, the wine fruit, before it is gathered, hangs stinking from the tree.—*Lesb.* [*Looking at them from a distance.*] He is persuading the man something, I believe, but though he is wicked, he is not unfaithful to me.—*Stas.* [*To PHILTO.*] Hear the rest, Sir! After that thing, when elsewhere there is the greatest harvest of wheat, there is a return of three times less, than you may have sown!—*Phil.* Aha! it must be that some bad habits are sown there, if they can die in the sowing.—*Stas.* Nor is there ever any one, whose property the field was, but the affair may have turned out in the worst way to him, whosoever it was. Some went to banish themselves, others died, and others hanged themselves. Now, this man whom it belongs to, how he is reduced to his wit’s end?—*Phil.* [*Shaking his head.*] Begone with that field from me!—*Stas.* You may say still more “begone with it,” if you shall have heard all things from me. For the trees alternate are struck with lightning. Most shockingly the hogs die of a sorethroat! The sheep are scabby, and alas, are as bare of wool, as my hand is. Then besides of the Syrian men, which is a race of people most hardy, no one remains, who may have lived there six months. All die so with the disease of the solstice!—*Phil.* I believe that to be so, Stasimus. But the Campanian race now outdoes by much the hardihood of the Syrians. But that piece of land, according as I have heard you tell, is truly the one, into which it is proper that all bad men should be publicly sent. [*Four lines omitted.*]—*Stas.* That field is the receptacle of all calamity. What need is there of words? Looking for any bad thing whatsoever, you can find it there.—*Phil.* But faith you may find it there, and elsewhere too.—*Stas.* Guard against your having said, that I told you this!—*Phil.* You have said it to one quite silent.—*Stas.* But this man indeed wishes that it should be put away from him, if in fact he could find any one, whom he can cheat about it.—*Phil.* The field verily and truly never shall be mine.—*Stas.* If you will be wise indeed! [*PHILTO goes towards LESBONICUS.*] Odds-bodikins I have frightened this old fellow from the field cleverly! For if my master shall have lost that, there is nothing that we may live upon.—*Phil.* I return to you, Lesbonicus!—*Lesb.* Tell me, I pray, what he has been saying with you.—*Phil.* What do you think? He is a man, and he wishes to be made



free; but he has not the money that he may give for it.—*Lesb.* And I wish to be rich, but in vain I wish it.—*Stas.* [*Aside.*] It was possible once if you would be willing, but now, because you have nothing, it is not possible.—*Lesb.* Stasimus, what are you saying with yourself?—*Stas.* Concerning that which you said just now; if you might have been willing before this, you could be a rich man. Now too late you desire it.—*Phil.* [*To LESBONICUS.*] You cannot agree with me concerning the portion. Whatever pleases you, transact it yourself with my son. Now I only require your sister for my son. May which affair 'turn out well! What now? [*A pause.*] Are you still considering?—*Lesb.* What as to him here? \* Since you wish it so, may the gods prosper it! I promise her to your son.—*Phil.* Never to any one in truth was a child born so wished for, as that word "I promise" has sprung up to me!—*Stas.* The gods will make blest your counsels.—*Phil.* So I wish!—*Lesb.* But, Stasimus, go away hither [*points to CALLICLES'S house*] to my sister, and to Callicles, and tell them this business, how it has been done.—*Stas.* I shall go.—*Lesb.* And congratulate my sister.—*Stas.* Certainly.—*Phil.* But go this way with me, Lesbonicus, [*points to his own house*] that a day may be fixed for the nuptials in Lysiteles's presence. We will confirm these things on that same day. [*Exit PHILTO into his own house.*]—*Lesb.* [*To STASIMUS.*] Take you care of that which I ordered! I will now continue here. Tell Callicles that he must meet me.—*Stas.* But do you go now!—*Lesb.* That he may see concerning the portion, what may be need of being done.—*Stas.* Go now at once!—*Lesb.* For it is certain, that I do not give her without a portion.—*Stas.* [*Showing his master.*] But go now, go!—*Lesb.* Nor indeed will I ever suffer, that a loss be to her.—*Stas.* [*Bawling in his ear.*] Get you gone now!—*Lesb.* My negligence.—*Stas.* [*Shouldering him.*] Go now!—*Lesb.* [*Clapping his hands together.*] O my father, it seems right, that I should not have done any thing bad.—*Stas.* Go, go, go, go!—*Lesb.* And that must be chiefly against me!—*Stas.* [*Pushing him violently.*] Get you gone now!—*Lesb.* O my father, lo shall I ever behold thee again!—*Stas.* [*Pushing him along to PHILTO'S door.*] Go now, go now, go! [*Exit LESBONICUS into PHILTO'S house.*] Well,

\* The expression "quid isthic" means, as it often does in Terence, "quid istum hic."

at last I have got him to go away. Gods and faith! In truth by a matter carried on in evil by me, how finely it was managed, so that the piece of land is saved to us! though it is still very doubtful, what may turn out concerning this affair. But if the field is alienated, it is all over with my neck. A shield must be borne, a helmet, and a knapsack in a foreign country! My master will fly away from the city, when the nuptials shall be over. He will go somewhere into utter destruction to pillage, either into Asia, or into Cilicia. [*He looks at CALLICLES'S door.*] I will go hither where it was commanded me, though I hate this house, ever after this master of mine drove us out of our walls. [*Exit STASIMUS into CALLICLES'S house.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter CALLICLES from his house, followed by STASIMUS.*

*Call.* In what way have you told that, Stasimus? that my master's son Lesbonicus has betrothed his sister?—*Stas.* In this way I said it.—*Call.* To what man hath he betrothed her?—*Stas.* To Lysiteles the son of Philto, and without a portion.—*Call.* Will he give her without a portion into so great riches? You say a thing incredible.—*Stas.* Why truly you may believe, or not. If you don't believe it, I will have believed now.—*Call.* What?—*Stas.* That I care not about it.—*Call.* How long ago was that, or when was it contracted?—*Stas.* Immediately before the door here.—*Call.* Has Lesbonicus become so much more frugal in his ruined condition, than in his affluence?—*Stas.* Why truly Philto himself came of his own accord to entreat for his son.—*Call.* Indeed and verily it will be a vile fault, unless a portion shall be given to the girl. Lastly in truth I think that that affair belongs to me. I will go to my reprovor, and will ask advice from him. [*Exit CALLICLES in haste at the back scene.*]—*Stas.* [*Solus.*] I almost perceive why that man may hurry there, and I smell out, that he may turn out Lesbonicus

from his land, since he has turned him out of his house. O my master Charmides, how your business is distracted here, while thou art absent! O that I may see you returned safe, that you may avenge your enemies, and that you may return the favour to me, as I have been, and am now towards you! It is a very rare case, that a friend be found, so as the name is called, to whom when you shall have trusted your business, you may sleep without any anxiety. [*He looks at Philto's door suddenly opened.*] But behold him, I see our son-in-law going along with his relative by marriage! I know not why, there is not much agreement between them. They are going with a quick step each of them. The one catches the preceding one by the cloak. They have stood near each other, in no pleasant way. I will go off here some little distance. I have a desire to hear the talk of these two relations. [*STASIMUS retires near the back scene.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter hastily from Philto's house LESBONICUS, followed by LYSITELES.*

*Lys.* [*Catching hold of his cloak.*] Stop now at once! Do not turn away, nor hide yourself from me!—*Lesb.* [*Shaking him off.*] Can't you suffer me to go where I was going?—*Lys.* If, Lesbonicus, it may seem to your advantage, or glory, or fame, I can suffer you.—*Lesb.* You do what is most easy to you.—*Lys.* What is that?—*Lesb.* An injury to a friend.—*Lys.* Neither is that my way, nor have I learned to do so.—*Lesb.* Untaught then, how cleverly you do it! What would you do, if any one might have taught you to be so hateful to me! who, when you pretend to do well to me, use me ill, and think evil.—*Lys.* What I?—*Lesb.* You truly!—*Lys.* What do I do bad?—*Lesb.* When you do that which I don't like.—*Lys.* I am desirous to consider well your advantage.—*Lesb.* Are you better to me, than I am to myself? I am wise enough, I see sufficiently for myself matters that may be to my advantage.—*Lys.* Is that to be wise, to reject a kindness from a well-wisher?—*Lesb.* I reckon that to be no kindness, which does not please *him*, on whom you may confer it. I know and perceive, myself, what I shall do, nor does this office go

from me. Nor am I driven by your words, that I may not mind public report.—*Lys.* What do you say? And now I cannot be restrained, but must say those things, that you deserve; have your ancestors so handed down their fame to you, that you should lose by crime things gained before by their virtue? and that you should become a despoiler of the honour of your posterity? Both your father and grandfather made a smooth and easy way for you to seek for honour. You have caused that *that* should be difficult by your own fault and negligence in a great degree, and with your foolish ways. You have wished to prefer your love of women to virtue. Do you believe now that you can cover your faults by these means? Ah! it is not so. Take virtue in your mind, and expel slothfulness from your heart! Attend your friends in the Forum, and not at the bed of your mistress, as you are wont! And I wish that piece of land to be left to you, on purpose that you may have wherewithal you may be able to correct yourself, and lest the citizens, whom you have your enemies, may be able to throw in your teeth your poverty.—*Lesb.* I know all things that you have said there, and shall even have subscribed to them, that I may have spoiled my paternal consequence, and that of my ancestors. I knew how it would become me to be, but was not able to do so, wretched as I was; so bound with the force of love, and captivated with ease! I fell into deception. And to you now, just as you deserve, I have the greatest gratitude.—*Lys.* But I cannot bear, that my attention should fall off thus, and that you should despise in your heart these words. At the same time it grieves me, that you are not ashamed. And lastly, unless you listen to me, and do this matter as I say, you yourself will lie behind yourself, so that honour may not find you. You will lie in secret, when you will wish yourself to be chiefly famous. I have known well, Lesbonicus, your unskilful mind. I know that you have not erred of your own accord, but that love darkened your breast, and I myself know all the ways of love. [*Six lines omitted as tedious and dull.*] But I advise you, that you may think with yourself over and over this matter, what you may wish to do at present. If you try that conduct, according as you now shew a sign, you will make a combustion of your whole family. And then therefore you

will have a desire of water, with which you may extinguish what you have done. And it will be, that if you shall have got it, as lovers are subtle in their heart, you will not leave one spark of fire, with which your family may brighten up.

\* —*Lesb.* You wish that I may give you my sister, and to persuade me to give her without portion. This is not agreeable to me; that I, who have abused so great paternal property, should moreover be in wealth, and retain a piece of land; but also that she should be in want of it; so that she might deservedly hate me. *He* never will be severe as to others' property, who makes himself unconcerned about his own. As I have said, so I will do. I am unwilling that you may be in doubt any longer.—*Lys.* Is it now so much better that you for your sister's sake incur poverty, and that I should have that land, rather than you, who must support your own establishment?—*Lesb.* I disapprove that you look so much to me, that you may lighten my poverty, but rather look to me, that poor I may not be disgraced, that they may not spread about this report, that I had given my own sister without portion thus into concubinage to you, more than into matrimony. Who can be said to be more profligate than me; and this spreading of a report, may do honour to you, but must defile me, if you shall have married my sister without a portion! To you it may be a gain of honour, to me it must be abuse, which they may throw in my teeth.—*Lys.* I know you in truth, how you are disposed in mind; I see it, I smell it out, I perceive it. You do it that you may have contracted our alliance between us, may have given that land to me, nor have any thing to support life, that you may fly from the city in poverty, may forsake your country a fugitive, your relations, your alliance, your friends, when the nuptials are once over. Then they may say, that by my effort you were frightened away hence, and by my avarice. Do not induce your mind to think, that I can suffer it to happen, that I could commit that.—*Stas.* [*Behind.*] I cannot but exclaim, Well done! Well done! Lysiteles, again you have the victory easily! [*STASIMUS comes up.*] This man is conquered! [*Pointing to LESBONICUS.*] Your performance has conquered! [*Pointing to LYSITELES.*]—*Lesb.* What is this interruption, or accession brought hither to your design?—*Stas.* In the same way that I have

acceded hither, I shall have abceded. [*He retires back.*]—*Lesb.* [*Pointing to CALLICLES's house.*] Go with me this way home, Lysiteles; there we will talk more of those affairs.—*Lys.* I am used to do nothing in private. As my mind is, so I will speak. If your sister, as I think right, is so given to me in marriage without a portion, and you are not about to depart hence, that which shall be mine, shall be yours. But if you are minded otherwise, may your conduct turn out well to you! I will never be a friend to you on any other condition. So is my fixed determination. [*Exit LYSITELES into PHILTO's house.*]—*Stas.* [*Advancing.*] He has now departed truly and verily! Hillo! do you hear! Lysiteles! [*Calling after him.*] I want you now! [*Exit LESBONICUS into CALLICLES's house.*] This man also has gone away hence. You remain alone, Stasimus. What now shall I do? unless that I may fasten my knapsack, and put my shield at my back, and order underleathers to be sewed beneath my socks. It cannot be delayed. [*Six lines omitted.*] I will now go to the Forum; and from the man to whom I lent a talent six days ago, will ask it back, that I may have provision for my journey, which I may carry along with me. [*Exit STASIMUS at the back scene.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter MEGARONIDES and CALLICLES, from the side scene.*

*Meg.* As you tell me the affair, Callicles, altogether it can by no means be, but that a portion must be given to the girl.—*Call.* For in truth it cannot almost be done honourably, that I may suffer her to marry without a portion, when I can have a property for her in my house at home.—*Meg.* That dowry is ready at home, unless you wish to wait; for her brother may possibly put her in a married state without a portion. Afterward go to Philto yourself, and tell him that you give the portion to her, and that you do that on account of the friendship of her father. But I am afraid of this; lest that promise may cast you into accusation and disgrace with the people. They may say, not without reason, that you are kind to the girl, because a portion was given you by her father, which you should give to her. That you are

bountiful to her from that, nor even so as it can be given, that you may stand safe with her, and they may say, that you have subtracted from it. Now, if you are willing to wait for the arrival of Charmides, it is a very long time to wait. Two hundred years may in the mean time have passed away.—*Call.* Be it known to you in truth, all those things come into my mind.—*Meg.* See if you think this thing more feasible, and to the purpose; that I may go to Lesbonicus, and acquaint him how the matter stands.—*Call.* What? that I may discover the treasure now to an ill-regulated young man full of love and wantonness? No, no, verily and truly, no! for I know for certain, that he will have eaten up the whole place where the treasure is fixed; which I am afraid to dig, lest he may hear the sound, and lest he may trace out the affair itself, if I shall have said, that I give the girl a portion.—*Meg.* In what way therefore can you proceed?—*Call.* The portion can be taken out secretly, while an opportunity may be found for that business; in the mean time you can ask for the money from a friend somewhere or other.—*Meg.* Can it be got from a friend now somewhere or other?—*Call.* It can.—*Meg.* Silly stuff! Truly you will have found at once that answer, “indeed and in truth I have not any thing that I can lend.”—*Call.* I can have rather truly, I would say to him, that you may speak truth, than that you may lend to me.—*Meg.* But see this plan if it pleases you.—*Call.* What plan is it?—*Meg.* I have found a clever scheme, as I think.—*Call.* What is it?—*Meg.* Let some man now be hired, as soon as possible, as if he were a foreigner.—*Call.* What is he to know to do afterward?—*Meg.* Let that man be drest now artfully according to a foreign fashion! his face must be unknown, and which may not have been seen; get some lying, impudent fellow for this purpose.—*Call.* What then afterward?—*Meg.* Let him come as if from Seleucia, to the young man from his father, that he may announce salutation to him in the words of his father; that he was managing his business successfully, was well and alive, and that he was about to return immediately; let him bring two letters; let us direct them, as if they may be from the father; let him give one to *him*, and say that he wants to give the other to you.—*Call.* Go on now further to tell me!—*Meg.* And let him say, that he brings gold to the girl from

her father, as a portion for her, and that her father had ordered him to give that gold to you. Do you take me now?—*Call.* Nearly; and I hear you with great satisfaction.—*Meg.* Then therefore you finally will give that gold to the young man, when the girl shall be placed into wedlock.—*Call.* Very cleverly indeed contrived!—*Meg.* By this, when you shall have dug out the treasure, you will have removed from the young man, any suspicion he might have. He will think that gold was brought to you from his father. You will take the money from the treasure.—*Call.* Very knowingly and well hit off! Although it shames me at this time of my age to be playing tricks. But when he shall bring sealed letters, if indeed he shall have brought sealed letters, do you not think, that *that* young man has known the stamp of his father's ring?—*Meg.* Do you not hold your tongue now? Six hundred reasons can be brought for that affair, for instance, he lost that which he had; he made another new one afterward. Now, if he shall not bring them sealed with it, this can be said, that they had been sealed again by the revenue officers, and had been inspected by them. To wear the day out in talking on business of this sort, is now mere idleness, although long speeches may be spun out. Go away now at once to that treasure secretly! remove away the new servants and the maids. [*CALLICLES moves towards his house.*] And do you hear?—*Call.* [*Turns about.*] What is it?—*Meg.* Contrive also to conceal this affair from your wife, for in truth there is nothing that she can be able to be silent about. [*CALLICLES stands in meditation.*] Why do you stand now? Why do you not move yourself off hence, and stir yourself? Open the treasure, and draw out thence, what gold is enough for this affair. Immediately shut it up again, but secretly, as I have charged you. Drive all the people out of the house.—*Call.* I will do so.—*Meg.* But now we are using too long discourse. We are destroying the day; and there is some need now of the thing being hastened. There is nothing that you may fear about the seal; see me here! [*Stamps his stick in bravery.*] That is a clever reason to say, as I before mentioned, that the letters were inspected by the officers. Lastly, don't you see the time of day? What do you think of *him* of that disposition and mind as he has? he is now already drunk. Any thing will be possible to be ap-

proved of. Then, what's the best thing of all, he will say to you to bring it to him, and that he is not to seek that here.—*Call.* It is enough now!—*Meg.* I am now to hire a sharper for you from the Forum; and I will immediately seal two letters, and will send them hither to that young man, a matter well contrived.—*Call.* I am going therefore in-doors to my duty. Do you mind that business.—*Meg.* I will make it completely done; unless I am a trifling fool.\*

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter CHARMIDES from the back scene, and advances.*

*Char.* [*Lifting his hands.*] To the brother of Jupiter, potent o'er the sea, and greatly powerful, I joyful and willing give praises and gratitude, and return thanks, and to the salt waves, since a power may have been given to me over my property, and over my life, and since they cause me to return from their places into my native country, and the walls of my own city. And to you, O Neptune, I give and now feel thankfulness before all other gods. [*Ten lines omitted as tedious.*] Just now the raging winds, in such-like way as ravenous dogs, not otherwise, stood about our ship. Rains, and surges, and destructive squalls had prevailed to break our mast, to throw down the yards, and to tear the sails to pieces, unless your kindness had been favourable, and near at hand. Go your way now! From that time in future I am determined to give myself up to ease. I have got sufficient money; but with what calamities have I struggled, while I am seeking riches for my son! [*He looks towards the back scene.*] But who is this man that enters into the street, with a novel dress on, and a very strange appearance also? Now in truth, though I wish for my home, I will wait to see what business this chap may be about! [*CHARMIDES retires.*]

\* The word "nugas" should be "nugax."

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter the SYCOPHANTA or Sharper from the back scene, with a large flapped hat, cloak &c. and advances, holding letters in his hand.*

*Syco.* To this day I will give the name Trinummus, for this day I have given my attention to tricking schemes for three pieces of money. I arrive from Seleucia, from Macedonia, from Asia, and Arabia, which I never occupied with my eyes, nor with my feet. See now what business poverty gives to a man wretched in calamity! I am the person, who am now for the sake of three pieces of money compelled to say that I got these letters from that man whom I know not, nor ever have known, whoever he may be; nor do I know, whether he may have been born or not.—*Char.* [*Behind.*] By the la! this fellow is indeed of the fungus kind; he covers himself totally [*alluding to his expansive hat*] with the top of him! He seems an odd appearance of a man, he comes in such a garb!—*Syco.* He that hired me, conducted me away home, when he hired me. He told me what he wished to be done. He taught and shewed beforehand, how I should do every thing. Now then, if I shall have added any thing more, my employer will value better on that account these tricks of mine. [*Four lines omitted.*]—*Char.* [*Behind.*] The more I look, the less this man's face pleases me. It is a wonder if that fellow is not a night-robber, or a cutpurse! [*the Sharper stares round at the places.*] He is viewing the places, he looks about him, and notices the houses. I believe in truth, that he examines the places, where he may come by and by to rob. I have a desire still more to watch what he can be doing here. I will attend to that business.—*Syco.* [*Looking hard at CALLICLES's house.*] That employer described to me these places, and at that house [*pointing*] my tricks are to be fixed. I will knock at the door! [*He goes over.*]—*Char.* [*Behind.*] This man verily goes direct to our house. By the la! I must keep watch here this night, upon my arrival.—*Syco.* [*Knocks at the door.*] Open ye this, open ye the door! Hillo! Who has the care of this door?—*Char.* [*Coming up to him.*] What do you inquire about, young man? what do you

want? Why do you knock at this door?—*Syco*. [*Turning round.*] Aha! old gentleman, an account was given, when I properly answered the Roman censor. I seek here a young man Lesbianus, in this country, to find out where he may dwell, and also another man, of that same whiteness of head that you have! He who gave me these letters, said that he was called Callicles.—*Char*. [*Aside.*] He seeks here, I find, my son Lesbianus, and my friend Callicles, to whom I entrusted my children and my property.—*Syco*. Make me acquainted, father, if you know it, where these men may dwell.—*Char*. Why do you seek them? for who are you? or whence are you? or from whom do you come?—*Syco*. You ask many things together! I know not which I shall answer chiefly. But if you will ask me each thing singly and quietly, I will cause you to know both my name and my business, and my journeyings.—*Char*. I will do so as you wish. Come on then, first tell me your name.—*Syco*. A hard task you are beginning to demand.—*Char*. Why so?—*Syco*. Because, father, if you were to begin before daylight to proceed from my first name, it were midnight before you can have come to the end.—*Char*. Speak out, what those men owe to you, whom you are searching for?—*Syco*. The father of that young man Lesbianus gave me these two letters. [*Shows them in his hand.*] He is my friend!—*Char*. [*Aside.*] I have the fellow manifested. He says that I gave him letters. I will sport with the man finely!—*Syco*. So, as I began, if you can attend to me, I will tell the matter.—*Char*. I will give attention to you!—*Syco*. He ordered me to give this letter to his son, [*points to it*] and also to give this other letter [*points to another letter in his hand*] to his friend Callicles.—*Char*. [*Aside.*] By the la! it pleases me now, when he is quizzing, to quiz the fellow again. [*To the Sycophant.*] Where was he himself?—*Syco*. He was carrying on his affairs well.—*Char*. But where?—*Syco*. In Seleucia.—*Char*. Have you received these letters from himself?—*Syco*. He gave them to me himself with his own hands into my hands.—*Char*. Of what appearance is the man?—*Syco*. He is indeed taller than you by half a foot.—*Char*. [*Aside.*] This matter is odd! if now I am taller absent than present! [*To the Sycophant.*] Have you known the man?—*Syco*. Ridiculously you ask me as to him, with whom I am used to eat my victuals.—*Char*. What is his

name?—*Syco*. That which in truth belongs to a good man.—*Char*. It pleases me to hear it from you.—*Syco*. [*In some confusion.*] He in truth—his—his—name!—[*slapping his forehead*] Woe to wretched me!—*Char*. What is the matter?—*Syco*. [*Aside.*] Imprudent I have just now swallowed the name.—*Char*. A man does not please me, who has his friends between his shut-up teeth!—*Syco*. [*Aside.*] And yet the name was turning on the tops of my lips!—*Char*. [*Aside.*] I came to-day in good time before this fellow!—*Syco*. [*Aside.*] Wretched now I am plainly in a hobble!—*Char*. [*To the man.*] Have you now thought upon the name?—*Syco*. It shames me now, faith of gods and men. I will make it out again by the letters. C is the beginning of the name.—*Char*. Is it Callicias?—*Syco*. It is not.—*Char*. Is it Callippus?—*Syco*. It is not.—*Char*. Callidemides?—*Syco*. No!—*Char*. Is it Callinicus?—*Syco*. It is not.—*Char*. Callimarchus?—*Syco*. You are wrong. Nor therefore in fact do I care about it, since I myself remember my friend.—*Char*. What is it like? if we can find it by conjecture.—*Syco*. It is like this now CHAR something!—*Char*. Is it Chares? or Charidemus, or whether is it Charmides?—*Syco*. Aha! That same he will be, but may the gods destroy him!—*Char*. I said long ago to you, it is just that you speak well of a friend, rather than badly.—*Syco*. Has not a man of no estimation stuck fast between my lips and my teeth?—*Char*. Speak not badly of an absent friend!—*Syco*. Why therefore did that most rascally chap lie concealed from me?—*Char*. If you would have called him by his name, he might have answered you. But where is he himself?—*Syco*. Truly I left him at Rhadamas in the isle of Cecrops.—*Char*. [*Aside.*] What man is more silly than me, who myself can inquire where I may be! but it is not unimportant to this affair. [*To the man.*] What do you say?—*Syco*. What?—*Char*. I ask you this. What places have you gone to?—*Syco*. Exceeding wonderful in astonishing ways!—*Char*. It is a pleasure to hear them, unless it is troublesome to you.—*Syco*. But I do not dislike to tell them. First then we were carried to the Arabian land into Pontus.—*Char*. Oho! is then Arabia in Pontus?—*Syco*. It is—not that land where frankincense is produced, but where wormwood is, and poultry marjoram!—*Char*. [*Aside.*] An excessive shrewd

and crafty cheat this! But I am more silly. [*To the Syco-phant.*] What is your name, young man?—*Syco.* Peace!—That is my name!—*Char.* But what do you say? Where have you gone moreover from thence?—*Syco.* If you can attend to me, I will tell it. To the head of the river that rises from the sky, under the throne of Jupiter.—*Char.* [*Staring at him amazed.*] Under the throne of Jupiter?—*Syco.* So I say.—*Char.* Out of the sky?—*Syco.* And out of the middle of it indeed.—*Char.* Oho! why have you gone up into the sky?—*Syco.* Yes, we were carried in a little skiff, always with a contrary tide up the river!—*Char.* Oho! what have you also seen Jupiter?—*Syco.* The other gods said that he had gone to his villa to take out victuals for the servants! Then moreover—*Char.* Then moreover I, have no mind that you say any thing more.—*Syco.* I now have no mind, if you are interrupting thus.—*Char.* For it behoves a man to be modest, who can have reached the heaven from the earth.—*Syco.* I will dismiss you, as I see that you wish to be off. But point out these men to me. I am seeking these, to whom it behoves me to bear these letters.—*Char.* What do you say now? if perchance you shall have seen that Charmides himself, him that you mention to have given those letters to you, will you have known the man?—*Syco.* Verily do you think me actually a brute beast, who cannot indeed have known the man, with whom I may have passed my whole life? Would he have been so foolish as to trust a thousand pieces of money to me, Philippians, which gold he ordered me to carry to his son, and to his friend Callicles, to whom he said, that he had entrusted his property? Would he trust me, unless he had known me, and I had known him well.—*Char.* [*Aside.*] Verily and truly now I wish to swindle this swindler, if I can but circumvent him as to this thousand of Philippian pieces, which he said that I gave him. A man, that I know not who he is, nor ever saw with my eyes before this day. Would I trust gold to that fellow? To whom, if my head was at stake, I would never trust even a leaden dump. This man must be accosted by me craftily! [*To the man.*] Harkye, Mister Peace! I want you for three words!—*Syco.* Even three hundred, if it pleases you.—*Char.* Have you that gold that you received from Charmides?—*Syco.* Yes, and Philippian too, counted

on his table with his own hand, a thousand of pieces.—*Char.* That is to say, that you received it from Charmides himself!—*Syco.* It were a wonder, but I should receive it from his father, or great grandfather, who are dead!—*Char.* Young man, give that gold to me!—*Syco.* [*Staring at him.*] What gold may I give to you?—*Char.* That which you confessed that you received from me.—*Syco.* [*Staring with eyes and jaws open.*] Received from you?—*Char.* I say so.—*Syco.* What man art thou?—*Char.* Who gave you a thousand pieces of money—I am Charmides!—*Syco.* [*Sneering.*] Faith you are not he, nor will you be he this day, for this gold at any rate. Go away, you cheat! [*Pushes him.*] You want to cheat the cheater, I see.—*Char.* I truly am Charmides!—*Syco.* You are that man in vain now, for I carry no gold. You crept in very cunningly at the very nick of time. After I said that I carried gold, you became Charmides the instant after. You were not he, before I made mention of the gold. You don't succeed now. Therefore in the same manner that you have Charmides'd yourself, again uncharmides yourself.—*Char.* Who am I therefore, if I am not he that I really am?—*Syco.* How does that belong to me?—*Char.* If you have any thing to do, do it now!—*Syco.* What shall I do?—*Char.* Give me back the gold!—*Syco.* You are dozing, my old fellow!—*Char.* Have you confessed, that Charmides gave you gold?—*Syco.* Written down indeed.—*Char.* Thou night-robber, do you hasten, or do you delay to march off at once from these places, before I order you here to be beaten severely?—*Syco.* For what reason?—*Char.* With respect to him, whom you told lies about. I am Charmides himself, whom you declared to have given you letters!—*Syco.* Oho! I beg now, are you he?—*Char.* I am he verily and truly.—*Syco.* Do you say at length, you are he himself?—*Char.* I say so.—*Syco.* He himself are you?—*Char.* He himself, I say; I am Charmides!—*Syco.* [*Stepping back.*] You are himself therefore?—*Char.* His very self! Get away hence out of my sight, you scoundrel!—*Syco.* Because you come now so late, you shall be flogged upon my judgment, and that of the new Ædiles!—*Char.* But do you also now speak maliciously?—*Syco.* Yes! Since you arrive here safe, may the gods destroy you! Though I care not a straw, whether you might have perished or not first! I am to receive money on

account of this job. I am to afflict you with mischief! But who you may be, or who you may not be, I care not a jot! I will go to him who gave me the three pieces of money, and tell him of this, that he may know that he has lost them. I am off! Live with a curse, and badly fare you! [*Exit SYCOPHANTA at the back scene, proudly stalking.*]—*Char.* [*Solus.*] After that fellow has departed, the time seems to have come, and an opportunity of speaking out freely. That sting hurts my breast already, what business he may have had before my house. For that bell calls up fear in my heart, and I know not what affair that thousand pieces of money may be transacting. Faith the little bell never sounded for nothing, and unless some one handles or moves it, it is dumb and silent. [*He looks at the back scene.*] But who is this, that is taking his course hither, into our street? It is a pleasure to observe what he may be about. I will step aside hither. [*CHARMIDES retires and goes to the side scene.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter STASIMUS from the back scene staggering drunk, and advances.*

*Stas.* [*Five lines omitted.*] See now, Stasimus, what a man of nothing you are! [*Looking at his finger.*] Have you entirely forgot your ring in the spirit-shop,\* after you drenched your throat with hot liquor? [*Hiccups.*] Turn about now, and run back to seek for it, while the matter is new!—*Char.* [*Behind.*] This man's throat, whoever he is, is his master; and that teaches him the course he is to go.—*Stas.* [*To himself.*] Why, thou man of nothing, does it not shame you? that you should with only three cups be forgetful in memory? [*Staggers.*] Whether in truth because you drank there with honest fellows, are they such as would keep their hands off from another man's property? There was Therachus, Circonicus, Crinnus, Carcobulus, Callabus, &c. Among those men do you solicit that you get back your ring? One of those fellows actually stole away the ground from me while I was running. [*Staggers.*]—*Char.* [*Behind.*] So may the gods love me, a clever thief was that!—*Stas.* Why may I seek what is absolutely gone? unless also I may add labour to my loss, as an addition over and above! But don't you think, that what's

\* The slaves among the ancient Romans wore a ring as a badge of slavery.

lost, is lost? About-ship, and take yourself back to your master! [*He staggers round.*]—*Char.* [*Behind.*] This man is not a runaway, he remembers his home.—*Stas.* I wish that our old customs, and old parsimonious ways were a greater honour here, rather than our bad ways.—*Char.* [*Behind.*] Immortal gods! This man begins to talk of noble doings! he seeks old things, and you may know that he loves ancient things, and the custom of our ancestors.—*Stas.* For the manners now-a-days do nothing that it is lawful to do, unless what is pleasant. Ambition now is sanctified by custom, and is free from the laws. To throw away shields in battle, and to fly from the enemy, are allowed by custom. To seek honour for a crime committed, is also done by custom.—*Char.* [*Behind.*] Bad indeed!—*Stas.* Customs now have brought the laws into their power, to which they are more tyrannical, than parents are over their children. Those sad laws are fixed up to the wall harshly with iron nails, where it had been much more just, that bad customs should be clung up.—*Char.* [*Behind.*] It is pleasant to me to go up to this man and accost him, though I listen to him with much satisfaction, and I fear if I shall address him, lest he may begin to talk of some other matter.—*Stas.* Nor in those customs is any thing sanctified by the law, but the laws are subservient to custom. These customs also hasten to overturn every thing, wherever it is sacred, and wherever it is public.—*Char.* Truly it is worthy, that some great calamity be inflicted on those bad customs.—*Stas.* [*Five lines omitted.*] If there be any one, who may have lent money, it becomes lost for good and all. When you may ask it back, you find that from your kindness, your friend is become your enemy. If you may wish to exact more, a choice of two things arises; you must either lose that which you may have entrusted, or will have lost that man as a friend.—*Char.* Certainly this is Stasimus my servant!—*Stas.* For I, as to this talent which I had lent, have bought myself an enemy by this my talent, and have sold off a friend. But I am very silly here, who can mind public affairs, rather than what's my nearest interest, how I may find safety for my back. [*Shrugs his shoulders.*] I am going home now. [*He moves slowly along the front of the stage.*]—*Char.* Hillo! you, stop at once! Hear now! harkye you!—*Stas.* I stop



not!—*Char.* But I wish you to stop!—*Stas.* What if I don't like you to wish it! [*He still goes on.*]—*Char.* Ha! you behave too fiercely, Stasimus!—*Stas.* It is better for you to buy one, that you can command.—*Char.* I bought one surely, and gave the money! [*Six lines and a half omitted as prolix.*] But look at me hither! I am Charmides!—*Stas.* [*Looking about.*] Ah! what man there makes mention of that most excellent person?—*Char.* [*Coming forward.*] That most excellent person himself!—*Stas.* [*Clapping his hands together.*] O sea, earth, heavens, gods, and faith! do I see clearly enough with my eyes? is it himself, or is it not now? It is he. It is certainly he. It is really he. O my most wished-for master, health to you!—*Char.* Health to you also, Stasimus!—*Stas.* I rejoice that you are safe.—*Char.* I know it, and believe you, But I am omitting other things. Answer me this! How are my children whom I left here, a son and a daughter?—*Stas.* They are alive and well.—*Char.* That is to say, each of them?—*Stas.* Each indeed.—*Char.* [*Raising his hands.*] The gods wished me safe and preserved! The rest that I want to know, I will inquire about within at my leisure. Let us go in-doors; follow me! [*He goes towards CALLICLES's house.*]—*Stas.* [*Stopping him, and getting between him and the door.*] Where are you carrying yourself?—*Char.* Where, unless my home!—*Stas.* Do you think that we dwell here?—*Char.* Where else may I judge?—*Stas.* [*In a hesitation, and rubbing his forehead.*] Why now—now—*Char.* What now—now?—*Stas.* That is not our house.—*Char.* [*Stepping back in astonishment.*] What do I hear from you?—*Stas.* Your son sold the house.—*Char.* [*Dropping his hands in despair.*] Then I have perished!—*Stas.* For pounds of money counted down out of hand.—*Char.* How many?—*Stas.* Forty.—*Char.* [*Shaking his head, and knocking his stick on the ground.*] I have fallen. [*Eagerly.*] Who bought it?—*Stas.* Callicles, to whom you committed your property; he removed hither to dwell, and drove us out of doors.—*Char.* Where does my son now dwell?—*Stas.* Here in the back chamber behind.—*Char.* I am grievously ruined!—*Stas.* I believed, that when you should have heard of it, you would be grieved.—*Char.* I a wretched man, in all my perils have been carried through the greatest seas with danger to my life, and I have preserved myself through numerous ban-

ditti's; I have returned safe, and now am here destroyed unfortunate, by means of those, for whose sake I have been severely exercised at this advanced age of mine! [*He sheds tears, and wipes them away.*] Sickness now is taking away my life. O Stasimus, support me! [*He faints away in STASIMUS's arms, and STASIMUS calls loudly for help.*] *Stas.* Do you wish I may seek for water for you?—*Char.* [*Recovers.*] When the sickness attacked my life, then it was proper, that water be poured upon me.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter CALLICLES from his house hastily, dressed in a working jacket, and with a spade in his hand, as if he had been digging.*

*Call.* What is this clamour here, that I hear before my house?—*Char.* [*Clapping his hands in great distress and distraction.*] O Callicles! O Callicles! O thou Callicles! To what sort of a friend have I committed all my worldly goods here?—*Call.* [*Embracing him.*] To one good, and trusty and faithful, and possessed of great honour! Health to you, my friend, and I rejoice that you have arrived safe!—*Char.* [*Shaking hands with him.*] I believe all those things, that it is so as you proclaim. But what is that mode of dress?—*Call.* I will tell you. I was digging out the treasure within, a portion that should be given to your daughter. But I will tell you within both this and other matters. Follow me! [*He moves towards the door of his house.*]—*Char.* Stasimus!—*Stas.* Well, then?—*Char.* Run eagerly to the Piræus, and make quick speed. Now you will see there the ship, in which we were brought here, and bid Langario to mind, that the things which I may have ordered, be brought out of it, and do you go with them. The custom has already been paid to the officer.—*Stas.* There is no delay.—*Char.* Go, go, walk, be back at once!—*Stas.* I am there and here in a moment.—*Call.* [*To CHARMIDES.*] Now, follow me this way in-doors. [*Goes towards his door.*]—*Char.* I follow! [*Moves in his steps.*] [*Exit CALLICLES and CHARMIDES into the house.*]—*Stas.* [*Solus.*] This friend alone stood firm to my master, nor changed his mind from steady faithfulness; although he went through many difficulties. But this man *only*, as I

suspect, preserves his faith. I am of opinion, however, that he has taken that trouble on account of some emolument. [*Exit STASIMUS hastily at the back scene.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter LYSITELES from the back scene.*

*Lys.* This man is the chief of all men, as excelling in all pleasures and delights. Things that I desire thus turn out convenient for him. That which I do, he aims at, enters into, and follows on; and so delight supplies other delights. Just now Stasimus, the servant of Lesbonicus, met me. He told me, that his master Charmides had arrived hither from abroad. He must be met by me now immediately; that, as to the matters which I have transacted with the son, his father may be a better source of support to that affair. [*He looks at CALLICLES's door.*] But this door, with its creaking, gives me some delay very inconveniently. [*He retires.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter CHARMIDES and CALLICLES from their house.*

*Char.* There neither was, nor will be, nor do I now think that there is, any man on earth, whose faith and fidelity towards his friend can equal this. For, without you, it might have been, he would have ousted me out of this house.—*Call.* If I have done any thing well towards my friend, or consulted his advantage faithfully, I seem not to have deserved praise. I think only that I have been free from fault. For a benefit that is given to a man, really belonging to that man, he may have presupposed to be given. What is given, is to be made use of, and there is a faculty of seeking it back again, when you may wish.—*Char.* It is so, as you say; but I cannot wonder sufficiently at this, that he betrothed his sister into so powerful a family, as to Lysiteles indeed, the son of old

Philo.—*Lys.* [*Behind.*] I find he is naming me!—*Char.* He belonged to the most excellent family.—*Lys.* [*Behind.*] Why do I delay to speak to these men? But I think, that I still may wait, for in this he is beginning to speak to the purpose.—*Char.* Well now!—*Call.* What is it?—*Char.* I forgot within just now to tell you this; awhile ago a certain lying villain approached, meeting me on my arrival, a very knowing sycophant. He said that he was carrying to you, and to my son Lesbonicus, a thousand golden pieces of my giving; a man, whom I neither had known who he could be, nor had any where seen him before. [*CALLICLES laughs heartily.*] But why do you laugh?—*Call.* He came with my embassy, as if he was the man who should bring gold to me from you, which I might give to your daughter as a portion; that your son, when I should give it him from my hands, might believe that it was brought from you, and lest in any way he might be able to understand the thing itself, and that your treasure was in my possession, and might demand it from me, by the law of the people, as his paternal property.—*Char.* Cleverly done, by my faith!—*Call.* Megaronides himself, our common friend, contrived it.—*Char.* Why, I praise the scheme, and approve of it.—*Lys.* [*Behind.*] Why, do I, a fool, stand alone here, while I fear to interrupt the discourse? and also am not doing what I have tried to do! I will speak with these men. [*He advances.*]—*Char.* [*Looking back.*] Who is this man, that is walking hither towards us?—*Lys.* [*Coming up to CHARMIDES, and bowing.*] Lysiteles salutes his father-in-law Charmides!—*Char.* May the gods give ever to you, Lysiteles, those things that you may wish for?—*Call.* [*Addressing LYSITELES.*] Am I not worthy of salutation?—*Lys.* O yes certainly; now, health be to you, Callicles! It was right, that I should address him first! The tunic, as they say, is nearer to the wearer, than the cloak.—*Char.* [*To LYSITELES.*] I wish that the gods may direct your counsels. I hear that my daughter has been betrothed to you.—*Lys.* Unless you are unwilling.—*Char.* Verily I am not unwilling.—*Lys.* Do you therefore betroth your daughter to me for a wife?—*Char.* I do betroth her, and a thousand of gold, of Philippian pieces, as a portion.—*Lys.* As for the portion, I do not mind it!—*Char.* If she pleases you, the portion also must be pleasing to you, which she now gives you. Lastly,

as to what you wish, you shall not marry her, unless you will take that which you do not wish to take.—*Call.* [*To LYSITELES.*] He speaks what is right.—*Lys.* [*To CALLICLES.*] He shall obtain the thing, you being the advocate, and also the judge. [*To CHARMIDES.*] With that condition do you betroth your daughter to be given to me as a wife?—*Char.* I do betroth her.—*Call.* And I promise this same thing.—*Lys.* Oh, then, hail ye my relations! [*He embraces each of them, CHARMIDES first, and then CALLICLES.*]—*Char.* [*To CALLICLES.*] And now, there are things, on account of which I have been angry with you notwithstanding all.—*Call.* What have I done?—*Char.* Because you have suffered my son to be spoiled!—*Call.* If that was done with my consent and willingness, it is just that you may be angry with me. But, suffer me to obtain this thing from you, which I wish for!—*Char.* What is that?—*Call.* You shall know. If he shall have done any thing foolishly, that you may dismiss all those things from your mind. [*CHARMIDES shakes his head as a refusal.*] Why do you shake your head?—*Char.* [*Putting his hand on his breast.*] My heart is tortured, and I fear to comply!—*Call.* What is that which you fear?—*Char.* When he is so, as I wish him not to be, I am tortured as to that; I fear, if I may refuse you what you ask of me, lest you may think yourself of less consequence in respect to me. I will not make the matter heavy however. I will do just as you wish.—*Call.* You are a good man. I am going to call him out! [*He walks across towards his door.*]—*Char.* It is a wretched thing, when badly deserved matters are as merits, and when it is not feasible to punish them.—*Call.* [*Knocking loudly at the door.*] Open this! Open quick, and call ye now Lesbonicus out of doors, if he is at home! It is a sudden thing, so that I wish to meet him quickly. [*He returns from the door.*] [*A pause, and enter from the same door LESBONICUS.*]—*Les.* What man, with so loud a knocking, called me suddenly out of doors?—*Call.* [*Going to him near the door where he is standing.*] He is your well-wisher, and friend.—*Les.* Is every thing well, tell me?—*Call.* I am rejoicing properly, that your father has returned safe from abroad.—*Les.* What does he say?—*Call.* I—*Les.* Have you seen him?—*Call.* [*Pointing over to CHARMIDES.*] And it can be lawful that you may see him too.—*Les.* [*Looks across, advances, and takes*

*his father's hand.*] O, my father, my father! health to you! [*He kisses his father's hand affectionately.*]—*Char.* Well met indeed, my son!—*Les.* If you have had any difficulty, my father—*Char.* Nothing has happened; fear not! My business being prosperous, I return safe. If you are only willing to be a prudent and sober man, this daughter of Callicles is agreed on for you!—*Les.* I will marry her, father; and also, if you shall order me, any other.—*Char.* Although I have been angry with you.—*Call.* One misery is plenty for one man.—*Char.* Yea truly, it is little enough for him! And, if he were for his sins to marry a hundred wives, it is little enough of misery for him!—*Les.* But now, I will be temperate hereafter.—*Char.* You say so, if you can but do it only.—*Les.* Is there any reason why I may not bring my wife home to-morrow?—*Char.* It is the best thing. It is granted. [*To LYSITELES.*] Do you be ready against the day after to-morrow to marry. [*To the Audience.*] Clap ye your hands!

END OF THE TRINUMMUS.



CHARACTERS IN THE COMEDY.

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- DÆMONES, an Athenian Gentleman, dwelling at Cyrene.  
PALÆSTRA, his daughter, carried off from him, when young.  
AMPELISCA, her friend and associate.  
SCEPARNIO and GRIPUS, servants of Dæmones.  
PLEUSIDIPPUS, an Athenian young man, Palæstra's lover.  
TRACHALIO, a servant of PLEUSIDIPPUS.  
PTOLEMOCRATIA, the priestess of Venus.  
LABRAX, a pimp of Cyrene.  
CHARMIDES, a pimp of Agrigentum.  
A Fisherman.

M. ACCII PLAUTI

R U D E N S.

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SCENE.—A street in the suburbs of Cyrene, near the sea-shore, which however is not in view—on one side is the house of DÆMONES, on the other a temple of Venus, with their doors opposite. An altar of Venus appears at the side scene, and beyond her temple.

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ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter from DÆMONES'S house, SCEPARNIO, with a spade and shovel on his shoulder.

Scep. O immortal gods! of what sort has Neptune sent us the storm in this last night! The wind has uncovered our house. What need of words? It was not a mere wind, but what Alcumena met with in Euripides, for it threw down all the coverings from the roof. It has made us now more lightsome, and has driven in all the windows. [He goes on one side, a little way back, and begins to dig.]

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter from the back scene PLEUSIDIPPUS, and three Citizens with drawn swords.

Pleu. I have both brought you from your occupations, and that matter has not gone forward, on account of which I have brought you here; and I have not been able to lay hold of that Pimp at the port. But I have been unwilling from my own inactivity to desert all hope. Therefore I

have detained you, my friends, too long. [*The Citizens bow to him, and exeunt at the back scene.*] Now I come hither to visit the temple of Venus, where the Pimp had said that he was about to perform a sacred rite.—*Scep.* [*Aside.*] If I were wise now, I must settle smooth this mud that I have dug.—*Pleu.* [*Turning round.*] I know not who is speaking from this place near me. [*Enter DÆMONES from his house.*—*Dam.* [*Calling out.*] Hillo! Sceparnio!—*Scep.* Who names me?—*Dam.* He who gave money for you!—*Scep.* As if you were to say, that I am your slave. [*SCEPARNIO advances.*—*Dam.* There is use for much mud, and so dig up a deal of earth! I understand that my whole house must be covered; for now it shines through, more full of holes, than a sieve.—*Pleu.* [*Coming up to them.*] Father, health to you! and both of you also!—*Dam.* Be you well!—*Scep.* [*To PLEUSIDIPPUS, who is muffled in his cloak.*] But, whether are you a man, or a woman, who can call him father?—*Pleu.* I am a man indeed. *Dam.* Now, my man, seek for your father at a distance! I had one daughter, but I lost that one. I never had any child of the male sex.—*Pleu.* But the gods will give one to you.—*Scep.* They will give to you verily and truly a great curse, who can occupy with your talking us so busied here.—*Pleu.* [*Pointing to the house.*] Do ye dwell there?—*Scep.* Why do you ask that? or are you examining the places, that you may come by-and-by to rob?—*Pleu.* It becomes a slave to be rich in his own stock, and a good one, whose talking, when his master is present, can go beyond right, or who can speak harshly to a free man!—*Scep.* And it becomes a shameless, and an impudent man, to come of his own accord so troublesome to another man's house, and to whom nothing is owed!—*Dam.* Hold your peace, Sceparnio! What do you want, young man?—*Pleu.* In the first place, to wish misfortune to that man, who, when his master may be present, can hasten thus to speak first. But, unless it is troublesome, I wish to ask about a few matters, from you. *Dam.* My attention shall be given, although I am busy.—*Scep.* [*To PLEUSIDIPPUS.*] But, do you go into the marsh, and dry some reeds for us, with which we may cover our country-house, while it is dry weather.—*Dam.* [*To him.*] Hold your tongue! [*To PLEUSIDIPPUS.*] If you have need of any thing, say it.—*Pleu.* Tell me what I ask you! May

you have seen here any man with frizzled hair, grey-headed, a bad fellow, and perjured, and a flatterer?—*Dam.* Very many such! For I, on account of men of that sort, live a wretched man.—*Pleu.* I speak of a man who brought with him here into the temple of Venus two young women, and who was to prepare for himself, that he might perform a sacred rite either to-day or yesterday.—*Dam.* Verily, young man, I have not seen any one there now for these some days sacrificing, nor can it be hidden from me, if any men sacrifice. They always ask for water here, or fire, or vessels, or a knife, or spit, or an entrail-box, or something. What need is there of words? I have got ready vessels for them, and also a well; but not for myself. Now, there has been an interval during these many days.—*Pleu.* [*Dropping his hands.*] According as you speak, you now proclaim that I am lost!—*Dam.* For my sake, truly and indeed, by all means be safe and sound!—*Scep.* Harkye, you! who go about the temple for the sake of a bellyful, it is better for you to order your dinner to be dressed at home! Perhaps you were invited hither to a dinner; and he who invited you is not forth-coming.—*Pleu.* It is much the case!—*Scep.* There is no danger, that you go home hence without your dinner; it is better though that you follow Ceres, rather than Venus, for this one cares about love, Ceres attends to the wheat.—*Pleu.* That man has deluded me in unworthy ways!—*Dam.* [*Looking out at the side scene.*] O, immortal gods! what is that number of men there near the sea-shore?—*Scep.* [*Looking out.*] As my opinion is, they have been invited to dinner near the track of their voyage.—*Dam.* How?—*Scep.* Because, I believe they washed after supper yesterday, for their ship is broke to pieces in the sea.—*Dam.* [*Looking steadfastly.*] It is so, I see.—*Scep.* But, truly now, our house and its roof are on the land!—*Dam.* [*Staring through the side scene.*] Ah! Ha! How many men, poor fellows, are ye there? How they are swimming, now cast out of the ship!—*Pleu.* [*Going to the side scene.*] Where are those men, I beg?—*Dam.* [*Pointing.*] Here to your right; do you see them near the shore?—*Pleu.* I see them. Follow me! Fare ye well! [*Exit PLEUSIDIPPUS rapidly at the side scene.*—*Scep.* If you were not to advise us, we remember ourselves. [*He looks out again.*] But, O Palæmon, holy companion of

Neptune, what an exploit do I see!—*Dem.* What do you see?—*Scep.* I see two women sitting alone in a little boat! How the wretched women are overwhelmed! Well done! Well done! [*Claps his hands.*] Very well! The wave has turned away the skiff from the rock to the strand, nor could a steersman ever do that. I think that I never saw greater billows. They are safe, if they shall have escaped those billows. Now, now is the danger! A wave has thrown out one of them. But she is in a shallow place; [*claps his hands with joy*] she will easily swim out. Good! good! But do you see, how a wave has thrown that one out? She has risen up now! She is betaking herself hitherward. It is a safe matter now. But this other has sprung on the land out of the boat! The one has fallen from fright into the very waves, upon her knees. But she is safe! she has escaped from the water. She is now on the shore. But she is going to the right there, to a bad place. Ah! she will wander about to-day!—*Dem.* What does that signify to you?—*Scep.* If she takes the rock any where, and falls downwards, she will have made short work of her wandering!—*Dem.* If you are about to sup this evening off their tables, I think that you may attend to them, *Sceparnio*; but if you are about to eat at my house, I wish that your attention be given to me. *Scep.* You say what is right and just.—*Dem.* Follow me therefore this way!—*Scep.* I follow. [*Exeunt into the house.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter PALESTRA from the side, with torn and drenched garments, in distress.*

*Pal.* [*Leaning on the side scene.*] The calamities of human creatures are spoken of as very much less miserable, than they have of bitterness in reality, in experiencing them. Is this agreeable to the Deity, that I should come into strange countries, clad with this dress, terrified and cast out? Shall I say that I was born to this wretched condition? Do I receive this share of misery on account of my remarkable piety? In truth, it would not be any severity to me to suffer this hardship, if I made myself impious towards a parent, or the gods! But I have promptly taken care to guard against that. [*Five lines omitted as tedious.*] But the wickedness of this master

of mine troubles me! His impiety afflicts me. That man has lost his ship, and all his goods in the sea. [*She looks at her dress.*] These are the relics of his goods. Even she, who was carried along with me in the little boat, fell out of it, and I am now alone. It is she, who if she could have been at least safe, hardship would be lighter to me here with her assistance. Now, what hope, or assistance, or what counsel can I take? Such lonely places I have got into here! On the one side are rocks, on the other is the sea; nor does any man come to meet me. [*Gathers her gown round her.*] This that I am clothed with, is my very best riches. Nor do I know with what food I shall be fed, nor in what place I can be, in which I may be sheltered. What is my hope, with which I may be willing that I may live? I am neither acquainted with this place, nor have I been here long. At least I may wish for some one, who can shew me the way, or path, out of these places; for I am now doubtful, whether I must go this way, or that. Nor do I in truth see a cultivated field any where near this place. Pain, wandering of mind, and terror possess all my limbs. [*Clapping her hands.*] O my wretched parents, ye know not these things, and that I am thus miserable as I am! I have been born free, and in the highest rank. In vain I have been so. Now, how am I less a slave, than if I might have been born a slave! Nor, have I profited ever, in any way, those who brought me up themselves. [*She advances forward, and stands on one side, wrapt in sorrow.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter at the back scene AMPELISCA, with her hands clasped in grief.*

*Amp.* What is better for me, what is more to the purpose, than that I may shut out life from this frame, for I am now alive so wretched, and so many cares are in my breast, exhausting all my inmost soul. Now henceforth I preserve not my life, for I have lost the hope with which I delighted myself. I have now gone round all the places, and have crept in all the hiding-places, to seek my fellow-slave, with my voice, and my eyes, and my ears, that I might trace her out. Nor do I find her any where; neither have I thought where I can go, nor where I can seek her, neither do I find in the

mean time any one to answer, whom I may inquire of.—  
*Pal.* [*Turning her head.*] What voice sounds near me here?—  
*Amp.* I am frightened! Who speaks here near me?—*Pal.*  
 O my good hope, assist me now, I beg!—*Amp.* It is a wo-  
 man. A woman's voice comes to my ears. Will you de-  
 liver wretched me from this fright I suffer?—*Pal.* Certainly  
 a woman's voice has touched my ears. Is it Ampelisca, I  
 beg?—*Amp.* Do I hear you, my Palæstra?—*Pal.* I am to  
 call her by her name that she may hear me. [*Calls aloud.*]  
 Ampelisca!—*Amp.* [*Turns her head.*] Ah! Who is that?—  
*Pal.* I am Palæstra!—*Amp.* Say where you are!—*Pal.*  
 Truly I am in very many distresses!—*Amp.* I am your com-  
 panion; nor have I a share less to myself than that belong-  
 ing to you. But I wish to see you.—*Pal.* You are equal  
 with me in that.—*Amp.* Let me follow the voice with my  
 step. [*She advances by the side scenes, leaning on them, to the*  
*front.*] Where are you?—*Pal.* Now, behold me here! Give  
 me your hand!—*Amp.* [*Coming up.*] Receive it! [*They join*  
*hands, and kiss each other.*]—But tell me, I beg, are you alive?  
 —*Amp.* You make me now that I can wish to live, since it  
 is possible to me to touch you. But I scarce believe this at  
 present, that I hold you; and I pray, embrace me! [*They em-*  
*brace.*] O, my best hope, how you lighten me now of all my  
 labours!—*Pal.* You employ yourself in saying that which is  
 my intended speech. Now it is proper for us to depart hence.  
 —*Amp.* Where, my dear, shall we go?—*Pal.* Let us follow  
 on, this beach of the sea!—*Amp.* I follow wherever it pleases  
 you.—*Pal.* Shall we proceed so with the wet clothing?—*Amp.*  
 As to this evil that is present, it is necessary to bear it. [*She*  
*looks up at the temple.*] But what is this, I beg?—*Pal.* [*Look-*  
*ing about.*] What?—*Amp.* Do you see, my dear, a temple?  
 [*She points to it.*] Do you see this here?—*Pal.* [*Looking an-*  
*other way.*] Where is it?—*Amp.* To the right here.—*Pal.* I  
 see a place fit for the gods, and good to be seen.—*Amp.* It  
 must be, that men are not far distant from this; this is so  
 nice a place. Now, whoever is the god of the place, I re-  
 spect him. I pray [*lifts her hands in supplication*] that he  
 may deliver us wretched women from this calamity, and that  
 he may aid with some assistance us, poor females, and loaded  
 with misfortune! [*They stand before the temple weeping, in atti-*  
*tudes of distress.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter the Priestess of Venus from the temple.*

*Pries.* Who are these, that ask with supplications from my  
 patroness? for the voice of supplicants has moved me hi-  
 ther out of doors. They follow a good, and complying god-  
 dess, and a patroness not severe, and really benevolent.—  
*Pal.* [*Bending her head low.*] We greet and salute you, good  
 mother!—*Pries.* Health to you, my virgins! From whence  
 shall I say, that you proceed with that wet garment of yours,  
 I beg? both of you so sadly clothed?—*Pal.* Immediately  
 now we go forth from hence, [*pointing to the shore*] not very  
 far from this place. But the place is far distant hence, from  
 whence we have been carried hither!—*Pries.* That is, you  
 have been carried hither in a wooden vessel, that rides,  
 through sea-blue roads, and ways.—*Pal.* Yes!—*Pries.* There-  
 fore it was more proper, that you should come clothed in  
 white, and furnished with victims. It is not customary for  
 people to come to this temple, according to that fashion of  
 yours.—*Pal.* We have both of us been thrown out from the  
 sea, I beg! Whence have you wished that we could drive  
 victims hither? [*They both kneel down to the Priestess, with*  
*lifted hands.*] We now embrace your knees in want of assist-  
 ance; we, who are in unknown hope, in unknown places;  
 begging that you may receive us under your roof, and pre-  
 serve us, and that it may pity you of us both, unfortunate  
 girls, to whom there is neither any place of refuge, nor hope  
 at hand, nor have we any thing more than this that you see.—  
*Pries.* Give me your hands! [*She takes a hand of each.*] Rise  
 both of you from your knees! No one of all women is more  
 pitying than me. But, my virgins, our substances here are  
 poor and scanty, and I myself scarce support life! I serve  
 Venus for my support.—*Amp.* Is this the temple of Venus,  
 I beg?—*Pries.* I own that; and I am called the Priestess of  
 this temple! But, whatever there is here, every thing shall be  
 done kindly by me, as far as my means will avail. Go this  
 way with me! [*She points to the door of the temple.*]—*Pal.*  
 [*Bowing her head.*] My good mother, you have honour from us  
 warmly and kindly.—*Pries.* So it is right and proper. [*Exeunt*  
*the Priestess, PALÆSTRA, and AMPELISCA, into the temple.*]



## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter some Fishermen from the side scene, carrying hooks and lines in their hands.*

*1st. Fisher.* Men that are poor live in all ways wretched, especially they who have no trade, and who have learned no art; and, whatever they have at home with sad necessity, that must be accounted enough for them. Ye know nearly, how rich we now may be, concerning ornament of dress. In these matters, the hooks, and these reeds, are our living and our clothing. We go out hither from the city to the sea, to get our food. We have this business, instead of gymnastic and palaestic exercise. We catch our food out of the sea; but, if that event does not happen, and no fish is taken, we return home completely salted and drenched, in a heartless way. We go to sleep then without our supper. Now, let us adore this good Venus, that she will have assisted us handsomely this day. [*They stand at the door of the temple, and bend their knees, and bow their heads.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter TRACHALIO at the back scene.*

*Trach.* I have thwarted my inclination violently, that I might not any where miss my master. Be it known, when he went out of doors just now, he said that he was going to the port; and ordered me to come to meet him hither, at the temple of Venus. [*He sees the Fishermen.*] But conveniently, behold, I see there standing, those whom I may ask! I will go to them. [*He goes up the stage to them.*] Hail to you, plunderers of the sea, oyster-catchers, and anglers, you hungry race of men! What are ye about? Are ye perishing?—*Fisher.* As happens to a fisherman, in hunger, thirst, and hope!—*Trach.* While you are standing here, have you seen any young man come here, with an eager face, ruddy and brave-

looking, who was leading on three men in cloaks, and armed with swords?—*Fisher.* We know of no man with that appearance, as you mention, to have come hither.—*Trach.* Have you seen any old man, bald before, and a snub-nosed fellow, trussed up and pot-bellied, with his eyebrows awry, a narrow forehead; a cheat, and the pest of gods and men, malicious, and full of vice and abomination, who was leading with him two young women, tolerably handsome?—*Fisher.* Whoever may have been born with qualities and ways of that sort, it is more proper that he should go to the executioner, than to Venus.—*Trach.* But, say ye, if ye have seen him!—*Fisher.* Hither in truth no one of that sort has come. Farewell!—*Trach.* Fare ye well! [*Exeunt Fishermen at the side scene.*] I believed it to be so. That was done, which I did suspect. A fraud has been passed on my master. The wicked Pimp has gone to distant places, went aboard a ship, and carried away the women, and I am a true diviner. He even invited my master to dinner here! The sprout of wickedness! Is any thing better for me, than that I shall now wait here for my master, until he may come? If I shall have seen this Priestess of Venus, I shall have inquired of the same, if she knows any thing more. She will make me better informed of the matter. [*TRACHALIO steps on one side.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter AMPELISCA from the temple, with a pitcher in her hand; she speaks to the Priestess within, the door being kept open.*

*Amp.* I understand—you ordered me to knock at this country-house, which is nearest to the temple of Venus, and to ask for water! [*The door is shut, and she walks slowly across.*]—*Trach.* Whose voice flew now to my ears?—*Amp.* [*Looking towards him.*] Who is speaking here, I pray? Whom do I see?—*Trach.* [*Advancing towards her.*] Is this Ampelisca, who goes out of doors from the temple?—*Amp.* Is this Trachalio that I behold, the servant of Pleusidippus?—*Trach.* It is she certainly!—*Amp.* It is he indeed! now Trachalio, health to you!—*Trach.* Hail, Ampelisca! what are you about?—*Amp.* Though not bad, I pass my life unhappily.—*Trach.* Look forward to what is better.—*Amp.* But it becomes all wise

people to confer together, and to hold a chat. Now, my dear, where is your master Pleusidippus?—*Trach.* Heyday now truly! As if he be not within there! [*Points to the temple.*]  
 —*Amp.* He is neither in there now, nor has any one indeed come here!—*Trach.* He has not then come?—*Amp.* You say the truth.—*Trach.* That is not my word, Ampelisca. But how soon is the dinner dressed?—*Amp.* What dinner, I beseech you?—*Trach.* Why you make sacred offerings here.  
 —*Amp.* What are you dreaming, my dear?—*Trach.* Certainly, Labrax, your master, invited Pleusidippus, my master, hither to dinner!—*Amp.* Truly you mention things not to be wondered at. If he has deceived gods and men, he has acted in the manner of all Pimps.—*Trach.* Do not ye perform sacred rites here, nor my master either?—*Amp.* Guess again!  
 —*Trach.* What are ye doing here therefore?—*Amp.* Out of many calamities, and the greatest fright, and out of danger of our lives, this same Priestess of Venus received hither to herself, me and Palæstra, deprived of assistance and strength.  
 —*Trach.* Is Palæstra here, I beg, the mistress of my master?  
 —*Amp.* For certain.—*Trach.* There is great joy in your account, my Ampelisca! But it were pleasant to know that danger, that you may have had.—*Amp.* Our ship, my Trachalio, was wrecked this night!—*Trach.* What, a ship! what story is this?—*Amp.* Have you not heard, my dear, how the Pimp wished to carry us away by stealth hence into Sicily, and packed aboard the ship whatever he had at home? All those things have now perished.—*Trach.* [*Clapping his hands.*] O clever Neptune, hail to you! There is no dicer wiser than you! In truth you threw a cast very cleverly indeed! You have destroyed that perjured man! But where is now the Pimp Labrax?—*Amp.* I think he perished by drinking. Neptune invited him this night with large cups.  
 —*Trach.* How I do love you, my Ampelisca! How sweet you are! what pleasant words you say! But, how are you and Palæstra saved?—*Amp.* I will cause you to know that. We both of us in a fright jumped out of the ship into a little boat. Because we see the ship carried to the rocks, in haste I loosened the rope. While those people are in terror, the storm carries us away from them, with the boat off to the right hand. And thus we, tossed both by the winds and waves, wretched with many examples of death, continued

through the livelong night. But the wind brought us this day with difficulty to the shore, almost deprived of life.—*Trach.* I have known Neptune is so used to do; although he is a proud Ædile! For if there are bad wares, he casts them all out.—*Amp.* Woe to your head and life!—*Trach.* Woe to your own, my Ampelisca! I knew that the Pimp would do this thing that he has done! I often said it. I will send forth a lock of hair, and that is the best way, and will begin to prognosticate.—*Amp.* Have you and your master therefore, when you knew of it, taken any caution that he might not depart?—*Trach.* What could he do?—*Amp.* If he loved her, do you ask what he could do? He should preserve her day and night! he should be always on guard! But indeed he has done, as many others have done. So now Pleusidippus has taken care of her finely!—*Trach.* Why do you say that?—*Amp.* The thing is plain.—*Trach.* But do you know this? He who goes into the baths to wash, when he is carefully preserving his clothes, yet they are stolen away, because he who may notice any of them, is a rogue. A thief easily sees when he can watch; the person guarding them knows not who may be the thief. But, lead me to her; where is she?—*Amp.* Go now into the temple of Venus, and you will find her sitting there, and weeping.—*Trach.* How unpleasant that is to me! But why does she weep?—*Amp.* I will tell you. She tortures herself in mind on account of this, that the Pimp took away her little box, that she had, and where she had tokens by which she could know her parents. She is afraid of that, lest it may have perished.—*Trach.* Where was that little box?—*Amp.* He himself enclosed it within a cloak-bag in the same place in the ship, that she might not have the power of that, by which she might know her parents.—*Trach.* O, a scandalous deed! to require a girl to be a slave, whom it must be just to be a free woman!—*Amp.* Now it appears that it went to destruction, along with the ship, into the deep; and all the Pimp's gold and silver was in the same place. I do believe that some one sunk it, and then got it. The miserable girl is grieved at that circumstance, that a deprivation of those matters has happened to her.—*Trach.* Now, there is more use in that proceeding, that I may go in-doors, and console her, that she may not so afflict herself in mind. For

I know that many good things have happened to many people beyond their hope.—*Amp.* But I know also, that hope has deceived many, who may have hoped, and expected. *Trach.* I am going in-doors, unless you wish to say any thing.—*Amp.* You may go! [*Exit TRACHALIO into the temple.*] I will do that which the priestess commanded me, and will ask for water hence from the nearest house. For she said, if I would ask it in her words, that they would give it immediately; and I think that I have not seen any old woman more worthy. [*Five lines omitted.*] Now, that I may not be a delay to her, I will ask for water from this place, whence she ordered me to get it. [*She knocks loudly and frequently at DEMONES's door.*] Hillo! Who's in the villa? [*The door opens.*] Who opens this door! Who is going forth? [*She steps back a little way from the door.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter SCEPARNIO from DEMONES's house.*

*Scep.* Who is it that attacks our doors so wantonly?—*Amp.* I am here!—*Scep.* Ah! ha! What good thing is this we have got? Hah! A woman, faith, with a clever appearance!—*Amp.* Health to you, young man!—*Scep.* And you, be you very well and happy, young woman!—*Amp.* I come to you—*Scep.* I will receive you with hospitality, if you come by and by, the same as if you were in want. But now however I have nothing; but must send you away empty. But what! what do you say, my clever lively girl? [*He takes her by the hand.*]—*Amp.* Aha! You handle me too familiarly! [*She disengages herself.*]—*Scep.* O, immortal gods! this is the very effigy of Venus! [*Six lines omitted.*]—*Amp.* Now, my dear, with respect to what I have been sent hither to get, either consent to me, or refuse me!—*Scep.* What do you now want?—*Amp.* [*Holding up the pitcher.*] My implement here shews a wise man what I may want. This Priestess of Venus ordered me from hence, [*points at the temple*] to ask for water from you here.—*Scep.* [*Holds up his hand, and looks grand.*] But I am a stately man, unless you entreat me, you shall not carry a drop away! We dug that well with great danger to ourselves, and with our iron

tools. And unless with much coaxing, one drop cannot be borne away from me.—*Amp.* Why, do you think water, my dear, of such importance, which even an enemy affords to an enemy?—*Scep.* Now, why do you think your favour shewn to me of such importance, which a citizen affords to a citizen?—*Amp.* Truly now, I will do all things for you, my delight, that you shall wish.—*Scep.* Well done! I am safe and snug! She now calls me her delight! Water shall be given you, that you may not love me in vain. Give me the pitcher!—*Amp.* Take it! [*She reaches it to him.*] Hasten, my dear, to bring it out.—*Scep.* Wait then! I will be here just now, my delight! [*Exit SCEPARNIO with the pitcher into the house.*]—*Amp.* [*Sola.*] What shall I say to the Priestess, as to my having delayed here so long? [*Looks towards the side scene.*] How I wretched shudder even now, when I look at the sea! [*She starts.*] But what do I unhappy see, afar off on the shore? my master the Pimp, and his Sicilian guest, whom I miserable thought to have perished in the sea! Now, more misfortune as to that exists to us, than we had supposed. But why do I delay to fly into the temple, and tell these things to Palæstra? that we may fly together to the altar, before the wicked Pimp can come hither, and seize us here. I will escape hence now, for so the circumstance suddenly gives me the intention. [*AMPELISCA runs across, and exit into the temple.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter SCEPARNIO from DEMONES's house, with a full pitcher of water.*

*Scep.* O ye immortal gods! I never believed that there was so much delight in water. How pleasant I drew out this! The well seemed much less deep than before. How easily I drew out this! I must say I am bad enough; for instance, I, who this day can have begun to love. Here's the water for you, my nice girl! [*Turns slowly about, looking at the pitcher.*] Well now! I wish you to carry it thus properly as I carry it, that you may please me. [*He looks about and starts.*] But where art thou, my delicate creature? Take this water now! Where are you? [*He stares about.*] Faith,

she loves me, as I think. The roguish girl has hid herself! [*Aloud.*] Where are you? Are you not even to take this pitcher? Where are you? It is better for you to act a little conveniently. At length now it is truly serious. Still I say, are you to take this pitcher? Where in the world are you? [*He peeps about the side scene.*] Truly and verily I see her nowhere. She is making game of me. Faith, I will put down this pitcher now in the middle of the street! But oh, what if any one shall have carried off hence this sacred urn of Venus! and may shew forth some business for me! I fear truly lest that woman may lay snares for me, that I may be caught with the sacred urn of Venus; and so, with very good justice, the magistrate may torture me, bound in fetters, if any one shall have seen me holding this. [*He examines the pitcher.*] Now, this is marked with letters. It tells of itself whose it is. Faith, I will now call out hence this Priestess out of doors, that she may receive this urn from me. I will approach hither to the doors. [*He goes over to the door of the temple, and calls out.*] Hillo! Ptoleocratia! Take this urn to you! Some woman, I know not who, brought this hither to me! [*A pause.*] It must be carried indoors, I find. I have got new business now, if indeed even water must be carried by me, of my own accord, for these people. [*SCEPARNIO exit into the temple, with the pitcher of water in his hand.*]

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter LABRAX from the side scene, dripping wet.*

*Labr.* Whatever man shall wish himself wretched, and a beggar, let him trust himself and his life to Neptune! For if any one has contracted any affair with him, according to this example he loses his rich home. [*He looks back.*] But, where is that guest of mine, who has destroyed me? [*Enter CHARMIDES, the Pimp, at the side scene, following LABRAX, and in the same drenched condition.*] And behold him! he is marching here!—*Char.* Where, a curse, are you hurrying, Labrax? for truly I am not able to follow you so eagerly.—*Labr.* I wish you were sunk to perdition into Sicily in evil torments, before I could have seen you with my eyes; on

account of whom this calamity has happened to wretched me!—*Char.* I wish that I could rather have lain down in prison on that day, when you brought me to you into your house!—*Labr.* You brought yourself, as bad luck, into my house, and why did I listen to you so wicked a fellow? and why had I a departure hence? and why an embarkation on board ship? where I lost even more property than was mine.—*Char.* Faith, I wonder not if your ship is wrecked, which carried you, a great rogue, and your goods roguishly got.—*Labr.* You destroyed me with your wheedlings!—*Char.* I supped on your supper, a more wicked one, than that which was formerly set before Thyestes and Tereus!—*Labr.* I have perished. There is heavy affliction to my mind. Hold my head, I pray you!—*Char.* I would very much wish, faith, that you may vomit your lungs up!—*Labr.* Alas, Palæstra and Ampelisca, where are ye now? [*Wrings his hands.*]—*Char.* I believe they are giving food to the fishes of the deep. [*Six lines omitted.*]—*Labr.* Alas! what mortal lives more wretched than me?—*Char.* I am so much the more wretched than you, Labrax!—*Labr.* How are you now?—*Char.* Because I am not worthy of it; but you are worthy to be so. [*Ten lines omitted.*]—*Labr.* I wish that I could now use the quality of a duck, that when I should have come out of the water, I might yet be dry!—*Char.* [*Looking at his own figure.*] What if I may place myself as a hobgoblin at the shows!—*Labr.* Wherefore?—*Char.* Because, faith, I chatter also loudly with my teeth. [*Eight lines omitted.*]—*Labr.* What whale has devoured my cloak-bag, where all my gold and silver was packed up?—*Char.* That same, I believe, that took my purse, which was full of silver in my wallet.—*Labr.* Alas! I am reduced even to this short waistcoat, and to this wretched little cloak! I have perished at once!—*Char.* It is the case with you at any rate to be a sharer with me. We have equal lots.—*Labr.* If those women might be safe to me at least, there might be some hopes. Now, if the youth Pleusidippus shall have seen me, from whom I had received an earnest for Palæstra, he will shew me now some matter of business here. [*He begins to sob and grieve aloud.*]—*Char.* Why do you lament, you fool? As long as your tongue shall live, verily and truly you have a power there, with which you can satisfy to all men any transaction of yours.

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter SCEPARNIO from the temple.*

*Scep.* [*In front of the others talking to himself.*] What is that business, pray, that two young women in the temple of Venus here hold the statue, embracing it, and dissolved in tears? Sadly miserable, fearing I know not whom? They say, that in this last night truly, they were tossed about, and to-day cast out of the sea.—*Labr.* [*Coming up to SCEPARNIO.*] I beseech you in truth, young man, tell me where those women are, that you are mentioning.—*Scep.* [*Pointing.*] Here in the temple of Venus!—*Labr.* How many are there?—*Scep.* As many as you and I are.—*Labr.* That is, they are mine.—*Scep.* That is, I know not *that*.—*Labr.* With what appearance are they?—*Scep.* Pretty handsome. I can love either of them, if I were finely fuddled!—*Labr.* That is to say, the girls?—*Scep.* That is to say, you are a troublesome chap! Go, and see them, if it pleases you.—*Labr.* It must be, that my women are here within, my Charmides.—*Char.* May Jupiter destroy you, both if they are there, and yet if they are not there!—*Labr.* I will now break in hither into the temple of Venus.—*Char.* I can wish rather it were into a gulf! [*LABRAX bursts open the door of the temple, and exit clapping the door after him with violence.*]—*Char.* [*To SCEPARNIO.*] I beseech you, my host, give me some place, where I may go to sleep.—*Scep.* Go to sleep there where you will; nobody hinders you. It is a public thing.—*Char.* But do you see me, how I be clothed with wet garments? Receive me into a covered place, and give me some dry clothing, while my clothes grow dry, in doing which I will render thanks to you. [*Seven lines omitted.*]—*Scep.* I do not choose to receive a barbarous guest into my house. There's enough of strife now. [*Exit SCEPARNIO into DÆMONES'S house.*]—*Char.* [*Calling after him.*] Are you off now? [*A pause.*] He certainly brought those women there to be sold, whoever he is. He is not a humane man. But why do I stand here wretched, and wet? Why do I not go hence into the temple of Venus, that I may sleep off this surfeit of drink, which I drank up beyond what pleased the fancy of my inclination. [*Four lines omitted.*] I will now go to see

the Pimp, what he is doing within, my messmate, and pot-companion. [*Exit CHARMIDES into the temple, shaking his wet clothes.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter DÆMONES from his house.*

*Dem.* In wonderful ways the gods make sport of men, and in surprising instances in dreams in their sleep. They do not in fact suffer us to lie at rest when sleeping. In this way I, in this last night preceding, dreamed a wonderful and strange dream. An ape seemed to endeavour to climb up to a nest of swallows; nor was he able to drag them out from thence. Afterward, the ape seemed to advance to me, and to ask me that I would give him ladders, to be used by him. I at this instance answer the ape, that swallows were sprung from Philomela, and from Progne. I negotiate with her, that she may not hurt my neighbours. But she begins to grow fiercer in inclination, and seems of her own accord to threaten mischief against me. She calls me into a court of justice. There, I know not how, I, in great anger, seem to seize the ape by the middle, and fasten up within chains the very mischievous beast. Now, to what affair I may say that this dream appertains, I have never been able this day to come to any conjecture. [*A loud noise is heard within the temple.*] But what clamour arises here in the temple of Venus? My mind is in a wonder!

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter TRACHALIO, rushing from the temple, clapping his hands, and crying out.*

*Trach.* O ye neighbours of Cyrene! I implore your goodness, ye husbandmen and inhabitants, ye who are close by these regions, bring assistance to distress, and destroy the worst example of wickedness! Now punish him, and let not

the power of wicked men be greater than that of the innocent, who are unwilling to become distinguished by bad deeds. Institute an example to a shameless man, and give a reward to modesty! Run ye hither into the temple of Venus! Again I implore your goodness. Ye who are present here near at hand, and who hear my cry, bring assistance to those who have committed their life to Venus, and Venus's priestess, after the ancient manner. Twist ye the neck of iniquity, before it may come to yourselves! [*He runs to and fro all this time in great agitation.*]—*Dæm.* What is all that business?—*Trach.* [*Suppliant, and embracing the old man's knees.*] I supplicate you my old gentleman, whosoever you are, by these knees—*Dæm.* But, do let go my knees, and explain in a word, what it may be that you can make a tumult about!—*Trach.* I both pray and beseech you, if you hope that there will be to you this year a great crop of perfume plants, and gum-trees, and that you should have a freedom from your eye-diseases.—*Dæm.* Are you in your senses? [*Eight lines omitted.*]—*Trach.* I beseech you therefore prevent this matter!—*Dæm.* What business is it?—*Trach.* Two innocent women are here within, in want of your assistance, on whom, against all right and laws, an assault has been made notoriously here, and is made in the temple of Venus; and also besides the Priestess of Venus is unworthily ill used!—*Dæm.* What man is there of so great boldness, that may dare to injure the Priestess? But who are those women? and why are the men so injurious to them?—*Trach.* If you attend to me, I will tell you. The women embraced the statue of Venus; and now a man wants to carry them off. It is proper that both of them be—*Dæm.* [*Interrupting.*] Who is that man, that holds in contempt the gods?—*Trach.* A fellow of fraud and wickedness, full of parricide and perjury, a lawbreaker, shameless, impure, and most immodest. In one word I will solve it, he is a Pimp. Why may I speak of him more? he is the man who may have squeezed the throat of the Priestess.—*Dæm.* But he has done it faith with his own great detriment! [*DÆMONES calls aloud at the door of his house.*] Go out of doors thence, ye domestics, Turbalio, and Sparax! Where are ye?—*Trach.* Go in there, I pray you, [*points to the temple*] and help those women!—*Dæm.* [*At his door.*] I will not command again! [*Enter TURBALIO and SPARAX.*] Follow me

this way! [*He leads them across to the door of the temple.*]—*Trach.* Go on this moment, and order them to dash out the fellow's eyes, in the same way as cooks do to cuttle-fish.—*Dæm.* [*To the servants.*] Drag ye forth the man by the feet hither, just as a killed pig. [*Exit DÆMONES into the temple, with his two assistants at his heels.*]—*Trach.* [*Solus, and listening awhile.*] I hear a tumult! I think the Pimp is borne down with their fists. I can wish they may have knocked out the teeth from the jaws of that dreadfully wicked man! [*The door of the temple is opened.*] But behold the women themselves are going out from the temple in consternation! [*He goes back some distance.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter, from the temple, PALESTRA and AMPELISCA, in a fright, rushing in, with their hair dishevelled, clapping their hands.*

*Pal.* That time now is present, when a deprivation of all happiness and powers, of aid and protection, is upon us, nor is there any prospect that can give us safety, neither do we know where we are going on to obtain an entrance, and we are both of us wretched now, and in the greatest terror. Very great the importunity, and very great the assault that has been made upon us just now, here within by the master of us, who so wicked drove headlong the old woman, the Priestess, and struck her in a very unworthy manner, and dragged us away by his own strength from the interior statue. But now, as our affairs and fortunes dispose themselves, it is proper to die. Nor is there any thing better than death, in affairs so calamitous and miserable.—*Trach.* [*Behind.*] What is that speech? Do I delay to console these women? [*He calls out.*] Harkye, Palæstra!—*Pal.* [*Turning her head.*] Who calls me?—*Trach.* Harkye now, Ampelisca!—*Amp.* I beseech you, who is it that calls me?—*Pal.* Who is it, that names me now?—*Trach.* You will know, when you shall have looked back!—*Pal.* [*Turning round, and surveying him.*] O, the hope of my safety!—*Trach.* [*Going up to her.*] Be silent, and be of good courage! [*Holds up his head in a conceited manner.*] See me here!—*Pal.* If only it be possible, that violence may not oppress us; which violence compels me,

that I myself may commit violence on myself.—*Trach.* Oh, leave off! You are too silly.—*Amp.* Leave off consoling wretched me at this time with your words!—*Pal.* Unless you have some protection ready in reality, Trachalio, this affair is all over. I am determined to die, rather than to suffer the Pimp to assault me. But, however, I have but a womanish courage. When to wretched me it comes into my mind of death, in truth terror seizes my limbs.—*Trach.* Though this that happens is a bitter thing, have a good courage both of ye!—*Pal.* From whence, now I beg, is any courage found to me?—*Trach.* I say, fear ye not! Sit down here at the altar. [*He points to it.*]—*Amp.* What can that altar profit us more, than the statue here within in the temple of Venus, which we just now embraced, and from whence we wretched women were dragged by force.—*Trach.* Only sit you down here! I will hence defend you still. Possess ye this altar for your camp. I will hence defend the walls of it; and, under the guard of Venus, I will go against the malice of the Pimp.—*Amp.* We listen to you. [*They go to the altar, and sink on their knees.*] O, kind Venus, we both entreat you, embracing this your altar, weeping and resting on our knees, that you may receive us into your guardianship, and defend us! that you may punish those wicked men, who held in contempt your temple, and that you may suffer us to beset your altar under your peace, us who were both drenched by the power of Neptune in the night! [*Five lines omitted.*]—*Trach.* But behold the old gentleman, who is Patron both to me and you, in excellent time is going out of doors here. [*The two women, and TRACHALIO, stand close to the altar.*]

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter DÆMONES, with his two servants from the temple, dragging LABRAX.*

*Dæm.* [*Pushing LABRAX off from him.*] Get out of the temple, thou most sacrilegious of all men, as many as ever were born! Ye women, go to sit down at the altar! [*He turns about, looking for them.*] But, where are they?—*Trach.* [*From the altar.*] Look back hither!—*Dæm.* [*Seeing them.*] Vastly well.—*Serv.* We had wished that. Do order now that the man may approach near. [*LABRAX comes forward.*]

—*Dæm.* [*To him.*] Do you aim now before us here to make a breakage of the laws of the gods? [*LABRAX shakes his fist at him, and stamps in a fury.*] Drive your fist, one of you, into his face!—*Labr.* I suffer these unjust things with great cost to you! [*Threatens him.*]—*Dæm.* But does the audacious fellow threaten me?—*Labr.* My right is snatched away from me, and you carry off my servant-maids, I being unwilling!—*Trach.* Therefore appoint some rich men of the senate of Cyrene as judges, if it behoves them to be yours, or whether they should not be free, and whether it is not right that you be clapped into prison, and that you dwell there always during an age, until you shall have worn away the whole jail with your feet.—*Labr.* [*To TRACHALIO.*] I have not prophesied to that effect, that I may converse with a hangman! [*He turns to DÆMONES.*] I call upon you!—*Dæm.* Dispute first with him that hath known you.—*Labr.* I have to do with you.—*Trach.* But you must transact matters with me. Are those servant-maids yours?—*Labr.* They are.—*Trach.* Come on therefore! Touch either of them with your little finger only!—*Labr.* What if I shall have touched her?—*Trach.* Instantly I will make you a prize-fighting pair of bellows; and, while you are drawing breath, will belabour you with my fists, O thou most perjured fellow!—*Labr.* [*To DÆMONES.*] May it not be lawful for me to carry off my maids from the altar of Venus?—*Dæm.* It is not lawful; so is the law with us.—*Labr.* I have no business with your laws. Certainly I will carry away both those women out of doors! Thou, old man, if you love those women, there is need of dry money to be given hither. [*Slapping his breeches pocket.*]—*Dæm.* But these women have pleased Venus.—*Labr.* Let her have them, if she will give the money.—*Dæm.* Am I to give you money? Now, therefore, that you may know my opinion, begin only, and just in joke a little, to apply violence to them, and I will send you away hence so dressed, that you yourself shall not have known yourself. [*To the servants.*] Ye, therefore, when I shall have nodded to you, if you shall not have scooped his eyes out of his head, I will bind you about with twigs, just as myrtle-trees are bound round with bulrushes.—*Labr.* You act by force with me.—*Trach.* Do you upbraid us with force, thou fragrance of flagrant deeds?—*Labr.* Do you, you arrant

rogue, dare to speak abusively to me?—*Trach.* I confess, I am a great rogue, and you are a man forsooth very just! How is it fitting that these women should be the less free?—*Labr.* What, free did you say?—*Trach.* And your mistresses verily and truly, and from genuine Greece, for this one of them was born at Athens, of noble parents!—*Dæm.* [*Starting in surprise.*] What do I hear from you?—*Trach.* That this girl [*pointing to PALÆSTRA*] was born free at Athens!—*Dæm.* I beseech you, is she of my country?—*Trach.* Are not you of Cyrene?—*Dæm.* Verily at Athens born, and bred up, and educated among the citizens of Attica!—*Trach.* I implore you, my old gentleman, defend your citizens!—*Dæm.* [*Hanging his head, and putting his hand on his breast.*] O, my daughter! though absent, when I see this girl, you remind me of my miseries, for she was lost to me when three years old. I know, if she lives, she would now be just so tall.—*Labr.* I gave money for them both, to the master whose property they were. What signifies to me, whether they were born at Athens, or at Thebes, while they may serve their servitude to me properly.—*Trach.* Do you act thus you shameless man; will you keep here these virgin kittens, kidnapped from free parents, and destroy them in an unworthy occupation? Now, to this other [*pointing to AMPELISCA*] I know not what may be the native country, but I know that she is better than you, thou most vile scoundrel!—*Labr.* Are they yours?—*Trach.* Contend with me therefore, and try which of us is sounder in the back. [*Six lines omitted.*] Why do you look at those women? whom if you shall have touched, [*lifting his hand*] I will drag out your eyes!—*Labr.* But, because you forbid it now, I will carry away each of them, this instant with me at the same time!—*Dæm.* What will you do?—*Labr.* I will bring here Vulcan, and he is the enemy of Venus. [*He goes towards DÆMONES's house.*]—*Dæm.* Where is that fellow going? [*LABRAX knocks at DÆMONES's door.*]—*Labr.* Hillo! who's here? Hillo!—*Dæm.* If you shall have touched that door any more, now faith a harvest shall be made on your face, with fruit-branches of the fist!—*Serv.* We have no fire there, we subsist on dry figs.—*Dæm.* I will give you fire, if I have an opportunity of blowing it up on your head!—*Labr.* I will certainly go somewhere to inquire for fire!—*Dæm.* What will

you do, when you shall have found it?—*Labr.* I will make a great conflagration here!—*Dæm.* Do you mean that you may burn any thing human?—*Labr.* Yes; that I may burn both these women alive here in the altar!—*Dæm.* I wish that; for, by Hercules, I will immediately grapple you by the beard, and will throw you into the fire, and cast you out half-burnt, as food for the great birds of the air. [*Aside.*] I make a conjecture with myself, this is that ape, that wishes to drag these swallows from the nest in spite of me, which I dreamed in my sleep.—*Trach.* [*To DÆMONES.*] Do you know what? I speak to you, old gentleman, to preserve those women, and defend them against violence, while I bring here my master.—*Dæm.* Seek your master, and bring him here!—*Trach.* But let not this fellow—*Dæm.* It shall be with his greatest ruin, if he shall have touched them, or shall have attempted it.—*Trach.* Attend to this!—*Dæm.* It is attended to; begone!—*Trach.* Keep this fellow even himself here, lest he may escape away any where; for we promised to the jailer, either a great talent, or to clap up this fellow in prison this day. [*Exit TRACHALIO in haste at the back scene.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

Manent DÆMONES, his two servants, LABRAX, PALÆSTRA, and AMPELISCA.

*Dæm.* Whether do you, Mister Pimp, choose to be quiet with punishment more willingly, or thus without suffering, if you have the power?—*Labr.* [*Snapping his fingers.*] I don't care a straw, old man, as to what you say; I will in truth drag away my women now from the altar, you being unwilling, and Venus, and highest Jupiter!—*Dæm.* Touch 'em then!—*Labr.* I will touch 'em truly, by Hercules!—*Dæm.* [*Going to the altar.*] Come on therefore! approach hither only.—*Labr.* Order only both those men to retire there.—*Dæm.* But they shall approach to you!—*Labr.* I myself don't approve of that in truth.—*Dæm.* What will you do, if they shall approach nearer?—*Labr.* I shall have retreated. But, old chap, if ever I shall have found you in the city, never shall any one by Hercules have called me Pimp, if I shall not have sent you away after the worst sport.—*Dæm.* Do that which you threaten; but now, in the mean time, if



you shall have touched those women, a great punishment shall be given you!—*Labr.* How great truly?—*Dæm.* As much as is enough for a Pimp.—*Labr.* I don't care a straw for your threats. Odds-bobs, whether you will or not, I will now snatch away those women.—*Dæm.* Touch them!—*Labr.* I will touch 'em truly and verily.—*Dæm.* Touch 'em; but do you know how you will be handled? [*Turns to one of the servants.*] Go now, Tarbalio, and in a twinkling bring here two bludgeons!—*Labr.* Bludgeons?—*Dæm.* Good one's at any rate. Hasten quickly! [*Exit TURBALIO into the house.*] I will make you this day be properly treated as you are worthy.—*Labr.* Alas! I lost my helmet so unfortunate in the ship! Now it would be very opportune here for me, if it were saved. [*To DÆMONES.*] It is lawful for me at least to address those women.—*Dæm.* It is not lawful. [*Enter TURBALIO with two great clubs.*] Ah! ha! Excellent faith! behold him; now the club-bearer arrives!—*Labr.* [*Staring at the clubs.*] That is indeed and truly a tingling in the ears.—*Dæm.* [*To a servant.*] Here, Sparax, take that other club! [*He takes it.*] Now one of you stand over there! [*Pointing.*] The other on this side! Both of you stand ready! [*They stand with uplifted clubs on each side of the altar.*] That will do. Now hear ye! If by Hercules that fellow shall have touched those women this day against their will with one finger, unless you shall have stroked him with those clubs continually, until he know not which way to get home, you are both of you undone. If he shall call any one, do ye answer to that man in the place of those women. But if he himself shall wish and try to go away hence, as much as he can, instantly whack round his legs with your sticks!—*Labr.* Will they not suffer me even to depart hence?—*Dæm.* I have said enough; and when that servant shall have come hither with his master, that is, he who went to call his master, go ye immediately home! Take care of these things, do you mind, with great diligence! [*Exit DÆMONES into his house.*]—*Labr.* Alack, and by Hercules, the temples there are indeed changed very speedily. For this now is the temple of Hercules, that was that of Venus; and so the old man fixed two statues here with clubs. I know not really where in the world I now may fly away from hence; each, both heaven and earth, rage so much against me! [*He calls*

*out.*] Palæstra!—*Serv.* [*Answering for her.*] What do you want?—*Labr.* Get out! there is a difference here. This faith is not my Palæstra that answers! [*Aloud.*] Harkye, Ampelisca!—*Serv.* [*Lifting his club.*] Beware of a misfortune to you!—*Labr.* As it happens, these idle fellows advise me rightly enough. But I say to you—[*He calls to the servants.*] Harkye, you! Whether is it annoying to you that I should go up to these women closer?—*Serv.* Not to us indeed.—*Labr.* Whether will it be annoying to me at all?—*Serv.* No, if you shall have been careful.—*Labr.* What is it, that I may guard from?—*Serv.* Why, from a solid mishap.—*Labr.* I beg really that it may be lawful to depart.—*Serv.* Depart, if you may choose it.—*Labr.* Well done, by Hercules! I am grateful to you! [*He turns about, and is going away.*]—*Serv.* You must not! rather than that, let me come to you! [*He goes after LABRAX, and drags him back to his former place, with a club over his head.*] Do you stand there instantly!—*Labr.* By jingo, I have come forth here cursedly bad in many ways! but I am determined to subdue these women here to-day, by constantly besieging them.

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter from the back scene PLEUSIDIPPUS, followed by TRACHALIO.*

*Pleus.* [*On his entrance, turning to TRACHALIO.*] Has that Pimp wished to drag away my mistress, by force and violence, from the altar of Venus?—*Trach.* Very much so.—*Pleus.* But have you not slain him at once?—*Trach.* There was no sword.—*Pleus.* You should take either a club, or a stone!—*Trach.* Why should I pursue that most wicked man with stones, as if it were a dog?—*Labr.* [*In front of them.*] Now I have indeed perished! behold him, Pleusidippus is here! He will sweep me here entirely away with the dust.—*Pleus.* [*To TRACHALIO.*] Were the women still sitting at the altar, at that time, when you set off to go to me?—*Trach.* They are now sitting in the same place.—*Pleus.* Who now is defending them there?—*Trach.* An old man, I know not who, a neighbour of Venus. He paid the utmost attention, he now with his servants preserves the women. I had com-

mitted them to him.—*Pleus*. Lead me to the Pimp straightway! [*TRACHALIO goes before him up the stage.*] Where is that man?—*Labr*. [*Sneaking from the side up to PLEUSIDIPPUS.*] Health to you!—*Pleus*. I care not for salutation! Choose quickly whether you have rather be grappled with a twisted neck, or be dragged quietly along! Choose which, while it is allowed to you.—*Labr*. I want neither!—*Pleus*. Go now, Trachalio, in a hurry to the sea-shore. Order those men whom I brought with me, to go into the city to meet me at the port, and who could give up this fellow to the jailer. Afterward return hither, and keep guard here! I will drag this wicked outcast to justice. [*Exit TRACHALIO at the side.*] Come, Labrax, march to justice!—*Labr*. What crime have I committed?—*Pleus*. Do you ask? Why you received an earnest from me, on account of the woman, and you carried her off from hence.—*Labr*. I have not carried her away.—*Pleus*. Why do you deny it?—*Labr*. Because faith I carried her forth, but unfortunate was not able to carry her away. In truth I had told you, that I would be near at hand at the temple of Venus. How do I alter it? Am I not there?—*Pleus*. In the court plead your cause. Here a word is enough. Follow me! [*He goes towards the back scene—The servants lay hold of LABRAX, and drag him along after PLEUSIDIPPUS. Enter on the opposite side from them CHARMIDES.*]—*Labr*. I entreat you, my Charmides, assist me! I am dragged with my neck twisted!—*Char*. [*Stopping and looking across.*] Who names me?—*Labr*. Do you see me, how I am dragged now?—*Char*. I see, and look at you in great satisfaction.—*Labr*. Do you not venture to help me?—*Char*. What man carries you away?—*Labr*. The youth Pleusidippus.—*Char*. As you have got hold of the matter, bear it with courage! It is a very good thing, that you should crawl into the pillory. That has happened to you, which very many wish to themselves.—*Labr*. How is that?—*Char*. That what they may seek after, they may find it for themselves.—*Labr*. I beseech you, follow me now!—*Char*. You are persuading me, to be in like way as you are yourself. You are dragged to the pillory. You implore me to follow you there. Are you still holding back from it?—*Labr*. I have perished outright!—*Pleus*. I wish it were true! [*He goes towards the women.*] Do you, my Palæstra and Am-

pelisca, remain now in the same place, until I return hither!—*Serv*. I in truth persuade you, that they may depart to our house rather, until you take them back.—*Pleus*. It pleases me. You do well. [*The servants open the door of DÆMONES'S house, and conduct PALÆSTRA and AMPELISCA into it, and shut the door, and return to their places.*]—*Labr*. Ye are thieves to me!—*Serv*. What! are we thieves!—*Pleus*. Drag him away now! [*The Servants lay hold of LABRAX again, and drag him towards the back scene.*]—*Labr*. [*Roaring out.*] I beg! I implore you! Palæstra, O!—*Pleus*. Follow me, you hangman you!—*Labr*. [*To CHARMIDES.*] O my guest!—*Char*. I am not your guest! I reject your entertainment.—*Labr*. Do you thus spurn me now?—*Char*. So I act, and I drink but once only.—*Labr*. May the gods curse you!—*Char*. Say it to that head of your own! [*PLEUSIDIPPUS and the Servants exeunt at the back scene, and exit LABRAX dragged away by them.*]—*Char*. [*Solus.*] I do believe that mankind is transformed various each into a different beast. This Pimp, I believe, is turned into a cock-pigeon, for his neck will be soon in a pigeon-hole. He will build his nest to-day upon the pillory. But nevertheless I will go, that I may be his advocate, if any way by my attention the thing can be settled the sooner. [*Exit CHARMIDES at the back scene.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

### SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter DÆMONES from his house.*

*Dæm*. It is well done, and a pleasure to me, that I have this day borne assistance to these young women. I have now found female guests, and both of them with a comely appearance, and youthful. But my mischievous wife watches me in every way, lest I should in any manner hint any thing to the girls. [*He pauses.*] But now I wonder what my servant Gripus can be about, who went by night to the sea to fish! Verily he would have been wiser, if he would have gone to

sleep at home. For now he makes a mockery both as to his labour, and his nets, as the tempest now is, and was in the night. To-day I will roast upon my fingers, what he may have taken, as I see the sea so violently moving with billows. [*A bell rings, and the door of his house is opened.*] But my wife calls me to dinner! I return home, and now she will fill my ears with her vain and silly talking. [*Exit DÆMONES into his house.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter GRIPUS from the side scene, dragging after him by a cable rope a net, in which is a large cloak-bag, that is well filled and weighty.*

*Grip.* I give thanks to my patron Neptune, that inhabits the salt places stored with fishes, since he sent me off from his temples returning home, handsomely set off, and loaded with a very great prize, at the same time with safety to the little boat, which, in the stormy sea, put me in possession of a new and rich sort of fish-catching. Now, in a wonderful and incredible manner, this cast has turned out to me so finely! Nor have I taken to-day one ounce-weight of fish, unless this that I carry here in my net! Be it known, as I rose at dark night, and actively eager, I preferred profit to sleep and rest. In the raging tempest I wished to prove the wrong opinion of my master, and, that I might support my own opinion, was not sparing of my trouble. A man is very much of a nothing who is lazy, and I hate that race very detestably. In truth I now have been industrious, and have found that I may be lazy, if I can wish it. [*Points at the cloak-bag.*] I have found this in the sea, whatever is in it; whatever is in it, is heavy indeed. I do suppose that gold is in it here; nor is any one conscious of the matter. Now an opportunity has happened to you, Gripus, that the Prætor of the people may free you. Now I will act in this way, and this is my intention; to come to my master knowingly and cunningly. By little and little I will promise money for my person, that I may be free. Now when I shall be free, at length on that score I will prepare a plantation, a house, and slaves. I will set up merchandise with great ships. I shall be reported

to be a king among great men. Afterward, for the sake of amusement, I will make a navy for myself, and imitate a commander of an army. I will be carried about the towns. Where my nobility will be renowned, I will fortify a great town, and will give my name to that city, Gripus, as a monument to my fame and deeds; and there I will constitute a great kingdom. I am thinking within my mind to prepare great things even here. [*He takes the cloak-bag from the net, and puts it under his arm.*] Now I will hide this cloak-bag. But this great man, as I certainly am, is about to dine to-day on vinegar and salt, without any good substantial food. [*He begins to gather up the net, and then drags it towards the back scene.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter TRACHALIO from the back scene.*

*Trach.* Harkye, stop!—*Grip.* [*Staring at him.*] Why may I stop?—*Trach.* While I wind up this cable for you, which you are dragging.—*Grip.* [*In a surly tone.*] Let it alone now!—*Trach.* But truly I will assist you. For what is done kindly to good men, does not perish.—*Grip.* There was a stormy tempest yesterday, and I have no fish, young man. Then require not to assist me. Do you not see that I bring back a wet net without any scaly cattle?—*Trach.* I do not faith want fishes so much, as I am in want of your conversation.—*Grip.* You torture me now with your spite, whoever you are!—*Trach.* I will not suffer you to depart hence! Wait now! [*Stands in his way, GRIPUS trying to go off.*]—*Grip.* Have a care of something bad to you! [*He tries again to go, and TRACHALIO draws him back.*] A curse, why do you draw me back?—*Trach.* Hear me now!—*Grip.* I do not hear you.—*Trach.* But faith you shall hear me!—*Grip.* Why say it at another time what you wish.—*Trach.* Come now, it is worth your while at once to hear what I have to tell you!—*Grip.* Speak it out, what is it?—*Trach.* [*Looking back.*] See if any one follows near us!—*Grip.* What is there, that may now signify to me?—*Trach.* Yes, but is there any good disposition in you towards me?—*Grip.* What business is it, only say?—*Trach.* I will say it; but be silent, if you will give

me your faith only that you will not be faithless.—*Grip*. I do give you my faith. I will be faithful to you, whoever you are.—*Trach*. Hear then! I saw a man who made a theft. I had known the owner to whom that happened. Afterward I myself come to the thief, and bring him a condition in this way: I know the man on whom the theft was committed; now if you are willing to give me half, I will not discover to the owner. He answered me not. Now what is it right should be given to me? I want that you may say, half.—*Grip*. Yes verily, even more; for unless he gives it, I am of opinion, it must be mentioned to the owner.—*Trach*. I will act with your advice. Now attend to me! For all this appertains to you.—*Grip*. What has been done?—*Trach*. With regard to that cloak-bag, I have known the man for some time, whose property it is.—*Grip*. What is it?—*Trach*. And in what way it was lost.—*Grip*. But I know in what way it was found, and I know the man who found it; and I know who the owner of it is now. [*He hugs his treasure with both arms.*] This is no more in truth signifying to you, than what that story of yours signifies to me. I have known that man whose property it is now; you, him whose property it was before. No man shall carry this away from me. You may not hope for it at all!—*Trach*. If the owner may come, may he not get it?—*Grip*. No man is owner to this, so don't be disappointed, unless I myself; no one born is there, unless I who took it in my hunting expedition.—*Trach*. Is it so in truth?—*Grip*. Will you not say, that any fish in the sea is mine? Those, which I take, as I have taken them, are mine. I have them for my own; nor are they fought for, nor does any one require a part from thence. I sell them openly in the Forum as my own saleables. The sea indeed is without doubt common to all men.—*Trach*. I agree, and how is it less proper, I beg, that the cloak-bag be common to me? It was found in the sea, and is a thing common.—*Grip*. By jingo you are shamelessly impudent! for if that be the right of things, as you relate, the fishermen will have perished; for when the fishes shall have been immediately brought into the market, no one may buy them, and every one may require his own share of the fishes for himself. He may say that they were taken in the common sea.—*Trach*. What do you say, you impudent fellow? have you

dared to compare a cloak-bag with fishes? [*Ten lines omitted as tedious.*]—*Grip*. Why you, have you never heard before, that a cloak-bag is a fish?—*Trach*. You villain, it is none.—*Grip*. Yes, it is in fact, I, who am a fisherman, know it. But it is rarely taken. No fish comes so seldom to land.—*Trach*. You do nothing. You hope that you can cheat me, you rogue! Of what colour is it?—*Grip*. [*Looking at the cloak-bag under his cloak.*] Very few are taken of this colour. There are others of a purple skin, also some large and black.—*Trach*. I understand. Faith I think you will turn yourself into a cloak-bag fish, unless you are careful; for your skin shall become purple, and afterward again it shall become black.—*Grip*. What a villain this I have found to-day!—*Trach*. We are talking here, and the day is going away. See, by whose arbitration you would wish that we should act.—*Grip*. By the judgment of the cloak-bag!—*Trach*. Is it so truly? You are a fool.—*Grip*. [*Making a bow and scrape.*] Your servant, Mister Thales!—*Trach*. You shall not carry that away to-day, unless you give an umpire or arbitrator, by whose judgment this affair may be settled.—*Grip*. Are you in your senses, I ask?—*Trach*. [*Shaking his fist at him.*] I am frantic!—*Grip*. And I am mad! I won't let go this however. [*Hugs the cloak-bag.*]—*Trach*. Add one word more, and I will drive now some blows on your brain! I will now here, just as a rough rubber is used to be laid on, scrub and scour out whatever humour is in you, unless you let go this cloak-bag!—*Grip*. Touch me, and I will knock you flat to the earth, just as I am used to do a polypus fish! Do you want to fight? [*Holds up his right fist in a boxing attitude, and holds his cloak-bag under his left arm.*]—*Trach*. What is there next? But do you now rather divide the spoil!—*Grip*. You can forage nothing hence, but harm to yourself, so don't require it! I am steering off from hence.—*Trach*. But I will turn aside your ship, that you may not go away! Stay there now! [*Stands in front to stop him.*]—*Grip*. If you are the steersman to that ship, I will be the pilot. [*He catches up the net, and tries to go, but TRACHALIO lays hold of the cable.*] Let go the cable, you scoundrel!—*Trach*. I will let it go, but do you let go the cloak-bag!—*Grip*. Odds-bobs, you shall never to-day be more successful by one splinter from this!—*Trach*. You are not able to make

good any thing to me by refusing, unless a part is given, or it is referred to an arbitrator, or put before an umpire.—*Grip.* What, *that* which I caught in the sea?—*Trach.* But I inspected it from the shore.—*Grip.* With my care, labour, net, and boat, it was obtained.—*Trach.* If the owner, whose property it is, may come, how am I, who saw you get it standing afar off, less a thief than you are?—*Grip.* No such thing. [*Gathers up his net and is going.*]—*Trach.* [*Catching the net.*] Wait, you rogue! By what argument am not I an associate and a thief? Make me know that from you!—*Grip.* I don't know, nor do I know those city-laws of yours, unless that I say, that this is mine! [*Looks at the cloak-bag.*]—*Trach.* And I also say that it is mine.—*Grip.* Stay now! I have found an expedient, by which means you may be neither a thief, nor an associate.—*Trach.* By what means?—*Grip.* Suffer me to depart hence! Do you in silence go your way! You shall neither have discovered me to any one, nor will I give you any thing at all! Do you be silent! I will mutter! This is the best and most just thing.—*Trach.* What sort of condition do you dare to offer me?—*Grip.* I am already carrying it off. [*Takes the net, and TRACHALIO the cable-ropes.*] Let go the cable, that you may get away, and not be troublesome to me!—*Trach.* Wait, while I refer the condition to some one.—*Grip.* I beg of you truly, carry yourself off only!—*Trach.* Whom in these places have you known?—*Grip.* It behoves me to know my neighbours.—*Trach.* Where do you dwell here?—*Grip.* Why afar off there, all the way at the farthest fields.—*Trach.* Do you wish that it be at the arbitration of him who lives in this villa. [*Points to DEMONES's house.*]—*Grip.* Let go the rope awhile, until I grant that, and think with myself about it!—*Trach.* Let it be so! [*He lets go the cable.*]—*Grip.* [*Aside.*] Well done! the matter is safe. This prize is perpetually mine! He invites me here within my own precincts to my own master as judge. He will never truly adjudge this day three halfpence from his own servant. Faith that fellow does not know what proposal he may have brought here! I will go to the arbitrator. [*Goes towards the house.*]—*Trach.* What is it therefore?—*Grip.* Although I know for certain that *that* is my right, let that thing be done now, rather than I may fight with you.—*Trach.* Now you please me.—

*Grip.* Though you drive me to an unknown arbiter, if he will apply real justice, though he is unknown, he is famous; if he shall not give justice, though famous, he is a most ignoble man.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter from the house DEMONES, PALESTRA, and AMPHELISCA, in front of the two competitors.*

*Dam.* [*To the women.*] Seriously and truly, my girls, though I wish to you all things you desire, I fear on account of you, lest my wife should thrust me out of doors. She will say that I brought harlots before her eyes. You are to take refuge at the altar, rather than I.—*Women.* Ah! we wretched women are undone! [*They weep.*]—*Dam.* I will place you safe, fear ye not! But what plan are ye to follow out of doors? When I am present, no one shall do injury to you. Go there, I say, as to your home, [*points to the altar*] now directly under the protection of your protectress! [*He leads them both to the altar.*]—*Grip.* [*Going up to DEMONES.*] O, Master, health to you!—*Dam.* Hail! Gripus! what's the matter?—*Trach.* [*Coming up to DEMONES.*] Is this your servant?—*Grip.* [*To TRACHALIO.*] It does not shame you, I see.—*Trach.* I have nothing to do with you!—*Grip.* Therefore get you gone hence!—*Trach.* [*To DEMONES.*] Answer me, old gentleman, I beg! Is this your servant?—*Dam.* He is mine.—*Trach.* Aha! that is very good, when he belongs to you. Again I salute you, Sir!—*Dam.* And I you! Is it you who a short time before departed hence to call your master?—*Trach.* I am he.—*Dam.* What now do you wish to yourself?—*Trach.* I ask is this your servant?—*Dam.* He is mine.—*Trach.* That is excellent when he is yours.—*Dam.* What business have you?—*Trach.* [*Points to GRIPUS.*] That is a wicked man!—*Dam.* What has that wicked man done to you?—*Trach.* I wish that *that* man's shins were broken.—*Dam.* What is it? about what affair are you quarrelling between you?—*Trach.* I will tell you.—*Grip.* But I will speak.—*Trach.* I, as I think, am instituting the business.—*Grip.* If you be modest, you may begin it from this quarter!—*Dam.* Gripus, attend to the matter now, and hold your peace!—*Grip.* Is it, that he must speak before me?

—*Dæm.* Hear me! [*To TRACHALIO.*] Do you speak!—*Grip.* Will you give the power of speaking to a stranger, rather than to your own servant?—*Trach.* How the fellow cannot be restrained! So as I began to say, with regard to that Pimp, whom you thrust out awhile ago, [*points to the cloak-bag that GRIPUS has under his arm.*] See here his cloak-bag! Behold it!—*Grip.* I have'nt it!—*Trach.* Do you deny what I see with my eyes?—*Grip.* But you may not see it, as I may desire. I have it, and I haven't it! Why do you care about me, what business I may be about?—*Trach.* In what way you may possess it, that is the matter, whether by right or wrong.—*Grip.* If I took it not fairly, there is no reason why you may not give me up to punishment; but if I caught it in a net in the sea, how is it yours rather than mine?—*Trach.* He is cheating us. The matter was carried on in this way, as I am to mention.—*Grip.* What do you say now?—*Trach.* As a principal accuser may say, [*to DÆMONES.*] restrain him, if he is yours!—*Grip.* What! do you want the same to be done to me, that your master has used you to? If he has been used to restrain you, this master of ours is not used to do so to us.—*Dæm.* [*Aside.*] With that word only he has subdued me. [*To TRACHALIO.*] What now do you wish? tell me!—*Trach.* In truth I neither require to myself a part from thence out of that cloak-bag, nor have I ever said to-day, that it was mine. But there is in it a little box, belonging to this woman, whom I lately declared to be a free woman.—*Dæm.* Now do you speak of her, who you said awhile ago was of my country?—*Trach.* Yes! and there are toys, which she formerly carried about when she was little, in that box there, which is there in the cloak-bag. This is of no use to that fellow there, [*points at GRIPUS.*] and to her it will supply a help, if he shall have given it her, by which she may search for her parents.—*Dæm.* I will make him give it; be silent!—*Grip.* Faith, I am about to give nothing to that man. [*Points to TRACHALIO.*]—*Trach.* I ask for nothing but the box, and the toys!—*Grip.* What, if those are golden toys!—*Trach.* What is that to you? Gold shall be paid with gold, silver shall be made equal with silver.—*Grip.* Make me see the gold! Afterward I will cause you to see the box.—*Dæm.* [*To GRIPUS.*] Take care of a flogging, and hold your peace! [*To TRACHALIO.*] Do

you go on as you began, to tell us what you have to say.—*Trach.* One thing I entreat, that it may compassionate you of this woman, if indeed this is the cloak-bag of that Pimp, which I suspect it to be. I tell you nothing certain here, but only of my opinion.—*Grip.* Do you see how the wicked fellow is striving to get it?—*Trach.* Suffer me as I have begun, to say on. If this cloak-bag is the property of that wicked man, of whom I speak, these women will be able to have known it. Order him, Sir, to shew it to them!—*Grip.* Do you say to shew it?—*Dæm.* He says a just thing, Gripus, that the cloak-bag be shewn.—*Grip.* Truly and verily, it is remarkably unjust!—*Dæm.* How so?—*Grip.* Because if I shall have shewn it, they will say at once to-wit, that they have known it.—*Trach.* O thou leader of villainies! Do you think that all are so, as you yourself are? Thou principal of perjury!—*Grip.* I easily bear all those things, until this fellow may feel that he must go away hence from me.—*Trach.* [*Moving farther off.*] But now he stands away from you. However, the testimony will go from hence.—*Dæm.* Gripus, attend now! [*To TRACHALIO.*] Explain thou in a few words what you require!—*Trach.* I have said it in truth. But if you understood it not, I will say it again. As I said lately, so it is just, that both these women be free. This girl [*points to PALÆSTRA*] was stolen away from Athens, when she was little!—*Grip.* Tell me how those matters appertain to the cloak-bag, whether those women may be slaves or free?—*Trach.* Do you wish that all things may be told again, you villain, that day-light may fail?—*Dæm.* Cease from abuse, and explain to me what I have asked.—*Trach.* It must be that a wooden box is in that cloak-bag there; where the signs are, by which she may be able to know her parents, and with which she was lost at Athens when a little girl, as I have said before.—*Grip.* May Jupiter and the gods destroy you! What do you say, you sorcerer?—*What!* Are those women dumb, who cannot speak for themselves?—*Trach.* They are silent for that reason, because a good woman is always silent, rather than talking.—*Grip.* Then, faith, in the way of talking, you are neither a man nor a woman to me!—*Trach.* How then?—*Grip.* Because now, neither talking nor silent, are you ever good! Lo! I beg, will it ever be lawful this day for me to speak?—*Dæm.* If, besides this, you

shall have brought out one word this day, I will break your head. [*Shakes his stick at him.*—*Trach.* As I began to say, old gentleman, I request of you, that you may order this man to restore that box to them. If he requests any reward to himself on account of that box, it shall be given him. Any thing else, whatever is there, let him have to himself.—*Grip.* Now, at last, you say that, because you know that it is my right; awhile ago you asked for a half share!—*Trach.* Even now I ask for it.—*Grip.* I have seen a kite stoop at prey, when however, even so, he could carry off nothing.—*Dæm.* Can't I restrain you without punishment?—*Grip.* If he is silent, I will be silent. If he speaks, suffer me to speak with regard to the affair, on my own side.—*Dæm.* Give me now that cloak-bag, Gripus!—*Grip.* I will trust it to you; but if there be none of those things, I desire that you may give it back to me.—*Dæm.* It shall be returned.—*Grip.* [*Giving DÆMONES the cloak-bag.*] Hold it fast!—*Dæm.* [*Aloud.*] Hear now this moment, Palæstra and Ampelisca, this that I am speaking! [*They approach him from the altar.*] Is this the cloak-bag, in which you said that your box was inside?—*Pal.* [*Looking at it steadfastly.*] It is it!—*Grip.* [*Aside.*] I am undone faith! and wretched! how instantly she said it was it, before she plainly saw it.—*Pal.* I will make this thing, from a difficult matter, quite plain to you. It must be, that a wooden box is there in that cloak-bag! I will tell you all, whatever shall be in it there, by name. You shall not have shewn them to me! If I shall say falsely, I shall have spoken in vain. And ye still, whatever shall be inside there, shall have those things to yourselves; but if they shall be true and right, then I entreat you, that my own things may be restored to me!—*Dæm.* It is agreeable to me! In my mind, you request in truth mere equity.—*Trach.* And, in mine truly.—*Grip.* What, if thus she is either superstitious, or a diviner, and will mention all things true, whatever may be inside, shall the divining witch have them?—*Dæm.* She shall not carry them, unless she shall tell them exact. In vain she will divine them. Loose the cloak-bag, therefore, that I may know as soon as possible, whatever may be true! [*DÆMONES gives the cloak-bag to GRIPUS, who unties it.*—*Grip.* This is it! It is undone! [*He looks into it.*] Ah! I have perished! I see the box!—*Dæm.* [*To PA-*

LÆSTRA, after he has taken out the box.] Is this it?—*Pal.* That is it! O my parents! I have you enclosed here! In this place I have built up both my powers and hopes of knowing you.—*Grip.* Then, by Hercules, it must be, that the gods are angry with you, whoever you are, who can have crammed your parents into so narrow a place!—*Dæm.* Gripus, approach hither! Your business is at stake. You, girl, at a distance there, say what may be in it, and of what appearance, and mention all things there. If you shall have been wrong ever so little, though you may require to yourself afterward that it be turned into truth, I say, woman, you will have made a very silly business of it!—*Grip.* You are speaking very good justice.—*Trach.* [*To GRIPUS.*] In truth, he is not talking to you, for you are a fellow without justice.—*Dæm.* Speak now at once, girl! Gripus, attend, and be silent! [*DÆMONES opens the box, at a distance from her.*—*Pal.* There are toys there!—*Dæm.* [*Stooping his head to the box.*] Behold 'em! I see 'em!—*Grip.* I have perished at the first onset! [*To DÆMONES.*] Wait! You will not have shewn them to her!—*Dæm.* [*To PALÆSTRA.*] Of what appearance are they? Answer in regular order!—*Pal.* First, there is a little golden sword, marked with letters.—*Dæm.* Tell me now, what of letters is there in that little sword?—*Pal.* The name of my father. Next I say there is, on the other side, a little axe with two handles, also golden and lettered. The name of my mother is there in the little axe.—*Dæm.* Wait! Say what is the name of your father in the little sword?—*Pal.* DÆMONES!—*Dæm.* [*Lifting his hands and eyes.*] O, immortal gods! In what a place now are all my hopes!—*Grip.* Yea, verily, where are mine?—*Dæm.* Go on immediately, I beg of you!—*Grip.* Softly, or go ye all to perdition!—*Dæm.* Say the name of your mother here in the little axe! what it may be!—*Pal.* DÆDALIS!—*Dæm.* [*Clasping his hands.*] The gods wish to preserve me!—*Grip.* But to destroy me!—*Dæm.* It must be, Gripus, that this is my daughter.—*Grip.* It may be so, owing to me indeed! [*To TRACHALIO.*] But may all the gods destroy you, who saw me this day with your eyes, and me so absurd, who looked not round a hundred times, that no one should inspect me, before I drew the net out of the water!—*Pal.* After that, there is a little silver knife, and two little hands joined together, and a little

sow.—*Grip.* But do thou go to the gibbet, with your little sow, and your little pigs!—*Pal.* There is also a golden stud, which my father gave me on my birth-day.—*Dæm.* That is there in fact; I cannot be restrained, but must embrace you! [*Goes over, and embraces PALESTRA.*] O, my daughter! Health be to you! I am that father, who produced you! I am Dæmones; and, behold, your mother Dædalis is here within. [*She kneels to her father, and kisses his hand, weeping.*]—*Pal.* Health to you, my unhopèd for father?—*Dæm.* [*Raising her up, and embracing her again.*] Safety to you! How happy I embrace you!—*Trach.* It is a pleasure, when that hath happened to you both from your piety.—*Dæm.* [*To TRACHALIO.*] Take this cloak-bag, and carry it in-doors, as well as you can, and mind it, Trachalio!—*Trach.* Behold the villanies of Gripus! [*To GRIPUS.*] I congratulate you, that *that* affair has turned out badly to you!—*Dæm.* Come, let us go, my daughter, to your mother, who will be able by explanations to search out this affair from you, who had you more in hands, and has known your signs more thoroughly. [*DÆMONES takes PALESTRA, by the hand, and conducts her towards his house.*]—*Trach.* Let us all go within doors, since we all give a contributed aid!—*Pal.* Follow me, my Ampelisca!—*Amp.* When the gods love you, it is a great pleasure to me. [*Exeunt into the house DÆMONES, and PALESTRA, AMPELISCA following them, and TRACHALIO with the cloak-bag, and box.*]—*Grip.* [*Solus.*] Am I not an absurd fellow, who to-day laid hold of that cloak-bag, and who, when I got it, hid it not somewhere in a lonely place? I did believe indeed that the prize would turn out troublesome to me, because it had come about to me in so troublesome a tempest. I do believe, faith, that there is plenty of gold and silver there in that cloak-bag. Now, what is better, than that I may go hence in-doors, and hang myself privately? At least, for a little while, until this vexation may depart away from me. [*Exit GRIPUS into the house, wiping away his tears with his cloak.*]

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Enter DÆMONES from his house.*

*Dæm.* O immortal gods! who is happier than me, who unlooked for suddenly have found my daughter! [*Four lines*

*omitted.*] And I will give her to a young man of the best family, and ingenuous too;—an Athenian, and my own relation. I wish him therefore to be called hither to me as soon as possible, and I ordered his servant to go out from this, that he might go to the Forum. I wonder, however, that he has not yet gone out. I will, I think, approach the doors. [*He goes to his door, and peeps in.*] What do I see? My wife is holding fast her daughter, embracing her round the neck! Her immoderate fondling is almost too foolish and disgusting! [*He walks away from the door.*]

## SCENA SEXTA.

*DÆMONES goes to the door of his house, and throws it open.*

*Dæm.* [*Speaking to his wife within.*] It is better, wife, that a cessation in kissing should be made at some time! But now, prepare things that I may perform a sacred rite, when I shall come in-doors, to the lares of the family! since they have thus increased our family. There are at home lambs and hogs, fit for sacred use. But, my good women, why do ye delay that Trachalio? and, exceedingly well, behold him here, he is going out of doors! [*DÆMONES retires, and enter TRACHALIO from the house.*]—*Trach.* Wheresoever at all he shall be, I will now trace out Pleusidippus, and bring him along with me to you.—*Dæm.* Tell him how this affair happened concerning my daughter. Ask him to relinquish other affairs, and come hither.—*Trach.* Certainly!—*Dæm.* Tell him, that I will give my daughter to him as a wife!—*Trach.* Certainly!—*Dæm.* And that I have known his father, and that he is a relation to me.—*Trach.* Certainly!—*Dæm.* But hasten thou.—*Trach.* Certainly!—*Dæm.* Make him be there now directly, that the supper may be got ready.—*Trach.* Certainly!—*Dæm.* Are all these things to be certainly?—*Trach.* Certainly! But do you know what I wish you to do? that you may remember that which you promised, that I may be free to-day.—*Dæm.* Certainly!—*Trach.* Take care to prevail on Pleusidippus, that he may liberate me.—*Dæm.* Certainly!—*Trach.* And cause your daughter to entreat him, and she will easily prevail upon him.—*Dæm.* Certainly!—*Trach.* And that Ampelisca may marry me, when I may be free.—*Dæm.* Certainly!—*Trach.* And that I may experience a pleasant



benefit from my actions.—*Dæm.* Certainly!—*Trach.* Are all things to be certainly?—*Dæm.* Certainly! Again I return my thanks to you. But hasten to go into the city instantly, and take yourself back hither again.—*Trach.* Certainly! I will be here just now; do you, in the mean time, settle out every thing remaining that there is need of.—*Dæm.* Certainly!—*Trach.* [*Walking away.*] May Hercules curse him, with that word of his *certainly!* He has so filled my ears with it. Whatever I said, he always answered, *certainly!* [*Exit TRACHALIO at the back scene.*]

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter GRIPUS from the house, and accosts DÆMONES.*

*Grip.* How soon is it proper to speak to you *Dæmones*?—*Dæm.* What is the business, *Gripus*?—*Grip.* If you be wise, you may be wise concerning that cloak-bag; you may possess what profit the gods give you! [*Twenty-four lines omitted, partly on account of the immoderate length of the Act.*]  
—*Dæm.* [*Angry.*] Go in-doors, and don't be troublesome! Govern your tongue! I am about to give you nothing! so don't disappoint yourself!—*Grip.* But I beseech the gods that whatever is in that bag, if it is gold, or if it is silver, it may all become ashes! [*Exit GRIPUS into the house, muttering and stamping.*]  
—*Dæm.* [*Five lines omitted.*] Now I will go in-doors from hence, and sacrifice. Afterward I will order a supper to be cooked at once for us. [*Exit DÆMONES into his house.*]

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Enter at the back scene PLEUSIDIPPUS, and his servant TRACHALIO.*

*Pleus.* Repeat to me all these things, my friend, my *Trachalio*, my freed man, my patron, yea rather my father! Has *Palæstra* found her father and mother?—*Trach.* [*Coldly.*] she has found them.—*Pleus.* And is she a neighbour?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* And about to marry me?—*Trach.* I suspect so!—*Pleus.* Do you think he will espouse her to me to-day, I beg?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* What! shall I also congratulate the father, since he has found her?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* What! her mother too?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* What therefore do you think?—*Trach.* What

you are asking me, I think!—*Pleus.* Tell me, therefore, how far you think?—*Trach.* What I? I think so!—*Pleus.* But assume something now, and don't always make a thinking business!—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* What if I may run now?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* Or rather go thus softly?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* Arriving, may I salute her also?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* And her father also?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* Afterward, her mother also?—*Trach.* I think so!—*Pleus.* What afterward? Arriving, shall I also embrace her father?—*Trach.* I think not so!—*Pleus.* What! her mother?—*Trach.* I think not so!—*Pleus.* What as to herself?—*Trach.* I think not so!—*Pleus.* I am undone! he has dismissed every thing chosen! Now he thinks not so, when I wish the thing!—*Trach.* You are not in your senses! follow me!—*Pleus.* Lead me, my patron, where it pleases you! [*TRACHALIO leads the way, PLEUSIDIPPUS follows, and exeunt both of them into DÆMONES's house.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter LABRAX from the back scene.*

*Lab.* What other of mortals who may live this day, is more wretched than me, whom just now *Pleusidippus* condemned before the Commissioners. *Palæstra* has just now been given away from me by a verdict. I am destroyed! I will now go to see this other girl, who is mine, into the temple of *Venus*, that I may carry her away at least, that which remains of the relics of my goods. [*He retires a few steps.*]

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter GRIPUS from DÆMONES's house, and the door being open, speaks to those within.*

*Grip.* In truth ye shall never this day at evening see *Gripus* alive, unless the cloak-bag is restored to me!—*Labr.* [*Behind.*] I have perished when I hear mention made any where of my cloak-bag, as if any one may thump my

breast with a stick!—*Grip.* [*In front.*] That villain is free; I was the one who took hold of the net in the sea, and fished up the cloak-bag, and ye refuse to give to that person any thing at all!—*Labr.* O immortal gods! this man by his talking has raised up my ears!—*Grip.* Faith, I will write a cubit's length with long letters, to be published everywhere, that if any one may have lost a cloak-bag with much gold and silver, he may come to Gripus. Ye shall not carry off that as ye require!—*Labr.* [*Behind.*] By Hercules, that man knows of my cloak-bag, and the person that has it, as I think. That man is to be accosted by me! O gods, assist me, I pray! [*Four lines omitted.*]—*Labr.* [*Going up to him.*] Young man, salutation to you!—*Grip.* [*Staring at him.*] May the gods love you, with that unshorn head of yours!—*Labr.* How fares it?—*Grip.* [*To those within.*] The truth will be wiped out.—*Labr.* How are you in health?—*Grip.* [*To him.*] What are you at? are you a surgeon, I beg?—*Labr.* Yea, verily, I am more than a surgeon by one letter!—*Grip.* Then you are a bankrupt, are you?—*Labr.* You have touched on the point!—*Grip.* Your appearance seems worthy of it! But, what happened to you?—*Labr.* In this last night I drenched in the sea. My ship was wrecked. I, wretched, lost there my all, whatsoever it was.—*Grip.* What have you lost?—*Labr.* My cloak-bag, with much gold and silver.—*Grip.* Do you remember at all, in the cloak-bag that is lost, what may have been in it there?—*Labr.* What does it signify as to that which has been lost?—*Grip.* However, if you don't speak of this, let us talk of another matter. What, if I may know the man who can have found it? I wish to know from you the marks.—*Labr.* Eight hundred golden pieces have been in that, in a purse; and a hundred Philippian coins besides, in a bit of leather apart.—*Grip.* [*Aside.*] Odds-bobs, it is a great prize! I shall get plenty of reward. The gods regard men. I shall go hence well tipped with cash! for truly the cloak-bag is this man's property. [*To LABRAX.*] Go on to tell the other things.—*Labr.* A great talent of silver, exactly, was in it, in a purse!—*Grip.* Heyday! you had indeed splendid riches!—*Labr.* That is a miserable word, and the very worst, to *have* had them, and to have nothing now.—*Grip.* What may you wish to give *him*, who can trace them out for you, and discover them? Speak out at once;

hastily and quickly!—*Labr.* Three hundred pieces of money.—*Grip.* You are joking!—*Labr.* Four hundred!—*Grip.* You are giving me rotten thread!—*Labr.* Five hundred!—*Grip.* A mere empty nut!—*Labr.* Six hundred!—*Grip.* You are chattering about little maggots!—*Labr.* I will give you seven hundred!—*Grip.* Your mouth grows hot! but are you offering cold cockles?—*Labr.* I will give you a thousand pieces of money!—*Grip.* You are dreaming now!—*Labr.* I add no more. Get away! [*Pushes him away.*]—*Grip.* Hear me therefore! Faith, if I shall have gone away from hence, why I shall not be here!—*Labr.* Do you wish me to give one thousand one hundred?—*Grip.* You are asleep!—*Labr.* Speak out how much you may require!—*Grip.* That you may add nothing reluctant, I must have a great talent. There cannot be any abatement from this, three farthings. There, say it thou, or refuse it!—*Labr.* [*Aside.*] I see what is necessary there. [*To GRIPUS.*] A talent shall be given!—*Grip.* Approach hither then! I wish this Venus may have a claim on you! [*Points to the altar.*]—*Labr.* Whatever is pleasing to you, command it me!—*Grip.* Touch this altar of Venus.—*Labr.* [*Goes to the altar.*] I do touch it!—*Grip.* You must swear by this Venus.—*Labr.* What must I swear?—*Grip.* What I will order you.—*Labr.* Go on first to say in words what you wish. I will never supplicate to any one, as to that which is at home.—*Grip.* Hold fast this altar!—*Labr.* [*Stretching his hand out.*] I do hold it.—*Grip.* Swear that you will give me the money, on the same day when you shall have possessed the cloak-bag!—*Labr.* Let it be so.—*Grip.* [*LABRAX repeating after him.*] O Venus of Cyrene, I call you to witness to me, if I shall have traced out that cloak-bag which I lost in the ship, saved with its gold and silver, and it shall have come into my power.—*Grip.* [*By himself.*] Then I say to this Gripus,—say that and touch me!—*Labr.* Then I say to this Gripus, that you Venus may hear it.—*Grip.* [*LABRAX repeating after him.*] I will immediately give a great talent of silver! *Grip.* If you shall have defrauded me, say, that Venus may root you out in your trade, as to your person and life! Account this to have regard to you still, when you shall have sworn.—*Labr.* And if I shall have done wrong in any way against him, Venus, I supplicate you, that all pimps may be miserable!—*Grip.* That will be, however, although you shall have kept your faith. Do you

wait here; and I will now cause that the old gentleman shall go out. Do you immediately ask back that cloak-bag. [*Exit GRIPUS into DÆMONES's house.*—*Labr.* [*Solus.*] If he shall have restored to me very properly that cloak-bag, I this day do not owe him three farthings! It is my own decision, as to what my tongue may swear. But I will hold my tongue about that!—[*He looks at the door of the house, which is opened.*] Behold him, he is going out, and conducts the old man! [*LABRAX retires.*]

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter from the house GRIPUS, and DÆMONES following him.*

*Grip.* Follow me this way! [*Looks about.*] Where is that Pimp? Hillo you! harkye you! This man has the cloak-bag! [*LABRAX comes up to them.*] *Dæm.* I have it, and confess that it is at my house; and if it is yours, you may have it to yourself! All things as they were in it, in whatsoever way, so they shall be made good to you. Keep it, if it is yours! [*DÆMONES goes into the house, and returning with the cloak-bag under his arm, gives it to LABRAX.*] *Labr.* [*Looking at it.*] Oh, immortal gods, it is mine! hail, dear cloak-bag! [*Hugs it in his arms.*—*Dæm.* Is it yours?—*Labr.* Do you ask? If, by Hercules, it was Jupiter's, it is mine notwithstanding!—*Dæm.* All things are in it safe. One little box only was taken out from thence with toys, by which I this day found my daughter.—*Labr.* Whom?—*Dæm.* She who was your Palæstra! She is found to be my daughter.—*Labr.* By Hercules, it is well done! I rejoice when that affair has turned out well to you, according to your liking!—*Dæm.* I do not easily believe you as to that.—*Labr.* Yes, by Hercules, that you may know that I rejoice, give me not three farthings on account of her! I excuse you.—*Dæm.* In truth you do kindly.—*Labr.* Verily indeed you do so in truth.—*Grip.* [*Coming up to Labrax.*] Harkye you! now you can have the cloak-bag!—*Labr.* I have it.—*Grip.* Hasten!—*Labr.* Why shall I hasten?—*Grip.* To give me the money!—*Labr.* Faith, I neither give you any thing, nor owe it you!—*Grip.* What is this sort of doing? Do you not owe it me?—*Labr.* No, in truth, by Hercules!—*Grip.* Have you not been sworn to me?—*Labr.* I have been sworn; and I will swear now, if it be any pleasure to me! My oath is founded on preserving

my property, not in destroying it.—*Grip.* Give me the great talent of silver, thou most perjured fellow!—*Dæm.* What talent that you are requiring?—*Grip.* He was sworn to give it me.—*Labr.* It pleases me to swear, and are you the high priest to my perjury?—*Dæm.* [*To GRIPUS.*] For what affair has he promised the money to you?—*Grip.* If I should have brought back into his power the cloak-bag just as it was, he was sworn to give me a great talent of silver!—*Labr.* Give me some one, in whom I may have a judge, if you have not bargained with wicked deceit, and if I even now be not twenty-five years old.—*Grip.* Have a judge in this man! [*Points at DÆMONES.*—*Labr.* There is need of another.—*Dæm.* [*To Gripus.*] Now I will not suffer you to take it from him, unless I shall have condemned him! [*To LABRAX.*] Have you promised him the money?—*Labr.* I do confess it.—*Dæm.* What you promised to my slave, it is fit should be mine. You, Pimp, must not require to use your pimping law here! You are not able.—*Grip.* [*To LABRAX.*] You thought now that you had got a man, whom you could defraud! This money must be given in hither properly! I will give it immediately to him, [*points to his master*] in such a way, that he must make me free here.—*Dæm.* [*To LABRAX.*] Since therefore I have been so kind towards you, and these things were preserved to you by my operation.—*Grip.* [*Interrupting.*] Yea, mine, by Hercules, don't say with yours!—*Dæm.* [*To GRIPUS.*] If you will be wise, you will be silent! [*To LABRAX.*] Then it becomes you kindly, in the same manner, to return the favour properly to me, so well deserving of you.—*Labr.* Now you are speaking for my right!—*Dæm.* It were wonderful, if I was not to require your right from you, that is yours, at my own hazard of a refusal!—*Grip.* [*Aside.*] I am safe. The Pimp, I think, is coming about. Liberty to me is portended.—*Dæm.* [*Pointing at GRIPUS.*] That man found the cloak-bag. He is my slave. I preserved it moreover for you with much money in it.—*Labr.* I have gratitude to you, and concerning the talent, there is no reason why you may not have, what I was sworn to give to him.—*Grip.* Harkye, you! give it to me, therefore, if you are wise!—*Dæm.* Are you silent, or are you not? [*Shakes his stick at GRIPUS.*]—*Grip.* You are pretending to transact my business; but you shall not turn me away from that reward, if I have lost the other prize!—*Dæm.* [*Shaking his fist at him.*] You shall be

flogged, if you shall add one word such as that!—*Grip.* By Hercules, put me even to death, but I will not be silent ever, by any other means, unless I am restrained by that talent given to me!—*Labr.* [*To GRIPUS.*] He is indeed giving his attention to you, so hold your tongue!—*Dæm.* [*Going to the side scene.*] Step aside here, Pimp!—*Labr.* By all means. [*Goes over to him.*]—*Grip.* [*Roaring out.*] Act openly! I don't like that any murmur, or whisper be made.—*Dæm.* [*To LABRAX.*] Tell me at how great price you bought that other woman of yours, Ampelisca?—*Labr.* I counted down a thousand pieces.—*Dæm.* Are you willing that I should make a handsome bargain with you?—*Labr.* In truth, I am willing.—*Dæm.* I will divide the talent!—*Labr.* You must do it properly!—*Dæm.* Do thou take the half to yourself for that other woman, that she may be free, and give half to him! [*Points to GRIPUS.*]—*Labr.* Very well!—*Dæm.* For that half I will set Gripus free, by means of whom you found your cloak-bag, and I found my daughter.—*Labr.* You do well. I have great thankfulness to you. [*They return from the side scene.*]—*Grip.* How soon therefore is the money restored to me?—*Dæm.* The sum of money is paid off, Gripus, and I have it.—*Grip.* By Hercules, but I have rather, that I myself got it!—*Dæm.* In truth, there is nothing here for you, you may not hope for it! I wish you may excuse him of the oath!—*Grip.* [*Clapping his hands together.*] I have perished, by Hercules! Unless I hang myself, I am lost! You shall never truly defraud me again indeed after this day.—*Dæm.* Sup with me here to-day, Pimp!—*Labr.* Let it be so, the proposal pleases me.—*Dæm.* Follow me both of you within-doors! [*He addresses the Audience.*] Spectators, I would invite you also to supper, but that I can give you nothing, and there is no costly banquet at home; and, if I were not to believe to that effect, that you were invited abroad to supper. But, if you will be willing to give loud applause to this comedy, come ye all to revel at my house sixteen years hence! [*To LABRAX and GRIPUS.*] Sup with me both of you here to-day! [*To the Audience.*] Grant ye to us your applause!

END OF THE RUDENS.

AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LIFE OF PLAUTUS:

ALSO,

AN OPINION OF HIS WRITINGS, AND THE JUDGMENT OF SOME ANCIENT WRITERS RESPECTING THEM. SOME OBSERVATIONS ARE ALSO MADE ON THE GOOD QUALITIES OF TERENCE'S COMEDIES.

MARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS was a Sarsinian of the country of Umbria, a territory near the Appennines in Italy. He was a famous writer of comedies; and flourished, as Gellius testifies, about the fifteenth year after the second Punic war was begun. He was a man of a pleasant disposition, and humorous turn of mind, and festive manners. This character of him is fully proved by his comedies, many of which are replete with droll and humorous thoughts, and situations highly comic and entertaining. The Latin is elegant, and in excellence of style not to be exceeded. The dialogues are fine, and well carried on. His plots are ingeniously contrived, proceed in the truest and best dramatic order, and are finally well developed and concluded. We speak here of his best plays, and these fairly prove the writer of them to have possessed a dramatic genius of the very first order.

Much information concerning Plautus has not been handed down to us. It appears that, in the composition of his plays, he chiefly imitated Diphilus and Philemon; but is also said to have followed the example and manner of Epicharmus. He is reported to have made great profit by his comedies, and amassed a large sum of money, so as to be enabled to set up the business of a merchant, and deal pretty largely in traffic. In this pursuit he probably went

beyond his means; for he soon, from whatever cause it proceeded, whether the former, or ignorance in business, or his extravagance, totally failed in trade, and was reduced to poverty, having lost all his money. He then returned to Rome in great distress; and, to gain a livelihood, hired his services to a baker, for the low employment of turning the hand-mills, that were used in grinding corn. Gellius says, that he wrote three comedies, while in the bake-house. At length, as M. Cicero observes, Publius Claudius, and L. Portius being consuls, and Cato being censor, Plautus died, not long after the famous writer Ennius, in the 145th Olympiad. An epitaph was made for him, or, as is said, was of his own composition (a fact scarcely to be credited, on account of the vanity of it), which is as follows:

Postquam est morte captus Plautus,  
Comœdia luget, scena est deserta.  
Deinde risus, ludus, jocusque, et numeri  
Innumeri, simul omnes collacrymârunt.

There have been doubts concerning the number of comedies that Plautus wrote. Servius says, that some people thought the number of them to be twenty-one, others forty, and some imagined there were a hundred. Varro produced into notice one-and-twenty of them. But L. Elius, a very learned scholar, estimated them at twenty-five. Plautus was so highly thought of among the ancients, that Quintilian affirms Varro wrote, "the Muses, in the opinion of Epicius Stolo, would have spoken in the language of Plautus, if they could have wished to speak in Latin." This in truth is a high testimonial of the elegance of his language. Cicero praises Plautus most strenuously. Volcatius, a man renowned himself as a writer, gives the second place in excellence of comedy to Plautus. Macrobius says he excelled other comic writers in the elegance of his humour, and fun, and witty jokes. Numbers of others have given the highest praises and encomiums to Plautus. The following lines may be quoted here:

VOLCATIUS SEDIGITUS DE POETIS COMICIS, *opud Gellium*, lib. 15, cap. 24.

Multos incertos certare hanc rem vidimus  
Palmam Poetæ Comico cui deferant.  
Eum meo judicio errorem dissolvam tibi;  
Ut contrâ si quis sentiat, nil sentiat.  
Cæcilio palmam Statio do Comico;

Plautus secundus facilè exsuperat cæteros.  
Dei Nævius, qui servet, pretio in tertio est.  
At si quid quarto detur, dabitur Licinio.  
Attilium post Licinium facio insequi.  
In sexto consequitur hos Terentius.

The moderns cannot allow of the inferiority of Terence to Plautus, as asserted in the above old criticism. Terence, on the contrary, is much superior to Plautus in feeling and sensibility, in humanity and philanthropy. His humanity is distinguishable in that excellent line,

Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.

No line can be found in Plautus of an equally feeling tenor. Is there any such sensibility and humanity in any of his comedies? The character of Micio, in the *Adelphi* of Terence, gives such fine sentiments of generosity and benevolence, as must place Terence in the highest rank of ancient writers. It is probable that these noble qualities, in the characters and drama of Terence, were lost and thrown away upon the generality of the ancients, who felt no such qualities in themselves, and were therefore insensible to them, and even disliked them, approving nothing in comedy, but roguery and tricking, jest and fun. Hence, in the Latin criticism before quoted, Terence has been degraded to the sixth degree of comic writers. A testimony in favour of Terence will be found in the following line, which is to be quoted as a set-off against the before-mentioned lines, that degrade him to the sixth rank of merit in dramatic composition. Afranius actually prefers him to all the writers, where he says,

Terentio non similem dices quempiam.

Cicero praises him in the following most elegant verses,

Tu quoque qui solus lecto sermone, Terenti,  
Conversum, expressumque Latinâ voce Menandrum  
In medio populi sedatis vocibus effers,  
Quicquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.

That a reader may be a judge of the excellence of Terence's sentimental feelings, in contriving and executing the most affecting scenes, let him turn his attention to the scene between *Æschinus* and *Micio* in the fourth act, fifth scene, of the *Adelphi*, which no one can read, or see acted, without being much moved, and allowing the great powers of the

author of the comedy. In the *Andria* also, a most affecting scene is to be noticed, which occurs between the father and son after the words,

Age, Pamphile! Exi, Pamphile! ecquid te pudet?

These two just mentioned scenes, besides many other very interesting ones, stamp a degree of merit upon Terence's writings, that most certainly cannot be exceeded by any ancient dramatic writer whatsoever.

Plautus's excellencies consist, first, in elegance and fine style of language, though by no means superior to the Latinity of the elegant Terence, "qui omnia dulcia dixit." Plautus differs from the latter in the abundance of singular and uncommon words, which, as far as we know, were not used by any other Latin author, though most probably well known among the people of Rome, at the period when he wrote his plays. Secondly, in good dialogue, full of point, and much to be admired, as well for its matter and curious turn of thought, as for the beauty of its language, and the style of putting the words together. Thirdly, in jocoseness, fun, and humour of some particular characters, and their pleasant contrivances and deceptions. Fourthly, in the well-fabricated stories and plots, which are most ingeniously carried on. Of the morality of his plays, little can be said in its favour; and it is to be supposed, the people were immoral and bad (to whom he suited his taste), when they could openly allow of pimps of the most nefarious lives and characters, who are introduced in some of Plautus's best plays, and carry on their vile professions before an audience of approving citizens. Plautus has sometimes, however, sentiments expressive of propriety and good conduct in life, incumbent on men, and on citizens. His plays abound in tricks and deceit, where old men are cheated and imposed on, and are silly, wrong-headed and blundering, and even vicious; but, as a contrast, there are other old men wise, clear-sighted, and honest. There is a play of Plautus, of comic excellence, full of mistakes of persons, the *Menæchmi*; a specimen of a plot truly comic, in which every matter is ingeniously carried on in jumbles and mistakes, until at length the incident to be wished for, is well and satisfactorily brought about. There is immorality, however, interwoven in the play, as usual. The *Rudens* is a very good play.

The *Aulularia* is an excellent comedy; this and the *Menæchmi* are well suited to the classical stage, and setting aside the question of some immorality in the *Menæchmi*, would succeed well, and call forth great applause, if acted at Westminster College.

Several of Plautus's plays are dull and uninteresting, the plots and characters being equally dull and heavy. The seven comedies in the foregoing translation seem to be the best of all his plays, though a few of the other plays possibly may be thought by some scholars to equal them. But, though the language of the others is doubtless equally good, their dramatic qualities and effects may be far inferior; and a classical scholar should have in himself a dramatic talent to enable him to decide rightly on the matter. The author of this translation does not arrogate to himself more dramatic skill and knowledge, than others of the Literati possess; but, after some pains and labour in studying many of the plays, he offers the seven he has translated; as the best to be found in the collection, as far as he had studied them, and had been enabled to decide.

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THE ADVERTISER

The Advertiser is an excellent comedy; the and the his-  
tory are well suited to the theatrical stage, and setting  
aside the question of some immorality in the character,  
it would succeed well and all but certainly if acted  
at W. ...

Several of Plautus's plays are still and maintaining the  
same and characters ... I and many. The  
never coincides in the ...  
best of all his plays ...  
they be thought to ...

CONCLUDING ADVERTISEMENT.

JAMQUE OPUS EXEGL.

WITH much trouble, attention, and perseverance, I have endeavoured to rescue from oblivion seven excellent Comedies of Plautus. It is too true that *his* plays are consigned to oblivion; for few of our classical scholars know any thing about them, and the book is not read at any schools, public or private. The few studious men, who have dipped into the classic, understand the author very superficially; and, as I believe, have but a smattering knowledge of any of his comedies. It is much to be regretted that the fine classic should be so neglected. But it is to be hoped that some critical scholar will clear away the mist of ignorance that envelopes an ancient book of excellent Latin, by publishing a Latin edition of Plautus's best plays, *properly expurged*; and that then the masters of schools and seminaries will introduce them into the course of study among their young scholars.

As for myself, fatigued as I am, after a persevering application to this work of translation, and the tiresome task of writing it out for the press (*no trifling matter altogether to me at the age of seventy-two, when gout and some infirmities oppress me*), I take my leave of classics, and consign to others the task of translating, and bringing into notice, the works of ancient, and neglected Classic Authors—Inveni portum.

GEORGE SACKVILLE COTTER.

Seven  
Comedies  
—  
Plautus

Tr. by  
Cotter

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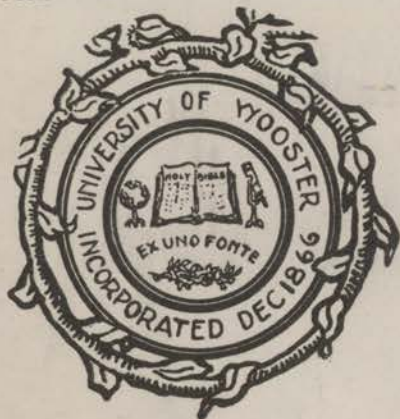
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