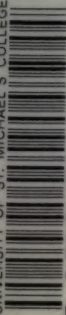


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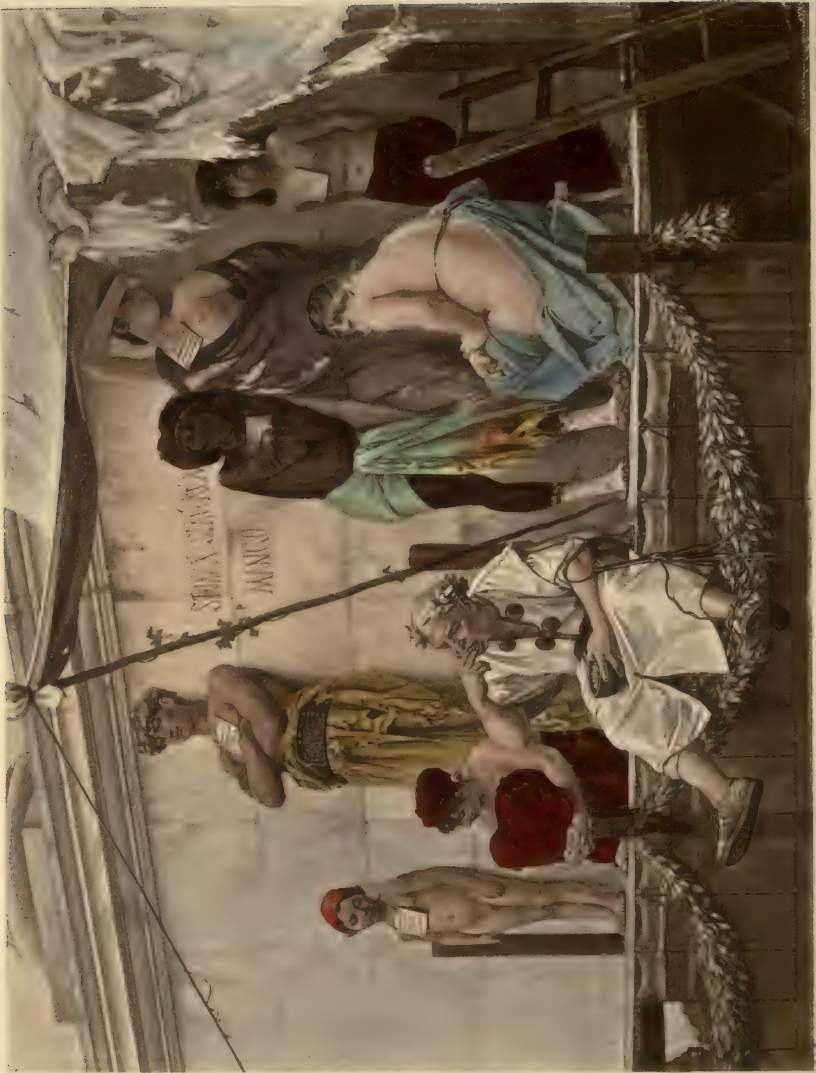
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A ROMAN SLAVE MARKET

From a painting by Gustave Boulanger

Plautus the first Latin dramatist was the son of a slave and Terence the other great Latin comic dramatist was himself a slave. Terence was a Carthaginian, brought to Rome as a prisoner of war, and sold to a Roman senator, who, recognizing his genius, gave him his freedom. —Page 201.



A ROMAN SLAVE MARKET

From a painting by Gustave Boulanger

PLAUTUS, THE FIRST LATIN DRAMATIST, WAS THE SON OF A SLAVE, AND TERENCE, THE OTHER GREAT LATIN COMIC DRAMATIST, WAS HIMSELF A SLAVE. TERENCE WAS A CARTHAGINIAN, BROUGHT TO ROME AS A PRISONER OF WAR, AND SOLD TO A ROMAN SENATOR, WHO, RECOGNIZING HIS GENIUS, GAVE HIM HIS FREEDOM.

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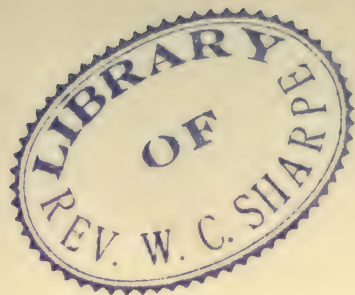
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THE LATIN
CLASSICS

VOLUME ONE

Drama, Ethics



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JUN 27 1957

INTRODUCTION

THE BEGINNINGS OF LATIN LITERATURE

“**N**O wonder the Romans conquered the world,” said Heine in his witty account of his education; “they alone had time for doing it—they did not have to study Latin.”

The manner in which the little tribe in the Alban hills who called themselves Latins gradually imposed their language upon the world—causing it even to-day to be the basic element of linguistic and literary education in every country, is one of the most striking facts in racial psychology. Of all primitive people who afterwards rose to importance, they were the most unliterary. Their mental habit was prosaic and practical. They lacked imagination. These characteristics are clearly indicated in their mythology, which was of the crudest, most puerile, most materialistic sort. The principal deities of the primitive Latins were not the joyous and kindly personifications of nature which were chiefly adored by the early Greek worshipper, but malevolent powers, such as Fever and Miasma, demanding propitiation.

The beginnings of Latin poetry were of the same order. Latin folk-lore largely consisted of spells against malign influences in the home and the field, and even of spells that were themselves actively malevolent—chants to enrich the enchanter's own crop at the expense of a neighbor, or to bring other misfortune upon him.

There were, it is true, dirges, but these lacked the pathetic beauty of the Linus hymns of the Greeks, so permeated by the imaginative conception of nature's sympathy with human woe; instead, they were designed to propitiate the departed spirit, lest it should harm the living; even the one noble

feature which they possessed in common with the Greek lamentations, the praise of the dead man's character, is open to the suspicion that it was because the living thought it wise and discreet, rather than appropriate and generous, that they spoke well of the dead.

This view, perhaps, may do the early Latins some wrong, for at the feasts (where, if ever, a Roman was inspired with the joy of life), young men recited songs in praise of ancient worthies. These were extemporized, and were probably of little artistic merit, for none has been preserved in literature. Cato records the fact that he had heard them, but gives no specimens. The custom was entirely dead before the time of Cicero, who keenly regretted its passing—not so much, it may be suggested, because of the literary merit of these eulogies, as for antiquarian and patriotic considerations.

Another literary form of early Latin was the Fescennina, extemporaneous doggerel verses recited at weddings, harvests, and other festal occasions of the country folk of ancient Italy. The name points to the town of Fescennia in Etruria as the place of its origin, though Festus, a Latin grammarian of about the second century A.D., derives the name from *fascinum*, the *phallus*, and thus connects the songs with the worship of fertility prevalent among primitive folk—undoubtedly the true explanation.

These songs at first were permeated with the sardonic spirit that finds enjoyment in another's pain, being composed of coarse and unfeeling personal abuse and ridicule. While this is a common feature of all primitive literatures, it persisted longer with the Romans than with any other people, informing, indeed, the two most characteristic species of Latin writings, the Latin Satire (originating with Ennius and Lucilius, and brought to perfection by Juvenal), and the Latin Epigram (formed by Martial from the Greek epigram by the injection therein of the satiric animus).

And yet from the same kind of folk-songs in Sicily, Theocritus developed the charming idyl, or pastoral. (See introduction to Theocritus in volume three of THE GREEK CLASSICS.)

After the Fescennina were taken up by the more cultivated

people of the towns and cities, the malicious spirit softened into good-humored raillery, the verse-maker calling on the person attacked to answer him in kind. Late in the classic period, literary form was given to this order of verse by writers such as MACROBIUS (fourth century A.D.), who made it a vehicle of personal satire, and CLAUDIAN (fourth century A.D.), who adapted it for use in an epithalamium on the marriage of the emperor Honorius.

History had as crude an origin as song and satire among the Latins. It began with annals; first a bare record of prodigies, many of them childishly absurd; these were followed by chronicles of political events.

The "Annales Maximi" were the records kept by each successive Pontifex Maximus, who wrote an account of the events of each year on a white board, and set it up by the door of his official residence for public inspection. At the end of the year the board was "filed away" for preservation and reference.

While the narrative in these Annals began with the foundation of Rome, this was a traditional account, as all the early records were destroyed at the time of the capture of the city by the Gauls under Brennus. The Annals were discontinued in 133 B.C., by QUINTUS MUCIUS SCÆVOLA, because of their unwieldiness and obsolescence, historical writing in both Greek and Latin being well developed by this time among the Romans. Scævola published the records in manuscript, the whole amounting to eighty books.

Great Roman families, such as the Valerii and Fàbii, also kept records of their history. By these were preserved the stories of the chief men of the past.

It was from such documents, as well as the oral traditions of his day, that Ennius, the "Father" of Latin literature, gathered the historical facts that he set forth in his Annals.

QUINTUS ENNIUS was born B.C. 239, at Rudia, in Calabria, a town settled by Greek colonists. Ennius, however, was a member of the native Oscan race; he believed, indeed, that he was descended from Messapus, the patriarch of the land. He said that he had three hearts (or minds), because he knew three languages, Oscan, Greek, and Latin. He per-

fectured himself in Latin at Rome, whither he was brought B.C. 204, by Cato, after the Second Punic War, in which Ennius had displayed executive capacity in a notable degree. Scipio Africanus also honored him with friendship, and dying, the bust of Ennius, who was still living, was placed beside his tomb, probably by Scipio's order.

Here at Rome Ennius supported himself by teaching Greek and adapting Greek plays for the Latin stage. In 189 B.C. he accompanied the consul, M. Fulvius Nobilior, into his province of Ætolia, as the historian of his administration. As a reward for this service the son of Fulvius secured him Roman citizenship, of which the poet was very proud.

For material rewards he cared little. Cicero has recorded that he passed his old age in poverty, but with cheerfulness and even joviality, being fond of convivial intercourse. He died of the gout at the age of seventy in B.C. 169.

The *Annals*, the chief work of Ennius, was an epic chronicle of Roman legend and history beginning with Æneas. A number of fragments remain of the work, which justify the esteem in which all the Romans held the author. The poem gained immediate popularity. Crowds thronged to hear it recited, and there persisted for several generations a *populus Ennianus*, or class devoted to the poet, through whose style they had been inducted into literature. Indeed, it was to please this class that the polished Virgil introduced into his Æneid many lines in the strong onomatopœic style of his early predecessors. What this style was may be gathered from the following line by Ennius :

Semper obundantes hastas frangitque quatitque.

"Ever the whelming wave of spears breaks he, off shakes he."

Ennius, like most of the natives of Magna Græcia, was affected by the philosophy of Pythagoras. Thus he believed in reincarnation, mentioning in his *Annals* that the soul of Homer had migrated into his body. He wrote a work called *Epicharmus*, which set forth the Pythagorean doctrines, which both in metrical form and philosophical purpose was

a precursor of the masterpiece of Lucretius, the *Nature of Things*. In another similar work, the *Euhemerus*, he set forth the mythological views of the same great mystic. That Ennius was also a practical philosopher is indicated by the titles of two other works, the *Protrepticus*, or *Art of Life*, and the *Hedyphagetica*, a treatise on gastronomy. He wrote *Saturæ*, or "mixed poems" in various meters, and a number of epigrams; both classes became models in form, though not in spirit, for those most characteristic kinds of Latin verse, the satire proper of Persius and Juvenal, and the biting epigram of Martial.

Ennius also won dramatic laurels (although not the first in Italy) by his paraphrases of the Greek tragedies, chiefly of Euripides. They were written in the grandiose style which always appeals to a people in the first stage of literary appreciation, and became greatly popular. Cicero, being an orator and therefore partial to magniloquence, praised the dramas of Ennius, quoting a number of passages from them. These are the chief fragments that remain of Ennius's plays.

THE LATIN DRAMATISTS

BY ANDREW J. BELL, M.A.,

Professor of Latin in the University of Toronto

WHEN we regard the origin of the Latin Drama, we feel that Horace's description of the play as *longorum operum finis*, "the end of long toils," has a propriety quite unintended. In 241 B.C., the first Punic War ended in what was nearly a stale-mate for Roman and Phœnician, and in the next year a Greek slave, ANDRONICUS, afterwards called LIVIVS from the name of the master who gave him freedom, exhibited a play at the Ludi Romani. There were already apparent in Italy literary sports out of which a native drama might soon have developed. Italy is the native soil of improvisation, and already the Fescennine license was in vogue, out of which Horace, influenced by the nationalist tendencies of his day, tries to derive the Latin Drama. Nay, in Campania there was in existence a sort of formal play called the Fabula Atellana, closely resembling our Christmas pantomimes in its standing rôles.

But Livius was the first to write a Latin play with a regular and preconceived plot, taking as his model the drama developed in Athens by Euripides and Menander. When a mere boy he had been brought captive from Tarentum to Rome, and after emancipation had earned a living by teaching Greek to the noble youth at Rome. For this he had used the Odyssey as a text-book and had been led to attempt a Latin translation of it to aid his pupils. In this he had used the native Saturnian metre, probably despairing of writing hexameters in Latin, a language which, especially in its older form, through its tendency to syncope and consequent loss of short syllables, is little fitted for the dactyllic measure of Homer. But the iambic trimeter, the ordinary dramatic metre of the Greeks, showed a freedom in its substitution of

spondees for iambs which, when extended to all feet but the last, made its use easy for a Latin writer.

Livius's activity in letters seems to have won for him the favor of the Roman senate; for in 207 B.C., when the monstrous birth at Frunsino had to be expiated, he was commissioned to write a hymn in honor of Juno the queen, who presided over patrician births, to be sung by thrice nine virgins in procession through the streets of Rome. When, shortly after, the news came of the victory over Hasdrubal, bringing light to the patient burghers, the right was granted him of forming a *collegium* or guild of writers, to have its assembly room in the shrine of Minerva on the Aventine; and Minerva is henceforth the patron of letters of the Romans.

Like Thespis, Andronicus was the chief actor in his plays, and as such, too, he found favor with the public; for when his voice, cracked by old age, was no longer equal to singing the choral parts, a boy was assigned to sing them, while he made the appropriate gestures, and hence, Livy tells us, arose the division of the Roman stage between the *diverbium* or spoken dialogue, and the *caritica* or chorus. The few fragments of Livius that have come down to us hardly seem to justify this favor. He exhibited both tragedies and comedies, probably mere translations from Greek originals.

CNAEUS NAEVIUS was, like Livius, a writer of epic verse as well as of tragedies and comedies, but in both their lives and writings they present a decided contrast. Livius was a Greek slave; a pedagogue who turned the *Odyssey* into halting verse hardly worth a second reading, thinks Cicero; an actor who by his subservience to Roman officials won the praise and favor of the state. Naevius was born in Campania, of Roman stock, and told the story of the war, in which he had served in person, in Saturnians so vigorous that Horace owned that even in his day they dwelt in the readers' minds as if of yesterday. He ended his career either in prison or in exile (both stories are told) for daring to assail the Metelli, in whose continued consulships he foresaw the fate of their country.

The comedies of Naevius seem to have outnumbered his tragedies, and they were no servile copies of Greek plays; for

already he had set the example of *contaminatio*—the union in one of two Greek plots, which was the favorite device of Plautus and Terence to give variety to their plays. Schanz thinks that in his Tarentine Girl he set the example of a *fabula togata*—a play presenting Italian characters, cultivated later with distinguished success by Afranius. Of the dozen verses preserved from this play, some show such vivid elegance as to have induced Theodor Mommsen to attempt a translation. In the scantier remains of his tragedies, mostly from his *Lycurgus*, we find verses whose melody presents a striking contrast with the limping *senarii* of Livius; and one of them,

Laetus sum laudari me abs te, pater, a laudato viro,
 "I am glad to be praised by thee, father, a man of renown,"

long remained a winged word on the lips of Romans.

Here, too, Livius showed his constructive power in a striking way. Not content with translations from the Greek, he sought in Roman achievements the material appropriate to Roman tragedy, and created the *fabula praetexta*, so highly commended by Horace. We have in this kind the titles of two of his pieces, one, the *Clastidium*, celebrating the victory of Marcellus over the Gauls, the other, the *Lupus* or *Romulus*, the tale of the founding of Rome, a play which furnished Cicero with a telling reproof to youth interfering in state affairs. The vigor and skill shown in his *Bellum Punicum* remind Cicero of a work of Myron, the sinewy strength of whose *Discobulus* we all know. To it we owe the first sketch in Latin of the tale of Aeneas and Dido, which was later to furnish to the world the crowning glory of ornate poetry. Horace speaks of his *Saturnians* as *grave virus*, "deadly poison," but when we hear his epitaph,

Immortales mortales si foret fas flere
 Flerent divae Carminae Naevium poetam,
 "Were it allowed immortals to bewail mortals, the heavenly Muses
 would bewail the poet Naevius,"

we feel in them genuine and lofty poetry that appeals with

touching majesty to our minds, and with the more force since their metre and ornament seem closely akin to that of our modern verse.

The founders of the Roman drama cultivated both tragedy and comedy, but from this point we may deal with these separately. The great body of Latin comedy that has come down to us is attributed to Titus Maccus or Maccius, an Umbrian from Sarsina, better known by the name PLAUTUS, the Umbrian word for "flat-footed." He was a contemporary of Naevius, and in his *Miles Gloriosus* he ventures to express sympathy with him in his imprisonment. Gellius tells us that, when Plautus came to Rome, he found employment at first as a stage carpenter, and, after losing in mercantile adventures the money thus won, he found himself so involved in debt that he had to give himself up as a slave to his creditors. He was set to grinding in a mill, but, in the intervals of his task of propelling the millstone and pushing a sort of windlass, he ventured on the composition of comedies, three of which, the *Saturio*, the *Addictus*, and one, the name of which Gellius did not know, found such acceptance with the public, that he was freed from his task and became chief writer for the Roman comic stage. So far did he excel all competitors in the popular estimation that in course of time all older *fabulae palliatae* (comedies presenting Greek characters and scenes) were attributed to Plautus, as all older Greek poems were once attributed to Homer, and in Cicero's day 130 were current as Plautine. These Varro divided into three classes: (1) those assigned to Plautus by all authorities, twenty-one in number; (2) those ascribed to others in some lists, but worthy of Plautus in plot and diction; (3) doubtful plays. It is interesting to note that the *Saturio* and *Addictus* were not in the first, but in the second class. As the Palatine MSS. of Plautus give us twenty plays in alphabetical order, and the Ambrosian Palimpsest, probably the oldest Latin MS. we have, gives the same twenty, with remains of the twenty-first, it seems reasonable to think that it is the twenty-one plays selected by Varro as genuine, that have been preserved to us.

Most of these plays show great comic power and the

rapid and vigorous development of plot which ancient critics tell us was characteristic of Plautus. Of these twenty plays, only two, or perhaps three, were borrowed from Menander, and in a fourth, the *Miles Gloriosus*, he used a comedy of Menander for contamination with one of Diphilus. Three he borrowed from Diphilus and two from Philemon, not, thought Studemund, because they surpassed Menander's work, but because their slighter plots and less elaborated dialogue left Plautus more room for the display of his own sparkling wit and vigorous constructive skill. One, the *Amphitryo*, called in the prologue a tragi-comedy, alone among Latin comedies gives us a mythological plot, and was copied by Molière in a play that does not surpass the original. Another, the *Aulularia*, of which the conclusion is lost, furnished Molière with the rôle of Harpagon. A third, the *Menaechmi*, one of the freshest and most vigorous, has no need to fear comparison with Shakspeare's copy in the *Comedy of Errors*. The *Captivi*, perhaps the slowest and tamest of his plays, was praised by Lessing as the finest comedy ever put on the stage, as that which best fulfilled the purpose of comedy, and was, moreover, rich in comic ornament. Mackail is charmed by the atmosphere of the *Rudens*, which reminds him of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*. In the *Pseudolus*, in which the Scapin of the piece repeatedly catches his victim in traps, against which he expressly warns him, Studemund took especial delight, finding in it the finest example in literature of skilful adaptation of metre to theme. And in the *Mostellaria*, the *Menaechmi*, and the *Trinummus*, we have fine examples of the *fabula motoria*, "bus-tling play," in which Plautus excels.

Plautus deserves a high place among the world's greatest comic poets for the quickness and variety of repartee in his dialogue. Indeed, the very abundance of his wit often proves a snare to him, leading him to introduce comic conceits that harmonize ill with the plan of his play. While the flavor of his wit is rather strong at times, one can see plainly that he is writing for the old Roman farmers, whose rough strength and genuine moral worth deserved the success they won. He seems a perfect master of the colloquial Latin of

his time, the language used in the street by the citizen of average culture. The great scholars of the following century, Aelius Stilo, and his disciple, Varro, were agreed in the opinion that, if the Muses spoke Latin, it would be the Latin of Plautus. In agreement with this is Cicero's praise: he speaks of Plautus as elegant and polished and abounding in genius and wit. Horace blames him as loose and careless in his dramatic art, and Quintilian passes him over lightly, reserving his praise for the style of Terence. But the praise of critics so unlike as Cicero and Varro means much, and of still more weight is the verdict of the modern world, where his plays were the favorite reading of Martin Luther and inspired the muse of Molière and of Shakspeare.

Plautus died an old man in 184 B.C., and from this date till the appearance of Terence, the leading writer for the Roman comic stage was STATIUS CAECILIUS, an Insubrian. He is mentioned by Quintilian as the favorite with older critics, is praised by Horace for his dignity, and to him is assigned the first place among Latin comic writers by Volcatius. This judgment is often treated as absurd; but Cicero confirms it, though he cannot praise Caecilius's Latinity, and Gellius' selection of Caecilius for comparison with Menander implies his primacy. Gellius cites from him at some length to show the superiority of Menander, but there are critics who feel that in the first and longest passage cited, the comparison is not so evidently in Menander's favor. We have less than 300 verses left of his comedies, not enough to base a judgment upon, especially as his excellence seems to have lain rather in his composition of plot and in his pathetic skill. According to Suetonius it was to him, as arbiter of the Latin stage, that the aediles referred Terence with his first comedy in 166 B.C. He was a close friend of Ennius, whose lodging he shared, and Jerome in his chronicle says he died in the year after him, that is, in 168 B.C. But probably Ritschl is right here in his idea that in Jerome the numeral *quarto* (written IIII) has faded out of the MS.

TERENCE is said to have been a native of Carthage, but he was brought very young to Rome, as the slave of a senator, Terentius Lucanus, who early gave him his freedom. He

was a favorite in the Hellenizing circle of the Scipios and the Aemilii, and the purity and elegance of their diction is reflected in the Latin of his comedies. *Puri sermonis amator*, "lover of pure discourse," is Caesar's judgment about him, describing the quality in his work that stirs admiration in modern readers. The Latin of Terence stands so much nearer to the elegance of Cicero than to the rough and somewhat uncouth strength of Plautus, that with him we seem to be emerging from the rude shades of archaic Latinity into the light of the Golden Age. Not that he is always faultless; for there are passages in his comedies where, in his effort to render accurately his Greek original, he writes what hardly seems Latin at all. But these are rare.

In 166 B.C. Terence brought his *Andria* to Caecilius, who was reclining at dinner and assigned him a stool to sit on, while he read his play. But soon, charmed by the work of the swarthy little slave, he took him to his couch to dine with him, and after dinner heard him finish his play with expressions of wonder and pleasure. And all who read the *Andria* must sympathize with Caecilius. The elegance and purity of the language is remarkable, the action is vivid and interesting, and the worst fault of Terence, his servile morality, seems least glaring in this play. Next year he came again before the public with his *Hecyra* or *Mother-in-Law*. They drove it from the stage with cries for boxes and rope-dancers; and no wonder; for it lacks entirely the comic power which was what specially attracted the Roman public.

Terence did not appear again till 163, when he exhibited the *Heautontimorumenos*, or *Self Tormentor*, a *fabula stataria*, or "slow play." In 161 B.C. he won the success of his life with the *Eunuchus*, which earned him 8000 sesterces—a little over \$300. The plot is lively, but marked by an obscenity which seems to have atoned for the lack of comic power in Terence and won him this success. In the same year he exhibited the *Phormio*, perhaps of all his plays that which best shows his standpoint with regard to life and morals. The plot is interesting, the characters are delineated with care and skill, and the whole shows a dry humor perhaps more effective with the modern reader than with the

Roman. But probably it is to their aversion to Terence's standpoint in judging life and character that the dislike felt for him by the Romans of his day is mainly due. Phormio, the hero of the play, is a swindling parasite, and, when Plautus brings a parasite on the stage, he does not try to win his audience to admiration for him, but, however clever he may be, assigns him a place below the salt. But Terence seems in thorough sympathy with the views of his parasite or his slave, and makes them out far better judges of what is right and fitting than the stupid citizen. No wonder that the Roman, though pleased with the elegance of his diction, and the fine drawing and balance of his characters, could not find it in his heart to praise this little African slave with his airs of superiority, but said that it was Scipio or Laelius that had composed his plays.

In 160 B.C. Terence exhibited the *Adelphoe*, one of the best of his plays, with a simple, well-founded plot, and a cheerful dialogue, that have made it a general favorite, and in the same year he found at last an audience for his *Hecyra*. Then he left for Greece to study Greek ways and customs, and in the next year on his way back he died at the age of twenty-five. He had sent on before by ship his adaptations of 108 new comedies of Menander, we are told, and the news that these were lost at sea brought on his last illness. We know that Plautus and Caecilius had already used many plays of Menander, and where 108 new comedies of his could be got has been a puzzle to many. Ritschl thought that the CVIII was really a mistaken reading of a faded CVM.

As we have noticed, Terence was never a favorite with the Romans of his day. In after times Varro called him an example of mediocrity, and Cæsar praised him as a "halved Menander," who, though rivalling his model in purity of diction and construction of character, wholly lacked his comic power. He has little originality, and still less of Plautus' skill in handling metres. But his mastery of pure and elegant diction has made him the favorite among Roman comic writers for all later readers; and his cosmopolitan sentiments, little fitted to win the Roman of his time, appeal to us with a very different power.

Of the Roman comedy there have come down to us twenty plays of Plautus and the six plays of Terence, furnishing us with a good idea of its strength and weakness; of the tragedy we have only fragments, and this will justify its briefer treatment here. In the year after the death of Naevius, the year 201 B.C., there came to Rome with the elder Cato, of all men, the Messapian QUINCTIUS ENNIUS, who was to impose on the Roman epic the form and metre of Homer. He wrote both tragedies and comedies, but in comedy Volcatus is led to give him the tenth and last place for his antiquity. His tragedies, on the contrary, seem to stand in importance only below his epic—the Annals. He translated mainly from Euripides, but varied his plays by contamination, joining in his Iphigenia Euripides's play with one of Sophocles. He followed Naevius in writing two *praetextae* or Roman tragedies, one on the Rape of the Sabines and the other on the Capture of Ambracia by his patron, M. Fulvius Nobilior. Cicero praises his Medea, and Gellius finds that in his Hecuba he has given a worthy adaption of Euripides's masterpiece.

Ennius brought with him to Rome his nephew, M. PACUVIUS of Brundisium, who made his living as a painter and poet and wrote twelve tragedies. Some fragments of these, for example:

interea loci

Flucti flaccescunt, silesunt venti, mollitur mare,

“Meanwhile the waves grow slack, the winds fall, the sea is smoothed,”

show a facile mastery of poetic effort, surpassing Ennius. But they also show at times, as in

Nerei repandirostrum, incurvicervicum pecus,

“The broad-beaked, arched-necked flock of Nereus,”

a tendency to emulate the Greeks in forming what seemed to the best Latin writers unwieldy and uncouth compounds, and it was probably this as much as his wide reading in Greek myths that won Pacuvius the epithet of *doctus*, “the learned,” assigned him by Roman critics. He too writes a *praetexta* celebrating Paulus' victory at Pydna.

Cicero places Pacuvius at the head of Roman tragic poets

in the same judgment in which he hesitatingly assigns the comic palm to Caecilius, and he gives as his reason the impression his plays make on the hearer, for he cannot praise Pacuvius's Latinity either. Varro finds in Pacuvius a certain *ubertas* or richness of expression that is evident in many of the fragments.

But best known and most cited of the tragic writers by later Romans is L. Accius, who was probably still alive in 90 B.C., for Cicero recollects meeting him often in his old age. Jerome's chronicle makes him a son of a farmer from Pisaurum, and in his *Didascalica* he related that in 140 B.C. he exhibited a play in competition with Pacuvius, then in his eightieth year. He was a philologist as well as a poet; for the *Didascalica* is one of the oldest histories of literature, being modeled on Aristotle's collection of *didaskalics* or dramatic indices. It was written partly in prose and partly in verse. Cicero takes occasion to correct an error made by Accius in this work, when, confusing the first with the second capture of Tarentum, he says that Livius was brought to Rome in 209 B.C. instead of 280 B.C.

Ennius had ventured on a reform of Roman spelling; when following Greek usage, he introduced into Latin a doubling of consonants, for example: *esse* for *ese* and *Bacchanal* for *Bacanal*. Accius, following his example, tried to introduce into Latin a *conduplicatio vocalium*, or doubling of vowels to express their length, in use in the Italic dialects. He seems to have arrived at further conformity with Greek, too, favoring *aggulus* for *angulus*, *agcora* for *ancora*, and *Hectora* for *Hectorem*. Some have thought that to him we owe the *K* in *Kalendae* and the *qu* in *equus*, which following analogy should have been *Calendae* and *ecus*.

Accius represents the height of achievement in Roman tragedy, and we have the titles of forty-five of his plays. Two were *praetextae*, one, the *Aeneadae*, which celebrates the devotion of the younger Decius, and probably traced his descent from a comrade of Aeneas; the other, called *Brutus*, relating the expulsion of the Tarquins. His plays are not slavish copies of the Greek, but show an impetus and vigor that justify the epithet of "lofty," given him by Horace.

Accius represents not merely the summit of achievement in Roman tragedy, but also the end as far as the stage is concerned; and this end was reached before any permanent theatre was erected in Rome. It was nearly forty years after the death of Accius, in the year 55 B.C., that Pompey opened his famous theatre; and already the writing of plays on lines familiar to us seems virtually at an end. We do hear of the production of Varius's *Thyestes* after Actium, and of the magnificent reward he received from Augustus. But this is only one swallow. The *Medea* of OVID is to be classed with the *Aeneas* of POMPONIUS SECUNDUS, and the *Domitius* of CURIATIUS MATERNUS, as a play written for the reader, not for the stage. AUGUSTUS was eager to revive the drama, and began to write an *Ajax*, which he never finished; when asked one day how his hero was progressing, he replied that "he had fallen on his sponge." Nine tragedies attributed to SENECA have come down to us, presenting in an exaggerated form all the vices of his prose as well as its characteristic merits. While they have had much influence on modern drama, especially in France, we know nothing of their connection with the Roman stage. The *fabula crepidata* had flowered in Accius, and new forms allied to it in kind and effect did not suggest themselves to the Romans.

For with the Romans, when a literary form had developed to the height of excellence, the course of advance possible for the future seemed to be turning to a new or undeveloped form capable of producing results similar to those won from the form thus exhausted. And in comedy they showed themselves more resourceful. After Terence perfected the *palliata*, we read of translations from Menander by TURPILIUS, of which the few fragments preserved seem dull enough. But L. AFRANIUS, a contemporary of Laelius and the younger Scipio, ventured to leave the path trodden by the Greeks and set before the Romans on the stage their own domestic doings in what were called *fabulae togatae*. Not that he emphasized what was national in his plays, for he rather seems, like Menander, to have arrived at a picture of human nature on universal lines, with the virtues and vices incident to it in all lands. He is reproached by Quintilian for soiling his plots

puerorum foedis amoribus, "foul loves of boys,"—not a vice native in Rome, but rather one of the thefts from Menander, for which men of his day censured him. The Latinity of the fragments that we have from him seems to justify the praise of older critics, who spoke of him rather than of Terence as the Roman Menander. He had been preceded in the *togatae* by TITINIUS, of whose date or life we know nothing, but whose work the Romans praise in high terms, ranking it next to Terence; but ATTA, who follows him, is the example chosen by Horace of what is most unworthy of praise in the Roman drama.

Atta died in 77 B.C. and already POMPONIUS and NOVIUS had attempted to raise the old Atellane fable to a literary form. This Campanian folk-play seems to have resembled nothing so much as our own Christmas pantomimes, and our clown, pantaloon and harlequin have their prototypes in its clever Dossennus or hump-backed slave, its Bucco with swollen cheeks inviting the buffet, and its Maccus or love-sick youth. It was used as an after-play—the English curtain raiser—and high literary excellence from so slight a form was scarcely to be expected. The titles and the few fragments left us indicate a descent into gross and shameless obscenity.

A form that promised less than the Atellan fable was productive of nobler and more lasting results, the old Mime or comic dance, without words at first but pointing its obscene allusion merely by gestures, shortly came in to supersede it as an after-play and became used, too, as an interlude in festivals and games. It must have attained to speech long before this, for we read of a successful suit brought by Accius against a mimic actor, who ventured to assail him by name on the stage. This kind reached its perfection in Caesar's day in the mimes of Laberius and Publilius Syrus.

DECIMUS LABERIUS was a Roman knight, who, though he could not appear in his pieces without disgrace, was forced upon the stage by Caesar, when he prefaced his play by the dignified and graceful prologue which has come down to us. The fragments of his mimes, though not free from obscenity, are elegant and pointed in their sarcasms directed against the

dictator who was then "leading the conquered Quirites to his lash." His answering taunt

Necesse est multos timeat quem multi timent,
"He needs must fear many, whom many fear,"

gives us a taste of his quality.

The knight thus disgraced by Caesar was further mortified by the victory of his rival, PUBLILIUS SYRUS, a slave from Antioch. We know but little of his mimics, not even the title of more than two of them, though they are said to have held the stage till Nero's day. But he was noted, like Menander, for his pithy proverbs and telling maxims. Of these we have a collection of about 1000 verses, passing under his name, and giving him an honorable place in literature.

But already the *plebecula Remi* had tasted blood in the amphitheatre; the real tragedies of the arena were more to its taste than any literary fiction. We read of endeavors to win their attention under Nero by nailing actors to the cross in grim earnest; but the drama could not hold its ground against the gladiators' game where life was the forfeit; and the old humane entertainment provided by Accius or Plautus had no charm for the blood-thirsty mob, which it was now a necessity for the emperors to appease. Nor can we console ourselves with the reflection that it had already attained the excellence reached by the Romans in other forms of literary composition. Roman fertility in dramatic production came before Latin had developed its golden form, and Quintilian is justified in acknowledging, when he compares the Latin drama with the Greek, *vix levem consequimur umbram*, "we scarcely attain a poor shadow."

THE
COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS

MILES GLORIOSUS [The Braggart Captain]
MENÆCHMI [The Twin-Brothers]
CAPTIVI [The Captives]

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE BY
HENRY THOMAS RILEY, M.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LIFE OF PLAUTUS

BY THE
REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.

INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF PLAUTUS

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS—the second would be what we should call his surname, and the last simply means “flat-foot”¹ in the dialect of Umbria, the district in which he was born—was a man of humble origin, the son, according to some authorities, of a slave. But little is known with any certainty on these points. He is said to have made money in trade, and to have lost it again; to have then worked as a stage carpenter or machinist, and so perhaps to have acquired his theatrical taste. These early associations are taken also, by some critics, as an explanation of some rudeness and coarseness in his plays; for which, however, the popular taste is quite as likely to have been accountable as any peculiar tendencies of the writer. Like that marvel of dramatic prolificness, Lope de Vega, who quotes him as an apology, Plautus wrote for the people, and might have pleaded, as the Spaniard did, that “it was only fair that the customers should be served with what suited their taste.” The masses who thronged the Roman theaters had not the fine intellect of the Commons of Athens. Aristophanes could never have depended upon them for the appreciation of his double-edged jests, or appealed to them as critical judges of

¹ Literary tradition in some quarters asserted that in his comedy “Pseudolus,” he introduced a sketch—certainly not too flattering—of his own personal appearance:

“A red-haired man, with round protuberant belly,
Legs with stout calves, and of a swart complexion:
Large head, keen eyes, red face, and monstrous feet.”

humor. The less keen but more polished dialogue and didactic moralizing of Menander would have been still less attractive to such an audience as that to which Plautus had to look for favor. The games of the circus—the wild-beast fight and the gladiators, the rope-dancers, the merry-andrews, and the posture-masters—were more to their taste than clever intrigue and brilliant dialogue.

Plautus—we know him now only by his *sobriquet*—began his career as a dramatist B.C. 224. He continued to write for the stage, almost without a rival in popularity, until his death, forty years later. How many comedies he produced during his long service of the public we do not know: twenty remain bearing his name, all which are considered to be genuine. All, with the exception probably of "Amphitryon," are taken from Greek originals. It is not necessary here to give a list of their titles; the most interesting of them will be noticed in their order. With Greek characters, Greek names, and Greek scenery, he gives us undoubtedly the Roman manners of his day, which are illustrated more fully in his pages than in those of the more refined Terence. Let the scene of the drama lie where it will, we are in the streets of Rome all the while. Athenians, Thebans, or Ephesians, his *dramatis personæ* are all of one country, just as they speak one language; they are no more real Greeks than Shakespeare's Othello is a Moor, or his Proteus a "gentleman of Verona"—except in the bill of the play. So little attempt does he make to keep up anything like an illusion on this point, that he even speaks of "triumvirs" at Thebes, builds a "Capitol" at Epidaurus, and makes his characters talk about "living like those Greeks," and "drinking like Greeks," utterly careless of the fact that they are supposed to be Greeks themselves. He is as independent of such historical and geographical trifles as our own great dramatist when he makes Hector quote Aristotle, or gives a sea-coast to Bohemia. But he has the justification which all great dramatists would fairly plead; that his characters, though distinctly national in color, are in a wider sense citizens of the world; they speak, in whatever language, the sentiments of civilized mankind.

However coarse in many respects the matter and style of

Plautus may appear to us, it is certain that good judges amongst those who were more nearly his contemporaries thought very highly of his diction. It was said of him by Ælius Stolo that "if the Muses ever spoke Latin, it would be the Latin of Plautus." Perhaps he was the first who raised conversational Latin to the dignity of a literary style.

His plays are in most cases introduced by a prologue, spoken sometimes by one of the characters in the play, and sometimes by a mythological personage, such as Silenus or Arcturus. The prologue generally gives an outline of the plot, and this has been objected to by some critics as destroying the interest of the action which is to follow. But a similar practice has been adopted of late years in our own theaters, of giving the audience, in the play-bill, a sketch of the leading scenes and incidents; and this is generally found to increase the intelligent enjoyment of the play itself. The prologues of Plautus frequently also contain familiar appeals on the part of the manager to the audience, and give us a good deal of information as to the materials of which the audience was composed. The mothers are requested to leave their babies at home, for the babies' sakes as well as for the sake of the people; and the children who are in the theater are begged not to make a noise. The slaves are desired not to occupy the seats, which are not intended for them, but to be content with standing-room; protests are made against the system of *claqueurs*—friends of some favorite actor, who gave their applause unfairly, to the discredit of others: and the wives are requested not to interrupt the performance with their chatter, and so annoy their husbands who are come to see the play. Remarks of this kind, addressed to the "house," are not confined, however, to the prologue, but occur here and there in the scene itself; these last are evident relics of the earlier days of comedy, for we find no such in the plays of Terence.

MILES GLORIOSUS

[THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PYRGOPOLINICES, the Braggart Captain.

ARTOTROGUS, a Parasite.

PERIPLECOMENUS, an old gentleman, friend of Pleusicles.

PLEUSICLES, a young Athenian.

PALÆSTRIO, servant of Pyrgopolinices.

SCELEDRUS, another servant of Pyrgopolinices.

LUCRIO, a lad, an under-servant of Pyrgopolinices.

CARIO, cook to Periplecomenus.

A Boy.

PHILOCOMASIUM, the mistress of Pyrgopolinices.

ACROTELEUTIUM, a Courtesan.

MILPHIDIPPA, her maid.

SLAVES.

Scene—Ephesus: a Street before the houses of PERIPLECOMENUS and PYRGOPOLINICES, which adjoin each other.

ARGUMENT

Pleusicles, a young Athenian, in love with Philocomasium, a Courtesan of Athens, who returns his affection, is sent on public business to Naupactus. In his absence a certain Captain of Ephesus, Pyrgopolinices by name, comes to Athens, and ingratiates himself with her mother, in order to get Philocomasium into his power. Having deceived the mother, he places the daughter on board ship and carries her off to Ephesus. On this, Palæstrio, a faithful servant of Pleusicles, embarks for Naupactus, to tell his master what has happened. The ship being taken by pirates, he is made captive, and by chance is presented as a gift to Pyrgopolinices. He recognises the mistress of Pleusicles in the Captain's house; but he carefully conceals from the Captain who he himself is. He then privately writes to Pleusicles, requesting him to come to Ephesus. On arriving, Pleusicles is hospitably entertained by Periplecomenus, a friend of his father, an old gentleman who lives next door to the Captain. As Philocomasium has a private room of her own in the Captain's house, a hole is made through the partition wall, and by this contrivance she meets Pleusicles in the house of his entertainer, who gives his sanction to the plan.

At this juncture, the play begins. A servant of the Captain, named Sceledrus, in pursuing a monkey along the roof of the house, looks down the skylight of the house next door, and there sees Pleusicles and Philocomasium toying with each other. This espial being discovered, a plan is arranged, by which Sceledrus shall not only not divulge to the Captain what he has seen, but shall even be made to believe that he has not actually seen it himself. Palæstrio, therefore, persuades him that the twin-sister of Philocomasium has arrived at Ephesus, and with her lover is staying at their neighbour's house. Palæstrio also makes the Captain believe that the wife of his neighbour, Periplecomenus, is in love with him. Through his agency, a Courtesan, named Acroteleutium, pretends that she is the wife so desperately in love with the Captain. He believes this story, and, that he may the more conveniently receive her in his house, by the advice of Palæstrio, he sends Philocomasium away, and gives her into the charge of Pleusicles, who is disguised in the dress of a master of a ship. They go to the harbour and set sail, accompanied by Palæstrio, whom the Captain has given to Philocomasium at her request. The Captain, then, at the invitation of the maid of Acroteleutium, goes to the house next door, to visit her mistress. On this, Periplecomenus and his servants sally forth upon him, and beat and strip him, letting him go, after they have exacted from him a confession that he has been rightly served, and a promise that he will molest no one in return for the treatment he has received.

THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES, ARTOTROGUS¹ (*the Parasite*), and *Soldiers*.

PYRG. Take ye care that the lustre of my shield is more bright than the rays of the sun are wont to be at the time when the sky is clear; that when occasion comes, the battle being joined, 'mid the fierce ranks right opposite it may dazzle the eyesight of the enemy. But, I wish to console this sabre of mine, that it may not lament nor be downcast in spirits, because I have thus long been wearing it keeping holiday, which so longs right dreadfully to make havoc of the enemy. But where is Artotrogus?

ARTO. Here he is; he stands close by the hero, valiant and successful, and of princely form. Mars could not dare to style himself a warrior so great, nor compare his prowess with yours.

PYRG. Him you mean whom I spared on the Gorgonidonian plains, where Bumbomachides Clytomestoridysarchides,² the grandson of Neptune, was the chief commander?

¹ The literal meaning of the name of the swaggering Captain is "the much-conquering tower." "Artotrogus" means "bread-eater." The word "Parasite" properly denotes "one person who dines with another." These hangers-on first received that name from Alexis, the Greek Comedian. Their chief characteristics were flattery, importunity, love of sensual pleasure, and the desire of getting a good dinner without paying for it. It was their method to frequent places of public resort with the view of obtaining a dinner at the price of being the butt of their entertainer.

² These three crackjaw names are mere gibberish, derived from Greek or Latin words.

ARTO. I remember him; him, I suppose, you mean with the golden armor, whose legions you puffed away with your breath just as the wind blows away leaves or the reed-thatched roof.

PYRG. That, on my troth, was really nothing at all.

ARTO. Faith, that really was nothing at all in comparison with other things I could mention—(*aside*) which you never did. If any person ever beheld a more perjured fellow than this, or one more full of vain boasting, faith let him have me for himself, I'll resign myself for his slave; if 'tis not the fact that my one mess of olive pottage is eaten up by me right ravenously.

PYRG. Where are you? ARTO. Lo! here am I. I' troth in what a fashion it was you broke the fore-leg of even an elephant, in India, with your fist.

PYRG. How?—the fore-leg? ARTO. I meant to say this—the thigh.

PYRG. I struck the blow without an effort.

ARTO. Troth, if, indeed, you had put forth your strength, your arm would have passed right through the hide, the entrails, and the frontispiece of the elephant.

PYRG. I don't care for these things just now.

ARTO. I' faith, 'tis really not worth the while for you to tell me of it, who know right well your prowess. (*Aside.*) 'Tis my appetite creates all these plagues. I must hear him right out with my ears, that my teeth mayn't have time to grow,¹ and whatever lie he shall tell, to it I must agree.

PYRG. What was it I was saying?

ARTO. O, I know what you were going to say just now. I' faith 'twas bravely done; I remember its being done.

PYRG. What was that? ARTO. Whatever it was you were going to say.

PYRG. Have you got your tablets?² ARTO. Are you intending to enlist? I have them, and a pen as well.

¹ *i. e.*, as a rodent's, for lack of something to gnaw.

² The Parasite asks him if he is going to enlist, as the tablets would be wanted in the Forum, for the purpose of taking down the oaths, and entering the names the parties were sworn,

PYRG. How cleverly you do suit your mind to my own mind.

ARTO. 'Tis fit that I should know your inclinations studiously, so that whatever you wish should first occur to me.

PYRG. What do you remember? ARTO. I do remember this. In Cilicia there were a hundred and fifty men, a hundred in Cryphiolathronia,¹ thirty at Sardis, sixty men of Macedon, whom you slaughtered altogether in one day.

PYRG. What is the sum total of those men?

ARTO. Seven thousand. PYRG. It must be as much; you keep the reckoning well.

ARTO. Yet I have none of them written down; still, so I remember it was.

PYRG. By my troth, you have a right good memory.

ARTO. (*aside*). 'Tis the flesh-pots give it a fillip.

PYRG. So long as you shall do such as you have done hitherto, you shall always have something to eat: I will always make you a partaker at my table.

ARTO. Besides, in Cappadocia, you would have killed five hundred men altogether at one blow, had not your sabre been blunt.

PYRG. I let them live, because I was quite sick of fighting.

ARTO. Why should I tell you what all mortals know, that you, Pyrgopolinices, live alone upon the earth, with valour, beauty, and achievements most unsurpassed? All the women are in love with you, and that not without reason, since you are so handsome. Witness those girls that pulled me by my mantle yesterday.

PYRG. What was it they said to you?

ARTO. They questioned me about you. "Is Achilles here?" says one to me. "No," says I, "his brother is." Then says the other to me: "By my troth, but he is a handsome and a noble man. See how his long hair becomes him. Certainly the women are lucky who share his favours."

PYRG. And pray, did they really say so?

¹This word is mere gibberish; it is compounded of Greek words, which make it mean "the place of hidden secrecy."

ARTO. They both entreated me to bring you past to-day by way of a sight to them.

PYRG. 'Tis really a very great plague to be too handsome a man.

ARTO. They are quite a nuisance to me; they are praying, entreating, beseeching me, to let them see you; bidding me be fetched to them; so that I can't give my attention to your business.

PYRG. It seems that it is time for us to go to the Forum, that I may count out their pay to those soldiers whom I have enlisted of late. For King Seleucus¹ entreated me with most earnest suit that I would raise and enlist recruits for him. To that business have I resolved to devote my attention this day.

ARGO. Come, let's be going then. PYRG. Guards, follow me. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

THE PROLOGUE

Enter PALÆSTRIO.

PAL. To tell the subject of this our play, I have all willingness, if you will but have the kindness to listen to it. But he who does not wish to listen, let him arise and go out, that there may be room where he may sit who does wish to listen. Now I will disclose to you both the subject and the name of the play which we are just now about to act, and for the sake of which you are now seated in this mirthful place. "Alazon" is the name, in Greek, of this comedy; the same we call in Latin, "the Braggart" (Gloriosus).² This city is Ephesus; then, the Captain, my master, who has gone off hence to the Forum, a bragging, impudent, stinking fellow, brimful of lying and lasciviousness, says that all the women are follow-

¹ The King of that part of Asia Minor where Ephesus was situate.

² It is not known who was the Greek author from whom Plautus took this play, which is one of his best.

ing him of their own accord. Wherever he goes, he is the laughing-stock of all; and so, the Courtesans here—since they make wry mouths at him, you may see the greater part of them with lips all awry. I wish you now to know this, how I came to be his slave, from him to whom I was servant before; for 'tis not long that I have been in slavery to him. Give your attention, for now I will begin the argument. A very worthy young man at Athens was my master. He was in love with a Courtesan, brought up at Athens, in Attica, and she on the other hand loved him; such affection is most worthy to be cherished. In the public service, he was sent to Naupactus¹ as Ambassador on behalf of that mighty republic. In the meantime, by chance, this Captain came to Athens. He introduced himself to this lady of my master, began to cajole her mother with presents of wine, trinkets, and costly treats; and so the Captain made himself on intimate terms with the procuress. As soon as ever an opportunity was presented for this Captain, he tricked this procuress, the mother of the damsel, whom my master loved. For, unknown to her mother, he put the daughter on board ship, and carried this woman, against her will, hither to Ephesus. Soon as I knew that the lady of my master was carried off from Athens, as quickly as ever I was able, I procured for myself a ship; I embarked, that I might carry tidings of this matter to my master at Naupactus. When we had got out to sea, some pirates, as they had hoped to do, took that ship on board of which I was; thus I was undone before I reached my master, for whom I had commenced to proceed on my voyage. He that took me, gave me as a present to this same Captain. After he had taken me home to his own house, I saw there that favourite of my master who lived at Athens. When, on the other hand, she perceived me, she gave me a sign with her eyes not to address her by name. Afterwards, when there was an opportunity, the damsel complained to me of her hard fate. She said that she wished to escape to Athens from this house, that she was attached to him, that master of mine who lived at Athens, and that she had never hated any one more thoroughly than this same Captain. As I discovered

¹ A city situate on the sea-coast of Ætolia.

the feelings of the damsel, I took tablets, sealed them in private, and gave them to a certain merchant to carry to him (my master, I mean, who was at Athens, and who had so loved her), in order that he might come hither. He did not slight the message, for he both is come, and is lodging here next door, with his host, a friend of his father's, a nice old man. He, too, gives every assistance to his guest in his amour, and encourages and seconds us with his help and his advice. Therefore, here (*pointing to the CAPTAIN'S house*), in-doors, I have found a grand contrivance, by which to cause these lovers, each, to meet the other. For one room, which the Captain gave to his mistress for no one but herself to set foot in, in that same room I have dug a hole through the party-wall, in order that there may secretly be an ingress for the damsel from the one house to the other. And this I have done with the knowledge of the old gentleman; 'twas he that gave the advice. But my fellow-servant, whom the Captain has given as a keeper to his mistress, is a person of no great worth. By clever contrivances and ingenious devices, we will throw dust in his eyes, and we will make him so as not to see what he really does see. And that you may not hereafter make mistakes, this damsel to-day, in this house and in that, will perform in turn a double part, and will be the same, but will pretend to be another, person. Thus will the keeper of the damsel be gulled. But there is a noise at the door here of the old gentleman our neighbour. 'Tis himself coming out, 'tis he, the nice old man that I was speaking of. (*He retires to a distance.*)

SCENE II

Enter PERIPLECOMENUS from his house.

PERIP. (*speaking to his servants within*). Faith, if you don't in future smash his ankle-bones for any stranger that you see on my tiles, I will cut you so with lashes as to make thongs of your sides. My neighbors, i' faith, are overlookers of what is going on in my own house; so often are they peeping down through the skylight. And now, therefore, I give you all notice, whatever person of this Captain's

household you shall see upon our tiles, except Palæstrio only, push him headlong here into the street. Suppose he says that he is following some hen, or pigeon, or monkey; woe be to you, if you don't badly maul the fellow even to death. And so, that they may commit no infringement against the laws of dice, do you take good care that they keep holiday at home without any ankle-bones at all.¹

PAL. (*aside*). Something amiss—what, I know not, has been done him by our family so far as I can hear, inasmuch as the old man has ordered the ankles of my fellow-servants to be broken. But he has excepted me; nothing care I what he does to the rest of them. I'll accost the old man. (*Advances.*)

PERIP. The person that is coming this way, is he coming towards me? He comes as if he was coming to me.

PAL. How do you do, Periplecomenus?

PERIP. There are not many men, if I were to wish, whom I would rather now see and meet with than yourself.

PAL. What's the matter? What disturbance have you with our family?

PERIP. We are done for. PAL. What's the matter?

PERIP. The thing's discovered. PAL. What thing's discovered?

PERIP. Some one just now of your household was looking in from the tiles through our skylight at Philocomasium and my guest as they were toying together.

PAL. What person saw it?

PERIP. Your fellow-servant. PAL. Which person was it?

PERIP. I don't know; he took himself off so suddenly—in an instant.

PAL. I suspect I'm ruined. PERIP. When he went away, I cried: "Hallo! you sir!" said I, "what are you doing

¹ "Talus" means either a person's "ankle-bone," or the "knuckle-bone" of an animal, which latter was marked with numbers on four sides, and used by the Greeks and Romans for dice. The old man puns on the two meanings, and says, "I'll take care that your 'tali' (or ankle-bones) are broken, so that you shall not have an opportunity of infringing the public laws against gambling."

upon the tiles?" As he went away he replied to me in these terms, that he was following a stray'd monkey.

PAL. Woe to wretched me! that I must be ruined for a worthless beast. But is Philocomasium there with you even still?

PERIP. When I came out, she was there.

PAL. If she is, then bid her return to our house as soon as ever she can, that the servants may see that she is at home; unless, indeed, she wishes that we, who are slaves, her fellow-slaves, should all be given up together to tortures by the cross on account of her courting.

PERIP. I bade her do so; unless you would aught else.

PAL. I would. Tell her this; that, by my troth, she must not hesitate at all to bring in play her skill and cleverness.

PERIP. In what way? PAL. That by her words she may persuade him who saw her here at your house, that he did not see her. Should he accuse her, on the other hand let her convince him with her oath. Even though she were seen a hundred times over, still let her deny it. (*Aside.*) For, if she is at all inclined to ill, a woman never goes begging to the gardener for material, she has a garden at home and a stock of her own for all mischievous contrivances; at home she has impudence, a lying tongue, perfidiousness, malice, and boldness, self-conceit, assurance, and deceitfulness—at home she has wiles—at home captivating contrivances—stratagems at home.

PERIP. I'll tell her this, if she shall be in-doors here (*pointing to his house*). But what is it, Palæstrio, that you are considering with yourself in your mind?

PAL. Be silent a moment, while I am calling a council in my mind, and while I am considering what I am to do, what plan I must contrive, on the other hand, as a match for my crafty fellow-servant, who has seen her billing here in your house; so that what was seen may not have been seen.

PERIP. Do contrive one; in the meantime, I'll retire hence to a distance from you, to this spot. (*He retires to a distance.*) Look at him, please (*to the AUDIENCE*), revolving his cares with brow severe, how he stands. He strikes his breast with his fingers. I fancy he's about to call his heart

outside. See, he shifts his posture; again he places his left hand upon his left thigh. His right hand is reckoning down his plans upon his fingers; in despair he strikes his thigh. His right hand is moving rapidly; with difficulty does it suggest what he is to do. He snaps his fingers now; he's striving hard; full oft he changes his position. But see how he shakes his head; it pleases him not what he has hit upon. Whatever it is, nothing crude will he bring forth, something well-digested will he produce. But see, he is building; he has placed his hand as a pillar beneath his chin. Have done with it! in truth, this mode of building pleases me not; for I have heard say that the head of a foreign Poet¹ is wont to be supported thus, over whom two guards are ever at all hours keeping watch. Bravo! how becomingly he stands—i' faith, how like a very slave, and how faithful to his part. Never, this day, will he rest, before he has completed that which he is in search of. He has it, I suspect. Come—to the business you're about: keep wide awake, think not of sleep; unless, indeed, you wish to be keeping your watch here all checquered o'er with stripes. 'Tis I, that am talking to you; schemer, don't you know that I am speaking to you? Palæstrio! awake, I say; arouse yourself, I say; 'tis daylight now, I say.

PAL. I hear you. PERIP. Don't you see that the enemy is upon you, and that siege is being laid to your back? Take counsel, then; obtain aid and assistance in this matter; the hastily, not the leisurely, is befitting here. Get the start of them in some way, and in some direction this moment lead around your troops. Close round the enemy in siege; prepare the convoy for our side. Cut off the enemy's provision, secure yourself a passage, by which supplies and provision may be enabled in safety to reach yourself and your forces.

¹ It is generally supposed that Plautus here refers to the Roman poet Nævius, who had a habit of using this posture, and was, as is thought, at that moment in prison for having offended, in one of his Comedies, the family of the Metelli. He was afterwards liberated on having apologized in his plays, called Hariolus (the Wizard) and Leo (the Lion). Periplecomenus thinks that this posture bodes no good, and is ominous of an evil result.

Look to this business; the emergency is sudden. Invent—contrive—this instant give us some clever plan; so that that which has been seen here within, may not have been seen; that which has been done, may not have been done. There, my man, you undertake a great enterprise; lofty the defences which you erect. If you yourself alone but say you undertake this, I have a certainty that we are able to rout our foes.

PAL. I do say so, and I do undertake it.

PERIP. And I do pronounce that you shall obtain that which you desire.

PAL. May Jupiter kindly bless you then!

PERIP. But, friend, do you impart to me the plan which you have devised.

PAL. Be silent, then, while I am inducting you in the directions of my devices; that you may know as well as my own self my plans.

PERIP. The same you shall receive safe from the same spot where you have deposited them.

PAL. My master is surrounded with the hide of an elephant, not his own, and has no more wisdom than a stone.

PERIP. I myself know the same thing.

PAL. Now, thus I would begin upon my plan; this contrivance I shall act upon. I shall say that her other own twin-sister has come here from Athens, with a certain person, her lover, to Philocomasium, as like to her as milk is to milk. I shall say that they are lodged and entertained here in your house.

PERIP. Bravo! bravo! cleverly thought of. I approve of your device.

PAL. So that, if my fellow-servant should accuse her before the Captain, and say that he has seen her here at your house, toying with another man, I shall assert, on the other hand, that my fellow-servant has seen the other one, the sister, at your house, fondling and toying with her own lover.

PERIP. Aye, most excellent. I'll say the same, if the Captain shall inquire of me.

PAL. But do you say that they are extremely alike; and this must be imparted in time to Philocomasium, in order

that she may know; that she mayn't be tripping if the Captain should question her.

PERIP. A very clever contrivance. But if the Captain should wish to see them both in company together, what shall we do then?

PAL. That's easy enough. Three hundred excuses may be picked up—she is not at home; she has gone out walking; she is asleep; she is dressing; she is bathing; she is at breakfast; she is taking dessert; she is engaged; she is enjoying her rest; in fact, she can't come. There are as many of these put-offs as you like, if I can only persuade him at the very outset to believe that to be true which shall be contrived.

PERIP. I like what you say. PAL. Go in-doors then; and if the damsel's there, bid her return home directly, and instruct and tutor her thoroughly in this plan, that she may understand our scheme, as we have begun it, about the twin-sister.

PERIP. I'll have her right cleverly tutor'd for you. Is there anything else?

PAL. Only, be off in-doors. PERIP. I'm off. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

PAL. And I'll go home, too; and I'll conceal the fact that I am giving her my aid in seeking out the man, which fellow-servant of mine it was, that to-day was following the monkey. For it cannot be but in his conversation he must have made some one of the household acquainted about the lady of his master, how that he himself has seen her next door here toying with some stranger spark. I know the habit myself; "I can't hold my tongue on that which I know alone." If I find out the person who saw it, I'll plant against him all my mantelets and covered works. The material is prepared; 'tis a sure matter that I must take this person by force, and by thus besieging him. If so I don't find the man, just like a hound I'll go smelling about, even until I shall have traced out the fox by his track. But our door makes a noise :

I'll lower my voice; for here is the keeper of Philocomasium, my fellow-servant, coming out of doors. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE IV

Enter SCELEDRUS from the CAPTAIN'S house.

SCEL. Unless, in fact, I have been walking this day in my sleep upon the tiles, i' faith, I know for sure that I have seen here, at our neighbour's next door, Philocomasium, the lady of my master, on the high road to mischief to herself.

PAL. (*aside*). 'Twas he that saw her billing, so far as I have heard him say.

SCEL. Who's that? PAL. Your fellow-servant. How are you, Sceledrus?

SCEL. I am glad that I have met you, Palæstrio.

PAL. What now? Or what's the matter? Let me know.

SCEL. I'm afraid. PAL. What are you afraid of?

SCEL. By my troth, lest, this day, as many domestics as there are of us here, we shall jump into a most woful punishment by way of torture.

PAL. Jump you alone, please; for I don't at all like this jumping in and jumping out.

SCEL. Perhaps you don't know what new mischance has happened at home?

PAL. What mischance is this? SCEL. A disgraceful one.

PAL. Do you then keep it to yourself alone: don't tell it me; I don't want to know it.

SCEL. But I won't let you not know it. To-day I was following our monkey upon the tiles, next door there. (*Points to the house.*)

PAL. By my troth, Sceledrus, a worthless fellow, you were following a worthless beast.

SCEL. The Gods confound you! PAL. That befits yourself, since you began the conversation.

SCEL. By chance, as it happened, I looked down there through the skylight, into the next house; and there I saw

Philocomasium toying with some strange young man, I know not whom.

PAL. What scandalous thing is this I hear of you, Scel-edrus?

SCEL. I' faith, I did see her, beyond a doubt.

PAL. What, yourself? SCEL. Yes, I myself, with these eyes of mine.

PAL. Get away, it isn't likely what you say, nor did you see her.

SCEL. Do I, then, appear to you as if I were purblind?

PAL. 'Twere better for you to ask the doctor about that. But, indeed, if the Gods only love you, don't you rashly father this idle story. Now are you breeding thence a fatal dilemma for your legs and head; for, in two ways, the cause is contrived for you to be ruined, unless you put a check upon your foolish chattering.

SCEL. But how, two ways? PAL. I'll tell you. First then, if you falsely accuse Philocomasium, by that you are undone; in the next place, if it is true, having been appointed her keeper, there you are undone.

SCEL. What may happen to me, I know not; I know for certain that I did see this.

PAL. Do you persist in it, unfortunate wretch?

SCEL. What would you have me say to you, but that I did see her? Moreover, she is in there, next door, at this very moment.

PAL. What! Isn't she at home?

SCEL. Go and see. Go in-doors yourself; for I don't ask now for any confidence to be put in me.

PAL. I'm determined to do so. SCEL. I'll wait here for you. (PALÆSTRIO goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.)

SCENE V

SCELEDRUS, *alone.*

SCEL. In this direction will I be on the watch for her, how soon the heifer may betake herself from the pasture this way towards her stall. What now shall I do? The Captain gave me to her as her keeper. Now, if I make a discovery,

I'm undone; if I am silent, still I am undone, if this should be discovered. What is there more abandoned or more daring than a woman? While I was upon the tiles, this woman betook herself out of doors from her dwelling. By my troth, 'twas a brazen act she did. If, now, the captain were to know of this, i' faith, I believe he would pull down the whole entire house next door, and me he would send to the gibbet. Whatever comes of it, i' faith, I'll hold my tongue rather than come to a bad end. I cannot keep effectual guard on a woman that puts herself up for sale.

SCENE VI

Enter PALÆSTRIO from the CAPTAIN'S house.

PAL. Sceledrus, Sceledrus, what one man is there on earth more impudent than yourself? Who more than yourself has been born with the Deities hostile and enraged?

SCEL. What's the matter? PAL. Do you want those eyes of yours gouged out, with which you see what never existed?

SCEL. How, what never existed? PAL. I would not buy your life at the price of a rotten nut.

SCEL. Why, what's the matter? PAL. What's the matter, do you ask?

SCEL. And why shouldn't I ask? PAL. Why don't you beg for that tongue of yours to be cut out, that prates so at random?

SCEL. Why should I beg for that?

PAL. Why, Philocomasium is there at home, she whom you were saying that you had seen next door kissing and toying with another man.

SCEL. 'Tis a wonder that you are in the habit of feeding on darnel,¹ with wheat, at so low a price.

PAL. Why so? SCEL. Because you are so dim of sight.

¹ The seed of this weed, which grows among wheat, was supposed not only to cause the person eating to appear as if intoxicated, but very seriously to affect the eyesight.



PAL. You gallows-bird, 'tis you, indeed, that are blind, with a vengeance, and not dim of sight; for, sure enough, there she is at home.

SCEL. How? At home? PAL. At home, i' faith, undoubtedly.

SCEL. Be off with you; you are playing with me, Palæstrio.

PAL. My hands are dirty, then. SCEL. How so?

PAL. Because I am playing with dirt.

SCEL. A mischief on your head. PAL. Nay rather, Sceledrus, it shall be on yours, I promise you, unless you change for fresh your eyes and your talk. But our door made a noise.

SCEL. Well, I shall watch here out of doors; for there is no way by which she can pass hence in-doors, except through the front door.

PAL. But there she is, at home. I don't know, Sceledrus, what mischief is possessing you?

SCEL. I see for my own self, I judge for my own self, I have especial faith in my own self; no man shall frighten me out of it, but that she is in that house. (*Points to the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*) Here I'll take my stand, that she may not steal out home without my knowledge.

PAL (*aside*). This fellow is in my hands; now will I drive him from his strong hold. (*To SCELEDRUS.*) Do you wish me now to make you own that you don't see correctly?

SCEL. Come, do it then. PAL. And that you neither think aright in your mind, nor yet make use of your eyes?

SCEL. I'd have you do it. PAL. Do you say, then, that the lady of your master is there in that house?

SCEL. I assert, as well, that I saw here here in this house (*points to the house of PERIPLECOMENUS*), toying with a strange man.

PAL. Don't you know that there is no communication between our house here and that one?

SCEL. I know it. PAL. Neither by the terrace, nor by the garden, only through the skylight?

SCEL. I know it. PAL. What then, if she is now at home? If I shall make her, so as you may see her, come out

hence from our house, are you not deserving of many a lashing?

SCEL. I am so deserving. PAL. Watch that door, then, that she may not privily betake herself out thence without your knowledge and pass here into our house.

SCEL. 'Tis my intention to do so. PAL. Upon her feet¹ will I place her this moment here before you in the street.

SCEL. Come, then, and do so. (PALÆSTRIO goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.)

SCENE VII

SCELEDRUS *alone*.

SCEL. I wish to know, whether I did see that which I did see, or whether he can do that which he says he can do—make her to be at home. For, really, I have eyes of my own, and I don't ask to borrow them out of doors. But this fellow is for ever fawning about her; he is always near her; he is called first to meat, his mess is given to him first. For this fellow has been, perhaps about three years with us; nor fares it better with any other servant in our family than with him. But it is necessary for me to mind what I am about; to keep my eye upon this door. If I take my station here, this way, i' faith, I warrant they will never impose on me.

SCENE VIII

Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASIUM from the CAPTAIN'S house.

PAL. (*speaking to her in a low voice as he enters*). Be sure to remember my instructions.

PHIL. (*aside*). It's strange you should so often remind me.

PAL. (*aside*). But I fear you may not prove cunning enough.

PHIL. (*aside*). Give me even ten scholars, though far from artful, I could instruct them so as to prove artful; in

¹ *i. e.*, "and not flying with wings, as you seem to expect."

me alone is there a superabundance of artfulness; come, then, now put your plans in force; I'll step aside here. (*Steps aside.*)

PAL. What have you to say, Sceledrus?

SCEL. (*not lifting up his eyes*). I'm about this business of mine: I have got ears, say what you please.

PAL. I think that in that self-same position¹ you will have to die outside the gates, when, with hands outstretched, you will be carrying your cross.

SCEL. For what reason so? PAL. Just look on your left hand; who is that lady?

SCEL. (*looking*). O ye immortal Gods, it really is the lady of my master!

PAL. I' faith, so she seems to me as well. Do then, now, since so you would have it——

SCEL. Do what? PAL. Die this very instant.

PHIL. (*advancing*). Where is this faithful servant, who has falsely accused me in my innocence of this most heinous crime?

PAL. See, here he is; 'tis he that told it me—assuredly 'twas he.

PHIL. Villain, did you say that you had seen me next door here kissing?

PAL. Besides, he said it was with some strange young man.

SCEL. I' faith, I did say so, undoubtedly.

PHIL. You, saw me? SCEL. Yes, with these self-same eyes.

PHIL. I fancy you will lose those eyes, which see more than what they really do see.

SCEL. By my faith, I shall never be intimidated from having seen what I really did see.

PHIL. In my foolishness I am delaying too long in parleying with this madman, whom, by the powers, I'll punish with death.

SCEL. Forbear to threaten me: I know that the cross will prove my tomb; there are laid my forefathers, my father,

¹ Sceledrus is standing before the door with both arms stretched out that Philocomasium may not come out without his knowing.

grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather. 'Tis not in possibility, however, for these eyes of mine to be dug out¹ by your threats. But I want a few words with you; prithee, Palæstrio, whence came she hither?

PAL. Whence but from our house? SCEL. From our house?

PAL. Do you credit me? SCEL. I do credit you: but 'tis a thing to be wondered at, how she has been able to return from that house to ours. For, beyond a doubt, we have neither a terrace to our house, nor any garden, nor any window but what is latticed. (*To PHILOCOMASIUUM.*) But, undoubtedly, I did see you in the house next door.

PAL. Do you persist, you rascal, in pretending to accuse her?

PHIL. In good sooth, then, the dream has not turned out untrue, that I dreamed last night.

PAL. What did you dream? PHIL. I'll tell you; but, I pray you, give attention. Last night, in my sleep, my twin-sister seemed to have come from Athens to Ephesus with a certain person, her lover. Both of them seemed to me to be having their lodgings here next door.

PAL. (*to the AUDIENCE.*) The dream that's being related is Palæstrio's—pray, go on.

PHIL. I seemed to be delighted because my sister had come, and on her account I seemed to be incurring a most grievous suspicion. For, in my sleep, my own servant seemed to accuse me, as you are now doing, of being caressed by a strange young man, whereas it was that own twin-sister of mine, who has been toying with her own friend. Thus did I dream that I was wrongfully accused of a crime.

PAL. And isn't just the same thing befalling you when awake, that you speak of as seen in your sleep? Capital; i' faith, the dream is verified: go in-doors, and pray.² I should recommend that this be told to the Captain.

¹ That is, "you cannot make me not to have seen what I really did see."

² After any ill-omened dream, it was the custom to offer corn and frankincense to Jupiter Prodigialis, "the disposer of prodigies," and other of the Deities, in order that evil might be averted.

PHIL. I am resolved to do so; nor, in fact, will I allow myself, with impunity, to be accused of disgraceful conduct. (*Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.*)

SCENE IX

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCEL. I fear for the thing I have done; my back does so tingle all over.

PAL. Are you not aware that you are done for?

SCEL. Now, indeed, I'm sure she is at home; I am now resolved to watch our door, wheresoever she may be. (*Places himself at the door.*)

PAL. But, prithee, Sceledrus, how very like the dream she dreamt to what has happened; and how you really did believe that you had seen her kissing. . . .

SCEL. And do you suppose that I didn't see her?

PAL. I' faith, I verily believe you'll come to your senses when 'tis too late. If this matter should only reach our master, you certainly are undone.

SCEL. Now, at length, I find out that there was a mist placed before my eyes.

PAL. I' faith, that really has been plain for some time now; as she was here in-doors all the while.

SCEL. Not a word of certainty have I to utter; I did not see her, although I did see her.

PAL. By my troth, through this folly of yours you certainly have nearly ruined us; while you have wished to prove yourself faithful to your master, you have been almost undone. But the door of our next neighbour makes a noise; I'll be silent.

SCENE X

Enter PHILOCOMASIUM,¹ dressed in another habit, from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.

PHIL. (*to a SERVANT*). Put fire on the altar, that in

¹ Sceledrus having been duly prepared, Philocomasium appears as her twin-sister, who is supposed to have come the day before from

my joy I may return praise and thanks to Diana of Ephesus, and that I may send up for her a grateful smoke with odours of Arabia; she who has preserved me in the realms of Neptune and amid the boisterous temples,¹ where with raging billows I have been so recently dismayed.

SCEL. (*discovering her*). Palæstrio! O Palæstrio!

PAL. Sceledrus! O Sceledrus! What is it you want?

SCEL. This lady that has come out of that house just now—is she Philocomasium, our master's lady, or is she not?

PAL. I' faith, I think, it seems to be she. But 'tis a wondrous thing how she could pass from our house to next door; if, indeed, it is she.

SCEL. And have you any doubt that this is she?

PAL. It seems to be she. SCEL. Let us approach her, and accost her. Hallo! how's this, Philocomasium? What is there owing to you in that house? What is your business there? Why are you silent now? I am speaking to you.

PAL. No, faith, you are talking to yourself; for nothing at all does she answer.

SCEL. I am addressing you, woman, brimful of viciousness and disgrace, who are roaming about among your neighbours.

PHIL. To whom are you talking? SCEL. To whom but to yourself.

PHIL. What person are you? Or what business have you with me?

SCEL. O, you ask me who I am, do you?

PHIL. Why shouldn't I ask that which I don't know?

PAL. Who am I, then, if you don't know him?

PHIL. You are an annoyance to me, whoever you are, both you and he.

SCEL. What? don't you know us? PHIL. No, neither of you.

Athens to Ephesus. As the circumstance of the communication between the houses is known to the Audience, and is not suspected by Sceledrus, his embarrassment is highly diverting, and very cleverly depicted.

¹ Neptune and the inferior Sea Divinities are supposed to have their temples in the seas and rivers.

SCEL. I very much fear—— PAL. What do you fear?

SCEL. Why, that we have lost ourselves somewhere or other; for she says that she knows neither you nor me.

PAL. I wish, Sceledrus, to examine into this, whether we are ourselves, or else some other persons; lest secretly somehow some one of our neighbours may have transformed us without our knowing it.

SCEL. For my part, beyond a doubt, I am my own self.

PAL. I' faith, and so am I. SCEL. My lady, you are seeking your destruction. To you I am speaking; hark you, Philocomasium!

PHIL. What craziness possesses you, to be calling me wrongly by a crackjaw name?

SCEL. How now! What are you called, then?

PHIL. My name is Glycera. SCEL. For a bad purpose, Philocomasium, you wish to have a wrong name. Away with you, shocking woman; for most notably are you doing a wrong to my master.

PHIL. I? SCEL. Yes, you.

PHIL. I, who arrived from Athens yesterday evening at Ephesus, with my lover, a young man of Athens?

SCEL. Tell me, what business have you here in Ephesus?

PHIL. I had heard that my own twin-sister is here in Ephesus; I came here to look for her.

SCEL. You're a good-for-nothing woman.

PHIL. Yes, i' faith, I am a very foolish one to be parleying with you fellows. I am going.

SCEL. I won't let you go. (*Catches hold of her.*)

PHIL. Let me go. SCEL. You are discovered in the fact. I won't let you go.

PHIL. But my hands shall just now sound again against your cheeks, if you don't let me go.

SCEL. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). Why the plague are you standing idle? Why don't you hold her on the other side?

PAL. I don't choose to bring the business down upon my back. How do I know but that this is not Philocomasium, but is some other female that resembles her?

PHIL. Will you let me go, or will you not let me go?

SCEL. No; by force and against your will, in spite of

you, I'll drag you home, unless you'll go of your own accord.

PHIL. (*pointing to the house of PERIPLECOMENUS*). This is my lodging here abroad, at Athens is my home.

SCEL. But your master lives here (*pointing to the CAPTAIN'S house*).

PHIL. I have nothing to do with that house, nor do I know or understand yourselves what persons you are.

SCEL. Proceed against me at law. I'll never let you go, until you give me your solemn word that you will go in-doors here (*pointing to the CAPTAIN'S house*) if I let go of you.

PHIL. You are compelling me by force, whoever you are. I give you my word, that if you let go of me, I will go into that house where you bid me.

SCEL. Then, now I let go of you. PHIL. And, as I'm let go, I'll go in here. (*Runs into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

SCENE XI

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCEL. She has acted with a woman's honour.

PAL. Sceledrus, you've lost the prey through your hands; as sure as possible she is the lady of our master. Do you intend to act in this matter with spirit?

SCEL. How am I to act? PAL. Bring me a sword out here from in-doors.

SCEL. What will you do with it?

PAL. I'll break right into the house; and whatever man I see in-doors there caressing Philocomasium, I'll behead him on the spot.

SCEL. And do you think that it was she?

PAL. I' faith, it was she, sure enough. SCEL. But how she did dissemble.

PAL. Go, bring me a sword out here.

SCEL. I'll have it here this moment. (*Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.*)

SCENE XII

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

PAL. Beyond a doubt, neither any horse nor foot has so

great a degree of boldness in carrying out anything with as much confidence as some women. How cleverly and how skilfully she performed her part in both her characters!—how her wary keeper, my fellow-servant, is being gulled! 'Tis most fortunate that the passage communicates through the party-wall.

SCENE XIII

Enter SCELEDRUS from the CAPTAIN'S house.

SCEL. Hallo! Palæstrio, there's no occasion for the sword.

PAL. How so?—or what's the matter now?

SCEL. Our master's lady is here, at home.

PAL. What? At home? SCEL. She's lying on the sofa.

PAL. Faith, but you've certainly brought on yourself a disagreeable affair, according to what you report.

SCEL. How so? PAL. Inasmuch as you have dared to touch that lady next door here.

SCEL. I' faith, I fear it much. But no one shall ever make her to be any other than her own twin-sister.

PAL. 'Twas she, in troth, that you saw toying; and, in fact, 'tis plain that it is she, as you remark.

SCEL. What was there more likely than that I should have been undone, if I had spoken of it to my master.

PAL. Then, if you're wise, you'll hold your tongue. It befits a servant to know of more than he speaks. I'm going to leave you, that I may not at all participate in your designs. And I shall go to our neighbour here; these turmoils of yours don't please me. My master, if he comes, should he inquire for me, I shall be there; send for me next door. (*Goes into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

SCENE XIV

SCELEDRUS alone.

SCEL. Well, he's off; nor cares he any more for his master's business than if he were not in his service. For sure she really is now here in-doors in the house, for I myself found her just now lying down in our house. I am resolved now

to employ myself in watching. (*Places himself against the CAPTAIN'S door.*)

SCENE XV

Enter PERIPLECOMENUS from his house.

PERIP. Faith, but these men here, these servants of my neighbour the Captain, take me not to be a man, but a woman, so much do they trifle with me. My lady guest, who came here yesterday from Athens with the gentleman, my guest, is she to be mauled about and made fun of here in the street—a lady, free-born and free?

SCEL. (*aside*). By my troth, I'm undone. He's coming in a straight line up towards me. I fear that this matter may cause me great trouble, so far as I have heard this old gentleman speak.

PERIP. I'll up to this fellow. Was it you, Sceledrus, source of mischief, that were just now making fun of my lady guest before the house?

SCEL. Good neighbour, listen, I beg. PERIP. I, listen to you?

SCEL. I wish to clear myself. PERIP. You, clear yourself to me, who have done an action so gross and so unbecoming? And because you are soldiers, do you suppose, you gallows-bird, that you may do what you like with us?

SCEL. May I——? PERIP. But so may all the Gods and Goddesses prosper me, if a punishment with the rod is not given to you at my request, a long and lasting one, from morning to evening; because you have been breaking my gutters and my tiles, while you were following there a monkey like your own self; because, too, you have been peeping down from there at my guest in my house, when he was caressing and fondling his mistress; besides, you have dared to accuse the chaste lady of your master of criminality, and myself of a heinous offence; and further, because you have dared to maul about my lady guest before my house. If the punishment of the whip is not given to you, I will cause your master to be more laden with disgrace than the sea is full of waves in a heavy storm.

SCEL. I am driven to such straits, Periplecomenus, that

I don't know whether it is fitter for me rather to dispute this matter with you, or whether, if she is not our lady, and if our lady was not seen by me, it seems more proper for me to excuse myself to you; as even now I don't know which I saw, so like is that guest of yours to our lady—if, indeed, she is not the same person.

PERIP. Go into my house and look; you'll soon see.

SCEL. May I go? PERIP. Why, I command you; go and examine at your leisure.

SCEL. I am determined to do so. (*Goes into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

SCENE XVI

PERIPLECOMENUS.

PERIP. (*probably looking up to a window in the CAPTAIN'S house*). Ho! Philocomasium! pass instantly, with all speed, into my house; 'tis absolutely necessary. Afterwards, when Sceledrus shall have come out from my house, pass quickly, with all haste, back again to your own house. By my troth, now, I'm afraid she'll be making some blunder. Should he not see the woman . . . My door opens.

SCENE XVII

Enter SCELEDRUS from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.

SCEL. O ye immortal Gods! A woman more like, and more the same, who is not the same, I do not think the Gods could make.

PERIP. What now? SCEL. I certainly merit chastisement.

PERIP. What then? Is it she? SCEL. Although 'tis she, 'tis not she.

PERIP. Have you seen this lady? SCEL. I have seen both her and the gentleman, your guest, caressing and kissing.

PERIP. Is it she? SCEL. I know not.

PERIP. Would you know for certain? SCEL. I should like to.

PERIP. Go you this instant into your own house: see whether your lady is within.

SCEL. Very well: you've advised me rightly. I'll be out

again to you this instant. (*Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.*)

PERIP. I' faith, I never saw any man more cleverly fooled, and by more singular devices. But here he is coming.

SCENE XVIII

Enter SCELEDRUS from the CAPTAIN'S house.

SCEL. Periplecomenus, by Gods and men, and by my own folly, and by your knees! I do beseech you——

PERIP. What now? SCEL. Pardon my ignorance and my folly; now, at length, I know that I am half-witted, blind, and thoughtless; for, behold! Philocomasium is at home.

PERIP. How, then, hang-dog. Have you seen them both?

SCEL. I have seen them. PERIP. I wish you to bring your master to me.

SCEL. Indeed, I confess that I deserve a very great punishment; and I own that I have done a wrong to your lady guest. But I thought that she was the lady of my master, to whom the Captain, my master, gave me as a keeper; for it is not possible for water ever to be drawn more like to water from the same well, than is she to this lady guest of yours. And I will confess, as well, that I did look through the sky-light into your house.

PERIP. Why shouldn't you confess what I saw myself?

SCEL. And there saw in your house this lady guest of yours, kissing.

PERIP. You saw her? SCEL. I saw her. Why should I deny what I did see? But I fancied that I had seen Philocomasium.

PERIP. And did you suppose me to be the very vilest of all men, in allowing, with my own knowledge, such an injury so glaringly to be done to my neighbour?

SCEL. Now, at length, I am of opinion that it was done foolishly by me, when I come to understand the matter; but still I did not do it with any ill intent.

PERIP. Yes, but 'twas improperly done; for it befits a person that is a servant to keep his eyes, and hands, and talk, asleep.

SCEL. Now, if after this day I mutter anything, even what I know for certain, give me over to torture; I'll give myself up to you. This time, prithee, do pardon me for this.

PERIP. I shall subdue my feelings, so as to think that it was not done by you with malicious intent. I will pardon you in this matter.

SCEL. May the Gods bless you, then!

PERIP. Troth now, as the Gods may prosper you, really do restrain your tongue henceforth; even that which you do know, don't know, and don't you see what you do see.

SCEL. You counsel me aright; so I'm resolved to do. 'Are you quite appeased?

PERIP. Away with you. SCEL. Is there aught else you now require of me?

PERIP. That you would know me not. (*Makes as if he is departing.*)

SCEL. (*aside*). He has been cajoling me. How kindly he vouchsafed his favour not to be angry. I know what plan he is upon: that directly the Captain returns home from the Forum, I may be caught at home. He and Palæstrio together have me in their power: I have perceived that, and for some time I've known it. I' faith, never will I be seeking a bait this day from out of that wicker-net. For now somewhither will I betake myself, and for some days will I be concealed until this turmoil is hushed and their resentment is softened. Enough punishment for my unlucky prating have I already merited. But still, whatever befalls me, I'll be off hence home. (*Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.*)

SCENE XIX

PERIPLECOMENUS, *alone*.

PERIP. So he has departed hence. I' faith, I know right well, that a dead pig full oft has more relish¹ by far than a

¹"Sapio" means either "to be wise," or "to have a relishing flavour." Thus pork smacked of what, living, it lacked. In reference to Sceledrus, Periplecomenus seems to mean that he will prove of much more use to their plan now he is bewildered and half deprived of his senses, than when in full possession of his faculties.

living one: so bamboozled has he been, that ne did not see what he really did see. For his eyes, and ears, and thoughts have come over to us. So far, 'tis right cleverly managed; the lady has played her part most excellently. I'll go back again to my Senate;¹ for Palæstrio is now at home in my house, and now Sceledrus is gone from the door. A full Senate can now be held. I'll go in; lest while I am absent, there should be a distribution of their parts among them.² (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Enter PALÆSTRIO from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.

PAL. (*on entering he calls to PLEUSICLES and PERIPLECOMENUS, who are in the house of the latter*). Keep yourselves within doors, yet a moment, Pleusicles. Let me first look out, that there may be no ambush anywhere, against that council which we intend to hold. For now we have need of a safe place from which no enemy can win the spoils of our counsels. For a well-devised plan is very often filched away, if the place for deliberating has not been chosen with care or with caution; and what is well-advised is ill-advised if it proves of use to the enemy; and if it proves of use to the enemy, it cannot otherwise than prove a detriment to yourself. For if the enemy learn your plans, by your own self-same plans they tie your tongue and bind your hands; and they do the very same to you that you intended to do to them. But I'll spy about, lest any one, either in this direction on the left or on the right, should come like a huntsman on our counsels with his ears like toils. (*Looks about.*) Quite vacant is the prospect hence right to the bottom of the

¹ He calls his fellow-plotters in the mischief, namely, Palæstrio, Philocomasium, and Pleusicles, his Senate, which is now meeting in consultation.

² *i. e.*, "leaving me off the committees," or with nothing to do.

street. I'll call them out. Hallo! Periplecomenus and Pleusicles, come out!

SCENE II

Enter PERIPLECOMENUS and PLEUSICLES from the house of the former.

PERIP. Behold us here obedient to your call.

PAL. The sway is easy over the good. But I wish to know, if we are to carry out the matter on the same plan that we formed within?

PERIP. Why, in fact there's nothing can be more conducive to our purpose. Well, what say you, Pleusicles?

PLEUS. Can that displease me which pleases yourselves? What person is there more my friend than your own self?

PERIP. You speak kindly and obligingly. PAL. Faith, and so he ought to do.

PLEUS. But this affair shockingly distresses me, and torments my very heart and body.

PERIP. What is it that torments you? Tell me.

PLEUS. That I should cause childish actions in a person of your years, and that I should require of you deeds that neither become yourself nor your virtues; and that, with all your might, for my sake you are striving to aid me in my passion, and are doing actions of such a kind, as, when done, these years of yours are wont rather to avoid than follow. I am ashamed that I cause you this trouble in your old age.

PERIP. You are a person in love after a new fashion. If, in fact, you are ashamed of anything you do, you are nothing of a lover. You are rather the shadow of those who are in love, than a true lover, Pleusicles.

PLEUS. Ought I to employ these years of yours in seconding my love?

PERIP. How say you? Do I seem to you so very much a subject for Acheron? So much a bier's-man? Do I seem to you to have had so very long a life? Why, really, I am not more than four-and-fifty years old; I see clearly with my eyes, I'm ready with my hands, I'm active with my feet.

PAL. If he is seen by you to have white hair, he is by

no means an old man in mind; in him the natural strength of his mind is unimpaired.

PLEUS. By my troth, for my part, I have found it to be so as you say, Palæstrio; for, in fact, his kindness is quite that of a young man.

PERIP. Yes, my guest, the more you make trial of it, the more you will know my courtesy towards you in your love.

PLEUS. What need to know what's known already?

PERIP. I'll show you more amiability on my part than I'll make mention of . . . that you may have instances for proving it at home, and not have to seek it out of doors. For unless one has loved himself, with difficulty he sees into the feelings of one in love. But I have some little love and moisture in my body still, and not yet am I dried up for the pursuits of merriment and pleasure. Either the merry banterer likewise, or the agreeable boon-companion will I be; no interrupter of another am I at a feast. I bear in mind how properly to keep myself from proving disagreeable to my fellow-guests; and how to take a due share with my conversation, and to be silent as well in my turn, when the discourse belongs to another. Far from being a spitter or hawker am I, far from being a dirty-nosed old fellow, too. And never do I take liberties with any person's mistress when out in company; I don't snatch up the dainty bits before another, nor take the cup before my turn; nor, through wine, do dissensions ever arise on my account at the convivial board. If there is any one there that is disagreeable, I go off home; I cut the parley short. Stretched at my ease, I devote myself to pleasure, love, and mirth. In fine, at Ephesus was I born, not among the Apulians, not at Animula.¹

PLEUS. O what a most delightful old man, if he possesses the qualities he mentions! Why, troth, surely now, he was brought up in the very rearing of Venus.

PAL. Why, in fact, you will not find another person who is of his years, more accomplished in every respect, or who is more a friend to his friend.

¹The people of Apulia, in the south of Italy, were noted for their clownish manners. Animula was a little town in that country.

PLEUS. By my troth, your whole manners really do show marks of first-rate breeding. Find me three men of such manners against a like weight in double-distilled gold.

PERIP. I'll make you confess that I really am a youngster in my manners; so abounding in kindnesses will I prove myself to you in every respect. Should you have need of an advocate, severe or fierce? I am he. Have you need of one that is gentle? You shall say that I am more gentle than the sea is when hush'd, and something more balmy will I prove than is the Zephyr breeze. In this same person will I display to you either the most jovial boon-companion, or the first-rate trencher-man, and the best of caterers. Then, as for dancing, there is no ballet-master that is so supple as I.

PAL. (*to PLEUSICLES*). What could you wish added to these accomplishments, if the option were given you?

PLEUS. That thanks could be returned by me to him in degree equal to his deserts, and to yourself, to both of whom I feel that I am now the cause of extreme anxiety. But it is grievous to me to be the cause of so great expense to you.

PERIP. You are a simpleton. For, if you lay anything out on a bad wife and upon an enemy, that is an expense; that which is laid out on a deserving guest and a friend is gain; as that, which is expended upon sacred rites, is a profit to the wise man. By the blessing of the Gods, I have enough, with which to receive you with hospitality in my house. Eat, drink, indulge your tastes with me, and surfeit yourself with enjoyments; my house is at your service, myself likewise do I wish to be at your service. For, through the blessing of the Gods, I may say that, by reason of my wealth, I could have married a dowered wife of the best family; but I don't choose to introduce an everlasting female barker at me into my house.

PLEUS. Why don't you choose? For 'tis a delightful thing to be the father of children.

PERIP. Troth, 'tis very much sweeter by far to be free¹ yourself. For a good wife, if it is possible for her to be mar-

¹ There is a play on the word "liber," here, which means either "a child," or "a free person."

ried anywhere on earth, where can I find her? But am I to take one home who is never to say this to me, "Buy me some wool, my dear, with which a soft and warm cloak may be made, and good winter under-clothes, that you mayn't catch cold this winter-weather;" such an expression as this you can never hear from a wife, but, before the cocks crow, she awakes me from my sleep, and says, "Give me some money, my dear, with which to make my mother a present on the Calends,¹ give me some money to make preserves; give me something to give on the Quinquatrus² to the sorceress, to the woman who interprets the dreams, to the prophetess, and to the female diviner; besides, 'tis impossible for me, in civility, not to fee the expiating woman; for long has the mattress-maker been grumbling, because she has received nothing; besides, the midwife found fault with me, that too little had been sent for her. What! arn't you going to send something to the nurse that brings up the young slaves?"³ It's a shame if nothing's sent her; with what a brow she does look at me." These and many other expenses of the women like to these frighten me from a wife, to be uttering speeches to me like to this.

PAL. In good sooth, the Gods are propitious to you; for so soon as you lose this liberty, you will not easily reinstate yourself in the same condition.

PLEUS. You are a person who are able to counsel wisely both for another and for yourself. But 'tis some merit for a man of noble family and of ample wealth to rear children—a memorial of his race and of himself.

PERIP. Since I have many relations, what need have I of children? Now I live well and happily, and 'as I like, and as contents my feelings. For I shall bequeath my property to my relations, and divide it among them. These, like chil-

¹ The Calends of March were particularly celebrated by the Roman matrons, who then gave presents to each other, and received them from their husbands.

² This festival was sacred to Minerva.

³ The reference here may probably be to the evil eye, which, of injurious effect at all times, would be supposed to be particularly so in the case of a nurse.

dren, pay attentions to me; they come to see how I do, or what I want; before it is daybreak they are with me; they make inquiry how I have enjoyed my sleep in the night. Them will I have for children who are ever sending presents to me. Are they sacrificing—they give a greater part of it to me than to themselves; they take me home with them to share the entrails,¹ they invite me to their houses to breakfast and to dinner. He thinks himself most unfortunate, who has sent but very little to me. They vie with one another with their presents; I say in a low voice to myself: "They are gaping after my property; while, in their emulation, they are nourishing me and loading me with presents."

PAL. Upon right good grounds and right well do you fully understand yourself and your own interests, and if you are happy, sons twofold and threefold have you.

PERIP. Troth, if I had had them, enough anxiety should I have had from my children. . . . I should have been everlastingly tormented in mind; but if perchance one had had a fever, I think I should have died. Or if one, in liquor, had tumbled anywhere from his horse, I should have been afraid that he had broken his legs or neck on that occasion.

PAL. 'Tis right that riches should come, and that long life should be granted to this man, who both husbands his property and yet enjoys himself and has kind wishes for his friends.

PLEUS. O what a delightful person! So may the Gods and Goddesses prosper me, 'twere right the Deities should so ordain that all should not live after one rule as to the duration of life. Just as he who is a trusty market-officer² sets their prices on the wares; as that which is good or valuable is sold according to its excellence, and that which is worthless, according to the faultiness of the commodity, deprives its owner of its price; so were it right that the Gods should portion out the life of man, so as to give to him who is kindly disposed a long life, and speedily to deprive of existence those

¹ *i. e.*, of sacrifices, which were shared with friends.

² *i. e.*, public food inspector.

who are reprobate and wicked. If they had provided this, bad men would both have been fewer, and with less hardihood would they do their wicked deeds; and then, those who were good men, of them there would have been a more plenteous harvest.

PERIP. He who would blame the ordinances of the Gods must be foolish and ignorant. . . . At present we must at once have an end of these matters; for now I want to go to market, that, my guest, according to your own deserts and mine, I may entertain you hospitably at my house, heartily and with right hearty cheer.

PLEUS. I am content with the expense that I have been to you already. For no guest can be thus hospitably entertained by a friend, but that when he has been there three days running, he must now become a bore; but when he is prolonging his stay for ten successive days, he is a nuisance to the household. Although the master willingly allows it, the servants grumble.

PERIP. I have trained up the servants that are in my service, my guest, not to rule over me, or for me to be obedient to them. If that is disagreeable to them which is agreeable to me, I steer my own course; that which they don't like must still be done at their peril, and whether they like it or no. Now, as I intended, I shall go to market.

PLEUS. If you are resolved, do cater somewhat within bounds, at no great expense; anything is enough for me.

PERIP. Won't you now have done with that old-fashioned and antiquated talk? Now surely, guest, you are using the cant of the vulgar. For they are in the habit of saying, when they have taken their places, when dinner is put on table: "What necessity was there for you to go to this great expense on our account? Surely you were mad, for this same dinner was enough for ten persons." What has been provided on their account they find fault with; they eat it up, however.

PAL. Troth, in that self-same fashion 'tis generally done. How clever and shrewd is his discernment.

PERIP. But these same people never say, although such an abundance has been provided, "Do order that to be taken

off; do take away this dish; remove this gammon of bacon, I'll have none of it; put aside that piece of pork; this conger's good when cold; remove it, take and put it aside." You hear none of them saying this in earnest, but they stretch themselves out, while with half their bodies on the table, they are indulging their appetite.

PAL. How cleverly the good soul has described their bad manners.

PERIP. I have not said a hundredth part of what I could have enlarged upon had there been leisure for the matter.

PAL. The business, then, that we are about—to that we ought first to turn our thoughts. Do you both, now, give me your attention. I have need, Periplecomenus, of your assistance; for I have hit upon a pleasant trick, how this Captain with his long locks may be fleeced quite close, and how we may effect a means for Philocomasium, and this her lover, that he may carry her off hence, and have her as his own.

PERIP. I wish this plan to be imparted to me.

PAL. And I, wish that ring of yours to be imparted to me.

PERIP. For what purpose is it to be used?

PAL. When I have got it, I will impart the plan of my devices.

PERIP. Take and use it. (*Gives him the ring.*)

PAL. Take from me in return the plan of my contrivance that I have hit upon.

PERIP. We are listening to you with most attentive ear.

PAL. My master is such a shocking rake among the women, that I think no one ever was his equal, nor ever will be.

PERIP. I believe the same as well. PAL. He boasts, too, that his beauty exceeds that of Alexander;¹ and, therefore, he says that all the women in Ephesus of their own accord are courting him.

PERIP. Aye, faith, many there are who could wish that you were now telling an untruth about him. But I am con-

¹ Alexander was one of the names of Paris, the son of Priam, who was remarkable for his beauty, which captivated Helen.

vinced full well that it is as you say. For that reason, Palæstrio, do compress your words in as short a compass as ever you possibly can.

PAL. Can you, then, find any woman of agreeable person, whose mind and body are full of merriment and subtlety?

PERIP. Free by birth, or bondwoman made free?

PAL. I consider that a matter of indifference, so that you find one who is greedy for gain, who supports her body by her charms, who has, too, her senses all awake; as for her heart, that cannot be so, as none of them have one.

PERIP. Do you want one that has taken her degrees, or one as yet a novice in the art?

PAL. One sober but plump, a juicy bit;¹ as taking a one as ever you can find, and one very young.

PERIP. Why, I have one, a dependent of mine, a courtesan, a very young woman. But what is the occasion for her?

PAL. For you to bring her home at once to your house as your wife, and, for that reason, to bring her there dressed out, so that she may wear her locks with her hair arranged, and fillets after the fashion of matrons, and may pretend that she is your wife; so you must instruct her.

PERIP. I am at a loss what road you are taking.

PAL. Well, you shall know. But what sort of maid has she?

PERIP. She is a rare clever one. PAL. We have need of her as well; so give your instructions to the damsel and her maid, to pretend that she is your wife and is doting upon this Captain; and as though she had given this ring to her maid, then she to me, that I might deliver it to the Captain; and I must be as though it were a go-between in this matter.

PERIP. I hear you; don't stun my ears as if I were deaf.

PAL. I myself will go straightway to him; I'll say that it has been brought and delivered to me from your wife, in order that I might introduce her to him. He'll be distractedly longing for her at home, a scoundrel that cares for nothing else whatever but intriguing.

¹ "Sicca" means dry as well as sober, hence "succidam," "juicy," is added.

PERIP. If you had commissioned the Sun himself to search them out, he couldn't have found, better than myself, two more cleverly suited for this business. Be of good courage about it.

PAL. Take you every care then. There is need of despatch.
(*Exit* PERIPLECOMENUS.)

SCENE III

PALÆSTRIO, PLEUSICLES.

PAL. Now, do you listen, Pleusicles. PLEUS. I am all attention to you.

PAL. Take care of this. When the Captain comes home, do you remember not to call Philocomasium by her name.

PLEUS. What am I to call her?

PAL. Glycera. PLEUS. The same, you mean, that was agreed upon a little time since.

PAL. Hush!—Be off. PLEUS. I'll remember; but still I don't know what use it is to keep it in my mind.

PAL. But I will tell you, at the time, when occasion shall require. Meantime, be quiet; so that, bye and bye, when he too shall be acting his part,¹ you may, on the instant, be minding your cue.

PLEUS. I'll go in then. PAL. Go, and do take care steadily to follow my instructions. (*PLEUSICLES goes into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

PAL. What mighty turmoils I create! What mighty engines I do set to work! This very day I shall take his mistress away from the Captain, if my soldiers are only well drilled. But I'll call him out. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Hallo! Sceledrus, if you are not busy, come out to the front of the house; I, Palæstrio, call you.

SCENE IV

Enter LUCRIO *from the* CAPTAIN'S *house.*

LUCR. Sceledrus is not at leisure. PAL. Why so?

LUCR. He's fast asleep, gulping. PAL. How, gulping?

¹ He alludes to Periplecomenus, who has just left him.

LUCR. He's snoring, 'twas that I meant to say: but, because 'tis very like gulping when you are snoring—— . . .

PAL. What! Is Sceledrus asleep in-doors?

LUCR. Not with his nose, in fact; for with that he is calling out loud enough.

PAL. He has taken a cup by stealth; the butler has lately tapped a cask of nardine¹. Oho! you rascal, you are his deputy-butler. Oho!

LUCR. What do you mean? PAL. How has he thought fit to go to sleep?

LUCR. With his eyes, I suppose. PAL. I don't ask you that, you vagabond. Step this way: you're undone now, unless I know the truth. Did you draw the wine for him?

LUCR. I did not draw it. PAL. Do you deny it?

LUCR. I' faith, I do deny it undoubtedly; for he charged me not to tell. I really didn't just draw for him eight half pints into a pitcher, and, when drawn, he didn't just drink it hot, at his breakfast.

PAL. And you didn't just drink as well? LUCR. The Gods confound me if I did drink—if I could drink.

PAL. Why so? LUCR. Because, in fact, I only sipped; for it was too hot; it burnt my throat.

PAL. Some are gloriously drunk, while others are drinking vinegar-water. The cellar's trusted to an honest butler, as well as under-butler.

LUCR. I' faith, you'd be doing the same, if it was entrusted to you. Since you can't follow our example, you are envious now.

PAL. Come, now, did he ever draw any wine before this? Answer me, you rascal. And, that you may understand it, I give you this notice: if you purposely tell me an untruth, you shall be put to the torture.

LUCR. Indeed so? That you may inform, forsooth, that I told you; and then I shall be turned out of my fattening post in the cellar, that you may find another under-butler to draw for your own self.

¹ The Romans used many articles for flavouring their wines. Spike-nard, an Eastern aromatic, is here referred to.

PAL. On my honour, I will not; come, speak out boldly to me.

LUCR. By my troth, I never saw him draw any. But thus was it; he requested me, and then I drew it.

PAL. Think of that now! very frequently, I guess, the casks were standing on their heads there.¹

LUCR. No, faith, the casks would not have stood so very badly there. But there happened to be in the cellar a bit of a slippery spot; a two-pint pot was placed there, near the casks, in this fashion (*shows the way*). Frequently, that was filled ten times in a day. When the pot acted the reveller, the casks were all tottering.

PAL. Get you gone in-doors. Both of you, I find, are acting the revellers in the wine-cellar. I' faith, I shall fetch my master home just now from the Forum.

LUCR. (*aside*). I'm ruined. My master, when he comes home, will have me tortured, when he knows of these doings. I' faith, I'll fly somewhither, and put off this punishment to another day. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) Don't you tell him, I do entreat you most earnestly. (*He is going.*)

PAL. Whither are you betaking yourself? LUCR. I am sent elsewhere: I'll come back here just now.

PAL. Who has sent you? LUCR. Philocomasium.

PAL. Go; be back directly. LUCR. If it is divided, prithee do you only take my share of the punishment while I'm away.

(*Exit LUCRIO.*)

SCENE V

PALÆSTRIO, *alone.*

PAL. So—I understand what scheme the lady is upon. Because Sceledrus is asleep, she has sent her under-keeper away out of doors, whilst she may pass from our house to next door. That's all right. (*Looks down the street.*) But Periplecomenus is bringing here a woman of very comely

¹ He means to say that the "amphoræ," no doubt, were often turned bottom upwards for the purpose of pouring out their contents.

appearance, her, for whom I commissioned him. By my faith, the Gods are helping us in this matter. How becomingly drest she struts along, not like a Courtesan. This business is prospering charmingly in our hands. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE VI

Enter PERIPLECOMENUS, *with* ACROTELEUTIUM *and*
MILPHIDIPPA.

PERIP. (*as he advances*). I have explained the whole affair, Acroteleutium, to you, and, Milphidippa, to you as well. If you don't well understand this device and plan, I wish you to hear it all over again. If you comprehend it aright, there is something else that we may speak of in preference.

ACROT. I' faith, it would be folly, and ignorance, and foolishness, for me to engage in the service of another, or to promise you my assistance, if, in its fabrication, I did not know how to be either mischievous or clever at deceiving.

PERIP. But, 'tis better for you to be instructed.

ACROT. Really I don't understand of what great use it is for a Courtesan to be instructed. How now! have I told you all in vain, after my ears had drunk in the draughts of your discourse, in what fashion it was possible for the Captain to be cajoled?

PERIP. But no one, unaided, is sufficiently perfect; for full oft have I seen many a person lose the road to good advice before they had found it.

ACROT. If a woman has anything to do mischievously and maliciously, in that case her memory is immortal at remembering it for everlasting; but if anything is to be done for a good purpose, or honestly, it will fall out that those same women will become oblivious that instant, and be unable to remember.

PERIP. Therefore do I fear that same, because both those things happen to be about to be done by us; for that will be a benefit to me in which you both will be acting mischievously towards the Captain.

ACROT. So long as we do anything that's good, not know-

ing, it don't you fear. No woman is awkward. . . .
Have no apprehensions, they are ready for the worst.

PERIP. So it befits you. Do you follow me.

PAL. (*advancing*). Why do I hesitate to go and accost them?

PERIP. Well met, and opportunely, Palæstrio. See, here they are whom you commissioned me to bring, and in the very dress.

PAL. Well done: accept my thanks. I am glad that you have come safe. I' faith, you bring them nicely dressed. Palæstrio salutes Acroteleutium.

ACROT. Prithée, who's this, that calls me so familiarly by name?

PERIP. This is our master-plotter. ACROT. Health to you, master-plotter.

PAL. And health to you. But, tell me, has he any way given you full instructions?

PERIP. I bring them both thoroughly prepared.

PAL. I'd like to hear how. I'm afraid lest you should be making some mistake.

PERIP. I have added to your instructions nothing new of my own.

ACROT. I suppose you wish the Captain, your master, to be gulled.

PAL. You've said what's true.

ACROT. Cleverly and skilfully, adroitly and pleasantly, the whole thing is planned.

PAL. In fact, I wish you to pretend to be his wife. (*Points to PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

ACROT. That shall be done. PAL. To pretend as though you had set your affection on the Captain.

ACROT. And so it shall be.

PAL. And as though this affair is managed through me, as the go-between, and your servant-maid.

ACROT. You might have made a good prophet; for you tell what is to be.

PAL. As though this maid of yours had conveyed from you this ring to me, which I was then to deliver to the Captain, in your name.

ACROT. You say what's true. PERIP. What need is there to mention these things now, which they remember so well?

ACROT. Still, it is better. For think of this, my patron; when the shipwright is skilful, if he has once laid down the keel exact to its lines, 'tis easy to build the ship, when . . . Now this keel of ours has been skilfully laid and firmly placed; the workmen and the master-builders are not unskilled in this business. If he who furnishes the timber¹ does not retard us in giving what is needed, I know the adroitness of our ingenuity—soon will the ship be got ready.

PAL. You know the Captain, my master, then?

ACROT. 'Tis strange you should ask me. How could I not know that scorn of the public, that swaggering, frazzle-headed, perfumed debauchee?

PAL. But does he know you? ACROT. He never saw me; how, then, should he know who I am?

PAL. 'Tis most excellent what you say. For that reason, i' faith, the thing will be able to be managed all the more cleverly.

ACROT. Can you only find me the man, and then be easy as to the rest? If I don't make a fool of the fellow, do you lay all the blame on me.

PAL. Well, go you in then; apply yourselves to this business with all your skill.

ACROT. Trust me for that. PAL. Come, Periplecomenus, do you conduct them at once in-doors. I'm off to the Forum; I'll meet him, and give him this ring, and will tell him that it has been delivered to me from your wife, and that she is dying for him. As soon as we shall have come from the Forum, do you send her (*points to MILPHIDIPPA*) to our house as though she were privately sent to him.

PERIP. We'll do so; trust us for that.

¹ The ship is the contrivance for deceiving the Captain; the keel is the main-plot and foundation of it; Periplecomenus, Acroteleutium, and her servant, are the workmen; Palæstrio is the master-shipwright; while the Captain himself is the "materiarus," or "person that supplies the timber."

PAL. Do you only attend to the business; I'll now polish him off with a pretty burden on his back. (*Exit.*)

PERIP. Go, with good luck to you, manage the matter cleverly. (*To ACROTELEUTIUM.*) But now, if I shall manage this adroitly, that my guest can this day gain the mistress of the Captain, and carry her off hence to Athens; if, I say, this day we shall succeed in this plan, what shall I give you for a present?

ACROT. . . . If now the lady seconds our efforts on her part, I think it will be right cleverly and adroitly managed. When a comparison shall be made of our artifices, I have no fear that I shall not prove superior in the cleverness of my contrivances.

PERIP. Let's go in-doors, then, that we may deeply weigh these plans, that carefully and cautiously we may carry out what is to be done, so that, when the Captain comes, there may be no tripping.

ACROT. You are delaying us with your talk. (*They go into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES *and* PALÆSTRIO.

PYRG. 'Tis a pleasure what you do, if it succeeds agreeably and to your mind. For I this day have sent my Parasite to King Seleucus, to lead those soldiers, that I have levied, hence to Seleucus; in order that they may defend his kingdom till I have leisure to attend in person.

PAL. Why don't you attend to your own concerns rather than those of Seleucus? What a charming new proposal is being offered to you through me as the negotiator.

PYRG. Well then, I lay all other things aside, and I give my attention to you. Speak out: my ears, in fact, I surrender at your disposal.

PAL. Look around, then, that no one here may be an eavesdropper for our discourse; for this business was entrusted me to transact with you in private.

PYRG. (*looks around*). There's no one near. PAL. In the first place, receive from me this pledge of affection. (*Gives him the ring.*)

PYRG. What's this? Whence comes it?

PAL. From a charming and a handsome lady, one who loves you, and dotes upon your extreme beauty. Her maid just now gave me the ring that I might then give it to you.

PYRG. What? Is she free born or a freed woman, made free from a slave by the Prætor's rod?¹

PAL. Pshaw! Should I presume to be the bearer of a message to you from a person once a slave, who cannot sufficiently answer the demands of the free women who are longing for you?

PYRG. Is she wife, or is she widow?

PAL. She is both wife and widow.

PYRG. In what way is it possible for the same woman to be a wife and a widow?

PAL. Because she is a young woman married to an old man.

PYRG. That's good. PAL. She is of genteel and charming person.

PYRG. Beware of misrepresenting. PAL. It is alone worthy to be compared with your own charms.

PYRG. By my faith, you make her out to be a beauty. But who is she?

PAL. The wife of that old gentleman, Periplecomenus, next door. She is dying for you, and wishes to leave him; she hates the old fellow. Now she has begged me to entreat and beseech you that you will give her your support and assistance.

PYRG. I' faith, I'm ready for my part if she desires it.

PAL. Doesn't she long for it?

PYRG. What shall we do with that mistress of mine, who is at my house?

PAL. Why, do you bid her to be gone about her business, wherever she chooses; as her twin-sister has come here to Ephesus, and her mother, and they are come to fetch her.

¹ The Prætor used to lay a rod or wand on the head of a slave when he was made free.

PYRG. Ha! what's that you say? Has her mother come to Ephesus?

PAL. Those say so who know it.

PYRG. I' faith, a charming opportunity for me to turn the wench out of doors.

PAL. Aye, but do you wish to do the thing handsomely?

PYRG. Speak out, and give me your advice.

PAL. Do you wish to pack her off forthwith, that she may quit you with a good grace?

PYRG. I do so wish. PAL. Then this is the thing you must do. You have a superabundance of wealth; bid the woman to keep as a present for herself the gold and trinkets which you have supplied her with, and to take herself off from your house wherever she likes.

PYRG. It pleases me what you say; but yet, only think, if I should lose her, and the other change her mind?

PAL. Pshaw! you're over nice; a lady, that loves you as her own eyes.

PYRG. Venus befriends me. PAL. Hist! hush! the door is opening; come this way a little out of sight. (*MILPHIDIPPA comes out of the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*) This is her fly-boat—her go-between, that's coming out there.

PYRG. How so—fly-boat? PAL. This is her maid that is coming out of the house, she that brought that ring which I delivered to you.

PYRG. I' faith, she too is a prettyish wench.

PAL. This one is a little monkey and an owl in comparison with the other. Do you see how she hunts around with her eyes, and goes fowling about with her ears. (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE II

Enter MILPHIDIPPA.

MIL. (*as she enters*). My Circus, then, is before the house, where my sports are to take place. I'll make pretence, as though I didn't see them, or knew as yet that they are here.

PYRG. Hush! let's quietly listen, whether any mention is made of me.

MIL. (*aloud*). Is there no one near at hand here, to at-

tend to another's business rather than his own?—to prowling after me to see what I'm about? No one who is feeding this evening at his own expense?¹ I dread such men as these, lest they should now come in the way, or prove an hindrance somehow, should my mistress privately pass from her house this way, who is so enamoured of his person, who so dotes upon this very charming man with his exceeding beauty—the Captain Pyrgopolinices.

PYRG. And doesn't she dote upon me, too? She is praising my beauty.

PAL. I' faith, her language stands in need of no ashes.²

PYRG. For what reason? PAL. Why, because her language is clean spoken and far from slovenly. Whatever she says about yourself, she handles it in no slovenly way. And, then, besides, she herself is a very pretty and a very dainty wench.

PYRG. Troth, indeed, she has made an impression already, Palæstrio, at first sight.

PAL. What! before you have seen the other with your eyes?

PYRG. What I see, in that I have faith for myself; for this mackerel, in the absence of the mullet, compels me to be in love with her.

PAL. I' faith, you really mustn't be falling in love with her, she's engaged to me. If the other weds you to-day, forthwith I shall take this one for my wife.

PYRG. Why, then, do you delay to accost her?

PAL. Follow me this way, then.

PYRG. I am your lackey at your heels.

MIL. (*aloud*). I wish that I had an opportunity of meeting him on account of whom I came here out of doors.

PAL. (*accosting her*). It shall be so, and you shall have what you so greatly wish; be of good courage, don't fear; there is a certain person who knows where that is which you are seeking.

¹ She means those who are not out on the hunt for a supper, but have got one of their own at home, and so have more leisure for prying into the concerns of other people.

² *i. e.*, to polish them, as brasses are polished.

MIL. Who's that I hear at hand? PAL. The sharer of your plans and the partaker of your secrets.

MIL. I' faith, then, what I do conceal I don't conceal.

PAL. Aye, but still you don't conceal it this way.

MIL. How so? PAL. From the uninitiated you conceal them. I am sure and trustworthy to you.

MIL. Give me the sign, if you are one of these votaries.

PAL. A certain lady loves a certain gentleman.

MIL. Faith, many ladies do that indeed. PAL. But not many ladies send a present from off their fingers.

MIL. Aye, I know now. You've now made the matter level for me instead of steep. But is there a certain person here?

PAL. Either he is or he is not.

MIL. Come aside with me alone, in private.

PAL. For a short or for a lengthy conversation?

MIL. For three words only.

PAL. (*to* PYRGOPOLINICES). I'll return to you this instant.

PYRG. What? Shall I be standing here in the meanwhile, with such charms and valorous deeds, thus to no purpose?

PAL. Submit to it and wait; for you am I doing this service.

PYRG. Make haste; I am tortured with waiting.

PAL. You know that commodities of this kind are only wont to be reached step by step.

PYRG. Well, well; as is most agreeable to yourself.

PAL. (*aside*). There is no stone more stupid than this fellow. I now return to you. (*To* MILPHIDIPPA.) What would you with me? (*Retires with her to a distance.*)

MIL. In the way in which I received it of you a short time since, I bring you back your clever lot; my story is as though she were dying with love for him.

PAL. That I understand. Do you commend his beauty and his appearance, and make mention of his prowess.

MIL. For that purpose I am armed at all points, as I have shown you before already. On the other hand, do you give all attention, and be on the watch, and take your cue from my words.

PYRG. Prithee do now, in fine, give me some share in the business; step this way this instant, I beg.

PAL. (*goes up to him*). Here I am. If you wish for aught, give me your commands.

PYRG. What is she saying to you?

PAL. She is saying that her mistress is lamenting, and, in tears, is tormenting and afflicting herself because she wishes for you, and because she possesses you not; for that reason has she been sent here to you.

PYRG. Bid her approach. PAL. But do you know how you are to act? Pretend that you are full of disdain, as though it pleased you not; exclaim against me, because I make you so common to the mob.

PYRG. I remember, and I'll follow your instructions.

PAL. I'll call her, then, who is inquiring after you.

PYRG. If she wants anything, let her come.

PAL. Wench, if you want anything, step this way.

MIL. (*approaching*). Save you, charmer.¹ PYRG. She makes mention of my surname. May the Gods grant you whatever you may desire.

MIL. To pass life with you is the wish of——

PYRG. You are wishing too much. MIL. I am not speaking of myself, but of my mistress, who is dying for you.

PYRG. Many others are wishing for the same thing, who have not the opportunity.

MIL. By my troth, 'tis not to be wondered at; you set a high value on yourself—a person so handsome, and so illustrious for his prowess, and so valorous in his deeds! O! was there ever any one more worthy to be a man?

PAL. (*aside*). I' faith, the filthy fellow is not a human being; indeed, I think there is something more human in a vulture.

PYRG. (*aside*). Now I shall make myself of importance, since she so praises me up. (*Struts about.*)

PAL. (*aside*). Do you see the blockhead, how he struts?

¹ "Handsome man." This, as a surname, would not sound so very absurd in Roman ears, as "Pulcher" was a surname (cognomen) of a branch of the Claudian family.

(*To PYRGOPOLINICES.*) But will you not answer her; she is the woman that's come from the lady whom I was mentioning just now.

PYRG. But from which one of them? For there are so many courting me, I cannot remember them all.

MIL. From her who strips her own fingers and adorns your fingers; for I delivered to him (*pointing to PALÆSTRIO*) that ring from her who is sighing for you, and then he to you.

PYRG. Tell me, wench, what is it you want then?

MIL. That you will not despise her who is sighing for you; who lives now but in your life: whether she is to exist or not, her hope is in you alone.

PYRG. What does she want then? MIL. To talk with you, to embrace you, and to be intimate with you. For unless you bring her succour, she will soon be quite desponding in her mind. Come, my Achilles, let that be done which I entreat; save her, charmer, by your charming ways. Call forth your kind disposition, stormer of cities, slayer of kings.

PYRG. O! by my troth, 'tis a vexatious thing! (*To PALÆSTRIO.*) How often, whip-scoundrel, have I forbidden you to make promises of my attention thus common.

PAL. Do you hear that, hussy? I have told you already, and I now tell you again, unless a fee is given to this boar-pig, he cannot possibly throw away his attentions in any quarter.

MIL. A fee shall be given as large as he shall demand.

PAL. He requires a talent of gold, in Philippean pieces. Less he will take from no one.

MIL. O, by my troth, but that's too little, surely.

PYRG. By nature there's no avarice in me; I have riches enough. I' faith! I've more than a thousand measures full of Philippean gold coins.

PAL. Besides your treasures. Then, of silver, he has mountains, not ingots; Ætna is not so high.

MIL. (*aside*). By the stars! O, what a lie!

PAL. (*to MILPHIDIPPA, aside*). How rarely I am playing him off!

MIL. (*to PALÆSTRIO, aside*). And I; how do I do it? Ain't I gulling him?

PAL. (*aside*). Rarely. MIL. But, prithee, do let me go now.

PAL. (*to the CAPTAIN*). But do you give her some answer, either that you will do it, or that you won't do it. Why cause this poor lady so much anguish of mind, who has never deserved any ill of you?

PYRG. Bid her come to me herself. Tell her that I will do everything that she requires.

MIL. You now act as it is proper for you to act, since you wish the same yourself that she is wishing.

PAL. (*to himself, aside*). No poor faculty of invention has she.

MIL. Since too you have not scouted your petitioner, and have suffered me to prevail upon you. (*Aside to PALÆSTRIO.*) How now? Haven't I played him off?

PAL. (*aside to MILPHIDIPPA*). Faith, I couldn't refrain from laughing.

MIL. (*aside to PALÆSTRIO*). Yes; and for the same reason I turned in this direction away from you.

PYRG. By my troth, wench, you don't understand how great an honour I am now paying her.

MIL. I know, and I shall tell her so.

PAL. To another he could have sold his favours for his weight in gold.

MIL. I' faith, I believe you in that.

PAL. Of those that are parents by him true warriors are born, and his sons live eight hundred years.

MIL. (*aside to PALÆSTRIO*). Fie on you for a fibber!

PYRG. Why, straight on, from age to age, they live for a thousand years.

PAL. I spoke within limits, for the reason that she mightn't suppose I was telling lies to her.

MIL. (*aside*). I burst, I die! (*Aloud.*) How many years will he live himself whose sons live so long?

PYRG. Wench, I was born the day after Jupiter was born of Ops.

PAL. If he had only been born the day before the other was, he would have had the realms of heaven.

MIL. (*aside to PALÆSTRIO*). Now, now, prithee, no more; do let me get away from you, if I can, alive.

PAL. Why don't you go then, as you have your answer?

MIL. I'll go, and I'll bring her here, on whose behalf I am employed. Is there aught else you wish?

PYRG. May I never be more handsome than I am at present; so much trouble do my good looks cause me.

PAL. Why do you stay now? Why don't you go?

MIL. I'm going. PAL. (*aside to MILPHIDIPPA*). And tell her, too, do you hear, cleverly and correctly, what has passed.

MIL. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). So that her very heart may leap for joy.

PAL. (*aside to MILPHIDIPPA*). If Philocomasium is there, tell her to pass through into our house; that the Captain is here.

MIL. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). She is there with my mistress, for, on the sly, they have been overhearing¹ this conversation.

PAL. (*aside to MILPHIDIPPA*). 'Twas cleverly done; hereafter they will take their cue the more readily from this conversation.

MIL. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). You are delaying me. I'm off.

PAL. (*to MILPHIDIPPA*). I'm not delaying you, nor touching you, nor²—I'm mum.

PYRG. Bid her make haste to come out here; we'll give our first attention to this matter especially. (*MILPHIDIPPA goes into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

SCENE III

PYRGOPOLINICES, PALÆSTRIO.

PYRG. What do you advise me now to do, Palæstrio, about my mistress? For this lady can by no means be received into my house before I have sent the other away.

PAL. Why consult me what you are to do? So far as

¹ Probably at the upper window, next door.

² He is about to say something rude, but checks himself.

I am concerned, I have told you by what method that can be effected in the gentlest manner. The gold trinkets and female clothing with which you have furnished her, let her keep it all for herself: let her take it, be off, and carry it away: tell her that it is high time for her to go home; say that her twin-sister and her mother are come, in company with whom she may go straight home.

PYRG. How do you know that they are here?

PAL. Because, with my own eyes, I've seen her sister here.

PYRG. Have you met her? PAL. I have met her.

PYRG. And did she seem a brisk wench?

PAL. You are wishing to have everything.

PYRG. Where did the sister say her mother was?

PAL. The captain that brought them told me that she was in bed, on board the ship, with sore and inflamed eyes. This captain of the ship is lodging with them next door.

PYRG. And he, too, is a very fine fellow?

PAL. Away with you, if you please. What have you to do with him? You have your hands quite full enough with the women. Attend to this for the present.

PYRG. As to that advice you were giving me, I wish you to have a few words with her upon that subject. For, really, a conversation on that subject with her is more becoming for you.

PAL. What is more advisable than for you to go yourself, and transact your own concerns? You must say that it is absolutely necessary for you to marry: that your relations are persuading, your friends are urging, you.

PYRG. And do you think so? PAL. Why shouldn't I think so?

PYRG. I'll go in, then. Do you, in the meantime, keep watch here before the house, that when the other woman comes out you may call me out.

PAL. Do you only mind the business that you are upon.

PYRG. That, indeed, is resolved upon. For if she will not go out of her own accord, I'll turn her out by force.

PAL. Do you take care how you do that; but rather let her go from your house with a good grace, and give her those

things that I mentioned.¹ The gold trinkets and apparel, with which you furnished her, let her take away.

PYRG. By my troth, I wish she would.

PAL. I think you'll easily prevail upon her. But go in-doors; don't linger here.

PYRG. I obey you. (*Goes into his house.*) PAL. (*to the AUDIENCE*). Now, does he really appear to be anything different from what, awhile ago, I told you he was, this wenching Captain? Now it is requisite that Acroteleutium should come to me, her maid too, and Pleusicles. O Jupiter! and does not opportunity favour me in every respect? For those whom I especially wished to see, I perceive at this moment coming out here from our neighbour's.

SCENE IV

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM, MILPHIDIPPA, and PLEUSICLES from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.

ACROT. Follow me; at the same time look around, that there may be no overlooker.

MIL. Faith, I see no one, only him whom we want to meet.

PAL. Just as I want you.

MIL. How do you do, our master-plotter?

PAL. I, the master-plotter? Nonsense.

MIL. How so? PAL. Because, in comparison with yourself, I am not worthy to fix a beam in a wall.

ACROT. Aye, indeed so. PAL. She's a very fluent and a very clever hand at mischief. How charmingly she did polish off the Captain.

MIL. But still, not enough. PAL. Be of good courage; all the business is now prospering under our hands. Only do you, as you have begun, still give a helping hand; for the Captain himself has gone in-doors, to entreat his mistress to leave his house, with her mother and sister, for Athens.

¹ "Bonâ gratiâ" was a legal term used in the case of amicable divorces with the consent of both parties.

PLEUS. Very good—well done. PAL. Besides, all the gold trinkets and apparel which he himself has provided for the damsel, he gives her to keep as a present for herself—so have I recommended him.

PLEUS. Really, it's easily done, if both she wishes it, and he desires it as well.

PAL. Don't you know that when, from a deep well, you have ascended up to the top, there is the greatest danger lest you should thence fall back again from the top. This affair is now being carried on at the top of the well. If the Captain should have a suspicion of it, nothing whatever of his will be able to be carried off. Now, most especially, we have need of clever contrivances.

PLEUS. I see that there is material enough at home for that purpose—three women, yourself the fourth, I am the fifth, the old gentleman the sixth.

PAL. What an edifice of stratagems has been erected by us! I know for certain, that any town seems as though it could be taken by these plans; only do you lend your assistance.

ACROT. For that purpose are we come to you, to see if you wish for anything.

PAL. You do what's à propos. Now to you do I assign this department.

ACROT. General, you shall assign me whatever you please, so far as I am capable.

PAL. I wish this Captain to be played off cleverly and adroitly.

ACROT. I' faith, you're assigning me what's a pleasure to me.

PAL. But do you understand how? ACROT. You mean that I must pretend that I am distracted with love for him.

PAL. Right—you have it. ACROT. And as though by reason of that love I had foregone my present marriage, longing for a match with him.

PAL. Everything exactly in its due order; except only this one point; you must say that this house (*pointing to the house of PERIPLECOMENUS*) was your marriage-portion; that the old man had departed hence from you after you had car-

ried out the divorce, lest he should be afraid just now to come here into the house of another man.

ACROT. You advise me well. PAL. But when he comes out from in-doors, I wish you—standing at a distance there—so to make pretence, as though in comparison with his beauty you despised your own, and as though you were struck with awe at his opulent circumstances; at the same time, too, praise the comeliness of his person, the beauty of his face. Are you tutored enough?

ACROT. I understand it all. Is it enough that I give you my work so nicely finished off that you cannot find a fault with it.

PAL. I'm content. Now (*addressing* PLEUSICLES), in your turn, learn what charge I shall give to you. So soon as this shall be done, when she shall have gone in, then do you immediately take care to come here dressed in the garb of a master of a ship. Have on a broad-brimmed hat of iron-grey, a woollen shade before your eyes; have on an iron-grey cloak (for that is the seaman's colour); have it fastened over the left shoulder, your right arm projecting out, your clothes some way well girded up, pretend as though you are some master of a ship. And all these requisites are at the house of this old gentleman, for he keeps fishermen.

PLEUS. Well, when I'm dressed out, why don't you tell me what I'm to do then?

PAL. Come here, and, in the name of her mother, bring word to Philocomasium, that, if she would return to Athens, she must go with you to the harbour directly, and that she must order it to be carried down to the ship if she wishes anything to be put on board; that if she doesn't go, you must weigh anchor, for the wind is favourable.

PLEUS. I like your plan much: do proceed.

PAL. The Captain will at once advise her to go speedily that she may not delay her mother.

PLEUS. Every way you are clever. PAL. I shall tell him that she asks for me as a helper to carry her baggage down to the harbour. I shall go, and, understand you, I shall immediately be off with you straight to Athens.

PLEUS. And when you have reached there, I'll never let you be ashore three days before you're free.

PAL. Be off speedily and equip yourself.

PLEUS. Is there anything besides? PAL. Only to remember all this.

PLEUS. I'm off. (*Exit.*) PAL. And do you (*to ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA*) be off hence in-doors this instant, for I'm quite sure that he'll just now be coming out hence from in-doors.

ACROT. With us your command is as good as law.

PAL. Come, then, begone. But see, the door opens opportunely. (*The women go into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

SCENE V

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES from his house.

PYRG. What I wished I have obtained just as I wished, on kind and friendly terms, that she would leave me.

PAL. For what reason am I to say that you have been so long in-doors?

PYRG. I never was so sensible that I was beloved by that woman as now.

PAL. Why so? PYRG. How many words she did utter! How the matter was protracted! But in the end I obtained what I wanted, and I granted her what she wanted and what she asked of me. I made a present of you also to her.

PAL. What—me, too? In what way shall I exist without you?

PYRG. Come, be of good heart; I'll make you free from her, too. But I used all endeavours, if I could by any method persuade her to go away, and not take you with her; she forced me, however.

PAL. In the Gods and yourself I'll place my trust. Yet at the last, although it is bitter to me that I must be deprived of an excellent master, yourself, at least it is a pleasure to me that, through my means, by reason of the excellence of your beauty, this has happened to you with regard to this lady neighbour, whom I am now introducing to you.

PYRG. What need of words? I'll give you liberty and wealth if you obtain her for me.

PAL. I'll win her. PYRG. But I'm impatient.

PAL. But moderation is requisite; curb your desires; don't be over anxious. But see, here she is herself; she is coming out of doors.

SCENE VI

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.

MIL. (*in a low voice*). Mistress, see! the Captain's near.

ACROT. (*in a low voice*). Where is he? MIL. Only look to the left. Eye him askance, that he mayn't perceive that we are looking at him.

ACROT. I see him. Troth, now's the time, in our mischief, for us to become supremely mischievous.

MIL. 'Tis for you to begin. ACROT. (*aloud*). Prithée, did you see him yourself? (*Aside.*) Don't spare your voice, so that he may hear.

MIL. (*aloud*). By my troth, I talked with his own self, at my ease, as long as I pleased, at my leisure, at my own discretion, just as I wished.

PYRG. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). Do you hear what she says?

PAL. (*to PYRGOPOLINICES*). I hear. How delighted she is because she had access to you.

ACROT. (*aloud*). O happy woman that you are!

PYRG. How I do seem to be loved!

PAL. You are deserving of it. MIL. (*aloud*). By my troth, 'tis passing strange what you say, that you had access to him and prevailed. They say that he is usually addressed, like a king, through letters or messengers.

MIL. (*aloud*). But, i' faith, 'twas with difficulty I had an opportunity of approaching and beseeching him.

PAL. (*to PYRGOPOLINICES*). How renowned you are among the fair.

PYRG. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). I shall submit, since Venus wills it so.

ACROT. (*aloud*). By heavens! I return to Venus grateful thanks, and her I do beseech and entreat, that I may win him whom I love and whom I seek to win, and that to me he may prove gentle, and not make a difficulty about what I desire.

MIL. (*aloud*). I hope it may be so; although many ladies are seeking to win him for themselves, he disdains them and estranges himself from all but you alone.

ACROT. (*aloud*). Therefore this fear torments me, since he is so disdainful, lest his eyes, when he beholds me, should change his sentiments, and his own gracefulness should at once disdain my form.

MIL. (*aloud*). He will not do so; be of good heart.

PYRG. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). How she does slight herself!

ACROT. (*aloud*). I fear lest your account may have surpassed my looks.

MIL. (*aloud*). I've taken care of this, that you shall be fairer than his expectations.

ACROT. (*aloud*). Troth, if he shall refuse to take me as his wife, by heavens I'll embrace his knees and entreat him! If I shall be unable to prevail on him, in some way or other, I'll put myself to death. I'm quite sure that without him I cannot live.

PYRG. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). I see that I must prevent this woman's death. Shall I accost her?

PAL. By no means; for you will be making yourself cheap if you lavish yourself away of your own accord. Let her come spontaneously, seek you, court you, strive to win you. Unless you wish to lose that glory which you have, please have a care what you do. For I know that this was never the lot of any mortal, except two persons, yourself and Phaon of Lesbos,¹ to be loved so desperately.

ACROT. (*aloud*). I'll go indoors—or, my dear Milphidippa, do you call him out of doors.

MIL. (*aloud*). Aye; let's wait until some one comes out.

¹ Sappho, the poetess, was enamoured of Phaon the Lesbian. When he deserted her, she threw herself from the Leucadian promontory or Lover's Leap.

ACROT. (*aloud*). I can't restrain myself from going to him.

MIL. (*aloud*). The door's fastened. ACROT. (*aloud*). I'll break it in then.

MIL. (*aloud*). You are not in your senses.

ACROT. (*aloud*). If he has ever loved, or if he has wisdom equal to his beauty, whatever I may do through love, he will pardon me by reason of his compassionate feelings.

PAL. (*to* PYRGOPOLINICES). Prithee, do see how distracted the poor thing is with love.

PYRG. (*to* PALÆSTRIO). 'Tis mutual in us. PAL. Hush! Don't you let her hear.

MIL. (*aloud*). Why do you stand stupefied? Why don't you knock?

ACROT. (*aloud*). Because he is not within whom I want.

MIL. (*aloud*). How do you know? ACROT. (*aloud*). By my troth, I do know it easily; for my nose would scent him if he were within.

PYRG. (*to* PALÆSTRIO). She is a diviner. Because she is in love with me, Venus has made her prophesy.

ACROT. (*aloud*). He is somewhere or other close at hand whom I do so long to behold. I'm sure I smell him.

PYRG. (*to* PALÆSTRIO). Troth, now, she really sees better with her nose than with her eyes.

PAL. (*to* PYRGOPOLINICES). She is blind from love. ACROT. (*aloud*). Prithee, do support me.

MIL. (*aloud*). Why? ACROT. (*aloud*). Lest I should fall.

MIL. (*aloud*). Why? ACROT. (*aloud*). Because I cannot stand; my senses—my senses are sinking so by reason of my eyes.

MIL. (*aloud*). Heavens! you've seen the Captain.

ACROT. (*aloud*). I have. MIL. (*aloud*). I don't see him. Where is he?

ACROT. (*aloud*). Troth, you would see him if you were in love.

MIL. (*aloud*). I' faith, you don't love him more than I do myself, with your good leave.

PAL. (*to PYRGOPOLINICES*). No doubt all of the women, as soon as each has seen you, are in love with you.

PYRG. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). I don't know whether you have heard it from me or not; I'm the grandson of Venus.

ACROT. (*aloud*). My dear Milphidippa, prithee do approach and accost him.

PYRG. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). How she does stand in awe of me!

PAL. (*to PYRGOPOLINICES*). She is coming towards us.

MIL. (*advancing*). I wish to speak with you.

PYRG. And we with you.

MIL. I have brought my mistress out of the house, as you requested me.

PYRG. So I see. MIL. Request her, then, to approach.

PYRG. Since you have entreated it, I have prevailed upon my mind not to detest her just like other women.

MIL. I' faith she wouldn't be able to utter a word if she were to come near you; while she was looking at you, her eyes have in the meantime tied her tongue.

PYRG. I see that this woman's disorder must be cured.

MIL. See how terrified she is since she beheld you.

PYRG. Even armed men are the same; don't wonder at a woman being so. But what does she wish me to do?

MIL. You to come to her house; she wishes to live and to pass her life with you.

PYRG. What!—I come home to her, when she is a married woman? Her husband is to be stood in fear of.

MIL. Why—for your sake, she has turned her husband out of her house.

PYRG. How? How could she do so?

MIL. The house was her marriage-portion.

PYRG. Was it so? MIL. It was so, on my word.

PYRG. Bid her go home; I'll be there just now.

MIL. Take care, and don't keep her in expectation; don't torment her feelings.

PYRG. Not I, indeed. Do you go then. MIL. We are going. (*ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA go into the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

PYRG. But what do I see? PAL. What do you see?

PYRG. See here, some one is coming, I know not who, but in a sailor's dress.

PAL. He is surely wanting us, now; really, it is the ship-master.

PYRG. He's come, I suppose, to fetch her.

PAL. I fancy so.

SCENE VII

Enter PLEUSICLES, at a distance, in a Sailor's dress.

PLEUS. (*to himself*). Did I not know that another man in other ways has done many a thing unbecomingly on account of love, I should be more ashamed by reason of love for me to be going in this garb. But since I have learned that many persons by reason of love have committed many actions, disgraceful and estranged from what is good, . . . for I pass by how Achilles suffered his comrades to be slain— But there's Palæstrio, he's standing with the Captain. My talk must now be changed for another kind. Woman is surely born of tardiness itself. For every other delay, which is a delay just as much, seems a less delay than that which is on account of a woman. I really think that this is done merely from habit. But I shall call for this Philocomasium. I'll knock at the door then. Hallo! is there any one here? (*Knocks at the CAPTAIN'S door.*)

PAL. Young man—what is it? What do you want? Why are you knocking?

PLEUS. I'm come to inquire for Philocomasium; I'm come from her mother. If she's for going, let her set off. She is delaying us all; we wish to weigh anchor.

PYRG. Her things have been some time in readiness. Harkye, Palæstrio, take some assistants with you to carry to the ship her golden trinkets, her furniture, apparel, all her precious things. All the articles are already packed up which I gave her.

PAL. I'll go. (*Goes into the house.*) PLEUS. Troth now, prithee, do make haste.

PYRG. There shall be no delay. Pray, what is it that has been done with your eye?

PLEUS. Troth, but I have my eye. (*Points to the right one.*)

PYRG. But the left one I mean.

PLEUS. I'll tell you. On account of the sea, I use this eye less; but if I kept away from the sea,¹ I should use the one like the other. But they are detaining me too long.

PYRG. See, here they are coming out.

SCENE VIII

Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASIVM from the CAPTAIN'S house.

PAL. (*to PHILOCOMASIVM*). Prithee, when will you this day make an end of your weeping?

PHIL. What can I do but weep? I am going away hence where I have spent my days most happily.

PAL. See, there's the man that has come from your mother and sister (*pointing to PLEUSICLES*).

PHIL. I see him. PYRG. Palæstrio, do you hear?

PAL. What is your pleasure? PYRG. Aren't you ordering those presents to be brought out which I gave her?

PLEUS. Health to you, Philocomasium. PHIL. And health to you.

PLEUS. Your mother and sister bade me give their love to you.

PHIL. Heaven prosper them. PLEUS. They beg you to set out, so that, while the wind is fair, they may set sail. But if your mother's eyes had been well, she would have come together with me.

PHIL. I'll go; although I do it with regret—duty compels me.

PLEUS. You act wisely. PYRG. If she had not been

¹ There is a pun here, which cannot be preserved in the translation. "Si abstinuissem a mare," "If I kept away from the sea," may also be read, "Si abstinuissem amare," "If I refrained from loving." The Captain understands him in a former sense, thinking that he means that he has got a disease in his eye, which may be increased by leading a seafaring life.

passing her life with myself, this day she would have been a blockhead.

PHIL. I am distracted at this, that I am estranged from such a man. For you are able to make any woman whatever abound in wit; and because I was living with you, for that reason I was a very lofty spirit. I see that I must lose that loftiness of mind. (*Pretends to cry.*)

PYRG. Don't weep. PHIL. I can't help it when I look upon you.

PYRG. Be of good courage. PHIL. I know what pain it is to me.

PAL. I really don't wonder now, Philocomasium, if you were here with happiness to yourself, when I, a servant—as I look at him, weep because we are parting (*pretends to cry*), so much have his beauty, his manners, his valour, captivated your feelings.

PHIL. Prithee, do let me embrace you before I depart?

PYRG. By all means. PHIL. (*embracing him*). O my eyes! O my life!

PAL. Do hold up the woman, I entreat you, lest she should fall. (*He takes hold of her, and she pretends to faint.*)

PYRG. What means this? PAL. Because, after she had quitted you, she suddenly became faint, poor thing.

PYRG. Run in and fetch some water.

PAL. I want no water; but I had rather you would keep at a distance. Prithee, don't you interfere till she comes to.

PYRG. (*observing PLEUSICLES, who is holding PHILOCOMASIUM in his arm*). They have their heads too closely in contact between them! I don't like it; he is soldering his lips to hers. What the plague are you about?

PLEUS. I was trying whether she was breathing or not.

PYRG. You ought to have applied your ear then.

PLEUS. If you had rather, I'll let her go.

PYRG. No, I don't care; do you support her.

PAL. To my misery, I'm quite distracted.

PYRG. Go and bring here from in-doors all the things that I have given her.

PAL. And even now, household God, do I salute thee

before I depart; my fellow-servants, both male and female, all farewell, and happy may you live; prithee, though absent, among yourselves bestow your blessings upon me as well.

PYRG. Come, Palæstriο, be of good courage.

PAL. Alas! alas! I cannot but weep since from you I must depart.

PYRG. Bear it with patience. PHIL. (*feigning to recover.*) Ha! how's this? What means it? Hail, O light!

PLEUS. Are you recovered now? PHIL. Prithee, what person am I embracing? I'm undone. Am I myself?

PLEUS. (*in a low voice*). Fear not, my delight.

PYRG. What means all this? PAL. Just now she swooned away here. . . . I fear and dread that this at last may take place¹ too openly.

PYRG. What is that you say? PAL. I fear that some one may turn it to your discredit, while all these things are being carried after us through the city.

PYRG. I have given away my own property, and not theirs. I care but little for other people. Be off then, go with the blessing of the Gods.

PAL. 'Tis for your sake I say it.

PYRG. I believe you. PAL. And now farewell!

PYRG. And heartily farewell to you! PAL. (*to PLEUSICLES and PHILOCOMASIUM as they leave.*) Go you quickly on; I'll overtake you directly; I wish to speak a few words with my master. (*To PYRGOPOLINICES.*) Although you have ever deemed others more faithful to yourself than me, still do I owe you many thanks for all things; and if such were your feelings, I would rather be a slave to you by far than be the freedman of another.

PYRG. Be of good courage. PAL. Ah, me! When it comes in my mind, how my manners must be changed, how

¹ Palæstriο cannot help exclaiming against the indiscreet conduct of the lovers. The Captain overhears him, and asks him what is the matter. He adroitly turns it off, by saying, "that if thus openly . . . the goods and furniture are carried through the city, he very much fears that his master will be censured for his extreme prodigality."

womanish manners must be learnt, and the military ones forgotten!

PYRG. Take care and be honest.

PAL. I can be so no longer; I have lost all inclination.

PYRG. Go, follow them; don't linger.

PAL. Fare you right well. PYRG. And heartily fare you well.

PAL. Prithee, do remember me; if perchance I should happen to be made free, I'll send the news to you; don't you forsake me.¹

PYRG. That is not my habit.

PAL. Consider every now and then how faithful I have been to you. If you do that, then at last you'll know who is honest towards you and who dishonest.

PYRG. I know it; I have often found that true, as well before as to-day in especial.

PAL. Do you know it? Aye, and this day I'll make you hereafter say still more how true it is.

PYRG. I can hardly refrain from bidding you to stay.

PAL. Take you care how² you do that. They may say that you are a liar and not truthful, that you have no honour; they may say that no one of your slaves is trustworthy except myself. If, indeed, I thought you could do it with honour, I should advise you. But it cannot be; take care how you do so.

PYRG. Be off; I'll be content then, whatever happens.

PAL. Then, fare you well. PYRG. 'Twere better you should go with a good heart.

PAL. Still, once more, farewell. (*Exit.*) PYRG. Before this affair, I had always thought that he was a most rascally servant; still, I find that he is faithful to me. When

¹ He hypocritically entreats his master not to desert him in need, should he be made free, and be thereby thrown entirely upon his own resources.

² There is considerable drollery in his anxiety lest his master should suddenly change his mind and refuse to let him go. His situation would, indeed, under such circumstances have proved an unfortunate one.

I consider with myself, I have done unwisely in parting with him. I'll go hence at once now to my love here: the door, too, I perceive, makes a noise there.

SCENE IX

Enter a Boy from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.

BOY (*to some one within*). Don't you be advising me; I remember my duty; this moment I'll find him. Wherever on earth he may chance to be, I'll search him out; I'll not be sparing of my pains.

PYRG. 'Tis I he is looking for; I'll go and meet this boy.

BOY. O, I'm looking for you; save you, dearest sir, one loaded by opportunity with her gifts, and whom before all others two Divinities do favour.

PYRG. What two? BOY. Mars and Venus.

PYRG. A sprightly boy. BOY. She entreats that you will go in; she wishes—she longs for you, and while expecting you, she's dying for you. Do succour one in love. Why do you stay? Why don't you go in?

PYRG. Well, I'll go. (*Enters the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*)

BOY. There has he entangled himself at once in the toils. The snare is prepared: the old gentleman is standing at his post to attack the letcher, who is so boastful of his good looks; who thinks that, whatever woman sees him, all are in love with him; whom all, both men and women, detest. Now I will on to the uproar; I hear a tumult within.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Enter PERIPLECOMENUS from his house, with CARIO and other SERVANTS, dragging PYRGOPOLINICES.

PERIP. Bring that fellow along. If he doesn't follow, drag him, lifted on high, out of doors. Make him to be be-

tween heaven and earth; cut him in pieces. (*They beat him.*)

PYRG. By my troth, I do entreat you, Periplecomenus.

PERIP. By my troth, you do entreat in vain. Take care, Cario, that that knife of yours is very sharp.

CARIO. Why, it's already longing to rip up the stomach of this letcher. I'll make his entrails hang just as a bauble hangs from a baby's neck.

PYRG. I'm a dead man. PERIP. Not yet; you say so too soon.

CARIO. Shall I have at this fellow now?

PERIP. Aye,—but first let him be thrashed with cudgels.

CARIO. True, right lustily. PERIP. Why have you dared, you disgraceful fellow, to seduce another man's wife?

PYRG. So may the Gods bless me, she came to me of her own accord.

PERIP. It's a lie. Lay on. (*They are about to strike.*)

PYRG. Stay, while I tell— PERIP. Why are you hesitating?

PYRG. Will you not let me speak?

PERIP. Speak, then. PYRG. I was entreated to come here.

PERIP. How did you dare? There's for you, take that. (*Strikes him.*)

PYRG. O! O! I've had enough. Prithee, now.

CARIO. Am I to begin cutting him up at once?

PERIP. As soon as you like. Stretch the fellow out, and spread out his pinions in opposite ways.

PYRG. By heavens, prithee, do hear my words before he cuts me.

PERIP. Speak before you're made of no sex.

PYRG. I supposed that she was a widow; and so her maid, who was her go-between, informed me.

PERIP. Now take an oath that you won't injure any person for this affair, because you have been beaten here to-day, or shall be beaten hereafter, if we let you go safe hence, you dear little grandson of Venus.¹

¹ This is an allusion to the Captain's own boast in Act IV. s. 4, that he was the grandson of Venus.

PYRG. I swear by Dione¹ and Mars that I will hurt no one because I have been beaten here this day; and I think that it was rightfully done; and if I don't go hence further injured, I am rightly punished for the offence.

PERIP. But what if you don't do so?

PYRG. Then, may I always have my word not to be trusted.

CARIO. Let him be beaten once more; after that I think he may be dismissed.

PYRG. May the Gods ever bless you, since you so kindly come as my advocate.

CARIO. Give us a golden mina, then.

PYRG. For what reason? CARIO. That we may now let you go hence unmaimed, you little grandson of Venus; otherwise you shall not escape from here; don't you deceive yourself.

PYRG. It shall be given you. CARIO. You're very wise. As for your tunic, and your scarf, and sword, don't at all hope for them; you shan't have them.

A SERVANT. Shall I beat him again, or do you let him go?

PYRG. I'm tamed by your cudgels. I do entreat you.

PERIP. Loose him. PYRG. I return you thanks.

PERIP. If I ever catch you here again, I'll insert a disqualifying clause.

PYRG. Well; I make no objection.

PERIP. Let's go in, Cario. (PERIPLECOMENUS, CARIO, and SERVANTS, go into his house.)

SCENE II

Enter SCELEDRUS and other SERVANTS of the CAPTAIN.

PYRG. Here are some of my servants, I see. Tell me, is Philocomasium off yet?

SCEL. Aye, some time since. PYRG. Ah me!

SCEL. You would say that still more if you were to know

¹ Dione was the mother of Venus; but the name is much more frequently used to signify Venus herself. Pyrgopolinices appropriately swears by these guardian Deities of intrigue.

what I know, for that fellow who had the wool before his eye was no sailor.

PYRG. Who was he, then? SCEL. A lover of Philocomasium's.

PYRG. How do you know? SCEL. I do know: for after they had got out of the city gate, they didn't wait a moment before falling to kissing and embracing each other at once.

PYRG. O wretched fool that I am! I see that I have been gulled. That scoundrel of a fellow, Palæstrio, it was he that contrived this plot against me.

SCEL. I think it was properly done. If it were so done to other lechers, there would be fewer lechers here; they would stand more in awe, and give their attention less to these pursuits.

PYRG. Let's go into my house.

AN ACTOR (*to the AUDIENCE*). Give us your applause.

MENÆCHMI

[THE TWIN-BROTHERS]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, his twin-brother.

PENICULUS, a Parasite.

MESSENIUS, the servant of Menæchmus Sosicles.

CYLINDRUS, a Cook.

AN OLD MAN, father-in-law of Menæchmus Sosicles.

A DOCTOR.

THE WIFE OF MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

EROTIUM, a Courtesan.

MAID-SERVANT of Erotium.

SCENE.—Epidamnus, a city of Illyricum. The house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus is on one side of the street, and that of EROTIUM on the other.

ARGUMENT

Moschus, a merchant of Syracuse, had two twin-sons who exactly resembled each other. One of these, whose name was Menæchmus, when a child, accompanied his father to Tarentum, at which place he was stolen and carried away to Epidamnus, where in course of time he has married a wealthy wife. Disagreements, however, arising with her, he forms an acquaintance with the Courtesan Erotium, and is in the habit of presenting her with clothes and jewels which he pilfers from his wife. The original name of the other twin-brother was Sosicles, but on the loss of Menæchmus, the latter name has been substituted by their grandfather for Sosicles, in remembrance of the lost child. Menæchmus Sosicles, on growing to manhood, determines to seek his lost brother. Having wandered for six years, he arrives at Epidamnus, attended by his servant, Messenio. In consequence of his resemblance to his brother, many curious and laughable mistakes happen between him and the Courtesan Erotium, the wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnus, the Cook Cylindrus, the Parasite Peniculus, the father-in-law of Menæchmus of Epidamnus, and lastly Messenio himself. At length, through the agency of the latter, the brothers recognize each other; on which Messenio receives his liberty, and Menæchmus of Epidamnus resolves to make sale of his possessions and to return to Syracuse, his native place.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS

THE PROLOGUE

IN the first place now, Spectators, at the commencement, do I wish health and happiness to myself and to you. I bring you Plautus, with my tongue, not with my hand: I beg that you will receive him with favouring ears. Now learn the argument, and give your attention; in as few words as possible will I be brief. And, in fact, this subject is a Greek one; still, it is not an Attic, but a Sicilian one. But in their Comedies the poets do this; they feign that all the business takes place at Athens, in order that it may appear the more Grecian to you. I will not tell you that this matter happened anywhere except where it is said to have happened. This has been my preface to the subject of this play. Now will I give the subject, meted out to you, not in a measure, nor yet in a threefold measure,¹ but in the granary itself; so great is my heartiness in telling you the plot.

There was a certain aged man, a merchant at Syracuse;² to him two sons were born, twins, children so like in appearance that their own foster-mother, who gave the breast, was not able to distinguish them, nor even the mother herself who had given them birth; as a person, indeed, informed me who had seen the children; I never saw them, let no one of you fancy so. After the children were now seven years old, the father freighted a large ship with much merchandise. The father put one of the twins on board the ship, and took him away, together with himself, to traffic at Tarentum;³ the

¹ This was a measure for corn, consisting of three "modii," which last contained about a peck of English measure.

² Syracuse was the principal city of Sicily and famed for its commerce and opulence.

³ Tarentum was a city of Calabria, in the south of Italy.

other one he left with his mother at home. By accident, there were games at Tarentum when he came there: many persons, as generally happens at the games, had met together; the child strayed away there from his father among the people. A certain merchant of Epidamnus was there; he picked up the child, and carried it away to Epidamnus.¹ But its father, after he had lost the child, took it heavily to heart, and through grief at it he died a few days after at Tarentum. Now, after news reached the grandfather of the children at home about this matter, how that one of the children had been stolen, the grandfather changed the name of that other twin. So much did he love that one which had been stolen, that he gave his name to the one that was at home. That you may not mistake hereafter, I tell you then this beforehand; the name of both the twin-brothers is the same. He gave the same name of Menæchmus to this one as the other had; and by the same name the grandfather himself was called. I remember his name the more easily for the reason that I saw him cried with much noise.² Now must I speed back on foot to Epidamnus, that I may exactly disclose this matter to you. If any one of you wishes anything to be transacted for him at Epidamnus, command me boldly and speak out; but on these terms, that he give me the means by which it may be transacted for him. For unless a person gives the money, he will be mistaken (*in a lower tone*); except that he who does give it will be very much more mistaken. But I have returned to that place whence I set forth, and yet I am standing in the self-same spot. This person of Epidamnus, whom I mentioned

¹ Epidamnus, or Epidamnum, was a town of Macedonia, situate on the Adriatic Sea. It was much resorted to for the purpose of transit to the opposite shores of Italy. It received its original name from Epidamnus, one of its kings; but on falling into the possession of the Romans, they changed its name, as we are informed by Pliny the Elder, into Dyrrachium, from a superstitious notion that when they were going to "Epidamnum," they were going "to their loss," as "damnum" is the Latin for "loss" or "destruction," and "epi." is the Greek preposition signifying "to."

² Probably the word "flagitarius" means that the lost child was cried publicly by the "præco," or "crier."

just now, that stole that other twin child, had no children, except his wealth. He adopted as his son the child so carried off, and gave him a well-portioned wife, and made him his heir when he himself died. For as, by chance, he was going into the country, when it had rained heavily, entering, not far from the city, a rapid stream, in its rapidity it threw the ravisher of the child off his legs, and hurried the man away to great and grievous destruction. And so a very large fortune fell to that youth. Here (*pointing to the house*) does the stolen twin now dwell. Now that twin, who dwells at Syracuse, has come this day to Epidamnus with his servant to make inquiry for this own twin-brother of his. This is the city of Epidamnus while this play is acting; when another shall be acted, it will become another town; just as our companies, too, are wont to be shifted about. The same person now acts the procurer, now the youth, now the old man, the pauper, the beggar, the king, the parasite, the sooth-sayer. . . .

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

Enter PENICULUS

PEN. The young men have given me the name of Peniculus,¹ for this reason, because when I eat, I wipe the tables clean. . . . The persons who bind captives with chains, and who put fetters upon runaway slaves, act very foolishly, in my opinion at least. For if bad usage is added to his misfortune for a wretched man, the greater is his inclination to run away and to do amiss. For by some means or other do they release themselves from the chains; while thus fettered, they either wear away a link with a file, or else with a stone they knock out the nail; 'tis a mere trifle this. He whom you

¹ This word means "a sponge" which was fastened to a stick, and was used for the purpose of cleansing tables. Colman and Warner, in their translations of Terence and Plautus, render the word "dishcloth."

wish to keep securely that he may not run away, with meat and with drink ought he to be chained; do you bind down the mouth of a man to a full table. So long as you give him what to eat and what to drink at his own pleasure in abundance every day, i' faith he'll never run away, even if he has committed an offence that's capital; easily will you secure him so long as you shall bind him with such chains. So very supple are these chains of food, the more you stretch them so much the more tightly do they bind. But now I'm going directly to Menæchmus; whither for this long time I have been sentenced, thither of my own accord I am going, that he may enchain me. For, by my troth, this man does not nourish persons, but he quite rears and reinvigorates them; no one administers medicine more agreeably. Such is this young man; himself with a very well-stocked larder, he gives dinners fit for Ceres;¹ so does he heap the tables up, and piles so vast of dishes does he arrange, you must stand on your couch if you wish for anything at the top. But I have now had an interval these many days, while I've been lording it at home all along together with my dear ones²—for nothing do I eat or purchase but what it is most dear. But inasmuch as dear ones, when they are provided, are in the habit of forsaking us, I am now paying him a visit. But his door is opening; and see, I perceive Menæchmus himself; he is coming out of doors.

SCENE II

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, from his house.

MEN. (*speaking at the door to his WIFE within*). Unless you were worthless, unless you were foolish, unless you were stark wild and an idiot, that which you see is disagreeable to your husband, you would deem to be so to yourself as well. Moreover, if after this day you do any such thing to me, I'll force you, a divorced woman, turned out of my doors to go

¹ The Goddess of plenty.

² It might be supposed that he is meaning his family. The next line shows that such is not the case. He has had a supply of victuals, purchased at his own cost, and, these giving out, he is scheming to dine with Menæchmus.

visit your father. For as often as I wish to go out of the house, you are detaining me, calling me back, asking me questions; whither I am going, what matter I am about, what business I am transacting, what I am wanting, what I am bringing, what I have been doing out of doors? I've surely brought home a custom-house officer as my wife; so much am I obliged to disclose all my business, whatever I have done and am doing. I've had you hitherto indulged too much. Now, therefore, I'll tell you how I am about to act. Since I find you handsomely in maids, provisions, wool, gold trinkets, garments, and purple, and you are wanting in nought, you'll beware of a mischief if you're wise; you'll leave off watching your husband. (*In a lower voice.*) And therefore, that you mayn't be watching me in vain, for your pains I shall find me a mistress to-day, and invite her to dinner somewhere out of doors.

PEN. (*apart*). This fellow pretends that he's upbraiding his wife, but he's addressing myself; for if he does dine out of doors, he really is punishing me, not his wife.

MEN. (*to himself*). Hurra! I' troth, by my taunts I've driven my wife from the door at last. Where now are your intriguing husbands? Why do they hesitate, all returning thanks, to bring presents to me who have fought so gallantly? This mantle¹ of my wife's (*taking it from under his cloak*) I've just now stolen from in-doors, and I'm taking it to my mistress. This way it's proper for a clever trick to be played this knowing husband-watcher. This is a becoming action, this is right, this is skilful, this is done in workman-like style; inasmuch as at my own risk I've taken this from my plague, this same shall be carried off to destruction.² With the safety of my allies³ I've gained a booty from the foe.

PEN. (*aloud, at a distance*). Harkye! young man; pray what share have I in that booty?

¹ The "palla" was worn indifferently by both sexes among the Greeks and Romans, and was used for many other purposes than that of a garment.

² He calls the Courtesan "damnum," "sheer loss."

³ By these he means the Courtesan Erotium and the Parasite Peniculus, who have run no risk by helping him to filch away the mantle.

MEN. I'm undone; I've fallen into an ambushade.

PEN. Say a safeguard rather. Don't be afraid.

MEN. What person's this? PEN. 'Tis I. (*Coming up to him.*)

MEN. O my convenient friend—O my ready occasion, save you.

PEN. And save you. (*They shake hands.*) MEN. What are you about?

PEN. Holding my good Genius in my right hand.

MEN. You couldn't have come to me more à propos than you have come.

PEN. I'm in the habit of doing so; I understand all the points of ready occasion.

MEN. Would you like to be witness of a brilliant exploit?

PEN. What cook has cooked it? I shall know at once if he has made any mistake, when I see the remnants.¹

MEN. Tell me—did you ever see a picture painted on a wall, where the eagle is carrying off Ganymede, or Venus Adonis?

PEN. Many a time. But what are these pictures to me?

MEN. Come, look at me. (*He puts on the mantle.*) Do I at all bear any resemblance to them?

PEN. What's this garb of yours?

MEN. Pronounce me to be a very clever fellow.

PEN. Where are we to feed? MEN. Only do you say that which I requested you.

PEN. Well, I do say so; very clever fellow.

MEN. And don't you venture to add anything of your own to it?

PEN. —And very pleasant fellow. MEN. Go on.

PEN. I' faith, I really can't go on, unless I know for what reason. You've had a fall-out with your wife; on that ground am I the more strongly on my guard against you.²

MEN. While you are interrupting me, you are delaying yourself.

¹ The Parasite wilfully misconstrues the question into an invitation to dine upon some gastronomic achievement.

² *i. e.*, because of the hopelessness of being invited home to dinner.

PEN. Knock out my only eye,¹ Menæchmus, if I speak one word but what you bid me.

MEN. . . . where, unknown to my wife, we will erect the funeral pile . . . and let us consume this day upon it.

PEN. Well, come then, since you request what's fair, how soon am I to set fire to the pile? Why, really, the day's half dead already down to its navel.

MEN. Come this way from the door.

PEN. Be it so. (*Moves from the door.*) MEN. Come still more this way.

PEN. Very well. (*Moves.*) MEN. Even still, step aside boldly from the lioness's den.

PEN. (*still moving*). Well done; by my troth, as I fancy, you really would be an excellent charioteer.

MEN. Why so? PEN. That your wife mayn't follow you, you are looking back ever and anon.

MEN. But what say you? PEN. What, I? Why, whatever you choose, that same do I say, and that same do I deny.

MEN. Could you make any conjecture at all from the smell, if perchance you were to take a smell at something?

PEN. Were the college of Augurs summoned. . . .

MEN. (*holds out the skirt of the mantle*). Come then, take a sniff at this mantle that I'm holding. What does it smell of? Do you decline?

PEN. It's as well to smell the top of a woman's garment; for at this other place the nose is offended with an odour that can't be washed out.

MEN. (*holding another part*). Take a smell here then, Peniculus, as you are so daintily nice.

PEN. Very well. (*He smells it.*) MEN. How now? What does it smell of? Answer me.

PEN. Theft, a mistress, and a breakfast. . . .

MEN. You have spoken. . . . Now it shall be taken to this mistress of mine, the Courtesan Erotium. I'll order a breakfast at once to be got ready, for me, you, and her; then will we booze away even to the morrow's morning star.

¹ By this it appears that Peniculus has but one eye.

PEN. Capital. You've spoken out distinctly. Am I to knock at the door then?

MEN. Knock—or hold, rather. PEN. You've removed¹ the goblet a full mile by that.

MEN. Knock gently. PEN. You're afraid, I think, that the doors are made of Samian crockery. (*Goes to knock.*)

MEN. Hold, prithee, hold, i' faith; see, she's coming out herself. (*The door of EROTIVM'S house is opened.*) Ha! you behold the sun, is it not quite darkened in comparison with the bright rays of her person.

SCENE III

Enter EROTIVM, from her house.

ERO. My life, Menæchmus, save you.

PEN. And what for me? ERO. You are out of my number.

PEN. . . . that same thing is wont to be done for the other supernumeraries² of the legion.

MEN. I would order a skirmish to be got ready there at your house for me to-day.

ERO. To-day it shall be done.

MEN. In that skirmish we two shall drink. Him shall you choose that shall be found there the better warrior with the goblet; do you make up your mind with which of the two you'll pass this night. How much, my love, when I look upon you, do I hate my wife.

ERO. Meantime, however, you cannot help being wrapped in something of hers. What's this? (*Takes hold of the mantle.*)

MEN. (*taking it off*). 'Tis a new dress for you, and a spoil from my wife, my rosebud.

ERO. You have a ready way of prevailing, so as to be superior in my eyes to any one of those that pay me suit. (*Embraces him.*)

¹ Peniculus now loses patience, and reflects that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.

² The reserves could not claim the same advantages as the regular soldiers; and his own position is likened by the Parasite to theirs.

PEN. (*aside*). The harlot's coaxing in the meantime, while she's looking out what to plunder . . . (*to EROTIUM*) for if you really loved him, by this his nose ought to have been off with your teething him.¹

MEN. Take hold of this, Peniculus: I wish to dedicate the spoil that I've vowed.

PEN. Give it me. (*Holds it while MENÆCHMUS puts it on.*) But, i' faith, prithee, do dance afterwards with the mantle on in this way.

MEN. I—dance? I' faith, you're not in your senses.

PEN. Are you or I the most? If you won't dance, then take it off.

MEN. (*to EROTIUM*). At a great risk I have stolen this to-day. In my opinion, indeed, Hercules didn't ever carry off the belt from Hippolyta² with danger as great. Take this for yourself (*he takes it off, and gives her the mantle*), since you are the only one alive that's compliant with my humours.

ERO. With such feelings 'tis proper that real lovers should be animated.

PEN. (*aside*). Those, indeed, who are making haste to bring themselves down to beggary.

MEN. I purchased that for my wife a year since at the price of four minæ.

PEN. (*aside*). The four minæ are clearly gone for ever, as the account now stands.

MEN. Do you know what I wish you to attend to?

ERO. I don't know; but I'll attend to whatever you do wish.

MEN. Order a breakfast, then, to be provided for us three at your house, and some dainties to be purchased at the market; kernels of boars' neck, or bacon off the gammon, or pig's head, or something in that way, which, when cooked and placed on the table before me, may promote an appetite like a kite's: and—forthwith——

¹ Judging from this remark, perhaps she has accidentally forgotten to kiss her dupe, Menæchmus.

² Queen of the Amazons. The feat was one of the twelve labours of the hero.

ERO. I' faith, I will. MEN. We're going to the Forum: we shall be here just now. While it's cooking, we'll take a whet in the meantime.

ERO. Come when you like, the things shall be ready.

MEN. Only make haste, then. Do you follow me (*to PENICULUS*).

PEN. By my troth, I certainly shall keep an eye on you, and follow you. I wouldn't take the wealth of the Gods to lose you this day. (*Exeunt MENÆCHMUS and PENICULUS.*)

ERO. (*speaking at the door of her house*). Call Cyllindrus, the cook, out of doors this moment from within.

SCENE IV

Enter CYLLINDRUS, from the house.

ERO. Take a hand-basket and some money. See, you have three didrachms here. (*Giving him money.*)

CLY. I have so. ERO. Go and bring some provisions, see that there's enough for three; let it be neither deficient nor overmuch.

CYL. What sort of persons are these to be?

ERO. Myself, Menæchmus, and his Parasite.

CYL. Then these make ten, for the Parasite easily performs the duty of eight persons.

ERO. I've now told you the guests; do you take care of the rest.

CYL. Very well. It's cooked already; bid them go and take their places.

ERO. Make haste back. CYL. I'll be here directly.

(*Exit CYLLINDRUS, and EROTIVM goes into her house.*)

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES and MESSENIUS.

MEN. SOS. There's no greater pleasure to voyagers, in my notion, Messenio, than at the moment when from sea they espy the land afar.

MESS. There is a greater, I'll say it without subterfuge— if on your arrival you see the land that is your own. But, prithee, why are we now come to Epidamnus? Why, like the sea, are we going round all the islands?

MEN. SOS. To seek for my own twin-brother born.

MESS. Why, what end is there to be of searching for him? This is the sixth year that we've devoted our attention to this business. We have been already carried round the Istrians, the Hispanians, the Massilians, the Illyrians, all the Upper Adriatic Sea, and foreign Greece,¹ and all the shores of Italy, wherever the sea reaches them. If you had been searching for a needle, I do believe you would, long ere this, have found the needle, if it were visible. Among the living are we seeking a person that's dead; for long ago should we have found him if he had been alive.

MEN. SOS. For that reason I am looking for a person to give me that information for certain, who can say that he knows that he really is dead; after that I shall never take any trouble in seeking further. But otherwise I shall never, while I'm alive, desist; I know how dear he is to my heart.

MESS. You are seeking a knot in a bulrush.² Why don't we return homeward hence, unless we are to write a history?

MEN. SOS. Have done with your witty sayings, and be on your guard against a mischief. Don't you be troublesome; this matter shan't be done at your bidding.

MESS. (*aside*). Aye, aye; by that same expression do I rest assured that I'm a slave; he couldn't in a few words have said more in a plain-spoken way. But still I can't restrain myself from speaking. (*Aloud*.) Do you hear, Menæchmus? When I look in the purse, I find, i' faith, we're only

¹ The Istrians were a people of the north of Italy, near the Adriatic Sea, and adjoining to Illyricum. The Illyrians inhabited the country now called Dalmatia. The Massilians were the natives of the city of Massilia, now called Marseilles. The Hispani were the inhabitants of Hispania, now Spain. "Foreign Greece," here mentioned, was the southern part of Italy, which was also called "Magna Græcia," in consequence of the great number of Grecian settlements there.

² A proverb of impossibility, since the bulrush has a smooth stem.

equipped for our journey like summer travelers. By my troth, I guess, if you don't be returning home, while you're seeking your twin-brother, you'll surely be groaning, when you have nothing left. For such is this race of people; among the men of Epidamnus there are debauchees and very great drinkers; swindlers besides, and many wheedlers are living in this city; then the women in the harlot line are said nowhere in the world to be more captivating. The name of Epidamnus was given to this city for the very reason, because hardly any person sojourns here without some damnable mishap.

MEN. SOS. I'll guard against that. Just give me the purse this way.

MESS. What do you want with it?

MEN. SOS. I'm apprehensive then about yourself, from your expressions.

MESS. Why are you apprehensive? MEN. SOS. Lest you should cause me some damnable mishap in Epidamnus. You are a great admirer of the women, Messenio, and I'm a passionate man, of an unmanageable disposition; of both these things will I have a care, when I've got the money, that you shall not commit a fault, and that I shall not be in a passion with you.

MESS. (*giving him the purse*). Take and keep it; with all my heart you may do so.

SCENE II

Enter CYLINDRUS, with a basket of provisions.

CYL. I've catered well, and to my mind. I'll set a good breakfast before the breakfasters. But see, I perceive Menæchmus. Woe to my back; the guests are now already walking before the door, before I've returned with the provisions. I'll go and accost him. Save you, Menæchmus.

MEN. SOS. The Gods bless you, whoever you are.

CYL. . . . who I am?

MESS. I' faith, not I, indeed. CYL. Where are the other guests?

MEN. SOS. What guests are you inquiring about?

CYL. Your Parasite. MEN. SOS. My Parasite? Surely this fellow's deranged.

MESS. Didn't I tell you that there were many swindlers here?

MEN. SOS. What Parasite of mine, young man, are you inquiring about?

CYL. *Peniculus*. MEN. SOS. . . . Where is my . . . ?

MESS. See, I've got your sponge [*Peniculus*] all safe in the wallet.

CYL. *Menæchmus*, you've come here too soon for breakfast; I'm now but returning with the provisions.

MEN. SOS. Answer me this, young man: at what price do pigs sell here, unblemished ones, for sacrifice?

CYL. At a didrachm apiece.

MEN. SOS. (*holding out his hand*). Receive, then, a didrachm of me; bid a sacrifice be made for you at my expense; for, by my faith, I really am sure in very truth that you are deranged, who are annoying me, a person that's a stranger, whoever you are.¹

CYL. I am *Cylindrus*; don't you know my name?

MEN. SOS. Whether you are *Cylindrus* or *Caliendrus*,² confound you. I don't know you, and, in fact, I don't want to know you.

CYL. Well, your name, however, is *Menæchmus*, that I do know.

MEN. SOS. You speak like a sane person when you call me by my name. But where have you known me?

CYL. Where have I known you, you who have *Erotium*, this mistress of mine (*pointing to the house*), for your lady?

MEN. SOS. By my troth, I have not, nor do I know yourself what person you are.

CYL. Not know who I am, who have many a time filled

¹ Pigs were sacrificed to the Lares, or household Gods, in behalf of those who were afflicted with insanity.

² *Cylindrus* means "a cylinder"; also a "rolling-pin." *Sosicles* plays upon its resemblance to "*caliendrum*," a wig. "Whether you are Rolling Pin or Bowling Pin" would paraphrase the play on words.

the cups for your own self at our house, when you've been drinking?

MESS. Woe to me, that I've got nothing with which to break this fellow's head.

MEN. SOS. Are you in the habit of filling the cups for me, who, before this day, have never beheld Epidamnus, nor been there?

CYL. Do you deny it? MEN. SOS. Upon my honour, I decidedly do deny it.

CYL. Don't you live in that house? (*Pointing to the house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.*)

MEN. SOS. May the Gods send to perdition those that live there.

CYL. Surely, this fellow's mad, who is thus uttering curses against his own self. Do you hear Menæchmus?

MEN. SOS. What do you want? CYL. If you take my advice, that didrachm, which you just now promised to give me—you would order, if you were wise, a pig to be procured with it for yourself. For, i' faith, you really for sure are not in your senses, Menæchmus, who are now uttering curses against your own self.

MEN. SOS. Alas! By my faith, a very silly fellow, and an annoyance to me.

CYL. (*to MESSENIUS*). He's in the habit of often joking with me in this fashion. How very droll he is, when his wife isn't present. How say you——?

MEN. SOS. What do you mean, you rascal?

CYL. (*pointing to the basket*). Has this that you see been provided in sufficient quantity for three persons, or am I to provide still more for yourself and the Parasite and the lady?

MEN. SOS. What ladies—what Parasites are you talking about?

MESS. What, you villain, urges you to be an annoyance to him?

CYL. Pray, what business have you with me? I don't know you; I'm talking to this person, whom I do know.

MEN. SOS. By my troth, you are not a person in his right senses, that I know for sure.

CYL. I'll have these things cooked directly; there shall be

no delay. Don't you be going after this anywhere at a distance from the house. Do you want anything?

MEN. SOS. You to go to utter and extreme perdition.

CYL. I' faith, 'twere better for you to go in-doors at once and take your place, while I'm subjecting these things to the fire. I'll go in-doors now, and tell Erotium that you are standing here, that she may fetch you away hence, rather than you be standing here out of doors. (*He goes into the house.*)

SCENE III

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENIUS.

MEN. SOS. Is he gone then? He is gone. By my faith, I find by experience that your words are not untrue.

MESS. Do you only be on your guard; for I do believe that some woman in the harlot line is living here, as, in fact, this madman said, who has just gone away from here.

MEN. SOS. But I wonder how he came to know my name.

MESS. I' faith, 'tis far from surprising: courtesans have this custom; they send servant-boys and servant-girls down to the harbour; if any foreign ship comes into port, they inquire of what country it is, and what its name is; after that, at once they set themselves to work, and fasten themselves upon him; if they inveigle him, they send him home a ruined man. Now in this harbour there stands a piratical craft, against which I really think that we must be on our guard.

MEN. SOS. I' troth, you really counsel aright.

MESS. Then, in fine, shall I be sure that I've counselled aright, if you are rightly on your guard.

MEN. SOS. Be silent for a moment, then; for the door makes a noise. Let's see who's coming out from there.

MESS. Meanwhile, I'll lay this down. (*He puts down the wallet.*) Do you keep watch upon these things, if you please, you sailors.

SCENE IV

Enter EROTIUM, *from her house.*

ERO. (*speaking to her SERVANTS within*). Leave the door

ajar¹ thus; begone. I don't want it shut: prepare, attend, and provide within; what is requisite, let it be done. Lay down the couches, burn the perfumes; neatness, that is the charm for the minds of lovers. Our agreeableness is for the lover's loss, for our own gain. (*To herself.*) But where is he whom the Cook said was in front of the house? O, I see him there—one who is of service to me, and who profits me very much. And right willingly is such usage shown to him, as he deserves to be of especial importance in my house. Now I'll accost him; I'll address him of my own accord. (*To MENÆCHMUS.*) My dear life, it seems wonderful to me that you are standing here out of doors, for whom the door is wide open, more so than your own house, inasmuch as this house is at your service. Everything's ready as you requested and as you desired; nor have you now any delay in-doors. The breakfast, as you ordered, is prepared here; when you please, you may go and take your place.

MEN. SOS. To whom is this woman addressing herself?

ERO. Why, I'm talking to yourself.

MEN. SOS. What business have I ever had with you, or have I now?

ERO. Troth, inasmuch as Venus has willed that you singly above all I should exalt; and that not without your deserving it. For, by my faith, you alone make me, by your kindnesses, to be thriving.

MEN. SOS. For sure this woman is either mad or drunk, Messenio, that addresses me, a person whom she knows not, in so familiar a way.

MESS. Didn't I say that these things are in the habit of occurring here? The leaves are falling now; in comparison with this, if we shall be here for three days, the trees will be tumbling upon you. For to such a degree are all these Courtesans wheedlers out of one's money. But only let me address her. Harkye, woman, I'm speaking to you.

ERO. What's the matter? MESS. Where have you yourself known this person?

¹ She wishes the "janitor" not to shut the door, as she expects to return directly with Menæchmus.

ERO. In that same place where he has known me for this long time, in Epidamnus.

MESS. In Epidamnus? A man who, until this day, has never put a foot here inside of this city.

ERO. Heyday! You are making fun, my dear Menæchmus. But, prithee, why not go in? There, it will be more suitable for you.

MEN. SOS. I' faith, this woman really does address me rightly by my name. I wonder very much what's the meaning of this business.

MESS. (*aside*). That purse that you are carrying has been smelt out by her.

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). I' faith, and rightly have you put me in mind. Take it, then; I'll know now whether she loves myself or the purse most. (*Gives him the purse.*)

ERO. Let's go in the house to breakfast.

MEN. SOS. You invite me kindly; so far, my thanks.

ERO. Why then did you bid me a while since prepare a breakfast for you?

MEN. SOS. I, bid you prepare?

ERO. Certainly you did, for yourself and your Parasite.

MEN. SOS. A plague, what Parasite? Surely this woman isn't quite right in her senses.

ERO. Peniculus. MEN. SOS. Who is this Peniculus. The one with which the shoes are wiped clean?

ERO. Him, I mean, who came with you a while ago, when you brought me the mantle which you purloined from your wife.

MEN. SOS. What do you mean? I, gave you a mantle, which I purloined from my wife? Are you in your senses? Surely this woman dreams standing, after the manner of a gelding.

ERO. Why does it please you to hold me in ridicule, and to deny to me things that have been done by you?

MEN. SOS. Tell me what it is that I deny after having done it?

ERO. That you to-day gave me your wife's mantle.

MEN. SOS. Even still do I deny it. Indeed, I never had a wife, nor have I one; nor have I ever set my foot here

within the city gate since I was born. I breakfasted on board ship; thence did I come this way, and here I met you.

ERO. See that now; I'm undone, wretched creature that I am! What ship are you now telling me about?

MEN. SOS. A wooden one, weather-beaten full oft, cracked full oft, many a time thumped with mallets. Just as the implements of the furrier; so peg is close to peg.

ERO. Now, prithee, do leave off making fun of me, and step this way with me.

MEN. SOS. . . . for, madam, you are looking for some other person, I know not whom, not me.

ERO. Don't I know you, Menæchmus, the son of your father Moschus, who are said to have been born in Sicily, at Syracuse, where King Agathocles reigned, and after him Pintia, the third Liparo, who at his death left the kingdom to Hiero—which Hiero is now king.

MEN. SOS. You say, madam, what is not untrue.

MESS. By Jupiter, hasn't this woman come from there, who knows you so readily? . . .

MEN. SOS. (*apart*). Troth, I think she must not be denied.

MESS. (*apart*). Don't you do it. You are undone, if you enter inside her threshold.

MEN. SOS. (*apart*). But you only hold your tongue. . . . The matter goes on well. I shall assent to the woman, whatever she shall say, if I can get some entertainment. Just now, madam (*speaking to her in a low voice*), I contradicted you not undesignedly; I was afraid of that fellow, lest he might carry word to my wife about the mantle and the breakfast. Now, when you please, let's go in-doors.

ERO. Are you going to wait for the Parasite as well?

MEN. SOS. I'm neither going to wait for him, nor do I care a straw for him, nor, if he should come, do I want him to be admitted in-doors.

ERO. By my faith, I shall do that not at all reluctantly. But do you know what I beg you to do?

MEN. SOS. Only command me what you will.

ERO. For you to take that mantle which you gave me just now to the embroiderer's, that it may be trimmed again, and that some work may be added which I want.

MEN. SOS. I' faith, you say what's right; in such a way shall it be disguised that my wife shan't know that you are wearing it, if she should see you in the street.

ERO. Then take it away with you just now, when you go away.

MEN. SOS. By all means. ERO. Let's go in-doors.
(*Goes into her house.*)

MEN. SOS. I'll follow you this instant; I only wish to speak to this person. So, there! Messenio, step to me this way.

MESS. What's the matter? MEN. SOS. Listen.

MESS. What need for it? MEN. SOS. There is need. I know what you'll say to me——

MESS. So much the worse. MEN. SOS. Hold your tongue. . . . I've got some spoil; thus much of the business have I begun upon. Go, and, as quick as you can, take away those people [*the porters*] at once to an inn. Then do you take care to come and meet me before sunset.

MESS. Don't you know that these people are harlots, master?

MEN. SOS. Hold your tongue, I say, and go you away from here. It will cost me pain, not you, if I do anything here that's foolish. This woman is silly and inexperienced. So far as I've perceived just now, there's some spoil for us here. (*He goes into the house of EROTIVM.*)

MESS. I'm undone. Are you going away then? He is certainly ruined; the piratical craft is now leading the boat straight to destruction. But I'm an unreasonable fellow to wish to rule my master; he bought me to obey his orders, not to be his commander. (*To the ATTENDANTS.*) Follow me, that, as I'm ordered, I may come in good time to meet my master.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Enter PENICULUS.

PEN. More than thirty years have I been born, yet during that time I never did any more mischievous or more evil trick

than this day, when, to my misfortune, I thrust myself into the midst of the assembly; while I was gaping about there, Menæchmus stole away from me, and went, I suppose, to his mistress, and didn't want to take me. May all the Divinities confound that man who first mischievously devised the holding of an assembly, which keeps men thus engaged. By my troth, is it not fitting that men who are disengaged should be chosen for that purpose? These, when they are cited, if they are not present, let the officers exact the fine forthwith . . . the senate. . . . Abundance of men are there who every day eat their victuals alone, who have no business, who are neither invited nor invite to feast; these ought to give their attendance to the assembly and the law-courts. If so it had been, this day I shouldn't have lost my breakfast; to which I deemed myself as much accustomed, as to see myself alive. I'll go; even yet the hope of the scraps comforts my mind. But why do I see Menæchmus here? He's coming out of doors with a chaplet on? The banquet is removed; i' faith, I come just in time to meet him. I'll watch the fellow, what he's about, then I'll go and accost him. (*He steps aside.*)

SCENE II

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, from the house of EROTIVM, with the mantle on.

MEN. SOS. (*speaking to EROTIVM within*). Can't you rest content, if this day I bring it you back in good time, nicely and properly trimmed? I'll cause you to say it isn't itself, so much shall it be disguised.

PEN. (*apart*). He's carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, the breakfast finished and the wine drunk up, and the Parasite shut out of doors. By my troth, I'm not the person that I am, if I don't handsomely avenge this injury and myself. 'Tis requisite I should watch. . . . I'll give something.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). O ye immortal Gods! on what man ever have you conferred more blessings in one day, who hoped for less. I've been breakfasting, drinking, feasting

with a mistress; and I've carried off this mantle, of which she shall no more be owner after this day.

PEN. Isn't he now talking about me, and my share of the repast? I can't well hear what he says.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). She says that I secretly gave her this, and that I stole it away from my wife. When I perceived that she was mistaken, at once I began to assent, as though I really had had acquaintanceship with her. Whatever the woman said, the same said I. What need of many words? I was never entertained at less expense.

PEN. (*apart*). I'll accost the fellow; for I quite long to have a row.

MEN. SOS. Who's this that's coming up towards me? (*Takes off the mantle, and hides it.*)

PEN. What say you, you fellow lighter than a feather, most rascally and most abandoned—you disgraceful man—you cheat, and most worthless fellow? Why have I deserved this of you? For what reason should you ruin me? How you stole yourself away from me just now at the Forum. You've been performing the funeral of the breakfast in my absence. Why did you dare to do so, when I was entitled to it in an equal degree?

MEN. SOS. Young man, prithee, what business with me have you, who are thus purposely insulting a person whom you know not? Do you wish a punishment to be given you for your abuse?

PEN. Do be quiet; by my faith, I discover that you've done that already indeed.

MEN. SOS. Answer me, young man, I beg; what is your name?

PEN. Are you laughing at me, as well, as though you didn't know my name?

MEN. SOS. By my troth, I never saw or knew you, that I'm aware of, before this day; but at all events, whoever you are, if you do what's right, you won't be an annoyance to me.

PEN. Don't you know me? MEN. SOS. I shouldn't deny it if I did know you.

PEN. Menæchmus, awake. MEN. SOS. I' troth, I really am awake, so far as I know.

PEN. Don't you know your own Parasite?

MEN. SOS. Young man, I find that your headpiece isn't sound.

PEN. Answer me; have you not purloined that mantle from your wife to-day, and given it to Erotium?

MEN. SOS. I' faith I have no wife, nor have I given the mantle to Erotium, nor have I purloined it.

PEN. Are you really in your senses? . . . This matter's settled. Did I not see you coming out of doors clad in a mantle?

MEN. SOS. Woe to your head. Do you think that all people are effeminate rogues because you are one? Do you declare that I was clothed in a mantle?

PEN. Troth, I really do. MEN. SOS. Why don't you go where you are deserving to go, or else request yourself to be atoned for, you downright madman?

PEN. By my troth, never shall any one prevail upon me not to tell your wife the whole matter now, just as it happened. All these insults shall be retorted upon yourself. I'll take care that you shan't have devoured the breakfast unpunished. (*He goes into the house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.*)

MEN. SOS. What's the meaning of this business? Why, just as I see each person, do they all make fun of me in this way? But the door makes a noise.

SCENE III

Enter a MAID-SERVANT, from the house of EROTIVM.

MAID. Menæchmus, Erotium says that she entreats you much, that at the same opportunity you'll take this to the goldsmith's, and add to it an ounce in weight of gold, and order the bracelet to be fashioned anew. (*Gives him a bracelet.*)

MEN. SOS. Tell her that I'll attend both to this and anything else that she shall wish, if she wishes anything else attended to.

MAID. Do you know what this bracelet is?

MEN. SOS. I don't know, unless it's of gold.

MAID. This is the same one that you once said that you had secretly stolen out of the closet from your wife.

MEN. SOS. By my troth, 'twas never done.

MAID. Prithee, don't you remember it?

MEN. SOS. Not in the least. MAID. Give it me back then, if you don't remember it. (*Tries to take it.*)

MEN. SOS. Stop. (*Pretends to examine the bracelet.*) O yes, I really do remember it; it's the same, I believe, that I presented to her.

MAID. P' faith, it is the same. MEN. SOS. Where are the clasps which I gave her together with them?

MAID. You never gave her any. MEN. SOS. Why, faith, I gave them together with this . . .

MAID. Shall I say that you'll attend to it?

MEN. SOS. Do say so; it shall be attended to. I'll take care that the mantle and the bracelet are brought back together.

MAID. My dear Menæchmus, do, pray, give me some earrings, the pendants to be made two didrachms in weight; that I may look on you with delight when you come to our house.

MEN. SOS. Be it so. Give me the gold; I'll find the price of the workmanship.

MAID. Give it yourself, please; at a future time I'll give it you back.

MEN. SOS. No, give it yourself; at a future time I'll give it you two fold.

MAID. I haven't any. MEN. SOS. But when you have it, do you give it me, then.

MAID. Do you wish for aught? MEN. SOS. Say that I'll attend to these things, (*aside*) to be sold as soon as they can, and for what they'll fetch. (*The MAID-SERVANT goes into the house.*) Has she now gone off in-doors? She's gone, and has shut the door. Surely all the Gods are favouring, amplifying, and prospering me. But why do I delay while opportunity and time are granted me to get away from these procurers' dens? Make haste, Menæchmus; pull foot and

quicken your pace. I'll take off this chaplet,¹ and throw it away on the left hand side (*throws the chaplet down*), that, if they follow me, they may think I've gone in that direction. I'll go and meet my servant, if I can, that he may learn from me these blessings which the Gods confer upon me.

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Enter, from her house, the WIFE of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, followed by PENICULUS.

WIFE. And shall I allow myself to remain in wedlock here, when my husband secretly pilfers whatever's in the house, and carries it thence off to his mistress?

PEN. Why don't you hold your peace? I'll let you now catch him in the fact; do you only follow me this way. (*They go to the opposite side of the stage.*) In a state of drunkenness, with a chaplet on, he was carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, which he purloined from you at home to-day. But see, here is the chaplet which he had on. (*Seeing the chaplet on the ground.*) Now am I saying false? Aha, this way has he gone, if you wish to trace his footsteps. And, by my faith, see, here he comes on his way back most opportunely, but he isn't wearing the mantle.

WIFE. What now shall I do to him?

PEN. The same as usual; abuse him.

WIFE. So I am resolved. PEN. Let's step aside this way and watch him from ambush. (*They retire on one side.*)

SCENE II

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

MEN. (*to himself*). How we do practise a custom here that is very foolish and extremely troublesome, and how even

¹ This he had been wearing at the "prandium," or "breakfast," at Erotium's house.

those who are the most worthy and great do follow this habit: all wish their dependants to be many in number; whether they are deserving or undeserving, about that they don't enquire. Their property is more enquired about, than what the reputation of their clients is for honor. If any person is poor and not dishonest, he is considered worthless; but if a rich man is dishonest, he is considered a good client. Those who neither regard laws nor any good or justice at all, the same have zealous patrons. What has been entrusted to them, they deny to have been so entrusted; men full of litigation, rapacious, and fraudulent; who have acquired their property either by usury or by perjury; their whole pleasure is in litigation. When the day for trial is appointed, at the same time it is mentioned to their patrons, in order that they may plead for them, about what they have done amiss. Before the people, or at law before the Prætor, or before the Ædile, is the cause tried.¹ Just so, this day, a certain dependant has kept me very much engaged, nor was it allowed me to do what I wished, or in company with whom I wished; so fast did he stick to me, so much did he detain me. Before the Ædile, in behalf of his doings, very many and very disgraceful, did I plead his cause; a compromise I obtained, obscure and perplexed—more than enough I said, and than I needed to say, that surety for him might end this litigation. What did he do? Well, what? He gave bail. And never did I at any time see any person more clearly detected; three very adverse witnesses against all his misdeeds were there. May all the Gods confound him, he has so spoilt this day for me; and myself as well, who ever this day beheld the Forum with my eyes. I ordered a breakfast to be prepared; my mistress is expecting me, I'm sure; as soon as ever I had the opportunity, I made haste immediately to leave the Forum. Now, I suppose, she's angry with me; the mantle, however, will appease her that I gave her, the one I took away to-day from my wife and carried to Erotium here.

PEN. (*apart to the WIFE*). What say you now?

¹ He refers to the three modes of trial in civil cases among the Romans.

WIFE (*apart*). That I'm unfortunately married to a worthless fellow.

PEN. (*apart*). Do you perfectly hear what he says?

WIFE (*apart*). Quite well. MEN. If I am wise, I shall be going hence in-doors, where it may be comfortable for me.

PEN. (*coming forward*). Stop; on the contrary, it shall be uncomfortable.

MEN. . . . she is very sorrowful; this doesn't quite please me, but I'll speak to her. Tell me, my wife, what is it amiss with you?

PEN. (*to the WIFE*). The pretty fellow's soothing you.

MEN. Can't you cease being annoying to me? Did I address you?

WIFE (*turning away from MENÆCHMUS*). Take yourself off—away with your caresses from me. Do you persist in it?

MEN. Why are you offended with me?

WIFE. You ought to know. PEN. The rascal knows, but he pretends not to know.

MEN. Has any one of the servants done amiss? Do either the maid or the men-servants give you saucy answers? Speak out; it shan't be done with impunity.

WIFE. You are trifling. MEN. Surely you are angry at some one of the domestics?

WIFE. You are trifling. MEN. Are you angry with me at all events?

WIFE. Now you are not trifling. MEN. I' faith, I haven't done wrong in anything.

WIFE. Ah! now you are trifling again.

MEN. Wife, what's the matter? WIFE. Do you ask me that?

MEN. Do you wish me to ask him? (*To PENICULUS*.) What's the matter?

WIFE. The mantle. MEN. The mantle?

WIFE. A certain person has taken a mantle. (*MENÆCHMUS starts*.)

PEN. (*to MENÆCHMUS*). Why are you alarmed?

MEN. For my part, I'm not alarmed at all—(*side*) except about one thing; the mantle makes my face mantle.

PEN. (*aside to MENÆCHMUS*). But as for me, you shouldn't have daily devoured the breakfast. (*To the WIFE.*) Go on against your husband.

MEN. (*making signs to PENICULUS*). Won't you hold your tongue?

PEN. Faith, I really will not hold my tongue. (*To the WIFE.*) He's nodding to me not to speak.

MEN. On my word, I really never did nod to you, or wink in any way.

PEN. Nothing is more audacious than this man, who resolutely denies those things which you see.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the Gods, I swear, wife, that I did not nod to him; isn't that enough for you?

PEN. She now believes you about that matter; go back again there.

MEN. Go back where? PEN. Why, to the embroiderer, as I suppose. Go and bring the mantle back.

MEN. What mantle is it? PEN. Now I hold my tongue, since he doesn't remember his own business.

WIFE. Did you suppose that you could possibly commit these villanies unknown to me? By heavens, you have assuredly taken that away from me at a heavy usury; such is the return.¹ (*Shaking her fist.*)

PEN. Such is the return. Do you make haste to eat up the breakfast in my absence; and then in your drunkenness make fun of me, with your chaplet on, before the house.

MEN. By all the powers, I have neither breakfasted, nor have I this day set foot inside of that house.

PEN. Do you deny it? MEN. By my troth, I really do deny it.

PEN. Nothing is there more audacious than this fellow. Did I not just now see you standing here before the house, with a chaplet of flowers on, when you were declaring that my headpiece wasn't sound, and declaring that you didn't know me, and saying that you were a foreigner?

¹ Some commentators will have it, that these words are accompanied with a slap on the face, in which case they will be equivalent to "there, take that."

MEN. On the contrary, as some time since I parted with you, so I'm now returning home at last.

PEN. I understand you. You didn't think it was in my power to take vengeance upon you; i' faith, I've told it all to your wife.

MEN. Told her what? PEN. I don't know; ask her own self.

MEN. (*turning to his WIFE*). What's this, wife? Pray, what has he been telling you? What is it? Why are you silent? Why don't you say what it is?

WIFE. As though you didn't know? I' faith, I certainly am a miserable woman.

MEN. Why are you a miserable woman? tell me.

WIFE. Do you ask me? MEN. Faith, I shouldn't ask you if I knew.

PEN. O the wicked fellow; how he does dissemble. You cannot conceal it; she knows the matter thoroughly; by my faith, I've disclosed everything.

MEN. What is it? WIFE. Inasmuch as you are not at all ashamed, and don't wish to confess of your own accord, listen, and attend to this; I'll both let you know why I'm sorrowful, and what he has told me. My mantle has been purloined from me at home.

MEN. Mantle purloined from me? PEN. (*to the WIFE*). D'you see how the rogue is catching you up? (*To MENÆCHMUS*.) It was purloined from her, not from you; for certainly if it had been purloined from you, it would now be safe.

MEN. (*to PENICULUS*). I've nothing to do with you. But (*to his WIFE*) what is it you say?

WIFE. A mantle, I say, has been lost from home.

MEN. Who has stolen it? WIFE. I' faith, he knows that, who took it away.

MEN. What person was it? WIFE. A certain Menæchmus.

MEN. By my troth, 'twas villanously done. Who is this Menæchmus?

WIFE. You are he, I say. MEN. I?

WIFE. You. MEN. Who accuses me?

WIFE. I, myself. PEN. I, too; and you carried it off to Erotium here, your mistress.

MEN. I, gave it her? PEN. You, you, I say. Do you wish for an owl¹ to be brought here, to say "you, you," continually to you? For we are now quite tired of it.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the Gods, I swear, wife (and isn't that enough for you?), that I did not give it.

PEN. Aye, and I, by all the powers, that we are telling no untruth.

MEN. But I haven't given it away, but just only lent it to be made use of.

WIFE. But, i' faith, for my part, I don't lend either your scarf or your cloak out of the house, to any one, to be made use of. 'Tis fair that the woman should lend out of the house the woman's apparel, the man the man's. But why don't you bring the mantle home again?

MEN. I'll have it brought back. WIFE. For your own interest you'll do so, as I think; for you shall never enter the house to-day unless you bring the mantle with you. I'm going home.

PEN. (*to the WIFE*). What's there to be for me, who have given you this assistance?

WIFE. Your assistance shall be repaid, when anything shall be purloined from your house. (*The WIFE goes into the house.*)

PEN. Then, by my troth, that really will never be; for nothing have I at home to lose. May the Gods confound you, both husband and wife. I'll make haste to the Forum, for I see clearly that I've quite fallen out with this family.

(*Exit.*)

MEN. My wife thinks that she does me an injury when she shuts me out of doors; as though I hadn't another better place to be admitted into. If I displease you, I must endure it; I shall please Erotium here, who won't be shutting me out of her house, but will be shutting me up in her house rather. Now I'll go; I'll beg her to give me back the mantle

¹ He alludes to the note of the owl which to the Romans would seem to say "tu, tu," "you, you."

that I gave her a while since. I'll purchase another for her—a better one. Hallo! is any one the porter here? (*Knocks at EROTIVM's door.*) Open here, and some one of you call Erotium before the door.

SCENE III

Enter EROTIVM, from her house.

ERO. Who's enquiring for me here?

MEN. One that's more of an enemy to his own self than to yourself.

ERO. My dear Menæchmus? Why are you standing before the house? Do follow me in-doors.

MEN. Stop. Do you know why it is that I'm come to you?

ERO. I know well; that you may amuse yourself with me.

MEN. Why no, troth, that mantle which I gave you a while since, give it me back, I entreat you; my wife has become acquainted with all the transaction, in its order, just as it happened. I'll procure for you a mantle of twofold greater value than you shall wish.

ERO. Why, I gave it your own self a little while since, that you might take it to the embroiderer's, and that bracelet, too, that you might take it to the goldsmith's that it might be made anew.

MEN. You, gave me the mantle and the bracelet? You'll find 'twas never done. For, indeed, after I gave it you a while ago, and went away to the Forum, I'm but just returning, and now see you for the first time since.

ERO. I see what plan you are upon; that you may defraud me of what I entrusted to you, at that thing you are aiming—

MEN. On my word, I do not ask it for the sake of defrauding you. But I tell you that my wife has discovered the matter.

ERO. Nor did I of my own accord beg you to give it me; of your own accord you yourself brought it me. You gave it me as a present; now you're asking for the same

thing back again. I'll put up with it; keep it for yourself; take it away; make use of it, either yourself or your wife, or squeeze it into your money-box even. After this day, that you mayn't be deceived, you shan't set your foot in this house, since you hold me in contempt, who deserve so well of you. Unless you bring money, you'll be disappointed; you can't cajole me. Find some other woman, henceforth, for you to be disappointing.

MEN. By my troth, very angry at last. Hallo! you stay, I bid you. Come you back. Will you stay now? Will you even for my sake come back? (*EROTIUM goes into her house, and shuts the door.*) She has gone in-doors, and shut the house. Now I'm regularly barred out; I have neither any credit at home now, nor with my mistress. I'll go and consult my friends on this matter, as to what they think should be done. (*Exit.*)

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, with the mantle on.

MEN. SOS. I did very foolishly a while since, in entrusting my purse to Messenio with the money. I suspect he has got himself into some bad house or other.

Enter the WIFE of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, from the house.

WIFE. I'll look out to see how soon my husband is going to return home. But here he is; I see him; I'm all right, he's bringing back the mantle.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). I wonder where Messenio can be walking now.

WIFE. I'll go and receive the fellow with such language as he deserves. (*Accosting him.*) Are you not ashamed to come forward in my presence, you disgraceful man, in that garb?

MEN. SOS. What's the matter? What thing is troubling you, woman?

WIFE. Do you dare, you shameless fellow, to utter even a single word, or to speak to me?

MEN. SOS. Pray, what wrong have I committed, that I shouldn't dare to speak to you?

WIFE. Do you ask me? O dear, the impudent audacity of the fellow!

MEN. SOS. Don't you know, madam, for what reason the Greeks used to say that Hecuba was a bitch?

WIFE. I don't know, indeed. MEN. SOS. Because Hecuba used to do the same thing that you are now doing. She used to heap all kinds of imprecations on every one she saw; and, therefore, for that reason she was properly begun to be called a bitch.

WIFE. I can't put up with this disgraceful conduct of yours; for I had rather see my life that of a widow, than endure this vile conduct of yours that you are guilty of.

MEN. SOS. What is it to me, whether you are able to endure to live in the married state, or whether you will separate from your husband? Is it thus the fashion here to tell these stories to a stranger on his arrival?

WIFE. What stories? I say, I'll not endure it henceforth, but live separate rather than put up with these ways,

MEN. SOS. Troth, so far indeed as I'm concerned, do live separate, even so long as Jupiter shall hold his sway.

WIFE. By heavens, I'll certainly now send for my father, and I'll tell him your disgraceful conduct that you are guilty of. Go, Decio (*calling to a SERVANT*), seek for my father, that he may come along with you to me; tell him that occasion has arisen for it. I'll now disclose to him this disgraceful conduct of yours.

MEN. SOS. Are you in your senses? What disgraceful conduct of mine?

WIFE. When you filch from home my mantle and gold trinkets, without the knowledge of your wife, and carry them off to your mistress. Don't I state this correctly?

MEN. SOS. O dear! madam, by my faith, you are both very bold and very perverse. Do you dare to say (*pointing*

at the mantle) that this was stolen from you which another woman gave me, for me to get it trimmed?

WIFE. A little while since you didn't deny that you had purloined it from me; do you now hold up that same before my eyes? Are you not ashamed?

MEN. SOS. By my faith, madam, I entreat you, if you know, show me what I'm to drink, by means of which I may put up with your impertinence. What person you are taking me to be, I don't know; I know you just as well as Parthaon.¹

WIFE. If you laugh at me, still, i' troth, you can't do so at him; my father, I mean, who's coming here. Why don't you look back. Do you know that person?

MEN. SOS. Just as well as Calchas² do I know him; I have seen him on that same day on which I have seen yourself before this present day.

WIFE. Do you deny that you know me? Do you deny that you know my father?

MEN. SOS. Troth, I shall say the same thing, if you choose to bring your grandfather.

WIFE. I' faith, you do this and other things just in a like fashion.

SCENE II

Enter an OLD MAN, hobbling with a stick.

OLD MAN. According as my age permits, and as there is occasion to do so, I'll push on my steps and make haste to get along. But how far from easy 'tis for me, I'm not mistaken as to that. For my agility forsakes me, and I am beset with age; I carry my body weighed down; my strength has deserted me. How grievous a pack upon one's back is age. For when it comes, it brings very many and very grievous particulars, were I now to recount all of which, my speech

¹ Parthaon was the father of Ceneus, King of Aetona, the father of Deianira, the wife of Hercules. The name is used to signify a person who lived so long ago that it was impossible to know him.

² Calchas, the son of Thestor, was a famous soothsayer, who accompanied the Grecian army in the expedition against Troy.

would be too long. But this matter is a trouble to my mind and heart, what this business can possibly be on account of which my daughter suddenly requires me to come to her, and doesn't first let me know what's the matter, what she wants, or why she sends for me. But pretty nearly do I know now what's the matter; I suspect that some quarrel has arisen with her husband. So are these women wont to do, who, presuming on their portions, and haughty, require their husbands to be obedient to them; and they as well full oft are not without fault. But still there are bounds, within which a wife ought to be put up with. By my troth, my daughter never sends for her father to come to her except when either something has been done wrong, or there is a cause for quarrelling. But whatever it is, I shall now know. And see, I perceive her herself before the house, and her husband in a pensive mood. 'Tis the same as I suspected. I'll accost her.

WIFE. I'll go and meet him. May every happiness attend you, my father.

OLD MAN. Happiness attend you. Do I find you in good spirits? Do you bid me be fetched in happy mood? Why are you sorrowful? And why does he (*pointing at MENÆCHMUS*) in anger stand apart from you? Something, I know not what, are you two wrangling about between you. Say, in few words, which of the two is in fault: no long speeches, though.

WIFE. For my part, I've done nothing wrong; as to that point do I at once make you easy, father. But I cannot live or remain here on any account; you must take me away hence immediately.

OLD MAN. Why, what's the matter? WIFE. I am made a laughing-stock of, father.

OLD MAN. By whom? WIFE. By him to whom you gave me, my husband.

OLD MAN. Look at that—a quarrel now. How often, I wonder, have I told you to be cautious, that neither should be coming to me with your complaints.

WIFE. How, my father, can I possibly guard against that?

OLD MAN. Do you ask me? . . . unless you don't

wish. How often have I told you to be compliant to your husband. Don't be watching what he does, where he goes, or what matter he's about.

WIFE. Why, but he's in love with a courtesan here close by.

OLD MAN. He is exceedingly wise: and for this pain-taking of yours, I would even have him love her the more.

WIFE. He drinks there, too. OLD MAN. And will he really drink the less for you, whether it shall please him to do so there or anywhere else? Plague on it, what assurance is this? On the same principle, you would wish to hinder him from engaging to dine out, or from receiving any other person at his own house. Do you want husbands to be your servants? You might as well expect, on the same principle, to be giving him out his task, and bidding him sit among the female servants and card wool.

WIFE. Why, surely, father, I've sent for you not to be my advocate, but my husband's: on this side you stand,¹ on the other you plead the cause.

OLD MAN. If he has done wrong in anything, so much the more shall I censure him than I've censured you. Since he keeps you provided for and well clothed, and finds you amply in female servants and provisions, 'tis better, madam, to entertain kindly feelings.

WIFE. But he purloins from me gold trinkets and mantles from out of the chests at home; he plunders me, and secretly carries off my ornaments to harlots.

OLD MAN. He does wrong, if he does that; if he does not do it, you do wrong in accusing him when innocent.

WIFE. Why at this moment, even, he has got a mantle, father, and a bracelet, which he had carried off to her; now, because I came to know of it, he brings them back.

OLD MAN. I'll know from himself, then, how it happened. I'll go up to this man and accost him. (*Goes up to MENÆCHMUS.*) Tell me this, Menæchmus, what you two are disputing about, that I may know. Why are you pensive? And why does she in anger stand apart from you?

¹ It was the custom for the patron, when acting as counsel, to have his client standing by him while pleading.

MEN. SOS. Whoever you are, whatever is your name, old gentleman, I call to witness supreme Jove and the Deities——

OLD MAN. For what reason, or what matter of all matters?

MEN. SOS. That I have neither done wrong to that woman, who is accusing me of having purloined this (*pointing to the mantle*) away from her at home . . . and which she solemnly swears that I did take away. If ever I set foot inside of her house where she lives, I wish that I may become the most wretched of all wretched men.

OLD MAN. Are you in your senses to wish this, or to deny that you ever set foot in that house where you live, you downright madman?

MEN. SOS. Do you say, old gentleman, that I live in this house? (*Pointing at the house.*)

OLD MAN. Do you deny it? MEN. SOS. By my faith, I certainly do deny it.

OLD MAN. In your fun you are going too far in denying it; unless you flitted elsewhere this last night. Step this way, please, daughter. (*To the WIFE.*) What do you say? Have you removed from this house?

WIFE. To what place, or for what reason, prithee?

OLD MAN. I' faith, I don't know. WIFE. He's surely making fun of you.

OLD MAN. Can't you keep yourself quiet? Now, Menæchmus, you really have joked long enough; now do seriously attend to this matter.

MEN. SOS. Prithee, what have I to do with you? Whence or what person are you? Is your mind right, or hers, in fact, who is an annoyance to me in every way?

WIFE. Don't you see how his eyes sparkle? How a green colour¹ is arising on his temples and his forehead; look how his eyes do glisten . . .

MEN. SOS. O me! They say I'm mad, whereas they of themselves are mad.

¹ It was supposed that in madness or extreme anger the countenance assumed a greenish hue.

WIFE. How he yawns, as he stretches himself. What am I to do now, my father?

OLD MAN. Step this way, my daughter, as far as ever you can from him.

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). What is there better for me than, since they say I'm mad, to pretend that I am mad, that I may frighten them away from me? (*He dances about.*) Evoë, Bacchus, ho! Bromius,¹ in what forest dost thou invite me to the chase? I hear thee, but I cannot get away from this spot, so much does this raving mad female cur watch me on the left side. And behind there is that other old he-goat, who many a time in his life has proved the destruction of an innocent fellow-citizen by his false testimony.

OLD MAN (*shaking his stick at him*). Woe to your head.

MEN. SOS. Lo! by his oracle, Apollo bids me burn out her eyes with blazing torches. (*He points with his fingers at her.*)

WIFE. I'm undone, my father; he's threatening to burn my eyes out.

OLD MAN. Hark you, daughter. WIFE. What's the matter? What are we to do?

OLD MAN. What if I call the servants out here? I'll go bring some to take him away hence, and bind him at home, before he makes any further disturbance.

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). So now; I think now if I don't adopt some plan for myself, these people will be carrying me off home to their house. (*Aloud.*) Dost thou forbid me to spare my fists at all upon her face, unless she does at once get out of my sight to utter and extreme perdition? I will do what thou dost bid me, Apollo. (*Runs after her.*)

OLD MAN (*to the WIFE*). Away with you home as soon as possible, lest he should knock you down.

WIFE. I'm off. Watch him, my father, I entreat you, that he mayn't go anywhere hence. Am I not a wretched woman to hear these things? (*She goes into her house.*)

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). I've got rid of her not so badly.

¹ Evius and Bromius were two of the names by which the Bacchanals addressed Bacchus in their frenzy.

(*Aloud.*) Now as for this most filthy, long-bearded, palsied Tithonus, who is said to have had Cygnus for his father,¹ you bid me break in pieces his limbs, and bones, and members with that walking-stick which he himself is holding.

OLD MAN. Punishment shall be inflicted if you touch me indeed, or if you come nearer to me.

MEN. SOS. (*shouting aloud*). I will do what thou dost bid me; I will take a two-edged axe, and I will hew this old fellow to his very bones, and I will chop his entrails into mince-meat.

OLD MAN (*retreating as far as he can*). Why really against that must I take care and precaution. As he threatens, I'm quite in dread of him, lest he should do me some mischief.

MEN. SOS. (*jumping and raising his arms*). Many things dost thou bid me do, Apollo. Now thou dost order me to take the yoked horses, unbroke and fierce, and to mount the chariot, that I may crush to pieces this aged, stinking, toothless lion. Now have I mounted the chariot; now do I hold the reins; now is the whip in my hand. Speed onward, ye steeds, let the sound of your hoofs be heard; in your swift course let the rapid pace of your feet be redoubled. (*Points at the OLD MAN as he pretends to gallop.*)

OLD MAN. Are you threatening me with your yoked steeds?

MEN. SOS. Lo! again, Apollo, thou dost bid me to make an onset against him who is standing here, and to murder him. But what person is this that is tearing me hence by the hair down from the chariot? He revokes thy commands and the decree of Apollo.

OLD MAN. Alas! a severe and obstinate malady, i'

¹ Plautus designedly makes Menæchmus Sosicles be guilty of the mistake of styling Tithonus the son of Cygnus, as helping to promote the belief of his madness. Tithonus was the son of Laomedon, and the brother of Priam. He was beloved by Aurora, and the poets feigned that he was her husband. Having received the gift of immortality, he forgot to have perpetual youthfulness united with the gift; and at length, in his extreme old age, he was changed into a grasshopper.

faith. By our trust in you, ye Gods . . . even this person who is now mad, how well he was a little time since. All on a sudden has so great a distemper attacked him. I'll go now and fetch a physician as fast as I can. (*Exit.*)

MEN. SOS. Prithee, are these persons gone now out of my sight, who are compelling me by force, while in my wits, to be mad? Why do I delay to be off to the ship, while I can in safety? . . . And all of you (*to the SPECTATORS*), if the old gentleman should return, I beg not to tell him, now, by what street I fled away hence. (*Exit.*)

ACT THE SIXTH

SCENE I

Enter the OLD MAN, very slowly.

OLD MAN. My bones ache with sitting, my eyes with watching, while waiting for the Doctor, till he returned from his business. At last the troublesome fellow has with difficulty got away from his patients. He says that he has set a broken leg for Æsculapius, and an arm for Apollo.¹ I'm now thinking whether I'm to say that I'm bringing a doctor or a carpenter.² But, see, here he comes.—Do get on with your ant's pace.

SCENE II

Enter a DOCTOR.

DOCT. What did you say was his disorder? Tell me, respected sir. Is he harassed by sprites, or is he frenzied? Let me know. Is it lethargy, or is it dropsy, that possesses him?

OLD MAN. Why, I'm bringing you for that reason, that you may tell me that, and make him convalescent.

¹ Apollo and Æsculapius were the two guardian Divinities of the medical art.

² *i. e.*, the Doctor may, for aught he knows, be some carpenter, who has been patching up the legs of statues.

DOCT. That indeed is a very easy matter. Why, I shall heal innumerable times as many in the day.

OLD MAN. I wish him to be treated with great attention.

DOCT. That he shall be healed, I promise that on my word; so with great attention will I treat him for you.

OLD MAN. Why, see! here's the man himself.

DOCT. Let's watch what matter he's about. (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE III

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

MEN. (*to himself*). By my faith, this day has certainly fallen out perverse and adverse for me, since the Parasite, who has filled me full of disgrace and terror, has made that all known, which I supposed I was doing secretly; my own Ulysses, who has brought so great evil on his king—a fellow that, by my troth, if I only live, I'll soon finish his life. But I'm a fool, who call that his, which is my own. With my own victuals and at my own expense has he been supported; of existence will I deprive the fellow. But the Courtesan has done this in a way worthy of her, just as the harlot's habit is: because I ask for the mantle, that it may be returned again to my wife, she declares that she has given it me. O dear! By my faith, I do live a wretched man.

OLD MAN (*apart*). Do you hear what he says?

DOCT. (*apart*). He declares that he is wretched.

OLD MAN (*apart*). I wish you to accost him.

DOCT. (*going up to him*). Save you, Menæchmus. Prithee, why do you bare your arm? Don't you know how much mischief you are now doing to that disease of yours?

MEN. Why don't you go hang yourself?

OLD MAN. What think you now? DOCT. What shouldn't I think? This case can't be treated with even ointment of hellebore. But what have you to say, Menæchmus?

MEN. What do you want? DOCT. Tell me this that I ask of you; do you drink white wine or dark-coloured?

MEN. What need have you to enquire?

DOCT. . . .

MEN. Why don't you go to utter perdition?

OLD MAN. Troth, he's now beginning to be attacked with the fit.

MEN. Why don't you ask whether I'm wont to eat dark bread, or purple, or yellow? Or whether I'm wont to eat birds with scales, or fish with wings?

OLD MAN. Dear, dear! (*To the DOCTOR.*) Don't you hear how deliriously he talks? Why do you delay to give him something by way of a potion, before his raving overtakes him?

DOCT. Stop a little; I'll question him on some other matters as well.

OLD MAN. You are killing me by your prating.

DOCT. (*to MENÆCHMUS.*) Tell me this; are your eyes ever in the habit of becoming hard?¹

MEN. What? Do you take me to be a locust, you most worthless fellow?

DOCT. Tell me, now, do your bowels ever rumble that you know of?

MEN. When I'm full, they don't rumble at all; when I'm hungry, then they do rumble.

DOCT. I' faith, he really gave me that answer not like an insane person. Do you always sleep soundly until daylight? Do you easily go to sleep when in bed?

MEN. I sleep throughout if . . . I go to sleep if I have paid my money to him to whom I owe it.

DOCT. . . .

MEN. (*to the DOCTOR.*) May Jupiter and all the Divinities confound you, you questioner.

DOCT. (*aside.*) Now this person begins to rave. (*To the OLD MAN.*) From those expressions do you take care of yourself.

OLD MAN. Why, he's now really quite favourable in his language, in comparison with what he was a short time since; for a little while ago, he was saying that his wife was a raving cur.

MEN. What did I say? OLD MAN. You were raving, I say.

¹ This was supposed to be one of the symptoms of madness.

MEN. What, I? OLD MAN. You there; who threatened as well to ride me down with your yoked steeds.

MEN. . . .

OLD MAN. I myself saw you do this; I myself accuse you of this.

MEN. And I know that you stole the sacred crown of Jupiter; and that on that account you were confined in prison; and after you were let out, I know that you were beaten with rods in the bilboes; I know, too, that you murdered your father and sold your mother. Don't I give this abuse in answer for your abuse, like a sane person?

OLD MAN. I' faith, Doctor, whatever you are about to do, prithee, do it quickly. Don't you see that the man is raving?

DOCT. Do you know what's the best for you to do? Have him taken to my house.

OLD MAN. Do you think so? DOCT. Why should I not? There at my own discretion I shall be able to treat the man.

OLD MAN. Do just as you please. DOCT. (*to MENÆCHMUS*). I'll make you drink hellebore some twenty days.

MEN. But, hanging up, I'll flog you with a whip for thirty days.

DOCT. (*to the OLD MAN*). Go fetch some men to take him off to my house.

OLD MAN. How many are sufficient?

DOCT. Since I see him thus raving, four, no less.

OLD MAN. They shall be here this instant. Do you keep an eye on him, Doctor.

DOCT. Why, no, I shall go home that the things may be got ready, which are necessary to be prepared. Bid your servants carry him to my house.

OLD MAN. I'll make him be there just now.

DOCT. I'm off. OLD MAN. Farewell.

(*Exeunt OLD MAN and DOCTOR, separately.*)

MEN. My father-in-law is gone, the Doctor is gone; I'm alone. O Jupiter! Why is it that these people say I'm mad? Why, in fact, since I was born, I have never for a single day been ill. I'm neither mad, nor do I commence strifes or quarrels. In health myself, I see others well; I know people,

I address them. Is it that they who falsely say I'm mad, are mad themselves? What shall I do now? I wish to go home; but by wife doesn't allow me; and here (*pointing to EROTIUM'S house*) no one admits me. Most unfortunately has this fallen out. Here will I still remain; at night, at least, I shall be let into the house, I trust. (*Stands near his door.*)

SCENE IV

Enter MESSENIOR.

MESS. (*to himself*). This is the proof of a good servant who takes care of his master's business, looks after it, arranges it, thinks about it, in the absence of his master diligently to attend to the affairs of his master, as much so as if he himself were present, or even better. It is proper that his back¹ should be of more consequence than his appetite, his legs than his stomach, whose heart is rightly placed. Let him bear in mind, those who are good for nothing, what reward is given them by their masters—lazy, worthless fellows. Stripes, fetters, the mill, weariness, hunger, sharp cold; these are the rewards of idleness. This evil do I terribly stand in awe of. Wherefore 'tis sure that to be good is better than to be bad. Much more readily do I submit to words, stripes I do detest; and I eat what is ground much more readily than supply it ground by myself.² Therefore do I obey the command of my master, carefully and diligently do I observe it; and in such manner do I pay obedience, as I think is for the interest of my back. And that course does profit me. Let others be just as they take it to be their interest; I shall be just as I ought to be. If I adhere to that, I shall avoid faultiness; so that I am in readiness for my master on all occasions, I shall not be much afraid. The time is near, when, for these deeds of mine, my master will give his reward. After I had deposited the goods and the servants in the inn, as he ordered me, thus am I come to meet him. (*Going to the door of EROTIUM'S house.*) Now I'll knock at the door, that he

¹ For the purpose of keeping his back intact from the whip, and his feet from the fetters.

² He alludes to the custom of setting refractory slaves to grinding corn by a handmill.

may know that I'm here, and that out of this thick wood of peril I may get my master safe out of doors. But I'm afraid that I'm come too late, after the battle has been fought.

SCENE V

Enter the OLD MAN, with SERVANTS.

OLD MAN (*to the SERVANTS*). By Gods and men, I tell you prudently to pay regard to my commands, as to what I have commanded and do command. Take care that this person is carried at once upon your shoulders to the surgery, unless, indeed, you set no value upon your legs or your sides. Take care each of you to regard as a straw whatever threats he shall utter. What are you standing for? Why are you hesitating? By this you ought to have had him carried off on your shoulders. I'll go to the Doctor; I'll be there ready when you shall come.

(Exit. The SERVANTS gather around MENÆCHMUS.

MEN. I'm undone. What business is this? Why are these men running towards me, pray? What do you want? What do you seek? Why do you stand around me? (*They seize and drag him.*) Whither are you dragging me? Whither are you carrying me? I'm undone. I entreat your assistance, citizens, men of Epidamnus, come and help me. (*To the men.*) Why don't you let me go?

MESS. (*running towards them*). O ye immortal Gods, I beseech you, what do I behold with my eyes? Some fellows, I know not who, are most disgracefully carrying off my master upon their shoulders.

MEN. Who is it that ventures to bring me aid?

MESS. I, master, and right boldly. (*Aloud.*) O shameful and scandalous deed, citizens of Epidamnus, for my master, here in a town enjoying peace, to be carried off, in daylight, in the street, who came to you a free man. Let him go.

MEN. Prithee, whoever you are, do lend me your aid, and don't suffer so great an outrage to be signally committed against me.

MESS. Aye, I'll give you my aid, and I'll defend you, and zealously succour you. I'll never let you come to harm; 'tis

fitter that I myself should come to harm. I'll now make a sowing on the faces of these fellows, and there I'll plant my fists. I' faith, you're carrying this person off this day at your own extreme hazard. Let him go. (*He lays about him.*)

MEN. (*fighting with them*). I've got hold of this fellow's eye.

MESS. Make the socket of his eye be seen in his head. You rascals! you villains! you robbers!

THE SERVANTS (*severely*). We are undone. Troth, now, prithee, do——

MESS. Let him go then. MEN. What business have you to touch me? Thump them with your fists.

MESS. Come, begone, fly hence to utter perdition with you. (*Three run away.*) Here's for you, too (*giving the fourth one a punch*); because you are the last to yield, you shall have this for a reward. (*They all disappear.*) Right well have I marked his face, and quite to my liking. Troth, now, master, I really did come to your help just now in the nick of time.

MEN. And may the Gods, young man, whoever you are, ever bless you. For, had it not been for you, I should never have survived this day until sunset.

MESS. By my troth, then, master, if you do right, you will give me my freedom.

MEN. I, give you your freedom? MESS. Doubtless: since, master, I have saved you.

MEN. How's this? Young man, you are mistaken.

MESS. How, mistaken? MEN. By father Jove, I solemnly swear that I am not your master.

MESS. Will you not hold your peace? MEN. I'm telling no lie; nor did any servant of mine ever do such a thing as you have done for me.

MESS. In that case, then, let me go free, if you deny that I am your servant.

MEN. By my faith, so far, indeed, as I'm concerned, be free, and go where you like.

MESS. That is, you order me to do so?

MEN. I' faith, I do order you, if I have aught of authority over you.

MESS. Save you, my patron. Since you seriously give me my freedom, I rejoice.

MEN. I' faith, I really do believe you.

MESS. But, my patron, I do entreat you that you won't command me any the less now than when I was your servant. With you will I dwell, and when you go I'll go home together with you. Wait for me here; I'll now go to the inn, and bring back the luggage and the money for you. The purse, with the money for our journey, is fast sealed up in the wallet; I'll bring it just now here to you.

MEN. Bring it carefully. MESS. I'll give it back safe to you just as you gave it to me. Do you wait for me here.

(Exit MESSENIUS.)

MEN. Very wonderful things have really happened this day to me in wonderful ways. Some deny that I am he who I am, and shut me out of doors; others say that I am he who I am not, and will have it that they are my servants. He for instance, who said that he was going for the money, to whom I gave his freedom just now. Since he says that he will bring me a purse with money, if he does bring it, I'll say that he may go free from me where he pleases, lest at a time when he shall have come to his senses he should ask the money of me. My father-in-law and the Doctor were saying that I am mad. Whatever it is, it is a wonderful affair. These things appear to me not at all otherwise than dreams. Now I'll go in the house to this Courtesan, although she is angry with me; if I can prevail upon her to restore the mantle for me to take back home. *(He goes into EROTIIUM'S house.)*

SCENE VI

Enter MENÆCHMUS, SOSICLES and MESSENIUS.

MEN. Sos. Do you dare affirm, audacious fellow, that I have ever met you this day since the time when I ordered you to come here to meet me?

MESS. Why, I just now rescued you before this house, when four men were carrying you off upon their shoulders. You invoked the aid of all Gods and men, when I ran up and delivered you by main force, fighting, and in spite of

them. For this reason, because I rescued you, you set me at liberty. When I said that I was going for the money and the luggage, you ran before to meet me as quickly as you could, in order that you might deny what you did.

MEN. SOS. I, bade you go away a free man?

MESS. Certainly. MEN. SOS. Why, on the contrary, 'tis most certain that I myself would rather become a slave than ever give you your freedom.

SCENE VII

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, from EROTIUM'S house.

MEN. (*at the door, to EROTIUM within*). If you are ready to swear by your eyes, by my troth, not a bit the more for that reason, most vile woman, will you make it that I took away the mantle and the bracelet to-day.

MESS. Immortal Gods, what do I see?

MEN. SOS. What do you see? MESS. Your resemblance in a mirror.

MEN. SOS. What's the matter? MESS. 'Tis your image; 'tis as like as possible.

MEN. SOS. (*catching sight of the other*). Troth, it really is not unlike, so far as I know my own form.

MEN. (*to MESSENIO*). O young man, save you, you who preserved me, whoever you are. MESS. By my troth, young man, prithee tell me your name, unless it's disagreeable.

MEN. I' faith, you've not so deserved of me, that it should be disagreeable for me to tell what you wish. My name is Menæchmus.

MEN. SOS. Why, by my troth, so is mine.

MEN. I am a Sicilian, of Syracuse.

MEN. SOS. Troth, the same is my native country.

MEN. What is it that I hear of you?

MEN. SOS. That which is the fact.

MESS. (*To MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, by mistake*). I know this person myself (*pointing to the other MENÆCHMUS*); he is my master, I really am his servant; but I did think I belonged to this other. (*To MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, by mistake*.) I took him to be you; to him, too, did I give some

trouble. (*To his master.*) Pray, pardon me if I have said aught foolishly or unadvisedly to you.

MEN. SOS. You seem to me to be mad. Don't you remember that together with me you disembarked from board ship to-day?

MES. Why, really, you say what's right—you are my master; (*to MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus*) do you look out for a servant. (*To his master.*) To you my greetings (*to MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus*) to you, farewell. This, I say, is Menæchmus.

MEN. But I say I am. MEN. SOS. What story's this? Are you Menæchmus?

MEN. I say that I'm the son of Moschus, who was my father.

MEN. SOS. Are you the son of my father?

MEN. Aye, I really am, young man, of my own father. I don't want to claim your father, nor to take possession of him from you.

MES. Immortal Gods, what unhopèd-for hope do you bestow on me, as I suspect. For unless my mind misleads me, these are the two twin-brothers; for they mention alike their native country and their father. I'll call my master aside—Menæchmus.

BOTH OF THE MENÆCHMI. What do you want?

MES. I don't want you both. But which of you was brought here in the ship with me?

MEN. Not I. MEN. SOS. But 'twas I.

MES. You, then, I want. Step this way. (*They go aside.*)

MEN. SOS. I've stepped aside now. What's the matter?

MES. This man is either an impostor, or he is your twin-brother. But I never beheld one person more like another person. Neither water, believe me, is ever more like to water, nor milk to milk, than he is to you, and you likewise to him; besides, he speaks of the same native country and father. 'Tis better for us to accost him and make further enquiries of him.

MEN. SOS. I' faith, but you've given me good advice, and I return you thanks. Troth, now, prithee, do continue to

lend me your assistance. If you discover that this is my brother, be you a free man.

MESS. I hope I shall. MEN. SOS. I too hope that it will be so.

MESS. (*to MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus*). How say you? I think you said that you are called Menæchmus?

MEN. I did so indeed. MESS. (*pointing to his master*). His name, too, is Menæchmus. You said that you were born at Syracuse, in Sicily; he was born there. You said that Moschus was your father; he was his as well. Now both of you can be giving help to me and to yourselves at the same time.

MEN. You have deserved that you should beg nothing but what you should obtain that which you desire. Free as I am, I'll serve you as though you had bought me for money.

MESS. I have a hope that I shall find that you two are twin-born brothers, born of one mother and of one father on the same day.

MEN. You mention wondrous things. I wish that you could effect what you've promised.

MESS. I can. But attend now, both of you, and tell me that which I shall ask.

MEN. Ask as you please, I'll answer you. I'll not conceal anything that I know.

MESS. Isn't your name Menæchmus? MEN. I own it.

MESS. Isn't it yours as well? MEN. SOS. It is.

MESS. Do you say that Moschus was your father?

MEN. Truly, I do say so. MEN. SOS. And mine as well.

MESS. Are you of Syracuse? MEN. Certainly.

MESS. And you? MEN. SOS. Why not the same?

MESS. Hitherto the marks agree perfectly well. Still lend me your attention. (*To MENÆCHMUS*.) Tell me, what do you remember at the greatest distance of time in your native country?

MEN. When I went with my father to Tarentum to traffic; and afterwards how I strayed away from my father among the people, and was carried away thence.

MEN. SOS. Supreme Jupiter, preserve me!

MESS. (*to MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES*). Why do you ex-

claim? Why don't you hold your peace? (*To MENÆCHMUS.*) How many years old were you when your father took you from your native country?

MEN. Seven years old; for just then my teeth were changing for the first time. And never since then have I seen my father.

MESS. Well, how many sons of you had your father then?

MEN. As far as I now remember, two.

MESS. Which of the two was the older—you or the other?

MEN. Both were just alike in age.

MESS. How can that be? MEN. We two were twins.

MEN. SOS. The Gods wish to bless me.

MESS. (*to MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.*) If you interrupt, I shall hold my tongue.

MEN. SOS. Rather than that, I'll hold my tongue.

MESS. Tell me, were you both of the same name?

MEN. By no means; for my name was what it is now, Menæchmus; the other they then used to call Sosicles.

MEN. SOS. (*embracing his brother.*) I recognize the proofs, I cannot refrain from embracing him. My own twin-brother, blessings on you; I am Sosicles.

MEN. How then was the name of Menæchmus afterwards given to you?

MEN. SOS. After word was brought to us that you . . . and that my father was dead, my grandfather changed it; the name that was yours he gave to me.

MEN. I believe that it did so happen as you say. But answer me this.

MEN. SOS. Ask it of me. MEN. What was the name of our mother?

MEN. SOS. Teuximarcha. MEN. That quite agrees. (*He again embraces him.*) O welcome, unhopèd-for brother, whom after many years I now behold.

MEN. SOS. And you, whom with many and anxious labours I have ever been seeking up to this time, and whom I rejoice at being found.

MES. (*to his master.*) It was for this reason that this

Courtesan called you by his name; she thought that you were he, I suppose, when she invited you to breakfast.

MEN. Why, faith, to-day I ordered a breakfast to be got ready here (*pointing to EROTIUM'S house*) for me, unknown to my wife; a mantle which a short time since I filched from home, to her I gave it.

MEN. SOS. Do you say, brother, that this is the mantle which I'm wearing?

MEN. How did this come to you? MEN. SOS. The Courtesan who took me here (*pointing to EROTIUM'S house*) to breakfast, said that I had given it to her. I breakfasted very pleasantly; I drank and entertained myself with my mistress; she gave me the mantle and this golden trinket. (*Showing the bracelet.*) . . .

MEN. I' faith, I'm glad if any luck has befallen you on my account; for when she invited you to her house, she supposed it to be me.

MESS. Do you make any objection that I should be free as you commanded?

MEN. He asks, brother, what's very fair and very just. Do it for my sake.

MEN. SOS. (*touching MESSENIO'S shoulder*). Be thou a free man.

MEN. I am glad, Messenio, that you are free.

MESS. Why, better auspices¹ were required that I should be free for life. . . .

MEN. SOS. Since these matters, brother, have turned out to our wishes, let us both return to our native land.

MEN. Brother, I'll do as you wish. I'll have an auction here, and sell whatever I have. In the meantime, brother, let's now go in-doors.

MEN. SOS. Be it so. MESS. Do you know what I ask of you?

MEN. What? MESS. To give me the place of auctioneer.

¹ He alludes to the pretended manumission which he has already received from Menæchmus of Epidamnus, when he took him to be his master.

MEN. It shall be given you. MESS. Would you like the auction, then, to be proclaimed at once? For what day?

MEN. On the seventh day hence.

MESS. (*coming forward, and speaking in a loud voice*). An auction of the property of Menæchmus will certainly take place on the morning of the seventh day hence. His slaves, furniture, house, and farms, will be sold. All will go for whatever they'll fetch at ready money prices. His wife, too, will be sold as well, if any purchaser shall come. I think that by the entire sale Menæchmus will hardly get fifty hundred thousand sesterces.¹ (*To the SPECTATORS.*) Now, Spectators, fare you well, and give us loud applause.²

¹ Over \$220,000.

² This Comedy, which is considered to be one of the best, if not the very best, of all the plays of Plautus, is thought by some to have been derived from one of Menander's, as there are some fragments of a play by that Poet, called *Didymi*, "the Twins." It is, however, very doubtful if such is the fact. It is rendered doubly famous from the fact that Shakspeare borrowed the plot of his Comedy of Errors from it, through the medium of the old translation of the Play, published in the year 1595, which is in some parts a strict translation, though in others only an abridgment of the original work. It is thought to have been made by William Warner, who wrote a poem called "Albion's England," which he dedicated to Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain to Queen Anne, the wife of James the First.

CAPTIVI

[THE CAPTIVES]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HEGIO, an Ætolian, father of Philopolemus.

PHILOCRATES, an Elean, captive in Ætolia.

TYNDARUS, his servant.

ARISTOPHONTES, an Elean, captive in Ætolia.

PHILOPOLEMUS, an Ætolian, captive in Elis.

ERGASILUS, a Parasite.

STALAGMUS, the servant of Hegio.

A SLAVE of Hegio.

A LAD, the same.

SCENE—A place in Ætolia, before the house of HEGIO.

ARGUMENT

Hegio, a wealthy native of Ætolia, had two sons, one of which was stolen by a slave when four years old, and being carried away to Elis, was sold there; the father being unable for many years to learn what has become of him. A war having commenced between the Eleans and the Ætolians, Philopolemus, the other son of Hegio, is taken prisoner by the Eleans. The Ætolians having taken many Elean prisoners, Hegio commences to traffic in captives, with the view of thereby redeeming his son from the Eleans, in exchange for some prisoner of rank. At this conjunction the Play commences. Among the captives whom Hegio has purchased, Philocrates is one, having been taken prisoner, together with his servant, Tyndarus. With the object of deceiving Hegio, Philocrates and Tyndarus change their clothes, and having exchanged names as well, Philocrates pretends to be the servant of Tyndarus. Hegio being desirous to procure the exchange of his son, Philocrates (in the character of the servant of his fellow-captive) is sent to Elis for that purpose. After his departure, Aristophontes, another captive, accidentally puts Hegio in the way of discovering the manner in which he has been deceived. On this, the old man, losing all hope of obtaining the liberation of his son, sends Tyndarus in chains to the stone-quarries. Shortly after, Philocrates returns, and brings with him Philopolemus, the son of Hegio, and Stalagmus, the runaway slave, that had stolen his other son. It is then discovered that Stalagmus had sold the child to the father of Philocrates, and that he is no other than Tyndarus, the slave; on which, Tyndarus is sent for, and is informed that he is the lost son of Hegio. Stalagmus is then condemned to the chains from which Tyndarus is liberated.

THE CAPTIVES

THE PROLOGUE

THESE two captives (*pointing to PHILOCRATES and TYNDARUS*), whom you see standing here, are standing here because—they are both standing, and are not sitting. That I am saying this truly, you are my witnesses. The old man, who lives here (*pointing to HEGIO'S house*), is Hegio—his father (*pointing to TYNDARUS*). But under what circumstances he is the slave of his own father, that I will here explain to you, if you give attention. This old man had two sons; a slave stole one child when four years old, and flying hence, he sold him in Elis¹ to the father of his captive (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*). Now, do you understand this? Very good. I' faith, that man at a distance there (*pointing*) says, no. Come nearer then. If there isn't room for you to sit down, there is for you to walk; since you'd be compelling an actor to bawl like a beggar. I'm not going to burst myself for your sake, so don't you be mistaken. You who are enabled by your means to pay your taxes, listen to the rest; I care not to be in debt to another. This runaway slave, as I said before, sold his young master, whom, when he fled, he had carried off, to this one's father. He, after he bought him, gave him as his own private slave to this son of his, because they were of about the same age. He is now the slave at home of his own father, nor does his father know it. Verily, the Gods do treat us men just like footballs. You hear the manner now how he lost one son. Afterwards, the Ætolians² are waging war with the people of

¹ Elis was a city of Achaia, in the northwestern part of the Peloponnesus. Near it the Olympic games were celebrated.

² Ætolia was a country of Greece, the southern portion of which was bounded by the Corinthian Gulf; it was opposite to the Elean territory, from which it was divided by the gulf.

Elis, and, as happens in warfare, the other son is taken prisoner. The physician Menarchus buys him there in Elis. On this, this Hegio begins to traffic in Elean captives, if, perchance, he may be able to find one to change for that captive son of his. He knows not that this one who is in his house is his own son. And as he heard yesterday that an Elean knight of very high rank and very high family was taken prisoner, he has spared no expense to rescue his son. In order that he may more easily bring him back home, he buys both of these of the Quæstors out of the spoil.

Now they, between themselves, have contrived this plan, that, by means of it, the servant may send away hence his master home. And therefore among themselves they change their garments and their names. He, there (*pointing*), is called Philocrates; this one (*pointing*), Tyndarus; he this day assumes the character of this one, this one of him. And this one to-day will cleverly carry out this plot, and cause his master to gain his liberty; and by the same means he will save his own brother, and without knowing it, will cause him to return back a free man to his own country to his father, just as often now, on many occasions, a person has done more good unknowingly than knowingly. But unconsciously, by their devices, they have so planned and devised their plot, and have so contrived it by their design, that this one is living in servitude with his own father. And thus now, in ignorance, he is the slave of his own father. What poor creatures are men, when I reflect upon it! This plot will be performed by us—a play for your entertainment. But there is, besides, a thing which, in a few words, I would wish to inform you of. Really, it will be worth your while to give your attention to this play. 'Tis not composed in the hackneyed style, nor yet like other plays, nor are there in it any ribald lines unfit for utterance: here is neither the perjured procurer, nor the artful courtesan, nor yet the braggart captain. Don't you be afraid because I've said that there's war between the Ætolians and the Eleans. There (*pointing*), at a distance, beyond the scenes, the battles will be fought. For this were almost impossible for a Comic establishment, that we should at a moment attempt to be acting Tragedy. If, therefore,

any one is looking for a battle, let him commence the quarrel; if he shall find an adversary more powerful, I'll cause him to be the spectator of a battle that isn't pleasant to him, so that hereafter he shall hate to be a spectator of them all. I now retire. Fare ye well, at home, most upright judges, and in warfare most valiant combatants.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

Enter ERGASILUS.

ERG. The young men have given me the name of "the mistress," for this reason, because invocated¹ I am wont to attend at the banquet. I know that buffoons² say that this is absurdly said, but I affirm that it is rightly said. For at the banquet the lover, when he throws the dice, invokes his mistress.³ Is she then invocated, or is she not? She is, most clearly. But, i' faith, we Parasites with better reason are so called, whom no person ever either invites or invokes, and who, like mice, are always eating the victuals of another person. When business is laid aside, when people repair to the country, at that same moment is business laid aside for our teeth. Just as, when it is hot weather, snails lie hidden in secret, and live upon their own juices, if the dew doesn't fall; so, when business is laid aside, do Parasites lie hidden in retirement, and miserably live upon their own juices, while in the country the persons are rustivating whom they sponge upon. When business is laid aside, we Parasites are greyhounds; when business recommences, like mastiffs, we are annoying-like and very troublesome-like. And here, indeed, unless, i' faith, any Parasite is able to endure cuffs with the

¹ A play upon the word "invocatus," which means both "called upon," or invoked, and "not called upon," or not wanted.

² That particular class of Parasites who earned their dinners by their repartees and bon-mots.

³ *i. e.*, to bring good luck.

fist, and pots to be broken about his head, why he may e'en go with his wallet outside the Trigemian Gate. That this may prove my lot, there is some danger. For since my patron has fallen into the hands of the enemy—(such warfare are the Ætolians now waging with the Eleans; for this is Ætolia; this Philopolemus has been made captive in Elis, the son of this old man Hegio who lives here (*pointing to the house*)—a house which to me is a house of woe, and which so oft as I look upon, I weep). Now, for the sake of his son, has he commenced this dishonorable traffic, very much against his own inclination. He buys up men that have been made captives, if perchance he may be able to find some one for whom to gain his son in exchange. An object which I really do much desire that he may gain, for unless he finds him, there's nowhere for me to find myself. I have no hopes in the young men; they are all too fond of themselves. He, in fine, is a youth with the old-fashioned manners, whose countenance I never rendered cheerful without a return. His father is worthily matched, as endowed with like manners. Now I'll go to him;—but his door is opening, the door from which full oft I've sallied forth drunk with excess of cheer. (*He stands aside.*)

SCENE II

Enter, from his house, HEGIO and a SLAVE.

HEG. Now, give attention you, if you please. Those two captives whom I purchased yesterday of the Quæstors out of the spoil, put upon them chains of light weight; take off those greater ones with which they are bound. Permit them to walk, if they wish, out of doors, or if in-doors, but so that they are watched with the greatest care. A captive at liberty is like a bird that's wild; if opportunity is once given for escaping, 'tis enough; after that, you can never catch him.

SLAVE. Doubtless we all are free men more willingly than we live the life of slaves.

HEG. You, indeed, don't seem to think so.¹

¹ Hegio means to say that the slave does not seem to think liberty so very desirable, or he would try more to please his master, which

SLAVE. If I have nothing to give, should you like me to give myself to flight?

HEG. If you do so give yourself, I shall at once have something to be giving to you.

SLAVE. I'll make myself just like the wild bird you were telling of.

HEG. 'Tis just as you say; for if you do so, I'll be giving you to the cage. But enough of prating; take you care of what I've ordered, and be off. (*The SLAVE goes into the house.*) I'll away to my brother's, to my other captives; I'll go see whether they've been making any disturbance last night. From there I shall forthwith betake myself home again.

ERG. (*apart*). It grieves me that this unhappy old man is following the trade of a slave-dealer, by reason of the misfortune of his son. But, if by any means he can be brought back here, I could even endure for him to become an executioner.

HEG. (*overhearing him*). Who is it that's speaking?

ERG. 'Tis I, who am pining at your affliction, growing thin, waxing old, and shockingly wasting away. Wretched man that I am, I'm but skin and bone through leanness; nor does anything ever do me good that I eat at home; even that ever so little which I taste out of doors, the same refreshes me.

HEG. Ergasilus, save you! ERG. (*crying*). May the Gods kindly bless you, Hegio!

HEG. Don't weep. ERG. Must I not weep for him? Must I not weep for such a young man?

HEG. I've always known you to be a friend to my son, and I have understood him to be so to you.

ERG. Then at last do we men know our blessings, when we have lost those things which we once had in our power.

might end in gaining his liberty. As the slave could generally ransom himself out of his "peculium," or "savings," if they were sufficient, the slave here either thinks, or pretends to think, that Hegio is censuring him for not taking those means, and answers, accordingly, that he has nothing to offer.

I, since your son fell into the power of the enemy, knowing by experience of what value he was, now feel his loss.

HEG. Since you, who are no relation, bear his misfortune so much amiss, what is it likely that I, a father, should do, whose only son he is?

ERG. I, no relation to him? He, no relation to me? Oh, Hegio! never do say that, nor come to such a belief. To you he is an only child, but to me he is even more only than an only one.

HEG. I commend you, in that you consider the affliction of your friend your own affliction. Now be of good heart.

ERG. (*crying*). O dear! HEG. (*half-aside*). 'Tis this afflicts him, that the army for guttling is now disbanded. Meanwhile, have you found no one to command for you the army that you mentioned as disbanded?

ERG. What do you think? All to whom it used to fall are in the habit of declining that province since your son Philopolemus was taken prisoner.

HEG. I' faith, 'tisin't to be wondered at, that they are in the habit of declining that province. You have necessity for numerous troops, and those of numerous kinds. Well, first you have need of the Bakerians. Of these Bakerians there are several kinds. You have need of Roll-makerians, you have need, too, of Confectionerians, you have need of Poultererians, you have need of Beccaficorians;¹ besides, all the maritime forces are necessary for you.

ERG. How the greatest geniuses do frequently lie concealed! How great a general now is this private individual!

HEG. Only have good courage; for I trust that in a few days I shall bring him back home. For see now; there's a captive here, a young man of Elis, born of a very high family, and of very great wealth; I trust that it will come to pass that I shall get my son in exchange for him.

ERG. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so!

HEG. But are you invited out anywhere to dinner?

ERG. Nowhere that I know of. But, pray, why do you ask me?

¹ "Sellers of beccaficos," a delicate bird.

HEG. Because this is my birthday; for that reason I'd like you to be invited to dinner at my house.

ERG. 'Tis kindly said. HEG. But if you can be content to eat a very little——

ERG. Aye, even ever so little; for on such fare as that do I enjoy myself every day at home.

HEG. Come, then, please, set yourself up for sale.

ERG. I'll put myself up for purchase, just like a landed estate, unless any one shall privately make a better offer that pleases myself and my friends more, and to my own conditions will I bind myself.

HEG. You are surely selling me a bottomless pit,¹ and not a landed estate. But if you are coming, do so in time.

ERG. Why, for that matter, I'm at leisure even now.

HEG. Go then, and hunt for a hare; at present, in me you have but a ferret, for my fare it is in the way of frequenting a rugged road.

ERG. You'll never repulse me by that, Hegio, so don't attempt it. I'll come, in spite of it, with teeth well shod.

HEG. Really, my viands are but a rough sort. ERG. Are you in the habit of eating brambles?

HEG. Mine is an earthy dinner. ERG. A pig is an earthy animal.

HEG. Earthy from its plenty of vegetables.

ERG. Treat your sick people at home with that fare? Do you wish anything else?

HEG. Come in good time. ERG. You are putting in mind one who remembers quite well. *(Exit.)*

HEG. I'll go in-doors, and in the house I'll make the calculation how little money I have at my banker's; afterwards I'll go to my brother's, whither I was saying I would go. *(Goes into his house.)*

¹He plays upon "fundum," "landed property," and "profundum," "a deep cavity," to which he compares the Parasite's stomach.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

Enter, from the house, PHILOCRATES, TYNDARUS, and SLAVES and CAPTIVES of HEGIO

SLAVE. If the immortal Gods have so willed it that you should undergo this affliction, it becomes you to endure it with equanimity; if you do so, your trouble will be lighter. At home you were free men, I suppose; now if slavery has befallen you, 'tis a becoming way for you to put up with it, and by your dispositions to render it light, under a master's rule. Unworthy actions which a master does must be deemed worthy ones.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Alas! alas! alas. SLAVE. There's no need for wailing; you cause much injury to your eyes. In adversity, if you use fortitude of mind, it is of service.

PHIL. *and* TYND. But we are ashamed, because we are in bonds.

SLAVE. But in the result it might cause vexation to our master, if he were to release you from chains, or allow you to be loose, whom he has purchased with his money.

PHIL. *and* TYND. What does he fear from us? We know our duty, what it is, if he allows us to be loose.

SLAVE. Why, you are meditating escape. I know what it is you are devising.

PHIL. *and* TYND. We, make our escape? Whither should we escape?

SLAVE. To your own country. PHIL. *and* TYND. Out upon you; it would ill befit us to be following the example of runaways.

SLAVE. Why, faith, should there be an opportunity, I don't advise you not.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Do you allow us to make one request.

SLAVE. What is it, pray? PHIL. *and* TYND. That you will give us an opportunity of conversing, without these and yourselves for overlookers.

SLAVE. Be it so; go you away from here, you people.

Let's step here, on one side. (*To the other CAPTIVES and SLAVES.*) But commence upon a short conversation only.

PHIL. O yes, it was my intention so to do. Step aside this way (*to TYNDARUS*).

SLAVE (*to the other CAPTIVES*). Stand apart from them.

TYND. (*to the SLAVE*). We are both greatly obliged to you, by reason of your doing so, since you allow us to obtain what we are desirous of.

PHIL. Step here then, at a distance now, if you think fit, that no listeners may be enabled to overhear our discourse, and that this plan of ours mayn't be divulged before them, for a stratagem is no stratagem, if you don't plan it with art, but it is a very great misfortune if it becomes disclosed. For if you are my master, and I represent myself as your servant, still there's need of foresight, and need of caution, that this may be carried out discreetly and without overlookers, with carefulness and with cautious prudence and diligence. So great is the matter that has been commenced upon; this must not be carried out in any drowsy fashion.

TYND. Just as you shall desire me to be, I will be.

PHIL. I trust so. TYND. For now you see that for your precious life I'm setting at stake my own, as dear to me.

PHIL. I know it. TYND. But remember to know it when you shall be enjoying that which you wish for; for mostly, the greatest part of mankind follow this fashion; what they wish for, until they obtain it, they are rightminded; but when they have now got it in their power, from being rightminded they become most deceitful, and most dishonest; now I do consider that you are towards me as I wish. What I advise you, I would advise my own father.

PHIL. P' faith, if I could venture, I would call you father; for next to my own father, you are my nearest father.

TYND. I understand. PHIL. And therefore I remind you the more frequently, that you may remember it. I am not your master, but your servant; now this one thing I do beseech you. Inasmuch as the immortal Gods have disclosed to us their wishes, that they desire me to have once been your master, and now to be your fellow-captive; what formerly of my right I used to command you, now with en-

treaties do I beg of you, by our uncertain fortunes, and by the kindness of my father towards you, and by our common captivity, which has befallen us by the hand of the enemy, don't you pay me any greater respect than I did you when you were my slave; and don't you forget to remember who you were, and who you now are.

TYND. I know, indeed, that I now am you, and that you are I.

PHIL. Well, if you are able carefully to remember that, I have some hope in this scheme of ours.

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO, from his house, speaking to those within.

HEG. I shall return in-doors just now, when I shall have discovered from these people what I want to know. (*To the SLAVES*). Where are those persons whom I ordered to be brought out of doors here, before the house?

PHIL. By my faith, I find that you have taken due precaution that we shouldn't be missed by you, so walled in are we with chains and keepers.

HEG. He that takes precaution that he mayn't be deceived, is hardly on his guard, even while he's taking precaution; even when he has supposed that he has taken precaution, full often is this wary man outwitted. Was there not good reason, indeed, for me to watch you carefully, whom I purchased with so large a sum of ready money?

PHIL. Troth, it isn't fair for us to hold you to blame, because you watch us closely; nor yet for you us, if we go away hence, should there be an opportunity.

HEG. As you are here, so is my son a captive there among your people.

PHIL. He, a captive? HEG. Even so.

PHIL. We, then, have not proved the only cowards.¹

HEG. (*to PHILOCRADES, supposing him to be the SERVANT*

¹ He alludes to the notion in the heroic times, that it was the duty of a warrior to conquer or to die, and that it was disgraceful to be made prisoner.

of the other). Step you aside this way, for there are some things that I wish to enquire of you in private, on which subjects I would have you not to be untruthful to me. (*They step aside.*)

PHIL. I will not be, as to that which I shall know; if I shall not know anything, that which I don't know I'll tell you of.

TYND. (*aside*). Now is the old fellow in the barber's shop; now, at this very instant, is Philocrates wielding the razor. He hasn't cared, indeed, to put on the barber's cloth,¹ so as not to soil his dress. But whether to say that he's going to shave him close, or trim him through the comb, I don't know; but if he's wise, he'll scrape him right well to the very quick.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). Which would you? Would you prefer to be a slave, or a free man?—Tell me.

PHIL. That which is the nearest to good, and the furthest off from evil, do I prefer; although my servitude hasn't proved very grievous to me, nor has it been otherwise to me than if I had been a son in the family.

TYND. (*aside*). Capital! I wouldn't purchase, at a talent's price even, Thales the Milesian;² for compared with this man's wisdom, he was a very twaddler. How cleverly has he suited his language to the slave's condition.

HEG. Of what family is this Philocrates born?

PHIL. The Polyplusian;³ which one family is flourishing there, and held in highest esteem.

HEG. What is he himself? In what esteem is he held there?

PHIL. In the highest, and that by the very highest men.

HEG. Since, then, he is held in such great respect among the Eleans, as you tell of, what substance has he?—Of large amount?

¹ *i. e.*, Philocrates has shown no hesitation in commencing at once to dupe the old man.

² Thales of Miletus was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

³ This word is coined by Philocrates to impress Hegio; it means "very wealthy."

PHIL. Enough for him, even, when an old man, to be melting out the tallow.

HEG. What is his father? Is he living? PHIL. When we departed thence, we left him alive; whether he's living now or not, Orcus, forsooth, must know that.

TYND. (*aside*). The matter's all right; he's not only lying, but he's even philosophizing now.

HEG. What's his name? PHIL. Thesaurochrysonicocrœsides.¹

HEG. That name has been given, I suppose, by reason of his wealth, as it were.

PHIL. Troth, not so, but rather by reason of his avarice and grasping disposition; for, indeed, he was Theodoromedes originally by name.

HEG. How say you? Is his father covetous?

PHIL. Aye, by my faith, he is covetous. Why, that you may even understand it the better,—when he's sacrificing at any time to his own Genius,² the vessels that are needed for the sacrifice he uses of Samian ware, lest the Genius himself should steal them; from this, consider how much he would trust other people.

HEG. (*addressing TYNDARUS as though PHILOCRATES.*) Do you then follow me this way. (*Aside.*) The things that I desire to know, I'll enquire of him. (*Addressing TYNDARUS.*) Philocrates, this person has done as it becomes an honest man to do. For from him I've learnt of what family you are sprung; he has confessed it to me. If you are willing to own these same things (which, however, understand that I already know from him), you will be doing it for your own advantage.

TYND. He did his duty when he confessed the truth to you, although, Hegio, I wished carefully to conceal both my rank and my wealth; now, inasmuch as I've lost my country and my liberty, I don't think it right for him to be dreading me rather than you. The might of warfare has made my for-

¹ This is a name made up of several Greek words, and seems to mean "a son of Crœsus, abounding in treasures of gold."

² His guardian Deity.

tunes on a level with himself. I remember the time when he didn't dare to do it in word; now, in deed, he is at liberty to offend me. But don't you see? Human fortune moulds and fashions just as she wills. Myself, who was a free man, she has made a slave, from the very highest the very lowest. I, who was accustomed to command, now obey the mandates of another. And indeed, if I meet with a master just such as I proved the ruler in my own household, I shall not fear that he will rule me harshly or severely. With this, Hegio, I wished you to be acquainted, unless perchance you yourself wish it not.

HEG. Speak boldly out. TYND. As free a man was I till lately as your son. As much did a hostile hand deprive me of my liberty as him of his. As much is he a slave among my people, as I am now a slave here with yourself. There is undoubtedly a God, who both hears and sees the things which we do. Just as you shall treat me here, in the same degree will he have a care for him. To the well-deserving will he show favour, to the ill-deserving will he give a like return. As much as you lament your son, so much does my father lament me.

HEG. That I am aware of. But do you admit the same that he has disclosed to me?

TYND. I confess that my father has very great wealth at home, and that I am born of a very noble family; but I entreat you, Hegio, let not my riches make your mind too prone to avarice, lest it should seem to my father, although I am his only son, more suitable that I should be a slave in your house, bountifully supplied at your expense and with your clothing, rather than be living the life of a beggar where 'twould be for from honorable.

HEG. By the favour of the Gods and of my forefathers, I am rich enough. I don't quite believe that every kind of gain is serviceable to mankind. I know that gain has already made many a man famous; and yet there are occasions when it is undoubtedly better to incur loss than to make gain. Gold I detest: many a one has it persuaded to many an evil course. Now give your attention to this, that you may know as well what my wishes are. My son, taken prisoner, is in servitude

at Elis there among your people; if you restore him to me, don't you give me a single coin besides; both you and him, your servant, I'll send back from here; on no other terms can you depart hence.

TYND. You ask what's very right and very just, and you are the very kindest person of all mankind. But tell me, whether is he in servitude to a private person or to the public?

HEG. In private servitude to Menarchus, a physician.

PHIL. By my faith, that person's surely his father's dependant. Why really, that's down as pat for you, as the shower is when it rains.

HEG. Do you then cause this person, my son, to be redeemed.

TYND. I'll do so: but this I beg of you, Hegio——

HEG. Whatever you wish, so that you request nothing against my interest, I'll do.

TYND. Listen then, and you'll know. I don't ask for myself to be released, until he has returned. But I beg of you to give me him (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*) with a price set upon him, that I may send him to my father, that this person, your son, may be redeemed there.

HEG. Why no; I'd rather send another person hence, when there shall be a truce, to confer with your father there, and to carry your injunctions which you shall entrust him with, just as you wish.

TYND. But it's of no use to send to him one that he doesn't know; you'd be losing your labour. Send this person; he'll have it all completed, if he gets there. And you cannot send any person to him more faithful, nor one in whom he places more confidence, nor who is more a servant after his own mind; nor, in fact, one to whom he would more readily entrust your son. Have no fears; at my own peril I'll make proof of his fidelity, relying upon his disposition; because he is sensible that I'm kindly disposed towards him.

HEG. Well then, I'll send him with a price set upon him, on the surety of your promise, if you wish it.

TYND. I do wish it; so soon as ever it can, I want this matter to be brought to completion.

HEG. What reason is there, then, that if he doesn't return, you should not pay me twenty minæ for him?

TYND. Yes—very good. HEG. (*to the SLAVES, who obey*). Release him now forthwith; and, indeed, both of them. (*On being released, PHILOCRATES goes into the house.*)

TYND. May all the Gods grant you all your desires, since you have deigned me honor so great, and since you release me from my chains. Really, this is not so irksome now, since my neck is free from the collar-chain.

HEG. The kindnesses that are done to the good, thanks for the same are pregnant with blessings. Now, if you are about to send him thither, direct, instruct him, give him the orders which you wish to be carried to your father. Should you like me to call him to you?

TYND. Do call him. (*HEGIO goes to the door, and calls PHILOCRATES.*)

SCENE III

Enter PHILOCRATES, from the house.

HEG. May this affair turn out happily for myself and for my son, and for yourselves. (*To PHILOCRATES.*) Your new master wishes you to pay faithful obedience to your former owner in what he wishes. For I have presented you to him, with the price of twenty minæ set upon you: and he says that he is desirous to send you away hence to his father, that he may there redeem my son, and that an exchange may be made between me and him for our respective sons.

PHIL. My disposition takes its course straight in either direction, both to yourself and to him; as a wheel you may make use of me; either this way or that can I be turned, whichever way you shall command me.

HEG. You yourself profit the most from your own disposition, when you endure slavery just as it ought to be endured. Follow me. (*To TYNDARUS.*) See here's your man.

TYND. I return you thanks, since you give me this opportunity and permission to send this messenger to my parents, who may relate all the matter in its order to my father, what I'm doing here, and what I wish to be done. (*To*

PHILOCRATES.) Now, Tyndarus, thus is it arranged between myself and him, that I'm to send you, valued at a fixed price, to my father in Elis; so that, if you don't return hither, I'm to give twenty minæ for you.

PHIL. I think that you've come to a right understanding. For your father expects either myself or some messenger to come from here to him.

TYND. I wish you, then, to mind what message it is I want you to carry hence to my country to my father.

PHIL. Philocrates, as up to this moment I have done, I will take all due care to endeavour that which may especially conduce to your interest, and to pursue the same with heart and soul, and with my ears.

TYND. You act just as you ought to act; now I wish you to give attention. In the first place of all, carry my respects to my mother and my father, and to my relations, and if any one else you see well-disposed toward me: say that I am in health here, and that I am a slave, in servitude to this most worthy man, who has ever honored me more and more with his respect, and does so still.

PHIL. Don't you be instructing me as to that; I can, still, easily bear that in mind.

TYND. For, indeed, except that I have a keeper, I deem myself to be a free man. Tell my father on what terms I have agreed with this party about his son.

PHIL. What I remember, it is sheer delay to be putting me in mind of.

TYND. To redeem him, and to send him back here in exchange for both of us.

PHIL. I'll remember it. HEG. But as soon as he can, that is especially to the interest of us both.

PHIL. You are not more anxious to see your son, than he is to see his.

HEG. My son is dear to myself, and his own to every man.

PHIL. (*to TYNDARUS*). Do you wish any other message to be carried to your father?

TYND. Say that I am well here; and do you boldly tell him, Tyndarus, that we have been of dispositions for unin-

errupted harmony between ourselves, and that you have neither been deserving of censure, nor that I have proved your enemy; and that still, amid miseries so great, you have shown implicit obedience to your master, and that you have never abandoned me, either in deed or in fidelity, amid my wavering, unprosperous fortunes. When my father shall know this, Tyndarus, how well-disposed you have proved toward his son and himself, he will never be so avaricious but that he'll give you your liberty for nothing. And by my own endeavours, if I return hence, I'll make him do so the more readily. For by your aid and kindness, and good disposition and prudence, you have caused me to be allowed to return to my parents once again, inasmuch as to Hegio you have confessed both my rank and my wealth; by means of which, through your wisdom, you have liberated your master from his chains.

PHIL. The things which you mention I have done, and I am pleased that you remember this. Deservedly have they been done for you by me; for now, Philocrates, if I, too, were to mention the things that you have kindly done for me, the night would cut short the day. For, had you been my slave even, no otherwise were you always obliging to me.

HEG. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! behold the kindly disposition of these persons! How they draw the very tears from me! See how cordially they love each other, and with what praises the servant has commended his master.

PHIL. I' troth, he hasn't commended me the one hundredth part of what he himself deserves to be commended in my praises.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). Since, then, you have acted most becomingly, now there's an opportunity to add to your good deeds in managing this matter with fidelity towards him.

PHIL. I am not able more to wish it done, than by my endeavours to try to bring it about. That you may know this, Hegio, with praises do I call supreme Jove to witness that I will not prove unfaithful to Philocrates——

HEG. You are a worthy fellow. PHIL. And that I will never in anything act otherwise toward him than toward my own self.

TYND. I wish you to put these speeches to the test, both by your deeds and your actions; and inasmuch as I have said the less about you than I had wished, I wish you the more to give me your attention, and take you care not to be angry with me by reason of these words. But, I beseech you, reflect that you are sent hence home with a price set upon you at my risk, and that my life is here left as a pledge for you. Do not you forget me the very moment that you have left my presence, since you will have left me here behind a captive in captivity for yourself, and don't consider yourself as free, and forsake your pledge, and not use your endeavours for you to bring his son home again, in return for me. Understand that you are sent hence valued at twenty minæ. Take care to prove scrupulously faithful; take care that you show not a wavering fidelity. For my father, I am sure, will do everything that he ought to do. Preserve me as a constant friend to you, and find out this person so lately discovered.¹ These things, by your right hand, holding you with my own right hand, do I beg of you; do not prove less true to me than I have proved to you. This matter do you attend to; you are now my master, you my patron, you my father; to you do I commend my hopes and my fortunes.

PHIL. You have given injunctions enough. Are you satisfied if I bring back accomplished what you have enjoined?

TYND. Satisfied.

PHIL. (*to* HEGIO). According to your wishes, and (*to* TYNDARUS) according to yours, will I return hither provided. Is there anything else?

TYND. For you to return back as soon as ever you can.

PHIL. The business itself reminds me of that.

HEG. (*to* PHILOCRADES). Follow me, that I may give you your expenses for the journey at my banker's; on the same occasion I'll get a passport from the Prætor.

TYND. What passport? HEG. For him to take with him hence to the army, that he may be allowed to go home from here. (*To* TYNDARUS.) You go in-doors.

¹ *i. e.*, "This person whom we have found out to be in the possession of the physician, Menarchus."

TYND. Speed you well. PHIL. Right heartily, farewell. (TYNDARUS *goes into the house.*)

HEG. (*aside*). I' faith, I compassed my design, when I purchased these men of the Quæstors out of the spoil. I have released my son from slavery, if so it pleases the Gods; and yet I hesitated a long time whether I should purchase or should not purchase these persons. Watch that man in-doors, if you please, you servants, that he may nowhere move a foot without a guard. I shall soon make my appearance at home; now I'm going to my brother's, to see my other captives; at the same time I'll inquire whether any one knows this young man. (*To PHILOCRATES.*) Do you follow, that I may despatch you. I wish attention first to be paid to that matter. *reunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Enter ERGASILUS.

ERG. Wretched is that man who is in search of something to eat, and finds that with difficulty; but more wretched is he who both seeks with difficulty, and finds nothing at all; most wretched is he, who, when he desires to eat, has not that which he may eat. But, by my faith, if I only could, I'd willingly tear out the eyes of this day;—with such enmity has it filled all people towards me. One more starved out I never did see, nor one more filled with hunger, nor one who prospers less in whatever he begins to do. So much do my stomach and my throat take rest on these fasting holidays. Away with the profession of a Parasite to very utter and extreme perdition! so much in these days do the young men drive away from them the needy drolls. They care nothing now-a-days for these Laconian men of the lowest benches¹—

¹ The Parasites, when there was not room for them on the couches at table, were forced to sit on benches at the bottom of the table. This was like the custom of the Spartans, or Laconians, who, eschew-

these whipping-posts, who have their clever sayings without provision and without money. They now-a-days seek those who, when they've eaten at their pleasure, may give them a return at their own houses. They go themselves to market, which formerly was the province of the Parasites. They go themselves from the Forum to the procurers with face as exposed as the magistrates in court, with face exposed, condemn those who are found guilty; nor do they now value buffoons at one farthing; all are so much in love with themselves. For, when, just now, I went away from here, I came to some young men in the Forum: "Good morrow," said I; "whither are we going together to breakfast?" On this, they were silent. "Who says, 'here, at my house,' or who makes an offer?" said I. Just like dumb men, they were silent, and didn't smile at me. "Where do we dine?" said I. On this they declined. I said one funny saying out of my best bon mots, by which I formerly used to get feasting for a month; not an individual smiled; at once I knew that the matter was arranged by concert. Not even one was willing to imitate a dog when provoked; if they didn't laugh, they might, at least, have grinned with their teeth. From them I went away, after I saw that I was thus made sport of. I went to some others; then to some others I came; then to some others—the same result. All treat the matter in confederacy, just like the oil-merchants in the Velabrum.¹ Now, I've returned thence, since I see myself made sport of there. In like manner do other Parasites walk to and fro, to no purpose, in the Forum. Now, after the foreign fashion, I'm determined to enforce all my rights. Those who have entered into a confederacy, by which to deprive us of food and life,—for them I'll name a day. I'll demand, as the damages, that they shall give me ten dinners at my own option, when provisions are dear: thus will I do. Now I'll go hence to the harbour. There, is my only

ing the luxury of reclining, sat at meals. The Spartans, also, endured pain with the greatest firmness; a virtue much required by Parasites, in order to put up with the indignities which they had to endure from the guests, who daubed their faces, broke pots about their heads, and boxed their ears.

¹ A market street in Rome.

hope of a dinner; if that shall fail me, I'll return here to the old gentleman, to his unsavoury dinner.

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. (*to himself*). What is there more delightful than to manage one's own interests well for the public good, just as I did yesterday, when I purchased these men. Every person, as they see me, comes to meet me, and congratulates me on this matter. By thus stopping and detaining unlucky me, they've made me quite tired. With much ado have I survived from being congratulated, to my misfortune. At last, to the Prætor did I get. There, scarcely did I rest myself. I asked for a passport; it was given me: at once I delivered it to Tyndarus. He started for home. Thence, straightway, after that was done, I passed by my house; and I went at once to my brother's, where my other captives are. I asked about Philocrates from Elis, whether any one of them all knew the person. This man (*pointing to ARISTOPHONTES*) called out that he had been his intimate friend; I told him that he was at my house. At once he besought and entreated me that I would permit him to see him. Forthwith I ordered him to be released from chains. Thence have I come. (*To ARISTOPHONTES.*) Now, do you follow me, that you may obtain what you have besought of me, the opportunity of meeting with this person. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III

Enter TYNDARUS, from the house.

TYND. Now stands the matter so, that I would much rather that I had once existed, than that I still exist; now do my hopes, my resources, and my succour, desert me and spurn themselves. This is that day, when, for my life, no safety can be hoped; nor yet is death my end; nor hope is there, in fact, to dispel this fear for me; nor cloak have I anywhere for my deceitful stratagems; nor for my devices or my sub-

terfuges is there anywhere a screen presented to me. No deprecating is there for my perfidy; no means of flight for my offences. No refuge is there anywhere for my trusting; and no escape for my cunning schemes. What was concealed is now exposed; my plans are now divulged. The whole matter is now laid open; nor is there any ado about this matter, but that I must perish outright, and meet with destruction, both on behalf of my master and myself. This Aristophontes has proved my ruin, who has just now come into the house. He knows me. He is the intimate friend and kinsman of Philocrates. Not Salvation herself can save me now, even if she wishes; nor have I any means of escape, unless, perchance, I devise some artifice in my mind. (*He meditates.*) Plague on it!—how? What can I contrive?—what can I think of? Some very great folly and trifling I shall have to begin with. I'm quite at a loss. (*He retires aside.*)

SCENE IV

Enter HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES, from the house.

HEG. Whither am I to say, now, that this man has betaken himself from the house out of doors?

TYND. (*apart*). Now, for a very certainty, I'm done for; the enemies are coming to you, Tyndarus! What shall I say?—what shall I talk of? What shall I deny, or what confess? All matters are reduced to uncertainty. How shall I place confidence in my resources? I wish the Gods had destroyed you, before you were lost to your own country, Aristophontes, who, from a plot well concerted, are making it disconcerted. This plan is ruined outright, unless I find out for myself some extremely bold device.

HEG. (*to ARISTOPHONTES*). Follow me. See, there is the man; go to him and address him.

TYND. (*aside, and turning away*). What mortal among mortals is there more wretched than myself?

ARIST. (*coming up to him*). Why's this, that I'm to say that you are avoiding my gaze, Tyndarus? And why that you are slighting me as a stranger, as though you had never known me? Why, I'm as much a slave as yourself; although

at home I was a free man, you, even from your childhood, have always served in slavery in Elis.

HEG. I' faith, I'm very little surprised, if either he does avoid your gaze, or if he does shun you, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates.

TYND. Hegio, this person was accounted a madman in Elis. Don't you give ear to what he prates about; for at home he has pursued his father and mother with spears, and that malady sometimes comes upon him which is spit out. Do you this instant stand away at a distance from him.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Away with him further off from me.

ARIST. Do you say, you whipp'd knave, that I am mad, and do you declare that I have followed my own father with spears? And that I have that malady, that it's necessary for me to be spit upon?

HEG. Don't be dismayed; that malady afflicts many a person to whom it has proved wholesome to be spit upon, and had been of service to them.

ARIST. Why, what do you say? Do you, too, credit him?

HEG. Credit him in what? ARIST. That I am mad?

TYND. Do you see him, with what a furious aspect he's looking at you? 'Twere best to retire, Hegio; it is as I said, his frenzy grows apace; have a care of yourself.

HEG. I thought that he was mad, the moment that he called you Tyndarus.

TYND. Why, he's sometimes ignorant of his own name, and doesn't know what it is.

HEG. But he even said that you were his intimate friend.

TYND. So far from that, I never saw him. Why, really, Alcmaeon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus¹ besides, are my friends on the same principle that he is.

ARIST. Villain, and do you dare speak ill of me, as well? Do I not know you?

¹ Three celebrated men of antiquity that were attacked with frenzy. Orestes slew his mother, Clytemestra; Alcmaeon killed his mother, Eriphyle; and Lycurgus, King of Thrace, on slighting the worship of Bacchus, was afflicted with madness, in a fit of which he hewed off his own legs with a hatchet.

HEG. I' faith, it really is very clear that you don't know him, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates. Him whom you see, you don't know; you are addressing him as the person whom you don't see.

ARIST. On the contrary, this fellow's saying that he is the person who he is not; and he says that he is not the person who he really is.

TYND. You've been found, of course, to excel Philocrates in truthfulness.

ARIST. By my troth, as I understand the matter, you've been found to brazen out the truth by lying. But i' faith, prithee, come then, look at me.

TYND. (*looking at him*). Well! ARIST. Say; now, do you deny that you are Tyndarus?

TYND. I do deny it, I say.

ARIST. Do you say that you are Philocrates?

TYND. I do say so, I say.

ARIST. (*to Hegio*). And do you believe him?

HEG. More, indeed, than either you or myself. For he, in fact, who you say that he is (*pointing to TYNDARUS*), has set out hence to-day for Elis, to this person's father.

ARIST. What father, when he's a slave?

TYND. And so are you a slave, and yet you were a free man; and I trust that so I shall be, if I restore his son here to liberty.

ARIST. How say you, villain? Do you say that you were born a free man [*liber*]?

TYND. I really did not say that I am Liber, but that I am Philocrates.¹

ARIST. How's this? How this scoundrel, Hegio, is making sport of you now. For he's a slave himself, and, never, except his own self, had he a slave.

¹ "Liber" is also a name of Bacchus, so Tyndarus quibbles, and says, "I did not assert that I am Liber, but that I am Philocrates." In consequence of the idiom of the Latin language, his answer (non equidem me Liberum, sed Philocratem esse aio) may also be read as meaning, "I did not say that I am a free man, but that Philocrates is." This double meaning may be rendered in English thus: "I don't claim to be Freeman, but Philocrates [*aside*] to be Freeman."

TYND. Because you yourself are destitute in your own country, and haven't whereon to live at home, you wish all to be found like to yourself; you don't do anything surprising. 'Tis the nature of the distressed to be ill-disposed, and to envy the fortunate.

ARIST. Hegio, take you care, please, that you don't persist in rashly placing confidence in this man; for so far as I see, he is certainly now putting some device in execution, in saying that he is redeeming your son from captivity; that is by no means satisfactory to me.

TYND. I know that you don't wish that to be done; still I shall effect it, if the Gods assist me. I shall bring him back here, and he will restore me to my father, in Elis. For that purpose have I sent Tyndarus hence to my father.

ARIST. Why, you yourself are he; nor is there any slave in Elis of that name, except yourself.

TYND. Do you persist in reproaching me with being a slave—a thing that has befallen me through the fortune of war?

ARIST. Really, now, I cannot contain myself.

TYND. (*to HEGIO*). Ha! don't you hear him? Why don't you take to flight? He'll be pelting us just now with stones there, unless you order him to be seized.

ARIST. I'm distracted. TYND. His eyes strike fire; there's need of a rope, Hegio. Don't you see how his body is spotted all over with livid spots? Black bile¹ is disordering the man.

ARIST. And, by my faith, if this old gentleman is wise, black pitch² will be disordering you with the executioner, and giving a light to your head.

TYND. He's now talking in his fit of delirium; sprites are in possession of the man.

HEG. By my troth, suppose I order him to be seized?

¹A superabundance of "melancholia," or black bile was supposed to be productive of melancholy madness.

²He alludes to a frightful punishment inflicted upon malefactors by the Romans. They were either smeared over with burning pitch, or were first covered with pitch, which was then set fire to. This punishment was often inflicted upon the early Christians.

TYND. You would be acting more wisely.

ARIST. I'm vexed that I haven't a stone to knock out the brains of that whip-scoundrel, who's driving me to madness by his taunts.

TYND. Don't you hear that he's looking for a stone?

ARIST. I wish to speak with you alone, separately, Hegio.

HEG. Speak from where you are, if you want anything; though at a distance, I shall hear you.

TYND. Yes, for, by my faith, if you approach nearer, he'll be taking your nose off with his teeth.

ARIST. By heavens, Hegio, don't you believe that I am mad, or that I ever was so, or that I have the malady which that fellow avers. But if you fear anything from me, order me to be bound; I wish it, so long as that fellow is bound as well.

TYND. Why, really, Hegio, rather let him be bound that wishes it.

ARIST. Now hold your tongue! I'll make you, you false Philocrates, to be found out this day to be a real Tyndarus. Why are you making signs at me?

TYND. I, making signs at you? (*To HEGIO.*) What would he do, if you were at a greater distance off?

HEG. What do you say? What if I approach this mad-man?

TYND. Nonsense; you'll be made a fool of; he'll be prating stuff, to you, neither the feet nor the head of which will ever be visible. The dress only is wanting; in seeing this man, you behold Ajax himself.

HEG. I don't care; still I'll approach him. (*Advances to ARISTOPHONTES.*)

TYND. (*aside*). Now am I utterly undone; now between the sacrifice and the stone¹ do I stand, nor know I what to do.

HEG. I lend you my attention, Aristophontes, if there is anything that you would wish with me.

ARIST. From me you shall hear that truth, which now

¹ In the most ancient times the animal for sacrifice was killed by being struck with a stone.

you think to be false, Hegio. But I wish, in the first place, to clear myself from this with you—that madness does not possess me, and that I have no malady, except that I am in captivity; and, so may the King of Gods and of men make me to regain my native land, that fellow there is no more Philocrates than either I or you.

HEG. Come, then, tell me who he is?

ARIST. He whom I've told you all along from the beginning. If you shall find him any other than that person, I show no cause why I shouldn't suffer the loss with you both of my parents and of my liberty for ever.

HEG. (*to TYNDARUS*). What say you to this?

TYND. That I am your slave, and you my master.

HEG. I didn't ask that—were you a free man?

TYND. I was. ARIST. But he really wasn't; he is deceiving you.

TYND. How do you know? Were you, perchance, the midwife of my mother, since you dare to affirm this so boldly?

ARIST. When a boy, I saw yourself, a boy.

TYND. But, grown up, I now see you grown up; so, there's for you, in return. If you did right, you wouldn't be troubling yourself about my concerns; do I trouble myself about yours?

HEG. Was his father called Thesaurochrysonicocroesides?

ARIST. He was not; and I never heard that name before this day. Theodoromedes was the father of Philocrates.

TYND. (*aside*). I'm downright undone. Why don't you be quiet, heart of mine? Go and be stretched, and hang yourself; you are throbbing so, that unfortunate I can hardly stand up for my fear.

HEG. Is a full assurance given me that this was a slave in Elis, and that he is not Philocrates?

ARIST. So fully, that you will never find this to be otherwise; but where is he¹ now?

HEG. Where I the least, and he the most could wish himself. In consequence, then, I'm cut asunder, disjointed, to

¹ Tyndarus has probably betaken himself to some corner of the stage, and Aristophontes misses him from his former position.

my sorrow, by the devices of this scoundrel, who has bamboozled me by his tricks just as he has thought fit. But do, please, have a care that you are right.

ARIST. Why, I assure you of this, as an ascertained and established fact.

HEG. For certain? ARIST. Why, nothing, I say, will you find more certain than this certainty. Philocrates, from when a boy, has ever since that time been my friend.

HEG. But of what appearance is your friend Philocrates?

ARIST. I'll tell you: with a thin face, sharp nose, light hair, dark eyes, somewhat ruddy, with hair rather crisp and curling.

HEG. The description is like. TYND. (*aside*). Aye, so much so, indeed, that I've this day, much to my sorrow, got into the midst of this, i' faith. Woe to those unfortunate rods which this day will be meeting their end upon my back.

HEG. I see that I've been imposed upon.

TYND. (*aside*). Why, fetters, do you delay to run toward me and to embrace my legs, that I may have you in custody?

HEG. And have these two rascally captives really deceived me this day with their tricks? The other one pretended that he was the servant, and this one that he himself was the master. I've lost the kernel; for a security, I've left the shell. To such a degree have they imposed upon me, both on this side and that, with their trickeries. Still, this fellow shall never have the laugh against me. Colaphus, Cordalio, Corax¹ (*to the SLAVES*), go you away and bring out the thongs.

SLAVE. Are we to be sent to gather faggots?² (*The SLAVES go and bring the thongs from the house.*)

¹ These are the names of slaves. "Colaphus" means, also, "a blow with the fist." "Corax" was the Greek name for a "crow," and was probably given to a black slave.

² He asks this question because cords, "lora," were necessary for the purpose of binding up faggots.

SCENE V

HEGIO, TYNDARUS, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Put the manacles on this whipp'd villain.

TYND. (*whilst the SLAVES are fastening him*). What's the matter? What have I done wrong?

HEG. Do you ask the question? You weeder and sower of villanies, and in especial their reaper.

TYND. Ought you not to have ventured to say the harrower first? For countrymen always harrow before they weed.

HEG. Why, with what assurance he stands before me.

TYND. It's proper for a servant, innocent and guiltless, to be full of confidence, most especially before his master.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Bind this fellow's hands tightly, will you.

TYND. I am your own—do you command them to be cut off even. But what is the matter on account of which you blame me?

HEG. Because me and my fortunes, so far as in you singly lay, by your rascally and knavish stratagems you have rent in pieces, and have distracted my affairs and spoiled all my resources and my plans, in that you've thus robbed me of Philocrates by your devices. I thought that he was the slave, you the free man. So did you say yourselves, and in this way did you change names between you.

TYND. I confess that all was done so, as you say, and that by a stratagem he has got away from you, through my aid and cleverness; and prithee, now, do you blame me for that, i' faith?

HEG. Why, it has been done with your extreme torture for the consequence.

TYND. So I don't die by reason of my misdeeds, I care but little. If I do die here, then he returns not, as he said he would; but when I'm dead, this act will be remembered to my honor, that I caused my captive master to return from slavery and the foe, a free man, to his father in his native

land; and that I preferred rather to expose my own life to peril, than that he should be undone.

HEG. Take care, then, to enjoy that fame at Acheron.

TYND. He who dies for virtue's sake, still does not perish.

HEG. When I've tortured you in the most severe manner, and for your schemes have put you to death, let them say either that you have perished or that you have died; so long as you do die, I don't think it matters if they say you live.

TYND. I' faith, if you do do so, you'll do it not without retribution, if he shall return here, as I trust that he will return.

ARIST. (*aside*). O ye immortal Gods! I understand it now; now I know what the case really is. My friend Philocrates is at liberty with his father, in his native land. 'Tis well; nor have I any person to whom I could so readily wish well. But this thing grieves me, that I've done this person a bad turn, who now on account of me and my talking is in chains.

HEG. (*to TYNDARUS*). Did I not forbid you this day to utter anything false to me?

TYND. You did forbid me. HEG. Why did you dare to tell me lies?

TYND. Because the truth would have prejudiced him whom I was serving; now falsehood has advantaged him.

HEG. But it will prejudice yourself.

TYND. 'Tis very good. Still, I have saved my master, whom I rejoice at being saved, to whom my elder master had assigned me as a protector. But do you think that this was wrongly done?

HEG. Most wrongfully. TYND. But I, who disagree with you, say, rightly. For consider, if any slave of yours had done this for your son, what thanks you would have given him. Would you have given that slave his freedom or not? Would not that slave have been in highest esteem with you? Answer me that.

HEG. I think so. TYND. Why, then, are you angry with me?

HEG. Because you have proved more faithful to him than to myself.

TYND. How now? Did you expect, in a single night and day, for yourself to teach me—a person made captive, a recent slave, and in his noviciate—that I should rather consult your interest than his, with whom from childhood I have passed my life?

HEG. Seek, then, thanks from him for that. (*To the SLAVES.*) Take him where he may receive weighty and thick fetters, thence, after that, you shall go to the quarries for cutting stone. There, while the others are digging out eight stones, unless you daily do half as much work again, you shall have the name of the six-hundred-stripe man.

ARIST. By Gods and men, I do entreat you, Hegio, not to destroy this man.

HEG. He shall be taken all care of. For at night, fastened with chains, he shall be watched; in the daytime, beneath the ground, he shall be getting out stone. For many a day will I torture him; I'll not respite him for a single day.

ARIST. Is that settled by you? HEG. Not more settled that I shall die. (*To the SLAVES.*) Take him away this instant to Hippolytus, the blacksmith; bid thick fetters to be riveted on him. From there let him be led outside the gate to my freedman, Cordalus, at the stone-quarries. And tell him that I desire this man so to be treated, that he mayn't be in any respect worse off than he who is the most severely treated.

TYND. Why, since you are unwilling, do I desire myself to survive? At your own hazard is the risk of my life. After death, no evil have I to apprehend in death. Though I should live even to extreme age, still, short is the space for enduring what you threaten me with. Farewell and prosper; although you are deserving for me to say otherwise. You, Aristophontes, as you have deserved of me, so fare you; for on your account has this befallen me.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES.*) Carry him off.

TYND. But this one thing I beg, that, if Philocrates should come back here, you will give me an opportunity of meeting him.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). At your peril, if you don't this instant remove him from my sight. (*The SLAVES lay hold of TYNDARUS, and push him along.*)

TYND. I' troth, this really is violence, to be both dragged and punished at the same time. (*He is borne off by the SLAVES.*)

SCENE VI

HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. He has been led off straight to prison, as he deserves. Let no one presume to attempt such an enterprise. Had it not been for you who discovered this to me, still would they have been leading me by the bridle with their tricks. Now am I resolved henceforth never to trust any person in anything. This once I have been deceived enough; I did hope, to my sorrow, that I had rescued my son from slavery. That hope has forsaken me. I lost one son, whom, a child in his fourth year, a slave stole from me; and, indeed, never since have I found either slave or son; the elder one has fallen in the hands of the enemy. What guilt is this of mine? As though I had become the father of children for the purpose of being childless. (*To ARISTOPHONTES.*) Follow this way. I'll conduct you back where you were. I'm determined to have pity upon no one, since no one has pity upon me.

ARIST. Forth from my chains with evil omen did I come; now I perceive that with like ill omen to my bonds I must return. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Enter ERGASILUS.¹

ERG. Supreme Jove! thou dost preserve me, and dost augment my means. Plenty, extreme and sumptuous, dost thou present to me; celebrity, profit, enjoyment, mirth, fes-

¹ He has just come from the harbour, where he has seen the son of Hegio, together with Philocrates and Stalagmus, landing from the

tivity, holidays, sights, provisions, carousings, abundance, joyousness. And to no man have I now determined with myself to go a-begging; for I'm able either to profit my friend or to destroy my enemy, to such extent has this delightful day heaped delights upon me in its delightfulness. I have lighted upon a most rich inheritance without incumbrances. Now will I wend my way to this old gentleman Hegio, to whom I am carrying blessings as great as he himself prays for from the Gods, and even greater. Now, this is my determination, in the same fashion that the slaves of Comedy are wont, so will I throw my cloak around my neck,¹ that from me, the first of all, he may learn this matter. And I trust that I, by reason of this news, shall find provision up to the end.

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO, at a distance.

HEG. (*to himself*). The more that I revolve this matter in my breast, the more is my uneasiness of mind increased. That I should have been duped in this fashion to-day! and that I wasn't able to see through it! When this shall be known, then I shall be laughed at all over the city. The very moment that I shall have reached the Forum, all will be saying, "This is that clever old gentleman, who had the trick played him." But is this Ergasilus, that I see coming at a distance? Surely he has got his cloak gathered up; what, I wonder, is he going to do?

packet-boat. Now, as he speaks still of his intended dinner with Hegio, to which he had been invited in the earlier part of the Play, we must conclude, that since then, Philocrates has taken ship from the coast of Ætolia, arrived in Elis, procured the liberation of Philopolemus, and returned with him, all in the space of a few hours. This, however, although the coast of Elis was only about fifteen miles from that of Ætolia, is not at all consistent with probability.

¹ This was done that, when expedition was required, the cloak might not prove an obstruction to the wearer as he walked. The slaves in Comedies usually wore the "pallium," and as they were mostly active, bustling fellows, would have it tucked tightly around them.

ERG. (*advancing, and talking to himself*). Throw aside from you all tardiness, Ergasilus, and speed on this business. I threaten, and I strictly charge no person to stand in my way, unless any one shall be of opinion that he has lived long enough. For whoever does come in my way, shall stop me upon his face. (*He runs along, flourishing his arms about.*)

HEG. (*to himself*). This fellow's beginning to box.

ERG. (*to himself*). I'm determined to do it; so that every one may pursue his own path, let no one be bringing any of his business in this street; for my fist is a balista, my arm is my catapulta, my shoulder a battering-ram; then against whomsoever I dart my knee, I shall bring him to the ground. I'll make all persons to be picking up their teeth, whomsoever I shall meet with.

HEG. (*to himself*). What threatening is this? For I cannot wonder enough.

ERG. I'll make him always to remember this day and place, and myself as well. Whoever stops me upon my road, I'll make him put a stop to his own existence.

HEG. (*to himself*). What great thing is this fellow preparing to do, with such mighty threats?

ERG. I first give notice, that no one, by reason of his own fault, may be caught—keep yourselves in-doors at home, and guard yourselves from my attack.

HEG. (*to himself*). By my faith, 'tis strange if he hasn't got this boldness by means of his stomach. Woe to that wretched man, through whose cheer this fellow has become quite swaggering.

ERG. Then the bakers, that feed swine, that fatten their pigs upon refuse bran, through the stench of which no one can pass by a baker's shop; if I see the pig of any one of them in the public way, I'll beat the bran out of the masters' themselves with my fists.

HEG. (*to himself*). Royal and imperial edicts does he give out. The fellow is full; he certainly has his boldness from his stomach.

ERG. Then the fishmongers, who supply stinking fish to the public—who are carried about on a gelding, with his

galloping galling pace—the stench of whom drives all the loungers in the Basilica¹ into the Forum, I'll bang their heads with their bulrush fish-baskets, that they may understand what annoyance they cause to the noses of other people. And then the butchers, as well, who render the sheep destitute of their young—who agree with you about killing lamb, and then offer you lamb at double the age and price—who give the name of wether mutton to a ram—if I should only see that ram in the public way, I'll make both ram and owner most miserable beings.

HEG. (*to himself*). Well done! He really does give out edicts fit for an Ædile, and 'tis indeed a surprising thing if the Ætolians haven't made him inspector of markets.

ERG. No Parasite now am I, but a right royal king of kings; so large a stock of provisions for my stomach is there at hand in the harbour. But why delay to overwhelm this old gentleman Hegio with gladness? With him, not a person among mankind exists equally fortunate.

HEG. (*apart*). What joy is this, that he, thus joyous, is going to impart to me?

ERG. (*knocking at HEGIO'S door*). Hallo, hallo!—where are you? Is any one coming to open this door?

HEG. (*apart*). This fellow's betaking himself to my house to dine.

ERG. Open you both these doors, before I shall with knocking cause their destruction, piecemeal.

HEG. (*apart*). I'd like much to address the fellow. (*Aloud.*) Ergasilus!

ERG. Who's calling Ergasilus? HEG. Turn round, and look at me.

ERG. (*not seeing who it is*). A thing that Fortune does not do for you, nor ever will do, you bid me to do. But who is it?

HEG. Look round at me. 'Tis Hegio.

¹ The "Basilica" was a building which served as a court of law, and a place of meeting for merchants and men of business. The loungers here mentioned were probably sauntering about under the porticos of the Basilica, when their olfactory nerves were offended by the unsavoury smell of the fishermen's baskets.

ERG. (*turning round*). O me! Best of the very best of men, as many as exist, you have arrived opportunely.

HEG. You've met with some one at the harbour to dine with; through that you are elevated.

ERG. Give me your hand. HEG. My hand?

ERG. Give me your hand, I say, this instant.

HEG. Take it. (*Giving him his hand.*)

ERG. Rejoice. HEG. Why should I rejoice?

ERG. Because I bid you; come now, rejoice.

HEG. I' faith, my sorrows exceed my rejoicings.

ERG. 'Tis not so, as you shall find; I'll at once drive away every spot of sorrow from your body. Rejoice without restraint.

HEG. I do rejoice, although I don't at all know why I should rejoice.

ERG. You do rightly; now order—— HEG. Order what?

ERG. A large fire to be made.

HEG. A large fire? ERG. So I say, that a huge one it must be.

HEG. What, you vulture, do you suppose that for your sake I'm going to set my house on fire?

ERG. Don't be angry. Will you order, or will you not order, the pots to be put on, and the saucepans to be washed out, the bacon and the dainties to be made warm in the heated cooking-stoves, another one, too, to go purchase the fish?

HEG. This fellow's dreaming while awake.

ERG. Another to buy pork, and lamb, and pullets.

HEG. You understand how to feed well, if you had the means.

ERG. Gammons of bacon, too, and lampreys, spring pickled tunny-fish, mackerel, and sting-ray; large fish, too, and soft cheese.

HEG. You will have more opportunity, Ergasilus, here at my house, of talking about these things than of eating them.

ERG. Do you suppose that I'm saying this on my own account?

HEG. You will neither be eating nothing to-day, nor yet much more than usual, so don't you be mistaken. Do you

then bring an appetite to my house for your every-day fare.

ERG. Why, I'll so manage it, that you yourself shall wish to be profuse, though I myself should desire you not.

HEG. What, I? ERG. Yes, you.

HEG. Then you are my master. ERG. Yes, and a kindly disposed one. Do you wish me to make you happy?

HEG. Certainly I would, rather than miserable.

ERG. Give me your hand. HEG. (*extending his hand*). Here is my hand.

ERG. All the Gods are blessing you.

HEG. I don't feel it so. ERG. Why, you are not in a quickset hedge, therefore you don't feel it; but order the vessels, in a clean state, to be got for you forthwith in readiness for a sacrifice, and one lamb to be brought here with all haste, a fat one.

HEG. Why? ERG. That you may offer sacrifice.

HEG. To which one of the Gods?

ERG. To myself, i' faith, for now am I your supreme Jupiter. I likewise am your salvation, your fortune, your life, your delight, your joy. Do you at once, then, make this Divinity propitious to you by cramming him.

HEG. You seem to me to be hungry.

ERG. For myself am I hungry, and not for you.

HEG. I readily allow of it at your own good will.

ERG. I believe you; from a boy you were in the habit——

HEG. May Jupiter and the Gods confound you.

ERG. I' troth, 'tis fair that for my news you should return me thanks; such great happiness do I now bring you from the harbour.

HEG. Now you are flattering me. Begone, you simpleton; you have arrived behind time, too late.

ERG. If I had come sooner, then for that reason you might rather have said that. Now, receive this joyous news of me which I bring you; for at the harbour I just now saw your son Philopolemus in the common fly-boat, alive, safe and sound, and likewise there that other young man together with him, and Stalagmus your slave, who fled from your

house, who stole from you your little son, the child of four years old.

HEG. Away with you to utter perdition! You are trifling with me.

ERG. So may holy Gluttony¹ love me, Hegio, and so may she ever dignify me with her name, I did see——

HEG. My son? ERG. Your son, and my good Genius.

HEG. That Elean captive, too?

ERG. Yes, by Apollo. HEG. The slave, too? My slave Stalagmus, he that stole my son——?

ERG. Yes, by Cora. HEG. So long a time ago?

ERG. Yes, by Præneste! HEG. Is he arrived?

ERG. Yes, by Signia! HEG. For sure?

ERG. Yes, by Phrysinone! HEG. Have a care, if you please.

ERG. Yes, by Alatrium! HEG. Why are you swearing by foreign cities?²

ERG. Why, because they are just as disagreeable as you were declaring your fare to be.

HEG. Woe be to you! ERG. Because that you don't believe me at all in what I say in sober earnestness. But of what country was Stalagmus, at the time when he departed thence?

HEG. A Sicilian. ERG. But now he is not a Sicilian—he is a Boian; he has got a Boian woman.³ A wife, I suppose has been given to him for the sake of obtaining children.

HEG. Tell me, have you said these words to me in good earnest?

ERG. In good earnest. HEG. Immortal Gods, I seem to be born again, if you are telling the truth.

ERG. Do you say so? Will you still entertain doubts, when I have solemnly sworn to you? In fine, Hegio, if you have little confidence in my oath, go yourself to the harbour and see.

¹ The Parasite very appropriately deifies Gluttony: as the Goddess of Bellyful would, of course, merit his constant worship.

² They are small places in Campania, the butts of metropolitan wit.

³ "Boia" means either "a collar," which was placed round a prisoner's neck, or a female of the nation of the Boii in Gaul.

HEG. I'm determin'd to do so. Do you arrange in-doors what's requisite. Use, ask for, take from my larder what you like; I appoint you cellarman.

ERG. Now, by my troth, if I have not prophesied truly to you, do you comb me out with a cudgel.

HEG. I'll find you in victuals to the end, if you are telling me the truth.

ERG. Whence shall it be? HEG. From myself and from my son.

ERG. Do you promise that? HEG. I do promise it.

ERG. But I, in return, promise you that your son has arrived.

HEG. Manage as well as ever you can.

ERG. A happy walk there to you, and a happy walk back. *(Exit HEGIO.)*

SCENE III

ERGASILUS, *alone.*

ERG. He has gone away from here, and has entrusted to me the most important concern of catering. Immortal Gods, how I shall now be slicing necks off of sides; how vast a downfall will befall the gammon; how vast a belabouring the bacon! How great a using-up of udders, how vast a bewailing for the brawn! How great a bestirring for the butchers, how great a preparation for the porksellers! But if I were to enumerate the rest of the things which minister to the supply of the stomach, 'twould be sheer delay. Now will I go off to my government, to give laws to the bacon, and, those gammons that are hanging uncondemned, to give aid to them. *(Goes into the house.)*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Enter a LAD, a servant of HEGIO.

LAD. May Jupiter and the Deities confound you, Ergasilus, and your stomach, and all Parasites, and every one who henceforth shall give a dinner to Parasites. Destruction and devastation and ruin have just now entered our

house. I was afraid that he would be making an attack on me, as though he had been an hungry wolf. And very dreadfully, upon my faith, was I frightened at him; he made such a gnashing with his teeth. On his arrival, the whole larder, with the meat, he turned upside down. He seized a knife, and first cut off the kernels of the neck from three sides. All the pots and cups he broke, except those that held a couple of gallons; of the cook he made enquiry whether the salting pans could be set on the fire to be made hot. All the cellars in the house he has broken into, and has laid the store-closet open. (*At the door.*) Watch him, servants, if you please; I'll go to meet the old gentleman. I'll tell him to get ready some provisions for his own self, if, indeed, he wishes himself to make use of any. For in this place, as this man, indeed, is managing, either there's nothing already, or very soon there will be nothing. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO, PHILOPEMUS, PHILOCRATES, *and behind them,* STALAGMUS.

HEG. To Jove and to the Deities I return with reason hearty thanks, inasmuch as they have restored you to your father, and inasmuch as they have delivered me from very many afflictions, which, while I was obliged to be here without you, I was enduring, and inasmuch as I see that that fellow (*pointing to* STALAGMUS) is in my power, and inasmuch as his word (*pointing to* PHILOCRATES) has been found true to me.

PHILOP. Enough now have I grieved from my very soul, and enough with care and tears have I disquieted myself. Enough now have I heard of your woes, which at the harbour you told me of. Let us now to this business.

PHIL. What now, since I've kept my word with you, and have caused him to be restored back again to freedom?

HEG. Philocrates, you have acted so that I can never return thanks enough, in the degree that you merit from myself and my son.

PHILOP. Nay, but you can, father, and you will be able,

and I shall be able; and the Divinities will give the means for you to return the kindness he merits to one who deserves so highly of us; as, my father, you are able to do to this person who so especially deserves it.

HEG. What need is there of words? I have no tongue with which to deny whatever you may ask of me.

PHIL. I ask of you to restore to me that servant whom I left here as a surety for myself; who has always proved more faithful to me than to himself; in order that for his services I may be enabled to give him a reward.

HEG. Because you have acted thus kindly, the favour shall be returned, the thing that you ask; both that and anything else that you ask of me, you shall obtain. And I would not have you blame me, because in my anger I have treated him harshly.

PHIL. What have you done? HEG. I have confined him in fetters at the stone-quarries, when I found out that I had been imposed upon.

PHIL. Ah, wretched me! That for my safety misfortunes should have happened to that best of men.

HEG. Now, on this account, you need not give me even one groat of silver for him. Receive him of me without cost that he may be free.

PHIL. On my word, Hegio, you act with kindness; but I entreat that you will order this man to be sent for.

HEG. Certainly. (*To the attendants, who immediately obey.*) Where are you? Go this instant, and bring Tyn-darus here. (*To PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCRATES.*) Do you go in-doors; in the meantime, I wish to enquire of this statue for whipping, what was done with my younger son. Do you go bathe in the meantime.

PHILOP. Philocrates, follow me this way in-doors.

PHIL. I follow you. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III

HEGIO and STALAGMUS.

HEG. Come you, step this way, you worthy fellow, my fine slave.

STAL. What is fitting for me to do, when you, such a man as you are, are speaking false? I was never a handsome, or a fine, or a good person, or an honest one, nor shall I ever be; assuredly, don't you be forming any hopes that I shall be honest.

HEG. You easily understand pretty well in what situation your fortunes are. If you shall prove truth-telling, you'll make your lot from bad somewhat better. Speak out, then, correctly and truthfully; but never yet truthfully or correctly have you acted.

STAL. Do you think that I'm ashamed to own it, when you affirm it?

HEG. But I'll make you to be ashamed; for I'll cause you to be blushes all over.

STAL. Heyday—you're threatening stripes, I suppose, to me, quite unaccustomed to them! Away with them, I beg. Tell me what you bring, that you may carry off hence what you are in want of.

HEG. Very fluent indeed. But now I wish this prating to be cut short.

STAL. As you desire, so be it done.

HEG. (*to the AUDIENCE*). As a boy he was very obedient; now that suits him not. Let's to this business; now give your attention, and inform me upon what I ask. If you tell the truth, you'll make your fortunes somewhat better.

STAL. That's mere trifling. Don't you think that I know what I'm deserving of?

HEG. Still, it is in your power to escape a small portion of it, if not the whole.

STAL. A small portion I shall escape, I know; but much will befall me, and with my deserving it, because I both ran away, and stole your son and sold him.

HEG. To what person? STAL. To Theodoromedes the Polyplusian, in Elis, for six minæ.

HEG. O ye immortal Gods! He surely is the father of this person, Philocrates.

STAL. Why, I know him better than yourself, and have seen him more times.

HEG. Supreme Jove, preserve both myself and my son

for me. (*He goes to the door, and calls aloud.*) Philocrates, by your good Genius, I do entreat you, come out, I want you.

SCENE IV

Enter PHILOCRATES, from the house.

PHIL. Hegio, here am I; if you want anything of me, command me.

HEG. He (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) declares that he sold my son to your father, in Elis, for six minæ.

PHIL. (*to STALAGMUS*). How long since did that happen?

STAL. This is the twentieth year, commencing from it.

PHIL. He is speaking falsely. STAL. Either I or you do. Why, your father gave you the little child, of four years old, to be your own slave.

PHIL. What was his name? If you are speaking the truth, tell me that, then.

STAL. Pægnium, he used to be called; afterwards, you gave him the name of Tyndarus.

PHIL. Why don't I recollect you? STAL. Because it's the fashion for persons to forget, and not to know him whose favour is esteemed as worth nothing.

PHIL. Tell me, was he the person whom you sold to my father, who was given me for my private service?

STAL. It was his son (*pointing to HEGIO*).

HEG. Is this person now living? STAL. I received the money, I cared nothing about the rest.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). What do you say?

PHIL. Why, this very Tyndarus is your son, according, indeed, to the proofs that he mentions. For, a boy himself together with me from boyhood was he brought up, virtuously and modestly, even to manhood.

HEG. I am both unhappy and happy, if you are telling the truth. Unhappy for this reason, because, if he is my son, I have badly treated him. Alas! why have I done both more and less than was his due. That I have ill-treated him I am grieved; would that it only could be undone. But see, he's coming here, in a guise not according to his deserts.

SCENE V

Enter TYNDARUS, in chains, led in by the SERVANTS.

TYND. (*to himself*). I have seen many of the torments which take place at Acheron often represented in paintings;¹ but most certainly there is no Acheron equal to where I have been in the stone-quarries. There, in fine, is the place where real lassitude must be undergone by the body in laboriousness. For when I came there, just as either jackdaws, or ducks, or quails, are given to Patrician children, for them to play with, so in like fashion, when I arrived, a crow [-bar] was given me with which to amuse myself. But see, my master's before the door; and lo! my other master has returned from Elis.

HEG. Hail to you, my much wished-for son.

TYND. Ha! how—my son? Aye, aye, I know why you pretend yourself to be the father, and me to be the son; it is because, just as parents do, you give me the means of seeing the light.

PHIL. Hail to you, Tyndarus. TYND. And to you, for whose sake I am enduring these miseries.

PHIL. But now I'll make you in freedom come to wealth. For (*pointing to HEGIO*) this is your father; (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) that is the slave who stole you away from here when four years old, and sold you to my father for six minæ. He gave you, when a little child, to me a little child for my own service. He (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) has made a confession, for we have brought him back from Elis.

TYND. How, where's Hegio's son? PHIL. Look now; in-doors is your own brother.

TYND. How do you say? Have you brought that captive son of his?

PHIL. Why, he's in-doors, I say.

TYND. By my faith, you've done both well and happily.

PHIL. (*pointing to HEGIO*). Now this is your own

¹ The torments of the infernal regions were frequently represented in pictures, for the purpose of deterring men from evil actions, by keeping in view the certain consequences of their bad conduct.

father; (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) this is the thief who stole you when a little child.

TYND. But now, grown up, I shall give him grown up to the executioner for his thieving.

PHIL. He deserves it. TYND. I' faith, I'll deservedly give him the reward that he deserves. (*To HEGIO.*) But tell me, I pray you, are you my father?

HEG. I am he, my son. TYND. Now, at length, I bring it to my recollection, when I reconsider with myself: troth, I do now at last recall to memory that I had heard, as though through a mist, that my father was called Hegio.

HEG. I am he. PHIL. I pray that your son may be lightened of these fetters, and this slave be loaded with them.

HEG. I'm resolved that that shall be the first thing attended to. Let's go in-doors, that the blacksmith may be sent for, in order that I may remove those fetters from you, and give them to him. (*They go into the house.*)

STAL. To one who has no savings of his own, you'll be rightly doing so.

The COMPANY of PLAYERS coming forward.

Spectators, this play is founded on chaste manners. No wenching is there in this, and no intriguing, no exposure of a child, no cheating out of money; and no young man in love here makes his mistress free without his father's knowledge. The Poets find but few Comedies¹ of this kind, where good men might become better. Now, if it pleases you, and if we have pleased you, and have not been tedious, do you give this sign of it: you who wish chaste manners should have their reward, give us your applause.

¹ He here confesses that he does not pretend to frame the plots of his Plays himself, but that he goes to Greek sources for them; and forgetting that "beggars must not be choosers," he complains that so very few of the Greek Comedies are founded upon chaste manners. Indeed, this Play is justly deemed the most pure and innocent of all the Plays of Plautus.

COMEDIES OF TERENCE

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS

[THE SELF-TORMENTOR]

ADELPHI

[THE BROTHERS]

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY HENRY THOMAS RILEY, B.A.

LATE SCHOLAR OF CLARE HALL, CAMBRIDGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.

INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF TERENCE

BY THE REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M. A.

A DRAMATIC generation elapsed between Plautus and Terence; for the latter was only ten years old at the date of Plautus's death. The great name which filled the interval in the annals of Roman comedy was that of Cæcilius; but of his works nothing remains except a few disjointed passages to be found here and there in the works of other authors. Horace mentions him with approval, while Cicero accuses him of bad Latin. Cæcilius, too, was a copyist from Menander, and a very indifferent copyist in the opinion of Aulus Gellius, who gives us an additional testimony to the genius of the Greek dramatist, when, in comparing a passage from one of his lost comedies with the imitation of it by Cæcilius, he says that the difference in brilliancy is that of the golden armour of Glaucus compared with the bronze of Diomed.

Such biographical record as we have of Terence is mainly derived from a source which is very apocryphal. There is a "Life" of him, ascribed to Suetonius, but more probably written by the grammarian Donatus: we do not know what authority the writer had for his details, and the anecdotes which it contains have a suspicious colouring.

Though the name by which he is known—Publius Terentius—is Roman, we are told that he was by birth a Carthaginian, whence came his *sobriquet* of "Afer" (the African), and that he was either born in slavery or had become a prisoner of war. He was brought up in the household of a Roman senator named Terentius, and, as was not uncommon among slaves when they obtained their freedom, took the name of his patron. That under these circumstances he

should have had a liberal education need not discredit the story; for in many Roman families we know that such young slaves as showed ability were allowed ample opportunities of instruction. But other opportunities are said to have fallen to the lot of Terence such as few in his position could have hoped for. He was admitted, while yet a young man, to an intimate association with Scipio and Lælius; and this pair of accomplished friends were even said to have had a large share in the composition of the dramas which were brought out in the name of their humbler associate. There is a story that Lælius, being one evening busy in his library, and slow to obey his wife's summons to dinner, excused himself by saying he had never been in a happier mood for composition: and forthwith recited, as part of the result, a passage from what was afterwards known as "The Self-Tormentor" of Terence. The dramatist himself, perhaps very naturally, seems partly to have encouraged the popular notion that he enjoyed such distinguished help; for, though in his prologue to the comedy which was said to have been really the work of his aristocratic friend, he speaks of this report as "a weak invention of the enemy," yet in the prologue to a subsequent drama, "The Brothers," he evidently treats it as a compliment, and does not care altogether to refute so flattering an accusation.

For as to that which carping tongues report,
That certain noble friends have lent their hand
To this his work, and shared the poet's toil,—
What they would fling at him as a reproach
He counts an honour,—to be thus approved
By those whom universal Rome approves.¹

Cicero thought it probable that his illustrious friends did help him, though it might have been only by judicious hints and corrections. It is also more than possible that the dramatist may have been indebted for much of the refinement of his dialogue, directly or indirectly, to the accomplished women whose society he enjoyed in the household of Lælius. The

¹ Prologue to the *Adelphi*.



THE CONTINENCE OF SCIPIO

École de Fontainebleau (XVIème Siècle)

SCIPIO, THE YOUNGER, THE GREAT ROMAN PATRON OF LETTERS—HE WAS A FRIEND OF TERENCE, THE COMIC DRAMATIST [SEE PAGE 202]—WAS ALSO A MODEL OF VIRTUE. HE IS REPRESENTED IN THE PICTURE AS A YOUTH, MAKING A CHOICE OF CHASTE LITERATURE IN PREFERENCE TO LESS WORTHY AMBITIONS OFFERED HIM, SUCH AS MILITARY GLORY, ART, AND SENSUAL PLEASURE.

should have had a liberal education read not abscondit the story; for in many Roman families we know that such young slaves as showed ability were allowed ample opportunities of instruction. But other opportunities are said to have fallen to the lot of Terence such as few in his position could have hoped for. He was admitted, while yet a young man, to an intimate association with Scipio and Lælius: and this pair of accomplished friends were even said to have had a large share in the composition of the dramas which were brought out in the name of their humbler associate. There is a story that Lælius, being one evening busy in his library, and slow to obey his wife's summons to dinner, amused himself by saying he had never been in a happier mood for composition, and forthwith recited, as part of the comedy, a passage from what was afterwards known as "The Self-Tormentor" of Terence. The dramatist himself, perhaps very naturally, seems partly to have encouraged the popular notion that he enjoyed such distinguished help; for, though in his prologue to the comedy which was said to have been really the work of his aristocratic friend, he speaks of this report as "a weak invention of the country," yet in the prologue to a subsequent drama, "The Brothers," he evidently treats it as a compliment, and does not care altogether to refuse as flattering an accusation.

For as to that which ebbing temples meet,
That certain noble friends have lent their hand
To this his work, and shared the poet's toil,—
What they would fling at him, as a reproach
He counts an honour,—do ye then approve
By these whom universal Rome approves?

Cicero thought it probable that his illustrious friends did help him, though it might have been only by judicious hints and corrections. It is also more than possible that the dramatist had had some of the refinement of the accomplished women of the capital, directly or indirectly, to the advantage of his art. Scipio the younger, the great Roman patron of letters—he was a friend of Terence, the comic dramatist [see page 202]—was also a model of virtue. He is represented in the picture as a youth, making a choice of chaste literature in preference to less worthy ambitions offered him, such as military glory, art, and sensual pleasure.

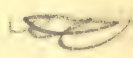


ladies of that family were all charming talkers; and Lælia, the eldest daughter of Scipio's friend, is mentioned by her son-in-law Crassus, the famous orator, as reminding him, in the elegance of her language, of the dialogues of Nævius and Plautus.

It is said that when he offered his first play to the Ædiles, who as the regulators of the public games had to choose the pieces which were to enjoy the honour of public presentation, he found the officer to whom he brought it to read seated at table. The young author was desired to take a stool at a distance, and begin: but he had scarcely got through the opening passage of "The Maid of Andros" when the Ædile motioned him to a seat by his own side, and there the reading was completed.

The six comedies which are extant were probably all their author ever put upon the stage. In the midst of his dramatic career, he left Rome in order to travel in Greece, and is said during his tour to have employed himself in the translation of upwards of a hundred of Menander's comedies. He seems never to have returned, and tradition says that he was lost at sea on his voyage homeward, and that his precious manuscripts perished with him. Another story is that he himself escaped from the wreck, but died of grief for the loss of his literary treasures.

His plays have far more elegance, but less action, than those of Plautus. He is perhaps more adapted for the library, and Plautus for the stage. Very much of the fun of the latter is broad farce, while Terence seldom descends below parlour comedy. But the two writers had moved in very different circles: Plautus had been familiar with life in the Suburra—the St. Giles's of Rome—while Terence had mixed in the society of the Palatine. Their tastes had thus been formed in very different schools. It is probable that Terence gives us a better notion of what Menander was than either Plautus or Cæcilius. A criticism of Cæsar has been already quoted, in which he calls Terence a "half-Menander." In the same lines he speaks of his "pure diction" and "smoothness," and regrets his deficiency in that lively humour ("*vis comica*") which Menander seems to have succeeded in com-



bining with the Attic elegance of his style. There seems much justice in this criticism.

The brief prologues with which Terence introduces his plays, unlike those of Plautus, contain no kind of explanation of the plot. They are personal appeals of the poet to his audience, informing them honestly of the sources from which he has borrowed his piece (for to the honours of original invention no Roman dramatist of those days seems to have thought of aspiring), or defending himself against some charge of unfair dealing brought against him by his rivals. In this respect they bear a strong resemblance to the "parabasis," as it was called, introduced here and there between what we should call the acts, in the old Attic Comedy of Aristophanes and Cratinus.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS

[THE SELF-TORMENTOR]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHREMES, an old gentleman, living in the country.

MENEDEMUS, an old gentleman, his neighbour.

CLINIA, son of Menedemus.

CLITIPHO, son of Chremes.

DROMO, servant of Clinia.

SYRUS, servant of Clitipho.

SOSTRATA, wife of Chremes.

ANTIPHILA, a young woman beloved by Clinia.

BACCHIS, a Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho.

The Nurse of Antiphila.

PHRYGIA, maid-servant to Bacchis.

Scene.—In the country, near Athens; before the houses
of CHREMES and MENEDEMUS.

ARGUMENT

Chremes commands his wife, when pregnant, if she is delivered of a girl immediately to kill the child. Having given birth to a girl, Sostrata delivers her to an old woman named Philtera to be exposed. Instead of doing this, Philtera calls her Antiphila, and brings her up as her own. Clinia, the son of Menedemus, falls in love with her, and treats her as though his wife. Menedemus, on learning this, is very angry, and by his harsh language drives away his son from home. Taking this to heart, and in order to punish himself for his ill-timed severity, Menedemus, though now an aged man, fatigues himself by labouring at agricultural pursuits from morning till night. At the period when the Play commences, Clinia has just returned to Attica, but not daring to go to his father's house, is entertained by Clitipho, the son of Chremes, who is the neighbour of Menedemus. Clitipho then sends for Antiphila, whose supposed mother has recently died, to come and meet her lover. On the same day, Chremes learns from Menedemus how anxious he is for his son's return; and on hearing from his son of the arrival of Clinia, he defers informing Menedemus of it until the next day. Syrus, the servant who has been sent to fetch Antiphila, also brings with him Bacchis, an extravagant Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho. To conceal the truth from Chremes, they represent to him that Bacchis is the mistress of Clinia, and that Antiphila is one of her maids. Next morning Chremes informs Menedemus of his son's arrival, and of the extravagant conduct of his mistress, but begs that he will conceal from Clinia his knowledge of this fact. Bacchis requiring ten minæ, Syrus devises a plan for obtaining the money from Chremes, while the latter is encouraging him to think of a project against Menedemus. Syrus tells him a story, that the mother of Antiphila had borrowed a thousand drachmæ of Bacchis, and being dead, the girl is left in her hands as a pledge for the money. While these things are going on, Sostrata discovers in Antiphila her own daughter. In order to obtain the money which Bacchis persists in demanding, Syrus suggests to Chremes that it should be represented to Menedemus that Bacchis is the mistress of Clitipho, and that he should be requested to conceal her in his house for a few days; it is also arranged that Clinia shall pretend to his father to be in love with Antiphila, and to beg her as his wife. He is then to ask for money, as though for the wedding, which is to be handed over to Bacchis. Chremes does not at first approve of the plan suggested by Syrus; but he pays down the money for which he has been informed his daughter is a pledge in the hands of Bacchis. This, with his knowledge, is given to Clitipho, who, as Syrus says, is to convey it to Bacchis, who is now in the house of Menedemus, to make the latter more readily believe that she is his mistress. Shortly after this, the plot is discovered by Chremes, who threatens to punish Clitipho and Syrus. The Play concludes with Chremes giving his consent to the marriage of Clinia with Antiphila, and pardoning Clitipho, who promises to abandon the Courtesan, and marry.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

THE PROLOGUE

LEST it should be a matter of surprise to any one of you, why the Poet has assigned to an old man a part that belongs to the young, that I will first explain to you; and then, the reason for my coming I will disclose. An entire Play from an entire Greek one, the *Heautontimorumenos*, I am to-day about to represent, which from a twofold plot has been made but one. I have shown that it is new, and what it is: next I would mention who it was that wrote it, and whose in Greek it is, if I do not think that the greater part of you are aware. Now, for what reason I have learnt this part, in a few words I will explain. The Poet intended me to be a Pleader, not the Speaker of a Prologue; your decision he asks, and has appointed me the advocate; if this advocate can avail as much by his oral powers as he has excelled in inventing happily, who composed this speech which I am about to recite. For as to malevolent rumours spreading abroad that he has mixed together many Greek Plays while writing a few Latin ones, he does not deny that this is the case, and that he does not repent of so doing; and he affirms that he will do so again. He has the example of good Poets; after which example he thinks it is allowable for him to do what they have done. Then, as to a malevolent old Poet¹ saying that he has suddenly applied himself to dramatic pursuits, relying on the genius of his friends,² and not his own natural abilities; on that your judgment, your opinion, will prevail. Wherefore I do entreat you all, that the suggestions of our antagonists may not avail more than those of our favourers. Do you be

¹ He alludes to his old enemy, Luscus Lavinius,

² He alludes to a report which had been spread, that his friends Lælius and Scipio had published their own compositions under his name.

favourable; grant the means of prospering to those who afford you the means of being spectators of new Plays; those, I mean, without faults: that he may not suppose this said in his behalf who lately made the public give way to a slave as he ran along in the street; why should he take a madman's part? About his faults he will say more when he brings out some other new ones, unless he puts an end to his cavilling. Attend with favourable feelings; grant me the opportunity that I may be allowed to act a quiet Play in silence; that the servant everlastingly running about, the angry old man, the gluttonous parasite, the impudent sharper, and the greedy procurer, may not have always to be performed by me with the utmost expense of voice, and the greatest exertion. For my sake come to the conclusion that this request is fair, that so some portion of my labour may be abridged. For now-a-days, those who write new Plays do not spare an aged man. If there is any piece requiring exertion, they come running to me; but if it is a light one, it is taken to another Company. In the present one the style is pure. Do you make proof, what, in each character, my ability can effect. If I have never greedily set a high price upon my skill, and have come to the conclusion that this is my greatest gain, as far as possible to be subservient to your convenience, establish in me a precedent, that the young may be anxious rather to please you than themselves.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

Enter CHREMES, and MENEDEMUS with a spade in his hand, who falls to digging.

CHREM. Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighbourhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbours (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labour beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of Gods

and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age, or more. No man in these parts has a better or a more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return home, I see you either digging, or ploughing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here. If you were to employ the time you spend in labouring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

MEN. Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others—those which don't concern you?

CHREM. I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.¹ Suppose that I wish either to advise you in this matter, or to be informed myself; if what you do is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, then that I may dissuade you.

MEN. It's requisite for me to do so; do you as it is necessary for you to do.

CHREM. Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

MEN. It is for me.

CHREM. If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this of yours? How have you deserved so ill of yourself?

MEN. Alas! alas! (*He begins to weep.*)

CHREM. Do not weep, but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

MEN. Do you wish to know this matter?

CHREM. Yes, and for the reason I mentioned to you.

MEN. I will tell you.

¹“Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.” St. Augustine says, that at the delivery of this sentiment, the Theatre resounded with applause.

CHREM. But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

MEN. By no means.

CHREM. What can be your object? (*Tries to take the rake from him.*)

MEN. Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labour.

CHREM. I will not allow it, I tell you. (*Taking the rake from him.*)

MEN. Ah! that's not fair.

CHREM. (*poising the rake*). Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

MEN. Such are my deserts.

CHREM. Now speak. (*Laying down the rake.*)

MEN. I have an only son,—a young man,—alas! why did I say—"I have?"—rather I should say, "I had" one, Chremes:—whether I have him now, or not, is uncertain.

CHREM. Why so?

MEN. You shall know:—There is a poor old woman here, a stranger from Corinth:—her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife; all this took place unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him, not with gentleness, nor in the way suited to the love-sick mind of a youth, but with violence, and after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him,—“Look, you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself, your father, being alive; to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia, and you don't know me, if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my son, just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act towards you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life, I did not devote my time to dalliance, but, in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory.” At length the matter came to this,—the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I,

through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

CHREM. What is it you say?

MEN. He departed without my knowledge—and has been gone these three months.

CHREM. Both are to be blamed—although I still think this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

MEN. When I learnt this from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down; my servants run to me; they take off my shoes; then some make all haste to spread the couches, and to prepare a repast; each according to his ability did zealously what he could, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus: "What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so many female servants to provide me with dress? Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally, or even more so, to enjoy these things—inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them—him, poor youth, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of penury, banished from this country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself, toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once I set about it; I left nothing in the house, neither movables nor clothing; everything I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for their keep by working in the country, all of them I set up at auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house. I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury, while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share it with me.

CHREM. I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition towards your children, and him to be an obedient son, if one

were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you—a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he ever dare put that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these troubles would never have befallen you.

MEN. Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

CHREM. But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best, and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

MEN. Oh that the Gods would grant it!

CHREM. They will do so. Now, if it is convenient to you—the festival of Bacchus is being kept here to-day—I wish you to give me your company.

MEN. I cannot.

CHREM. Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you do so.

MEN. It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

CHREM. Is such your determination?

MEN. It is.

CHREM. Then kindly fare you well.

MEN. And you the same. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE II

CHREMES *alone.*

CHREM. (*to himself.*) He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbour of mine, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. (*Goes to PHANIA'S door, makes the enquiry, and returns.*) There was no occasion for me to remind him: they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go in-doors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out! I'll step aside here. (*He stands aside.*)

SCENE III

Enter CLITIPHO, from the house of CHREMES.

CLIT. (*at the door, to CLINIA within*). There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long by any means: and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

CHREM. (*apart*). Who is my son talking to? (*Makes his appearance.*)

CLIT. (*to himself*). Here comes my father, whom I wished to see: I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

CHREM. What is the matter?

CLIT. Do you know this neighbour of ours, Menedemus?

CHREM. Very well.

CLIT. Do you know that he has a son?

CHREM. I have heard that he has; in Asia.

CLIT. He is not in Asia, father; he is at our house.

CHREM. What is it you say?

CLIT. Upon his arrival, after he had just landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upwards I have always been on intimate terms with him.

CHREM. You announce to me a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us: that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting it, with this delight!—and even yet there's time enough—

CLIT. Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, for doing so.

CHREM. For what reason?

CLIT. Why, because he is as yet undertermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears every thing; his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed towards him. He loves her to distraction: on her account, this trouble and going abroad took place.

CHREM. I know it.

CLIT. He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I ordered our Syrus to go with him.

CHREM. What does Clinia say?

CLIT. What does he say? That he is wretched.

CHREM. Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy every thing that among men, in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, all these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, they are evils.

CLIT. Aye, but he always was a morose old man; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

CHREM. What, he? (*Aside.*) But I'll restrain myself; for that the other one should be in fear of his father is of service to him.¹

CLIT. What is it you are saying to yourself?

CHREM. I'll tell you. However the case stood, Clinia ought still to have remained at home. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked: he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father? Was it reasonable that he should live after his son's humour, or his son after his? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character, those I mean who are in some degree reasonable men. They do not wish their sons to be always wenching; they do not wish them to be always carousing; they give a limited allowance; and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, Clitipho, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

¹ He means that it is to the advantage of Clitipho that Clinia should be seen to stand in awe of his father.

CLIT. I believe so.

CHREM. I'll now go hence in-doors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be anywhere out of the way. (*Goes into his house, and exit CLITIPHO.*)

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. (*to himself.*) What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all of us young men, in thinking it reasonable for us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is naturally inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires,—such as they now are,—not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in me an indulgent father. For the means both of knowing and of pardoning his faults shall be found by me; not like mine, who by means of another person, discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death,—when he drinks a little more than usual, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, “Take warning from others of what may be to your advantage.” How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now, the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. “Give me this, and bring me that,” she cries; I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he, as well, has cares enough of his own, still has a mistress of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant creature, full of lofty airs. Then all that I have to give her is—fair words—for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know anything of the matter. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II

Enter CLINIA from the house of CHREMES.

CLIN. (*to himself.*) If my love-affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind; opportunity, the place, her age, a worthless mother, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. Clinia!

CLIN. Alas! wretched me!

CLIT. Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

CLIN. I will do so; but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

CLIT. Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact?

CLIN. Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

CLIT. She'll be here presently.

CLIN. When will that presently be?

CLIT. You don't consider that it is a great way from here. Besides, you know the ways of women, while they are bestirring themselves, and while they are making preparations a whole year passes by.

CLIN. O Clitipho, I'm afraid——

CLIT. Take courage. Look, here comes Dromo, together with Syrus: they are close at hand. (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE III

Enter SYRUS and DROMO, conversing at a distance.

SYR. Do you say so?

DRO. 'Tis as I told you,—but in the meantime, while

we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

CLIT. (*apart.*) Don't you hear, Clinia? Your mistress is close at hand.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Why yes, I do hear now at last, and I see and revive, Clitipho.

DRO. No wonder; they are so encumbered; they are bringing a troop of female attendants with them.

CLIN. (*apart.*) I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

CLIT. (*apart.*) Do you ask me?

SYR. We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

CLIN. (*apart.*) Ah me!

SYR. Jewels of gold, and clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us to leave them. Just go back, Dromo, and meet them. Make haste—why do you delay? (*Exit DROMO.*)

CLIN. (*apart.*) Woe unto wretched me!—from what high hopes am I fallen!

CLIT. (*apart.*) What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

CLIN. (*apart.*) Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants, jewels of gold, and clothes, her too, whom I left here with only one little servant girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

CLIT. (*apart.*) Oh! now at last I understand you.

SYR. (*to himself.*) Good Gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more wretched than our old gentleman? (*Catching sight of CLINIA and CLITIPHO.*) But look, I espy the persons I was wanting.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Oh, Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity gone? While I, distractedly wandering, have adandoned my country for your sake, you, in the meantime, Antiphila, have been enriching yourself, and forsaken me in these troubles, you for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am

now ashamed and grieved, that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her:—which, however, I shall now do; whereas when it might have been advantageous to me to do so, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

SYR. (*to himself.*) He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here. (*Aloud.*) Clinia, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and her disposition towards you is the same as it always was; so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

CLIN. How so, prithee? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

SYR. This, in the first place then (that you may not be ignorant of anything that concerns her); the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not so.—She is dead: this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

CLIT. Pray, who is the other one?

SYR. Stay; what I have begun I wish first to relate, Clitipho; I shall come to that afterwards.

CLIT. Make haste, then.

SYR. First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door; a certain old woman came out; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in; I followed; the old woman bolted the door, and returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence; when we thus came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave us an opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life; a thing which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web; plainly clad in a mourning dress, on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was lately dead; without golden ornaments, dressed, besides, just like those who only dress for themselves, and patched up with

no worthless woman's trumpery.¹ Her hair was loose, long, and thrown back negligently about her temples. (*To CLINIA.*) Do hold your peace.

CLIN. My dear Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

SYR. The old woman was spinning the woof: there was one little servant girl besides;—she was weaving together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, and dirty with filthiness.

CLIT. If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this girl whom he speaks of, as dirty and drabbish? This, too, is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

CLIN. (*to SYRUS.*) Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavouring to purchase favour by telling an untruth. What did she say, when you mentioned me?

SYR. When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

CLIN. So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy. I was so alarmed before.

CLIT. But I was sure that there was no reason, Clinia. Come now, Syrus, tell me, in my turn, who this other lady is.

SYR. Your Bacchis, whom we are bringing.

CLIT. Ha! What! Bacchis? How now, you rascal! whither are you bringing her?

SYR. Whither am I bringing her? To our house, to be sure.

CLIT. What! to my father's?

SYR. To the very same.

CLIT. Oh, the audacious impudence of the fellow!

¹ *i. e.*, they did not find her painted up with the cosmetics which some women were in the habit of using.

SYR. Hark'ye, no great and memorable action is done without some risk.

CLIT. Look now; are you seeking to gain credit for yourself, at the hazard of my character, you rascal, in a point, where, if you only make the slightest slip, I am ruined? What would you be doing with her?

SYR. But still——

CLIT. Why "still"?

SYR. If you'll give me leave, I'll tell you.

CLIN. Do give him leave.

CLIT. I give him leave then.

SYR. This affair is now just as though when——

CLIT. Plague on it, what roundabout story is he beginning to tell me?

CLIN. Syrus, he says what's right—do omit digressing; come to the point.

SYR. Really I cannot hold my tongue. Clitipho, you are every way unjust, and cannot possibly be endured.

CLIN. Upon my faith, he ought to have a hearing. (*To CLITIPHO.*) Do be silent.

SYR. You wish to indulge in your amours; you wish to possess your mistress; you wish that to be procured wherewithal to make her presents; in getting this, you do not wish the risk to be your own. You are not wise to no purpose,—if indeed it is being wise to wish for that which cannot happen. Either the one must be had with the other, or the one must be let alone with the other. Now, of these two alternatives, consider which one you would prefer; although this project which I have formed, I know to be both a wise and a safe one. For there is an opportunity for your mistress to be with you at your father's house, without fear of a discovery; besides, by these self-same means, I shall find the money which you have promised her—to effect which you have already made my ears deaf with entreating me. What would you have more?

CLIT. If, indeed, this could be brought about——

SYR. If, indeed? You shall know it by experience.

CLIT. Well, well, disclose this project of yours. What is it?

SYR. We will pretend that your mistress is his (*pointing to CLINIA*).

CLIT. Very fine! Tell me, what is he to do with his own? Is she, too, to be called his, as if one was not a sufficient discredit?

SYR. No—she shall be taken to your mother.

CLIT. Why there?

SYR. It would be tedious, Clitipho, if I were to tell you why I do so; I have a good reason.

CLIT. Stuff! I see no grounds sufficiently solid why it should be for my advantage to incur this risk.¹ (*Turning as if going.*)

SYR. Stay; if there is this risk, I have another project, which you must both confess to be free from danger.

CLIT. Find out something of that description, I beseech you.

SYR. By all means; I'll go meet her, and tell her to return home.

CLIT. Ha! what was it you said?

SYR. I'll rid you at once of all fears, so that you may sleep at your ease upon either ear.²

CLIT. What am I to do now?

CLIN. What are you to do? The goods that—

CLIT. Only tell me the truth, Syrus.

SYR. Dispatch quickly; you'll be wishing just now too late and in vain. (*Going.*)

CLIN. The Gods provide, enjoy while yet you may; for you know not—

CLIT. (*calling.*) Syrus, I say!

SYR. (*moving on.*) Go on; I shall still do that which I said.³

CLIN. Whether you may have another opportunity hereafter or ever again.

CLIT. I' faith, that's true. (*Calling.*) Syrus, Syrus, I say, harkye, harkye, Syrus!

¹ As to his own mistress.

² A proverbial expression, implying an easy and secure repose.

³ *i. e.*, "Call on just as you please, I shall persist in sending Bacchis away."

SYR. (*aside.*) He warms a little. (*To CLITIPHO.*)
What is it you want?

CLIT. Come back, come back.

SYR. (*coming back to him.*) Here I am; tell me what you would have. You'll be presently saying that this, too, doesn't please you.

CLIT. Nay, Syrus, I commit myself, and my love, and my reputation entirely to you; you are the seducer; take care you don't deserve any blame.

SYR. It is ridiculous for you to give me that caution, Clitipho, as if my interest was less at stake in this affair than yours. Here, if any ill luck should perchance befall us, words will be in readiness for you, but for this individual blows (*pointing to himself*). For that reason, this matter is by no means to be neglected on my part: but do prevail upon him (*pointing to CLINIA*) to pretend that she is his own mistress.

CLIN. You may rest assured I'll do so. The matter has now come to that pass, that it is a case of necessity.

CLIT. 'Tis with good reason that I love you, Clinia.

CLIN. But she mustn't be tripping at all.

SYR. She is thoroughly tutored in her part.

CLIT. But this I wonder at, how you could so easily prevail upon her, who is wont to treat such great people with scorn.

SYR. I came to her at the proper moment, which in all things is of the first importance: for there I found a certain wretched captain soliciting her favours: she artfully managed the man, so as to inflame his eager passions by denial; and this, too, that it might be especially pleasing to yourself. But hark you, take care, will you, not to be imprudently impetuous. You know your father, how quicksighted he is in these matters; and I know you, how unable you are to command yourself. Keep clear of words of double meaning, your sidelong looks,¹ sighing, hemming, coughing, tit-tering.

CLIT. You shall have to commend me.

¹ *i. e.*, a secret code of words and actions.

SYR. Take care of that, please.

CLIT. You yourself shall be surprised at me.

SYR. But how quickly the ladies have come up with us!

CLIT. Where are they? (SYRUS stands before him.)

Why do you hold me back?

SYR. For the present she is nothing to you.

CLIT. I know it, before my father; but now in the meantime—

SYR. Not a bit the more.

CLIT. Do let me.

SYR. I will not let you, I tell you.

CLIT. But only for a moment, pray.

SYR. I forbid it.

CLIT. Only to salute her.

SYR. If you are wise, get you gone.

CLIT. I'm off. But what's he to do. (*Pointing at*

CLINIA.)

SYR. He will stay here.

CLIT. O happy man!

SYR. Take yourself off. (*Exit CLITIPHO.*

SCENE IV

Enter BACCHIS and ANTIPHILA at a distance.

BACCHIS. Upon my word, my dear Antiphila, I commend you, and think you fortunate in having made it your study that your manners should be conformable to those good looks of yours: and so may the Gods bless me, I do not at all wonder if every man is in love with you. For your discourse has been a proof to me what kind of disposition you possess. And when now I reflect in my mind upon your way of life, and that of all of you, in fact, who keep the public at a distance from yourselves, it is not surprising both that you are of that disposition, and that we are not; for it is your interest to be virtuous; those, with whom we are acquainted, will not allow us to be so. For our lovers, allured merely by our beauty, court us for that; when that has faded, they transfer their affections elsewhere; and unless we have made provision in the meantime for the future,

we live in destitution. Now with you, when you have once resolved to pass your life with one man whose manners are especially kindred to your own, he becomes attached to you. By this kindly feeling, you are truly devoted to each other; and no calamity can ever possibly interrupt your love.

ANTI. I know nothing about other women: I'm sure that I have, indeed, always used every endeavour to derive my own happiness from his happiness.

CLIN. (*apart, overhearing* ANTIPHILA.) Ah! 'tis for that reason, my Antiphila, that you alone have now caused me to return to my native country; for while I was absent from you, all other hardships which I encountered were light to me, save the being deprived of you.

SYR. (*apart.*) I believe it.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Syrus, I can scarce endure it! Wretch that I am, that I should not be allowed to possess one of such a disposition at my own discretion!

SYR. Nay, so far as I understand your father, he will for a long time yet be giving you a hard task.

BACCH. Why, who is that young man that's looking at us?

ANTI. (*seeing* CLINIA.) Ah! do support me, I entreat you!

BACCH. Prithee, what is the matter with you?

ANTI. I shall die, alas! I shall die!

BACCH. Why are you thus surprised, Antiphila?

ANTI. Is it Clinia that I see, or not?

BACCH. Whom do you see?

CLIN. (*running to embrace* ANTIPHILA). Blessings on you, my life!

ANTI. Oh, my long-wished for Clinia, blessings on you!

CLIN. How fare you, my love?

ANTI. I'm overjoyed that you have returned safe.

CLIN. And do I embrace you, Antiphila, so passionately longed for by my soul?

SYR. Go in-doors; for the old gentleman has been waiting for us some time. (*They go into the house of* CHREMES.)

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Enter CHREMES from his house.

CHREM. (*to himself.*) It is now daybreak. Why do I delay to knock at my neighbour's door, that he may learn from me the first that his son has returned? Although I am aware that the youth would not prefer this. But when I see him tormenting himself so miserably about his absence, can I conceal a joy so unhop'd for, especially when there can be no danger to him from the discovery? I will not do so; but as far as I can I will assist the old man. As I see my son aiding his friend and year's-mate, and acting as his confidant in his concerns, it is but right that we old men as well should assist each other.

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to himself.*) Assuredly I was either born with a disposition peculiarly suited for misery, or else that saying which I hear commonly repeated, that "time assuages human sorrow," is false. For really my sorrow about my son increases daily; and the longer he is away from me, the more anxiously do I wish for him, and the more I miss him.

CHREM. (*apart.*) But I see him coming out of his house; I'll go speak to him. (*Aloud.*) Menedemus, good morrow; I bring you news, which you would especially desire to be imparted.

MEN. Pray, have you heard anything about my son, Chremes?

CHREM. He's alive, and well.

MEN. Why, where is he, pray?

CHREM. Here, at my house, at home.

MEN. My son?

CHREM. Such is the fact.

MEN. Come home?

CHREM. Certainly,

MEN. My son, Clinia, come home?

CHREM. I say so.

MEN. Let us go. Lead me to him, I beg of you.

CHREM. He does not wish you yet to know of his return, and he shuns your presence; he's afraid that, on account of that fault, your former severity may even be increased

MEN. Did you not tell him how I was affected?

CHREM. No——

MEN. For what reason, Chremes?

CHREM. Because there you would judge extremely ill both for yourself and for him, if you were to show yourself of a spirit so weak and irresolute.

MEN. I cannot help it: enough already, enough, have I proved a rigorous father.

CHREM. Ah Menedemus! you are too precipitate in either extreme, either with profuseness or with parsimony too great. Into the same error will you fall from the one side as from the other. In the first place, formerly, rather than allow your son to visit a young woman, who was then content with a very little, and to whom anything was acceptable, you frightened him away from here. After that, she began, quite against her inclination, to seek a subsistence upon the town. Now, when she cannot be supported without a great expense, you are ready to give anything. For, that you may know how perfectly she is trained to extravagance, in the first place, she has already brought with her more than ten female attendants, all laden with clothes and jewels of gold; if a satrap had been her admirer, he never could support her expenses, much less can you.

MEN. Is she at your house?

CHREM. Is she, do you ask? I have felt it; for I have given her and her retinue one dinner; had I to give them another such, it would be all over with me; for, to pass by other matters, what a quantity of wine she did consume for me in tasting only,¹ saying thus, "This wine is too acid, respected sir, do please look for something more mellow."

¹ And then spitting it out. It seems to have been done by persons who wished to give themselves airs in the houses of private persons.

I opened all the casks, all the vessels; she kept all on the stir: and this but a single night. What do you suppose will become of you when they are constantly preying upon you? So may the Gods prosper me, Menedemus, I do pity your lot.

MEN. Let him do what he will; let him take, waste, and squander; I'm determined to endure it, so long as I only have him with me.

CHREM. If it is your determination thus to act, I hold it to be of very great moment that he should not be aware that with a full knowledge you grant him this.

MEN. What shall I do?

CHREM. Anything, rather than what you are thinking of; supply him with money through some other person; suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the artifices of his servant: although I have smelt out this too, that they are about that, and are secretly planning it among them. Syrus is always whispering with that servant of yours [Dromo]; they impart their plans to the young men; and it were better for you to lose a talent this way, than a mina the other. The money is not the question now, but this—in what way we can supply it to the young man with the least danger. For if he once knows the state of your feelings, that you would sooner part with your life, and sooner with all your money, than allow your son to leave you; whew! what an inlet will you be opening for his debauchery! aye, and so much so, that henceforth to live cannot be desirable to you. For we all become worse through indulgence. Whatever comes into his head, he'll be wishing for; nor will he reflect whether that which he desires is right or wrong. You will not be able to endure your estate and him going to ruin. You will refuse to supply him: he will immediately have recourse to the means by which he finds that he has the greatest hold upon you, and threaten that he will immediately leave you.

MEN. You seem to speak the truth, and just what is the fact.

CHREM. I' faith, I have not been sensible of sleep this night with my eyes, for thinking of this—how to restore your son to you.

MEN. (*taking his hand.*) Give me your right hand. I request that you will still act in a like manner, Chremes.

CHREM. I am ready to serve you.

MEN. Do you know what it is I now want you to do?

CHREM. Tell me.

MEN. As you have perceived that they are laying a plan to deceive me, that they may hasten to complete it. I long to give him whatever he wants: I am now longing to behold him.

CHREM. I'll lend my endeavours. This little business is in my way. Our neighbours Simus and Crito are disputing here about boundaries; they have chosen me for arbitrator. I'll go and tell them that I cannot possibly give them my attention to-day as I had stated I would. I'll be here immediately. (*Exit.*)

MEN. Pray do. (*To himself.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! That the nature of all men should be so constituted, that they can see and judge of other men's affairs better than their own! Is it because in our own concerns we are biassed either with joy or grief in too great a degree? How much wiser now is he for me, than I have been for myself!

Re-enter CHREMES.

CHREM. I have disengaged myself, that I might lend you my services at my leisure. Syrus must be found and instructed by me in this business. Some one, I know not who, is coming out of my house: do you step hence home, that they may not perceive that we are conferring together. (*MENEDEMUS goes into his house.*)

SCENE II

Enter SYRUS *from the house of* CHREMES.

SYR. (*aloud to himself.*) Run to and fro in every direction; still, money, you must be found: a trap must be laid for the old man.

CHREM. (*apart, overhearing him.*) Was I deceived in saying that they were planning this? That servant of Clinia's

is somewhat dull; therefore that province has been assigned to this one of ours.

SYR. (*in a low voice.*) Who's that speaking? (*Catches sight of CHREMES.*) I'm undone! Did he hear it, I wonder?

CHREM. Syrus.

SYR. Well——

CHREM. What are you doing here?

SYR. All right. Really, I am quite surprised at you, Chremes, up so early, after drinking so much yesterday.

CHREM. Not too much.

SYR. Not too much, say you? Really, you've seen the old age of an eagle,¹ as the saying is.

CHREM. Pooh, pooh!

SYR. A pleasant and agreeable woman this Courtesan.

CHREM. Why, so she seemed to me, in fact.

SYR. And really of handsome appearance.

CHREM. Well enough.

SYR. Not like those of former days, but as times are now, very passable: nor do I in the least wonder that Clinia doats upon her. But he has a father—a certain covetous, miserable, and niggardly person—this neighbour of ours (*pointing to the house*). Do you know him? Yet, as if he was not abounding in wealth, his son ran away through want. Are you aware that it is the fact, as I am saying?

CHREM. How should I not be aware? A fellow that deserves the mill.

SYR. Who?

CHREM. That servant of the young gentleman, I mean.

SYR. (*aside.*) Syrus! I was sadly afraid for you.

CHREM. To suffer it to come to this!

SYR. What was he to do?

CHREM. Do you ask the question? He ought to have found some expedient, contrived some stratagem, by means of which there might have been something for the young man to give to his mistress, and thus have saved this crabbed old fellow in spite of himself.

¹This was a proverbial expression signifying a hale and vigorous old age.

SYR. You are surely joking.

CHREM. This ought to have been done by him, Syrus.

SYR. How now—pray, do you commend servants, who deceive their masters?

CHREM. Upon occasion—I certainly do commend them.

SYR. Quite right.

CHREM. Inasmuch as it often is the remedy for great disturbances. Then would this man's only son have staid at home.

SYR. (*aside.*) Whether he says this in jest or in earnest, I don't know; only, in fact, that he gives me additional zest for longing still more to trick him.

CHREM. And what is he now waiting for, Syrus? Is it until his father drives him away from here a second time, when he can no longer support her expenses?¹ Has he no plot on foot against the old gentleman?

SYR. He is a stupid fellow.

CHREM. Then you ought to assist him—for the sake of the young man.

SYR. For my part, I can do so easily, if you command me; for I know well in what fashion it is usually done.

CHREM. So much the better, i' faith.

SYR. 'Tis not my way to tell an untruth.

CHREM. Do it then.

SYR. But hark you! Just take care and remember this, in case anything of this sort should perchance happen at a future time, such are human affairs!—your son might do the same.

CHREM. The necessity will not arise, I trust.

SYR. I' faith, and I trust so too: nor do I say so now, because I have suspected him in any way; but in case, none the more²—You see what his age is; (*aside*) and truly, Chremes, if an occasion does happen, I may be able to handle you right handsomely.

CHREM. (*overhearing the remark.*) 'As to that, we'll consider what is requisite when the occasion does happen.

¹ *i. e.*, Bacchis's.

² "But if anything does happen, don't you blame me."

At present do you set about this matter. (*Goes into his house.*)

SYR. (*to himself.*) Never on any occasion did I hear my master talk more to the purpose; nor at any time could I believe that I was authorized to play the rogue with greater impunity. I wonder who it is coming out of our house? (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE III

Enter CHREMES and CLITIPHO from the house of the former.

CHREM. Pray, what does this mean? What behaviour is this, Clitipho? Is this acting as becomes you?

CLIT. What have I done?

CHREM. Did I not see you just now putting your hand into this Courtesan's bosom?

SYR. (*apart.*) It's all up with us—I'm utterly undone!

CLIT. What, I?

CHREM. With these selfsame eyes I saw it—don't deny it. Besides, you wrong him unworthily in not keeping your hands off: for indeed it is a gross affront to entertain a person, your friend, at your house, and to take liberties with his mistress. Yesterday, for instance, at wine, how rude you were—

SYR. (*apart.*) 'Tis the truth.

CHREM. How annoying you were! So much so, that for my part, as the Gods may prosper me, I dreaded what in the end might be the consequence. I understand lovers. They resent highly things that you would not imagine.

CLIT. But he has full confidence in me, father, that I would not do anything of that kind.

CHREM. Be it so; still, at least, you ought to go somewhere for a little time away from their presence. Passion prompts to many a thing; your presence acts as a restraint upon doing them. I form a judgment from myself. There's not one of my friends this day to whom I would venture, Clitipho, to disclose all my secrets. With one, his station forbids it; with another, I am ashamed of the action itself, lest I may appear a fool or devoid of shame; do you rest assured that he [Clinia] does the same. But it is our part to

be sensible of this; and, when and where it is requisite, to show due complaisance.

SYR. (*coming forward and whispering to CLITIPHO.*) What is it he is saying?

CLIT. (*aside, to SYRUS.*) I'm utterly undone!

SYR. Clitipho, these same injunctions I gave you. You have acted the part of a prudent and discreet person [*Ironically*].

CLIT. Hold your tongue, I beg.

SYR. Very good.

CHREM. (*approaching them.*) Syrus, I am ashamed of him.

SYR. I believe it; and not without reason. Why, he vexes myself even.

CLIT. (*to SYRUS.*) Do you persist, then?

SYR. I' faith, I'm saying the truth, as it appears to me.

CLIT. May I not go near them?

CHREM. How now—pray, is there but one way¹ of going near them?

SYR. (*aside.*) Confusion! He'll be betraying himself before I've got the money. (*Aloud.*) Chremes, will you give attention to me, who am but a silly person?

CHREM. What am I to do?

SYR. Bid him go somewhere out of the way.

CLIT. Where am I to go?

SYR. Where you please; leave the place to them; be off and take a walk.

CLIT. Take a walk! where?

SYR. Pshaw! Just as if there was no place to walk in. Why, then, go this way, that way, where you will.

CHREM. He says right, I'm of his opinion.

CLIT. May the Gods extirpate you, Syrus, for thrusting me away from here.

SYR. (*aside to CLITIPHO.*) Then do you for the future keep those hands of yours within bounds. (*Exit CLITIPHO.*) Really now (*to CHREMES*), what do you think? What do you imagine will become of him next, unless, so far as the Gods

¹ And that an immodest one.

afford you the means, you watch him, correct and admonish him?

CHREM. I'll take care of that.

SYR. But now, master, he must be looked after by you.

CHREM. It shall be done.

SYR. If you are wise,—for now he minds me less and less every day.

CHREM. What say you? What have you done, Syrus, about that matter which I was mentioning to you a short time since? Have you any plan that suits you, or not yet even?

SYR. You mean the design upon Menedemus? I have; I have just hit upon one.

CHREM. You are a clever fellow; what is it? Tell me.

SYR. I'll tell you; but, as one matter arises out of another——

CHREM. Why, what is it, Syrus?

SYR. This Courtesan is a very bad woman.

CHREM. So she seems.

SYR. Aye, if you did but know. O shocking! just see what she is hatching. There was a certain old woman here from Corinth,—this Bacchis lent her a thousand silver drachmæ.

CHREM. What then?

SYR. She is now dead: she has left a daughter, a young girl. She has been left with this Bacchis as a pledge for that sum.

CHREM. I understand you.

SYR. She has brought her hither along with her, her I mean who is now with your wife.

CHREM. What then?

SYR. She is soliciting Clinia at once to advance her this money; she says, however, that this girl is to be a security, that, at a future time, she will repay the thousand pieces of money.

CHREM. And would she really be a security?¹

¹ *i. e.*, of value sufficient to be good security for the thousand drachmæ.

SYR. Dear me, is it to be doubted? I think so.

CHREM. What then do you intend doing?

SYR. What, I? I shall go to Menedemus; I'll tell him she is a captive from Caria, rich, and of noble family; if he redeems her, there will be a considerable profit in this transaction.

CHREM. You are in an error.

SYR. Why so?

CHREM. I'll now answer you for Menedemus—I will not purchase her.

SYR. What is it you say? Do speak more agreeably to our wishes.

CHREM. But there is no occasion.

SYR. No occasion?

CHREM. Certainly not, i' faith.

SYR. How so, I wonder?

CHREM. You shall soon know.

SYR. Stop, stop; what is the reason that there is such a great noise at our door? (*They retire out of sight.*)

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Enter SOSTRATA and a NURSE in haste from the house of CHREMES, and CHREMES and SYRUS on the other side of the stage unperceived.

SOS. (*holding up a ring and examining it.*) Unless my fancy deceives me, surely this is the ring which I suspect it to be, the same with which my daughter was exposed.

CHREM. (*apart.*) Syrus, what is the meaning of these expressions?

SOS. Nurse, how is it? Does it not seem to you the same?

NUR. As for me, I said it was the same the very instant that you showed it me.

SOS. But have you now examined it thoroughly, my dear nurse?

NUR. Thoroughly.

SOS. Then go in-doors at once, and if she has now done bathing, bring me word. I'll wait here in the meantime for my husband.

SYR. (*apart.*) She wants you, see what it is she wants; she is in a serious mood, I don't know why; it is not without a cause—I fear what it may be.

CHREM. What it may be? I' faith, she'll now surely be announcing some important trifle, with a great parade.

SOS. (*turning round.*) Ha! my husband!

CHREM. Ha! my wife!

SOS. I was looking for you.

CHREM. Tell me what you want.

SOS. In the first place, this I beg of you, not to believe that I have ventured to do anything contrary to your commands.

CHREM. Would you have me believe you in this, although so incredible? Well, I will believe you.

SYR. (*aside.*) This excuse portends I know not what offence.

SOS. Do you remember me being pregnant, and yourself declaring to me, most peremptorily, that if I should bring forth a girl, you would not have it brought up.

CHREM. I know what you have done, you have brought it up.

SYR. (*aside.*) Such is the fact. I'm sure: my young master has gained a loss¹ in consequence.

SOS. Not at all; but there was here an elderly woman of Corinth, of no indifferent character; to her I gave it to be exposed.

CHREM. O Jupiter! that there should be such extreme folly in a person's mind.

SOS. Alas! what have I done?

CHREM. And do you ask the question?

SOS. If I have acted wrong, my dear Chremes, I have done so in ignorance.

¹He alludes to Clitipho, who, by the discovery of his sister, would not come in for such a large share of his father's property.

CHREM. This indeed, I know for certain, even if you were to deny it, that in everything you both speak and act ignorantly and foolishly: how many blunders you disclose in this single affair! For, in the first place, then, if you had been disposed to obey my orders, the child ought to have been dispatched; you ought not in words to have feigned her death, and in reality to have left hopes of her surviving. But that I pass over; compassion, maternal affection, I allow it. But how finely you did provide for the future! What was your meaning? Do reflect. It's clear, beyond a doubt, that your daughter was betrayed by you to this old woman, either that through you she might make a living by her, or that she might be sold in open market as a slave. I suppose you reasoned thus: "anything is enough, if only her life is saved:" what are you to do with those who understand neither law, nor right and justice? Be it for better or for worse, be it for them or against them, they see nothing except just what they please.

Sos. My dear Chremes, I have done wrong, I own; I am convinced. Now this I beg of you; inasmuch as you are more advanced in years than I, be so much the more ready to forgive; so that your justice may be some protection for my weakness.

CHREM. I'll readily forgive you doing this, of course; but, Sostrata, my easy temper prompts you to do amiss. But, whatever this circumstance is, by reason of which this was begun upon, proceed to tell it.

Sos. As we women are all foolishly and wretchedly superstitious, when I delivered the child to her to be exposed, I drew a ring from off my finger, and ordered her to expose it, together with the child; that if she should die, she might not be without some portion of our possessions¹.

CHREM. That was right; thereby you proved the saving of yourself and her.²

¹ The ancients thought themselves guilty of a heinous offence if they suffered their children to die without having bestowed on them some of their property; it was consequently the custom of the women, before exposing children, to attach to them some jewel or trinket.

² Had there been no ring or token exposed with the infant, the

SOS. (*holding out the ring.*) This is that ring.

CHREM. Whence did you get it?

SOS. From the young woman whom Bacchis brought here with her.

SYR. (*aside.*) Ha!

CHREM. What does she say?

SOS. She gave it me to keep for her, whilst she went to bathe. At first I paid no attention to it; but after I looked at it, I at once recognized it, and came running to you.

CHREM. What do you suspect now, or have you discovered, relative to her?

SOS. I don't know; unless you enquire of herself whence she got it, if that can possibly be discovered.

SYR. (*aside.*) I'm undone! I see more hopes from this incident than I desire.¹ If it is so, she certainly must be ours.

CHREM. Is this woman living to whom you delivered the child?

SOS. I don't know.

CHREM. What account did she bring you at the time?

SOS. That she had done as I had ordered her.

CHREM. Tell me what is the woman's name, that she may be enquired after.

SOS. Philtere.

SYR. (*aside.*) 'Tis the very same. It's a wonder if she isn't found, and I lost.

CHREM. Sostrata, follow me this way in-doors.

SOS. How much beyond my hopes has this matter turned out! How dreadfully afraid I was, Chremes, that you would now be of feelings as unrelenting as formerly you were on exposing the child.

CHREM. Many a time a man cannot be such as he would

finder would not have been at the trouble of taking care of it, but might have left it to perish, never suspecting it would be enquired after, or himself liberally rewarded for having preserved it.

¹ Syrus is now alarmed that Antiphila should so soon be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes, lest he may lose the opportunity of obtaining the money, and be punished as well, in case the imposition is detected, and Bacchis discovered to be the mistress of Clitipho and not of Clinia.

be, if circumstances do not admit of it.¹ Time has now so brought it about, that I should be glad of a daughter; formerly I wished for nothing less.

(CHREMES and SOSTRATA go into the house.)

SCENE II

SYRUS *alone.*

SYR. Unless my fancy deceives me, retribution² will not be very far off from me; so much by this incident are my forces now utterly driven into straits; unless I contrive by some means that the old man mayn't come to know that this damsel is his son's mistress. For as to entertaining any hopes about the money, or supposing I could cajole him, it's useless; I shall be sufficiently triumphant, if I'm allowed to escape with my sides covered.³ I'm vexed that such a tempting morsel has been so suddenly snatched away from my jaws. What am I to do? Or what shall I devise? I must begin upon my plan over again. Nothing is so difficult, but that it may be found out by seeking. What now if I set about it after this fashion? (*He considers.*) That's no use. What, if after this fashion? I effect just about the same. But this I think will do. It cannot. Yes! excellent. Bravo! I've found out the best of all—I' faith, I do believe that after all I shall lay hold of this same runaway money.

SCENE III

Enter CLINIA at the other side of the stage.

CLIN. (*to himself.*) Nothing can possibly henceforth befall me of such consequence as to cause me uneasiness; so extreme is this joy that has surprised me. Now then I shall

¹ This he says by way of palliating the cruelty he was guilty of in his orders to have the child put to death.

² In the shape of a scourging.

³ He alludes to the custom of tying up the slaves by their hands, after stripping them naked, when of course their sides would be exposed, and come in for a share of the lashes.

give myself up entirely to my father, to be more frugal than even he could wish.

SYR. (*apart.*) I wasn't mistaken; she has been discovered, so far as I understand from these words of his. (*Advancing.*) I am rejoiced that this matter has turned out for you so much to your wish.

CLIN. O my dear Syrus, have you heard of it, pray?

SYR. How shouldn't I hear, when I was present all the while?

CLIN. Did you ever hear of anything falling out so fortunately for any one?

SYR. Never.

CLIN. And, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not now rejoice so much on my own account as hers, whom I know to be deserving of any honor.

SYR. I believe it: but now, Clinia, come, attend to me in turn. For your friend's business as well,—it must be seen to—that it is placed in a state of security, lest the old gentleman should now come to know anything about his mistress.

CLIN. O Jupiter!

SYR. Do be quiet.

CLIN. My Antiphila will be mine.

SYR. Do you still interrupt me thus?

CLIN. What can I do? My dear Syrus, I'm transported with joy! Do bear with me.

SYR. I' faith, I really do bear with you.

CLIN. We are blest with the life of the Gods.

SYR. I'm taking pains to no purpose, I doubt.

CLIN. Speak; I hear you.

SYR. But still you'll not mind it.

CLIN. I will.

SYR. This must be seen to, I say, that your friend's business as well is placed in a state of security. For if you now go away from us, and leave Bacchis here, our old man will immediately come to know that she is Clitipho's mistress; if you take her away with you, it will be concealed just as much as it has been hitherto concealed.

CLIN. But still, Syrus, nothing can make more against

my marriage than this; for with what face am I to address my father about it? You understand what I mean?

SYR. Why not?

CLIN. What can I say? What excuse can I make?

SYR. Nay, I don't want you to dissemble; tell him the whole case just as it really is.

CLIN. What is it you say?

SYR. I bid you do this; tell him that you are in love with her, and want her for a wife: that this Bacchis is Clitipho's mistress.

CLIN. You require a thing that is fair and reasonable, and easy to be done. And I suppose, then, you would have me request my father to keep it a secret from your old man.

SYR. On the contrary; to tell him directly the matter just as it is.

CLIN. What? Are you quite in your senses or sober? Why, you were for ruining him outright. For how could he be in a state of security? Tell me that.

SYR. For my part, I yield the palm to this device. Here I do pride myself exultingly, in having in myself such exquisite resources, and power of address so great, as to deceive them both by telling the truth: so that when your old man tells ours that she is his son's mistress, he'll still not believe him.

CLIN. But yet, by these means you again cut off all hopes of my marriage; for as long as Chremes believes that she is my mistress, he'll not give me his daughter. Perhaps you care little what becomes of me, so long as you provide for him.

SYR. What the plague, do you suppose I want this pretence to be kept up for an age? 'Tis but for a single day, only till I have secured the money: you be quiet; I ask no more.

CLIN. Is that sufficient? If his father should come to know of it, pray, what then?

SYR. What if I have recourse to those who say, "What now if the sky were to fall?"¹

¹ He means those who create unnecessary difficulties in their imagination.

CLIN. I'm afraid to go about it.

SYR. You, afraid! As if it was not in your power to clear yourself at any time you like, and discover the whole matter.

CLIN. Well, well; let Bacchis be brought over to our house.

SYR. Capital! she is coming out of doors.

SCENE IV

Enter BACCHIS and PHRYGIA, from the house of CHREMES.

BACCH. (*pretending not to see CLINIA and SYRUS*). To a very fine purpose, upon my faith, have the promises of Syrus brought me hither, who agreed to lend me ten minæ. If now he deceives me, oft as he may entreat me to come, he shall come in vain. Or else, when I've promised to come, and fixed the time, when he has carried word back for certain, and Clitipho is on the stretch of expectation, I'll disappoint him and not come. Syrus will make atonement to me with his back.

CLIN. (*apart, to SYRUS*.) She promises you very fairly.

SYR. (*to CLINIA*.) But do you think she is in jest? She'll do it, if I don't take care.

BACCH. (*aside*). They're asleep¹—I' faith, I'll rouse them. (*aloud*.) My dear Phrygia, did you hear about the country-seat of Charinus, which that man was showing us just now?

PHRY. I heard of it.

BACCH. (*aloud*.) That it was the next to the farm here on the right-hand side.

PHRY. I remember.

BACCH. (*aloud*.) Run thither post haste; the Captain is keeping the feast of Bacchus at his house.

SYR. (*apart*.) What is she going to be at?

BACCH. (*aloud*.) Tell him I am here very much against my inclination, and am detained; but that by some means or other I'll give them the slip and come to him. (*PHRYGIA moves.*)

¹ This is said figuratively.

SYR. (*coming forward.*) Upon my faith, I'm ruined! Bacchis, stay, stay; prithee, where are you sending her? Order her to stop.

BACCH. (*to PHRYGIA.*) Be off.

SYR. Why, the money's ready.

BACCH. Why, then I'll stay. (*PHRYGIA returns.*)

SYR. And it will be given you presently.

BACCH. Just when you please; do I press you?

SYR. But do you know what you are to do, pray?

BACCH. What?

SYR. You must now go over to the house of Menedemus and your equipage must be taken over thither.

BACCH. What scheme are you upon, you rascal?

SYR. What, I? Coining money to give to you.

BACCH. Do you think me a proper person for you to play upon?

SYR. It's not without a purpose.

BACCH. (*pointing to the house.*) Why, have I any business then with you here?

SYR. O no; I'm only going to give you what's your own.

BACCH. Then let's be going.

SYR. Follow this way. (*Goes to the door of MENEDEMUS, and calls.*) Ho there! Dromo.

Enter DROMO, from the house.

DRO. Who is it wants me?

SYR. Syrus.

DRO. What's the matter?

SYR. Take over all the attendants of Bacchis to your house here immediately.

DRO. Why so?

SYR. Ask no questions. Let them take what they brought here with them. The old gentleman will hope his expenses are lightened by their departure; for sure he little knows how much loss this trifling gain will bring him. You, Dromo, if you are wise, know nothing of what you do know.

DRO. You shall own that I'm dumb. (*CLINIA, BACCHIS, and PHRYGIA go into the house of MENEDEMUS, and DROMO follows with BACCHIS's retinue and baggage.*)

SCENE V

Enter CHREMES from his house.

CHREM. (*to himself*). So may the Deities prosper me, I am now concerned for the fate of Menedemus, that so great a misfortune should have befallen him. To be maintaining that woman with such a retinue! Although I am well aware he'll not be sensible of it for some days to come, his son was so greatly missed by him; but when he sees such a vast expense incurred by him every day at home, and no limit to it, he'll wish that his son would leave him a second time. See—here comes Syrus most opportunely.

SYR. (*to himself, as he comes forward.*) Why delay to accost him?

CHREM. Syrus.

SYR. Well.

CHREM. How go matters?

SYR. I've been wishing for some time for you to be thrown in my way.

CHREM. You seem, then, to have effected something, I know not what, with the old gentleman.

SYR. As to what we were talking of a short time since? No sooner said than done.

CHREM. In real earnest?

SYR. In real.

CHREM. Upon my faith, I cannot forbear patting your head for it. Come here, Syrus; I'll do you some good turn for this matter, and with pleasure. (*Patting his head.*)

SYR. But if you knew how cleverly it came into my head—

CHREM. Pshaw! Do you boast because it has turned out according to your wishes?

SYR. On my word, not I, indeed; I am telling the truth.

CHREM. Tell me how it is.

SYR. Clinia has told Menedemus, that this Bacchis is your Clitipho's mistress, and that he has taken her thither with him in order that you might not come to know of it.

CHREM. Very good.

SYR. Tell me, please, what you think of it.

CHREM. Extremely good, I declare.

SYR. Why, yes, pretty fair. But listen, what a piece of policy still remains. He is then to say that he has seen your daughter—that her beauty charmed him as soon as he beheld her; and that he desires her for a wife.

CHREM. What, her that has just been discovered?

SYR. The same; and, in fact, he'll request that she may be asked for.

CHREM. For what purpose, Syrus? For I don't altogether comprehend it.

SYR. O dear, you are so dull.

CHREM. Perhaps so.

SYR. Money will be given him for the wedding—with which golden trinkets and clothes—do you understand me?

CHREM. To buy them——?

SYR. Just so.

CHREM. But I neither give nor betroth my daughter to him.

SYR. But why?

CHREM. Why, do you ask me? To a fellow——

SYR. Just as you please. I don't mean that in reality you should give her to him, but that you should pretend it.

CHREM. Pretending is not in my way; do you mix up these plots of yours, so as not to mix me up in them. Do you think that I'll betroth my daughter to a person to whom I will not marry her?

SYR. I imagined so.

CHREM. By no means.

SYR. It might have been cleverly managed; and I undertook this affair for the very reason, that a short time since you so urgently requested it.

CHREM. I believe you.

SYR. But for my part, Chremes, I take it well and good, either way.

CHREM. But still, I especially wish you to do your best for it to be brought about; but in some other way.

SYR. It shall be done; some other method must be thought of; but as to what I was telling you of,—about the money which she owes to Bacchis,—that must now be repaid

her. And you will not, of course, now be having recourse to this method; "What have I to do with it? Was it lent to me? Did I give any orders? Had she the power to pawn my daughter without my consent?" They quote that saying, Chremes, with good reason, "Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice."

CHREM. I will not do so.

SYR. On the contrary, though others were at liberty, you are not at liberty; all think that you are in good and very easy circumstances.

CHREM. Nay rather, I'll at once carry it to her myself.

SYR. Why no; request your son in preference.

CHREM. For what reason?

SYR. Why, because the suspicion of being in love with her has been transferred to him with Menedemus.

CHREM. What then?

SYR. Because it will seem to be more like probability when he gives it her; and at the same time I shall effect more easily what I wish. Here he comes too; go, and bring out the money.

CHREM. I'll bring it. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VI

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. (*to himself.*) There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance. As this walk of mine, for instance, though not fatiguing, it has reduced me to weariness. And now I dread nothing more than that I should be packed off somewhere hence once again, that I may not have access to Bacchis. May then all the Gods and Goddesses, as many as exist, confound you, Syrus, with these stratagems and plots of yours. You are always devising something of this kind, by means of which to torture me.

SYR. Will you not away with you—to where you deserve? How nearly had your forwardness proved my ruin!

CLIT. Upon my faith, I wish it had been so; just what you deserve.

SYR. Deserve? How so? Really, I'm glad that I've heard this from you before you had the money which I was just going to give you.

CLIT. What then would you have me say to you? You've made a fool of me; brought my mistress hither, whom I'm not allowed to touch——

SYR. Well, I'm not angry then. But do you know where Bacchis is just now?

CLIT. At our house.

SYR. No.

CLIT. Where then?

SYR. At Clinia's.

CLIT. I'm ruined!

SYR. Be of good heart; you shall presently carry to her the money that you promised her.

CLIT. You do prate away.—Where from?

SYR. From your own father.

CLIT. Perhaps you are joking with me.

SYR. The thing itself will prove it.

CLIT. Indeed, then, I am a lucky man. Syrus, I do love you from my heart.

SYR. But your father's coming out. Take care not to express surprise at anything, for what reason it is done; give way at the proper moment; do what he orders, and say but little.

SCENE VII

Enter CHREMES from the house, with a bag of money.

CHREM. Where's Clitipho now?

SYR. (*aside to CLITIPHO.*) Say—here I am.

CLIT. Here am I.

CHREM. (*to SYRUS.*) Have you told him how it is?

SYR. I've told him pretty well everything.

CHREM. Take this money, and carry it. (*Holding out the bag.*)

SYR. (*aside to CLITIPHO.*) Go—why do you stand still, you stone; why don't you take it?

CLIT. Very well, give it me. (*Receives the bag.*)

SYR. (*to CLITIPHO.*) Follow me this way directly. (*To CHREMES.*) You in the meanwhile will wait here for us till

we return; for there's no occasion for us to stay there long.
(CLITIPHO and SYRUS go into the house of MENEDEMUS.)

CHREM. (*to himself.*) My daughter, in fact, has now had ten minæ from me, which I consider as paid for her board; another ten will follow these for clothes; and then she will require two talents for her portion. How many things, both just and unjust, are sanctioned by custom! Now I'm obliged, neglecting my business, to look out for some one, on whom to bestow my property, that has been acquired by my labour.

SCENE VIII

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to CLINIA within.*) My son, I now think myself the happiest of all men, since I find that you have returned to a rational mode of life.

CHREM. (*aside.*) How much he is mistaken!

MEN. Chremes, you are the very person I wanted; preserve, so far as in you lies, my son, myself, and my family.

CHREM. Tell me what you would have me do.

MEN. You have this day found a daughter.

CHREM. What then?

MEN. Clinia wishes her to be given him for a wife.

CHREM. Prithee, what kind of a person are you?

MEN. Why?

CHREM. Have you already forgotten what passed between us, concerning a scheme, that by that method some money might be got out of you?

MEN. I remember.

CHREM. That self-same thing they are now about.

MEN. What do you tell me, Chremes? Why surely, this Courtesan, who is at my house, is Clitipho's mistress.

CHREM. So they say, and you believe it all; and they say that he is desirous of a wife, in order that, when I have betrothed her, you may give him money, with which to provide gold trinkets and clothing, and other things that are requisite.

MEN. That is it, no doubt; that money will be given to his mistress.

CHREM. Of course it is to be given.

MEN. Alas! in vain then, unhappy man, have I been overjoyed; still however, I had rather anything than be deprived of him. What answer now shall I report from you, Chremes, so that he may not perceive that I have found it out, and take it to heart?

CHREM. To heart, indeed! you are too indulgent to him, Menedemus.

MEN. Let me go on; I have now begun: assist me in this throughout, Chremes.

CHREM. Say then, that you have seen me, and have treated about the marriage.

MEN. I'll say so—what then?

CHREM. That I will do every thing; that as a son-in-law he meets my approbation; in fine, too, if you like, tell him also that she has been promised him.

MEN. Well, that's what I wanted—

CHREM. That he may the sooner ask of you, and you may as soon as possible give him what you wish.

MEN. It is my wish.

CHREM. Assuredly, before very long, according as I view this matter, you'll have enough of him. But, however that may be, if you are wise, you'll give to him cautiously, and a little at a time.

MEN. I'll do so.

CHREM. Go in-doors and see how much he requires. I shall be at home, if you should want me for anything.

MEN. I certainly do want you; for I shall let you know whatever I do. (*They go into their respective houses.*)

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to himself*). I am quite aware that I am not so overwise, or so very quick-sighted; but this assistant, prompter, and director of mine, Chremes, out-does me in that. Any one of those epithets which are applied to a fool is

sued to myself, such as dolt, post, ass, lump of lead; to him not one can apply; his stupidity surpasses them all.

Enter CHREMES, *speaking to* SOSTRATA *within.*

CHREM. Hold now, do, wife, leave off dinning the Gods with thanksgiving that your daughter has been discovered; unless you judge of them by your own disposition, and think that they understand nothing, unless the same thing has been told them a hundred times. But, in the meantime, why does my son linger there so long with Syrus?

MEN. What persons do you say are lingering?

CHREM. Ha! Menedemus, you have come opportunely. Tell me, have you told Clinia what I said?

MEN. Everything.

CHREM. What did he say?

MEN. He began to rejoice, just like people do who wish to be married.

CHREM. (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

MEN. Why are you laughing.

CHREM. The sly tricks of my servant, Syrus, just came into my mind.

MEN. Did they?

CHREM. The rogue can even mould the countenances of people.¹

MEN. That my son is pretending that he is overjoyed, is it that you mean?

CHREM. Just so. (*Laughing.*)

MEN. The very same thing came into my mind.

CHREM. A crafty knave!

MEN. Still more would you think such to be the fact, if you knew more.

CHREM. Do you say so?

MEN. Do you give attention then?

CHREM. Just stop—first I want to know this, what money you have squandered; for when you told your son that she was promised, of course Dromo would at once throw in

¹ He means that Syrus not only lays his plots well, but teaches the performers to put on countenances suitable to the several parts they are to act.

a word that golden jewels, clothes, and attendants would be needed for the bride, in order that you might give the money.

MEN. No.

CHREM. How, no?

MEN. No, I tell you.

CHREM. Nor yet your son himself?

MEN. Not in the slightest, Chremes. He was only the more pressing on this one point, that the match might be concluded to-day.

CHREM. You say what's surprising. What did my servant Syrus do? Didn't even he say anything?

MEN. Nothing at all.

CHREM. For what reason, I don't know.

MEN. For my part, I wonder at that, when you know other things so well. But this same Syrus has moulded your son, too, to such perfection, that there could not be even the slightest suspicion that she is Clinia's mistress!

CHREM. What do you say?

MEN. Not to mention, then, their kissing and embracing; that I count nothing.

CHREM. What more could be done to carry on the cheat?

MEN. Pshaw!

CHREM. What do you mean?

MEN. Only listen. In the inner part of my house there is a certain room at the back; into this a bed was brought, and was made up with bed-clothes.

CHREM. What took place after this?

MEN. No sooner said than done, thither went Clitipho.

CHREM. Alone?

MEN. Alone.

CHREM. I'm alarmed.

MEN. Bacchis followed directly.

CHREM. Alone?

MEN. Alone.

CHREM. I'm undone!

MEN. When they had gone into the room, they shut the door.

CHREM. Well—did Clinia see all this going on?

MEN. How shouldn't he? He was with me.

CHREM. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus—I'm undone.

MEN. Why so?

CHREM. I have hardly substance to suffice for ten days.

MEN. What! are you alarmed at it, because he is paying attention to his friend?

CHREM. His "she-friend" rather.

MEN. If he really is paying it.

CHREM. Is it a matter of doubt to you? Do you suppose that there is any person of so accommodating and tame a spirit as to suffer his own mistress, himself looking on, to—

MEN. (*chuckling and speaking ironically*). Why not? That I may be imposed upon the more easily.

CHREM. Do you laugh at me? You have good reason. How angry I now am with myself! How many things gave proof, whereby, had I not been a stone, I might have been fully sensible of this? What was it I saw? Alas! wretch that I am! But assuredly they shall not escape my vengeance if I live; for this instant—

MEN. Can you not contain yourself? Have you no respect for yourself? Am I not a sufficient example to you?

CHREM. For very anger, Menedemus, I am not myself.

MEN. For you to talk in that manner! Is it not a shame for you to be giving advice to others, to show wisdom abroad and yet be able to do nothing for yourself?

CHREM. What shall I do?

MEN. That which you said I failed to do: make him sensible that you are his father; make him venture to entrust everything to you, to seek and to ask of you; so that he may look for no other resources and forsake you.

CHREM. Nay, I had much rather he would go anywhere in the world, than by his debaucheries here reduce his father to beggary! For if I go on supplying his extravagance, Menedemus, in that case my circumstances will undoubtedly be soon reduced to the level of your rake.

MEN. What evils you will bring upon yourself in this affair, if you don't act with caution! You'll show yourself severe, and still pardon him at last; that too with an ill grace.

CHREM. Ah! you don't know how vexed I am.

MEN. Just as you please. What about that which I desire—that she may be married to my son? Unless there is any other step that you would prefer.

CHREM. On the contrary, both the son-in-law and the connexion are to my taste.

MEN. What portion shall I say that you have named for your daughter? Why are you silent?

CHREM. Portion?

MEN. I say so.

CHREM. Alas!

MEN. Chremes, don't be at all afraid to speak, if it is but a small one. The portion is no consideration at all with us.

CHREM. I did think that two talents were sufficient, according to my means. But if you wish me to be saved, and my estate and my son, you must say to this effect, that I have settled all my property on her as her portion.

MEN. What scheme are you upon?

CHREM. Pretend that you wonder at this, and at the same time ask him the reason why I do so.

MEN. Why really, I can't conceive the reason for your doing so.

CHREM. Why do I do so? To check his feelings, which are now hurried away by luxury and wantonness, and to bring him down so as not to know which way to turn himself.

MEN. What is your design?

CHREM. Let me alone, and give me leave to have my own way in this matter.

MEN. I do give you leave: is this your desire?

CHREM. It is so.

MEN. Then be it so.

CHREM. And now let your son prepare to fetch the bride. The other one shall be schooled in such language as befits children. But Syrus——

MEN. What of him?

CHREM. What? If I live, I will have him so handsomely dressed, so well combed out, that he shall always remember me as long as he lives; to imagine that I'm to be

a laughing-stock and a plaything for him! So may the Gods bless me! he would not have dared to do to a widow-woman the things which he has done to me. (*They go into their respective houses.*)

SCENE II

Enter MENEDEMUS, *with* CLITIPHO and SYRUS.

CLIT. Prithee, is it really the fact, Menedemus, that my father can, in so short a space of time, have cast off all the natural affection of a parent for me? For what crime? What so great enormity have I, to my misfortune, committed? Young men generally do the same.

MEN. I am aware that this must be much more harsh and severe to you, on whom it falls; but yet I take it no less amiss than you. How it is so I know not, nor can I account for it, except that from my heart I wish you well.

CLIT. Did not you say that my father was waiting here?

Enter CHREMES *from his house.*

MEN. See, here he is. (*MENEDEMUS goes into his house.*)

CHREM. Why are you blaming me, Clitipho? Whatever I have done in this matter, I had a view to you and your imprudence. When I saw that you were of a careless disposition, and held the pleasures of the moment of the first importance, and did not look forward to the future, I took measures that you might neither want nor be able to waste this which I have. When, through your own conduct, it was not allowed me to give it you, to whom I ought before all, I had recourse to those who were your nearest relations; to them I have made over and entrusted everything. There you'll always find a refuge for your folly; food, clothing, and a roof under which to betake yourself.

CLIT. Ah me!

CHREM. It is better than that, you being my heir, Bacchis should possess this estate of mine.

SYR. (*apart*). I'm ruined irrevocably!—Of what mischief have I, wretch that I am, unthinkingly been the cause?

CLIT. Would I were dead!

CHREM. Prithee, first learn what it is to live. When you know that, if life displeases you, then try the other.

SYR. Master, may I be allowed——?

CHREM. Say on.

SYR. But may I safely?

CHREM. Say on.

SYR. What injustice or what madness is this, that that in which I have offended, should be to his detriment?

CHREM. It's all over. Don't you mix yourself up in it; no one accuses you, Syrus, nor need you look out for an altar, or for an intercessor for yourself.¹

SYR. What is your design?

CHREM. I am not at all angry either with you (*to SYRUS*), or with you (*to CLITIPHO*); nor is it fair that you should be so with me for what I am doing. (*He goes into his house.*)

SYR. He's gone. I wish I had asked him——

CLIT. What, Syrus?

SYR. Where I am to get my subsistence; he has so utterly cast us adrift. You are to have it for the present; at your sister's, I find.

CLIT. Has it then come to this pass, Syrus—that I am to be in danger even of starving?

SYR. So we only live, there's hope——

CLIT. What hope?

SYR. That we shall be hungry enough.

CLIT. Do you jest in a matter so serious, and not give me any assistance with your advice?

SYR. On the contrary, I'm both now thinking of that, and have been about it all the time your father was speaking just now; and so far as I can perceive——

CLIT. What?

SYR. It will not be wanting long. (*He meditates.*)

CLIT. What is it, then?

SYR. It is this—I think that you are not their son.

CLIT. How's that, Syrus? Are you quite in your senses?

¹ He alludes to the practice of slaves taking refuge at altars when they had committed any fault, and then suing for pardon through a "precator" or "mediator."

SYR. I'll tell you what's come into my mind; be you the judge. While they had you alone, while they had no other source of joy more nearly to affect them, they indulged you, they lavished upon you. Now a daughter has been found, a pretence has been found in fact on which to turn you adrift.

CLIT. It's very probable.

SYR. Do you suppose that he is so angry on account of this fault?

CLIT. I do not think so.

SYR. Now consider another thing. All mothers are wont to be advocates for their sons when in fault, and to aid them against a father's severity; 'tis not so here.

CLIT. You say true; what then shall I now do, Syrus?

SYR. Question them on this suspicion; mention the matter without reserve; either, if it is not true, you'll soon bring them both to compassion, or else you'll soon find out whose son you are.

CLIT. You give good advice; I'll do so. (*He goes into the house of CHREMES.*)

SYR. (*to himself.*) Most fortunately did this come into my mind. For the less hope the young man entertains, the greater the difficulty with which he'll bring his father to his own terms. I'm not sure even, that he may not take a wife, and then no thanks for Syrus. But what is this? The old man's coming out of doors; I'll be off. What has so far happened, I am surprised at, that he didn't order me to be carried off from here: now I'll away to Menedemus here, I'll secure him as my intercessor; I can put no trust in our old man. (*Goes into the house of MENEDEMUS.*)

SCENE III

Enter CHREMES and SOSTRATA from the house.

SOS. Really, sir, if you don't take care, you'll be causing some mischief to your son; and indeed I do wonder at it, my husband, how anything so foolish could ever come into your head.

CHREM. Oh, you persist in being the woman? Did I

ever wish for any one thing in all my life, Sostrata, but that you were my contradicter on that occasion? And yet if I were now to ask you what it is that I have done amiss, or why you act thus, you would not know in what point you are now so obstinately opposing me in your folly.

SOS. I, not know?

CHREM. Yes, rather, I should have said you do know; inasmuch as either expression amounts to the same thing.

SOS. Alas! you are unreasonable to expect me to be silent in a matter of such importance.

CHREM. I don't expect it; talk on then, I shall still do it not a bit the less.

SOS. Will you do it?

CHREM. Certainly.

SOS. Don't you see how much evil you will be causing by that course?—He suspects himself to be a foundling.

CHREM. Do you say so?

SOS. Assuredly it will be so.

CHREM. Admit it.

SOS. Hold now—prithée, let that be for our enemies. Am I to admit that he is not my son who really is?

CHREM. What! are you afraid that you cannot prove that he is yours, whenever you please?

SOS. Because my daughter has been found?

CHREM. No; but for a reason why it should be much sooner believed—because he is just like you in disposition, you will easily prove that he is your child; for he is exactly like you; why, he has not a single vice left him but you have just the same. Then besides, no woman could have been the mother of such a son but yourself. But he's coming out of doors, and how demure! When you understand the matter, you may form your own conclusions.

SCENE IV

Enter CLITIPHO from the house of CHREMES.

CLIT. If there ever was any time, mother, when I caused you pleasure, being called your son by your own desire, I beseech you to remember it, and now to take compassion on

me in my distress. A thing I beg and request—do discover to me my parents.

SOS. I conjure you, my son, not to entertain that notion in your mind, that you are another person's child.

CLIT. I am.

SOS. Wretch that I am. (*Turning to CHREMES.*) Was it this you wanted, pray? (*To CLITIPHO.*) So may you be the survivor of me and of him, you are my son and his; and, henceforth, if you love me, take care that I never hear that speech from you again.

CHREM. But I say, if you fear me, take care how I find these propensities existing in you.

CLIT. What propensities?

CHREM. If you wish to know, I'll tell you; being a trifler, an idler, a cheat, a glutton, a debaucher, a spendthrift,—Believe me, and believe that you are our son.

CLIT. This is not the language of a parent.

CHREM. If you had been born from my head, Clitipho, just as they say Minerva was from Jove's, none the more on that account would I suffer myself to be disgraced by your profligacy.

SOS. May the Gods forbid it.

CHREM. I don't know as to the Gods; so far as I shall be enabled, I will carefully prevent it. You are seeking that which you possess—parents; that which you are in want of you don't seek—in what way to pay obedience to a father, and to preserve what he acquired by his industry. That you by trickery should bring before my eyes—I am ashamed to mention the unseemly word in her presence (*pointing to SOSTRATA*), but you were not in any degree ashamed to act thus.

CLIT. (*aside.*) Alas! how thoroughly displeased I now am with myself! How much ashamed! nor do I know how to make a beginning to pacify him.

SCENE V

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to himself.*) Why really, Chremes is treating his

son too harshly and too unkindly. I'm come out, therefore, to make peace between them. Most opportunely I see them both.

CHREM. Well, Menedemus, why don't you order my daughter to be sent for, and close with the offer of the portion that I mentioned?

SOS. My husband, I entreat you not to do it.

CLIT. Father, I entreat you to forgive me.

MEN. Forgive him, Chremes; do let them prevail upon you.

CHREM. Am I knowingly to make my property a present to Bacchis? I'll not do it.

MEN. Why, we would not suffer it.

CLIT. If you desire me to live, father, do forgive me.

SOS. Do, my dear Chremes.

MEN. Come, Chremes, pray, don't be so obdurate.

CHREM. What am I to do here? I see I am not allowed to carry this through, as I had intended.

MEN. You are acting as becomes you.

CHREM. On this condition, then, I'll do it; if he does that which I think it right he should do.

CLIT. Father, I'll do anything; command.

CHREM. You must take a wife.

CLIT. Father——

CHREM. I'll hear nothing.

MEN. I'll take it upon myself; he shall do so.

CHREM. I don't hear anything from him as yet.

CLIT. (*aside*). I'm undone!

SOS. Do you hesitate, Clitipho?

CHREM. Nay, just as he likes.

MEN. He'll do it all.

SOS. This course, while you are making a beginning, is disagreeable, and while you are unacquainted with it. When you have become acquainted with it, it will become easy.

CLIT. I'll do it, father.

SOS. My son, upon my honour I'll give you that charming girl, whom you may soon become attached to, the daughter of our neighbour Phanocrata.

CLIT. What! that red-haired girl, with cat's eyes, freckled face, and hooked nose? I cannot, father.

CHREM. Hey-day! how nice he is! You would fancy he had set his mind upon it.

Sos. I'll name another.

CLIT. Why no—since I must marry, I myself have one that I should pretty nearly make choice of.

Sos. Now, son, I commend you.

CLIT. The daughter of Archonides here.

Sos. I'm quite agreeable.

CLIT. Father, this now remains.

CHREM. What is it?

CLIT. I want you to pardon Syrus for what he has done for my sake.

CHREM. Be it so. (*To the Audience.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

ADELPHI

[THE BROTHERS]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- DEMEA, } Brothers, aged Athenians.
MICIO, }
- HEGIO, an aged Athenian, kinsman of Sostrata.
ÆSCHINUS, son of Demea, adopted by Micio.
CTESIPHO, another son of Demea.
SANNIO, a Procurer.
GETA, servant of Sostrata.
PARMENO, }
SYRUS, } servants of Micio.
DROMO, }
- PAMPHILA, a young woman beloved by Æschinus.
SOSTRATA, a widow, mother of Pamphila.
CANTHARA, a Nurse.
A Music-Girl.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of MICIO and SOSTRATA.

ARGUMENT

Micio and Demea are two brothers of dissimilar tempers. Demea is married, and lives a country life, while his brother remains single, and resides in Athens. Demea has two sons, the elder of whom, Æschinus, has been adopted by Micio. Being allowed by his indulgent uncle to gratify his inclinations without restraint, Æschinus has debauched Pamphila, the daughter of a widow named Sostrata. Having, however, promised to marry the young woman, he has been pardoned for the offence, and it has been kept strictly secret. Ctesipho, who lives in the country with his father under great restraint, on visiting the city, falls in love with a certain Music-girl, who belongs to the Procurer Sannio. To screen his brother, Æschinus takes the responsibility of the affair on himself, and succeeds in carrying off the girl for him. Demea, upon hearing of this, censures Micio for his ill-timed indulgence, the bad effects of which are thus exemplified in Æschinus; and at the same time lauds the steady conduct and frugality of Ctesipho, who has been brought up under his own supervision. Shortly after this, Sostrata hears the story about the Music-girl, at the very time that her daughter Pamphila is in labour. She naturally supposes that Æschinus has deserted her daughter for another, and hastens to acquaint Hegio, her kinsman, with the fact. Meantime Demea learns that Ctesipho has taken part in carrying off the Music-girl, whereon Syrus invents a story, and screens Ctesipho for the moment. Demea is next informed by Hegio of the conduct of Æschinus towards Pamphila. Wishing to find his brother, he is purposely sent on a fruitless errand by Syrus, on which he wanders all over the city to no purpose. Micio having now been informed by Hegio, and knowing that the intentions of Æschinus towards Pamphila are not changed, accompanies him to the house of Sostrata, whom he consoles by his promise that Æschinus shall marry her daughter. Demea then returns from his search, and, rushing into Micio's house, finds his son Ctesipho there carousing; on which he exclaims vehemently against Micio, who uses his best endeavours to soothe him, and finally with success. He now determines to become kind and considerate for the future. At his request, Pamphila is brought to Micio's house, and the nuptials are celebrated. Micio, at the earnest request of Demea and Æschinus, marries Sostrata; Hegio has a competency allowed him; and Syrus and his wife Phrygia are made free. The Play concludes with a serious warning from Demea, who advises his relatives not to squander their means in riotous living; but, on the contrary, to bear admonition and to submit to restraint in a spirit of moderation and thankfulness.

THE BROTHERS

THE PROLOGUE

SINCE the Poet has found that his writings are carped at by unfair critics, and that his adversaries represent in a bad light the Play that we are about to perform, he shall give information about himself; you shall be the judges whether this ought to be esteemed to his praise or to his discredit. The *Synapothnescontes*¹ is a Comedy of Diphilus;² Plautus made it into a Play called the "Commorientes."³ In the Greek, there is a young man, who, at the early part of the Play, carries off a Courtesan from a Procurer; that part Plautus has entirely left out. This portion he has adopted in the *Adelphi*, and has transferred it, translated word for word. This new Play we are about to perform; determine then whether you think a theft has been committed, or a passage has been restored to notice which has been passed over in neglect. For as to what these malevolent persons say, that men of noble rank assist him, and are always writing in conjunction with him—that which they deem to be a heavy crimination, he takes to be the highest praise; since he pleases those who please you all and the public; the aid of whom in war, in peace, in private business,⁴ each one has availed himself of, on his own occasion, without any haughtiness on their part. Now then, do not expect the plot of the Play; the old men who come first will disclose it in part; a part in the representation they will make known. Do you cause

¹ Signifying "persons dying together."

² Diphilus was a Greek Poet, contemporary with Menander.

³ The "Commorientes" of Plautus is lost.

⁴ By the words "in bello," Terence is supposed to refer to his friend and patron Scipio; by "in otio," to Furius Publius; and in the words "in negotio" to Lælius, who was famed for his wisdom.

your impartial attention to increase the industry of the Poet in writing.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

Enter MICHIO, calling to a servant within.

MIC. Storax! Æschinus has not returned home from the entertainment last night, nor any of the servants who went to fetch him. (*To himself.*) Really, they say it with reason, if you are absent anywhere, or if you stay abroad any time, 'twere better for that to happen which your wife says against you, and which in her passion she imagines in her mind, than the things which fond parents fancy. A wife, if you stay long abroad, either imagines that you are in love or are beloved, or that you are drinking and indulging your inclination, and that you only are taking your pleasure, while she herself is miserable. As for myself, in consequence of my son not having returned home, what do I imagine? In what ways am I not disturbed? For fear lest he may either have taken cold, or have fallen down somewhere, or have broken some limb. Oh dear! that any man should take it into his head, or find out what is dearer to him than he is to himself! And yet he is not my son, but my brother's. He is quite different in disposition. I, from my very youth upwards, have lived a comfortable town life, and taken my ease; and, what they esteem a piece of luck, I have never had a wife. He, on the contrary to all this, has spent his life in the country, and has always lived laboriously and penuriously. He married a wife, and has two sons. This one, the elder of them, I have adopted. I have brought him up from an infant, and considered and loved him as my own. In him I centre my delight; this object alone is dear to me. On the other hand, I take all due care that he may hold me equally dear. I give—I overlook; I do not judge it necessary to exert my authority in everything; in fine, the things that youth prompts to, and that others do unknown to their fathers, I have used my son not to conceal from me. For he, who, as the

practice is, will dare to tell a lie to or to deceive his father, will still more dare to do so to others. I think it better to restrain children through a sense of shame and liberal treatment, than through fear. On these points my brother does not agree with me, nor do they please him. He often comes to me exclaiming, "What are you about, Micio? Why do you ruin for us this youth? Why does he intrigue? Why does he drink? Why do you supply him with the means for these goings on? You indulge him with too much dress; you are very inconsiderate." He himself is too strict, beyond what is just and reasonable; and he is very much mistaken, in my opinion, at all events, who thinks that an authority is more firm or more lasting which is established by force, than that which is founded on affection. Such is my mode of reasoning; and thus do I persuade myself. He, who, compelled by harsh treatment, does his duty, so long as he thinks it will be known, is on his guard: if he hopes that it will be concealed, he again returns to his natural bent. He whom you have secured by kindness, acts from inclination; he is anxious to return like for like; present and absent, he will be the same. This is the duty of a parent, to accustom a son to do what is right rather of his own choice, than through fear of another. In this the father differs from the master: he who cannot do this, let him confess that he does not know how to govern children. But is not this the very man of whom I was speaking? Surely it is he. I don't know why it is I see him out of spirits; I suppose he'll now be scolding as usual. Demea, I am glad to see you well.

SCENE II

Enter DEMEA.

DEM. Oh,—opportunistly met; you are the very man I was looking for.

MIC. Why are you out of spirits?

DEM. Do you ask me, when we have such a son as Æschinus, why I'm out of spirits?

MIC. (*aside*). Did I not say it would be so? (*To DEMEA.*) What has he been doing?

DEM. What has he been doing? He, who is ashamed of nothing, and fears no one, nor thinks that any law can control him. But I pass by what has been previously done: what a thing he has just perpetrated!

MIC. Why, what is it?

DEM. He has broken open a door, and forced his way into another person's house, beaten to death the master himself, and all the household, and carried off a wench whom he had a fancy for. All people are exclaiming that it was a most disgraceful proceeding. How many, Micio, told me of this as I was coming here? It is in every body's mouth. In fine, if an example must be cited, does he not see his brother giving his attention to business, and living frugally and soberly in the country? No action of his is like this. When I say this to him, Micio, I say it to you. You allow him to be corrupted.

MIC. Never is there anything more unreasonable than a man who wants experience, who thinks nothing right except what he himself has done.

DEM. What is the meaning of that?

MIC. Because, Demea, you misjudge these matters. It is no heinous crime, believe me, for a young man to intrigue or to drink; it is not; nor yet for him to break open a door. If neither I nor you did so, it was poverty that did not allow us to do so. Do you now claim that as a merit to yourself, which you then did from necessity? That is unfair; for if we had had the means to do so, we should have done the same. And, if you were a man, you would now suffer that other son of yours to act thus now, while his age will excuse it, rather than, when he has got you, after long wishing it, out of the way, he should still do so, at a future day, and at an age more unsuited.

DEM. O Jupiter! You, sir, are driving me to distraction. Is it not a heinous thing for a young man to do these things?

MIC. Oh! do listen to me, and do not everlastingly din me upon this subject. You gave me your son to adopt; he became mine; if he offends in anything, Demea, he offends against me: in that case I shall bear the greater part of the inconvenience. Does he feast, does he drink, does he smell

of perfumes—it is at my cost. Does he intrigue, money shall be found by me, so long as it suits me; when it shall be no longer convenient, probably he'll be shut out of doors.¹ Has he broken open a door—it shall be replaced; has he torn any one's clothes—they shall be mended. Thanks to the Gods, I both have means for doing this, and these things are not as yet an annoyance. In fine, either desist, or else find some arbitrator between us: I will show that in this matter you are the most to blame.

DEM. Ah me! Learn to be a father from those who are really so.

MIC. You are his father by nature, I by my anxiety.

DEM. You, feel any anxiety?

MIC. Oh dear,—if you persist, I'll leave you.

DEM. Is it thus you act?

MIC. Am I so often to hear about the same thing?

DEM. I have some concern for my son.

MIC. I have some concern for him too; but, Demea, let us each be concerned for his own share—you for the one, and I for the other. For, to concern yourself about both is almost the same thing as to demand him back again, whom you entrusted to me.

DEM. Alas, Micio!

MIC. So it seems to me.

DEM. What am I to say to this? If it please you, henceforth—let him spend, squander, and destroy; it's nothing to me. If I say one word after this—

MIC. Again angry, Demea?

DEM. Won't you believe me? Do I demand him back whom I have entrusted? I am concerned for him; I am not a stranger in blood; if I do interpose—well, well, I have done. You desire me to concern myself for one of them,—I do concern myself; and I give thanks to the Gods, he is just as I would have him; that fellow of yours will find it out at a future day: I don't wish to say anything more harsh against him.

(Exit.)

¹ No doubt by his mistress, when she has drained him of his money.

SCENE III

Micio *alone.*

Mic. These things are not nothing at all, nor yet all just as he says; still they do give me some uneasiness; but I was unwilling to show him that I took them amiss, for he is such a man; when I would pacify him, I steadily oppose and resist him; and in spite of it he hardly puts up with it like other men; but if I were to inflame, or even to humour his anger, I should certainly be as mad as himself. And yet Æschinus has done me some injustice in this affair. What courtesan has he not intrigued with? Or to which of them has he not made some present? At last, he recently told me that he wished to take a wife; I suppose he was just then tired of them all. I was in hopes that the warmth of youth had now subsided; I was delighted. But look now, he is at it again; however, I am determined to know it, whatever it is, and to go meet the fellow, if he is at the Forum. (*Exit.*)

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

Enter ÆSCHINUS and PARMENO with the MUSIC GIRL, followed by SANNIO and a crowd of people.

SAN. I beseech you, fellow citizens, do give aid to a miserable and innocent man; do assist the distressed.

ÆSCH. (*to the GIRL*). Be quiet, and now then stand here just where you are. Why do you look back? There's no danger; he shall never touch you while I am here.

SAN. I'll have her, in spite of all.

ÆSCH. Though he is a villain, he'll not risk, to-day, getting a second beating.

SAN. Hear me, Æschinus, that you may not say that you were in ignorance of my calling; I am a Procurer.¹

¹ He says this aloud, and with emphasis, relying upon the laws which were enacted at Athens in favour of the "lenones," whose occupa-

ÆSCH. I know it.

SAN. And of as high a character as any one ever was. When you shall be excusing yourself by-and-by, how that you wish this injury had not been done me, I shall not value it this (*snapping his fingers*). Depend upon it, I'll prosecute my rights; and you shall never pay with words for the evil that you have done me in deed. I know those ways of yours: "I wish it hadn't happened; I'll take my oath that you did not deserve this injustice;" while I myself have been treated in a disgraceful manner.

ÆSCH. (*to PARMENO*). Go first with all despatch and open the door. (*PARMENO opens the door.*)

SAN. But you will avail nothing by this.

ÆSCH. (*to the GIRL*). Now then, step in.

SAN. (*coming between*). But I'll not let her.

ÆSCH. Step this way, Parmeno; you are gone too far that way; here (*pointing*), stand close by him; there, that's what I want. Now then, take care you don't move your eyes in any direction from mine, that there may be no delay if I give you the sign, to your fist being instantly planted in his jaws.

SAN. I'd have him then try that.

ÆSCH. (*to PARMENO*). Now, then, observe me.

PAR. (*to SANNIO*). Let go the woman. (*Strikes him.*)

SAN. Oh! scandalous deed!

ÆSCH. He shall repeat it, if you don't take care. (*PARMENO strikes him again.*)

SAN. Oh shocking!

ÆSCH. (*to PARMENO*). I didn't give the sign; but still make your mistakes on that side in preference. Now then, go. (*PARMENO goes with the MUSIC GIRL into MICIO's house.*)

SAN. What is the meaning of this? Have you the sway here, Æschinus?

ÆSCH. If I had it, you should be exalted for your deserts.

tion brought great profits to the state, from their extensive trading in slaves. It was forbidden to maltreat them, under pain of being disinherited.

SAN. What business have you with me?

ÆSCH. None.

SAN. How then, do you know who I am?

ÆSCH. I don't want to.

SAN. Have I touched anything of yours?

ÆSCH. If you had touched it, you'd have got a drubbing.

SAN. What greater right then have you to take my property, for which I paid my money? Answer me that.

ÆSCH. It were better for you not to be making a disturbance here before the house; for if you persist in being impertinent, you shall be dragged in at once, and there you shall be lashed to death with whips.

SAN. A free man, with whips?

ÆSCH. So it shall be.

SAN. Oh, you shameless fellow! Is this the place where they say there is equal liberty for all?

ÆSCH. If you have now raved enough, Procurer, now then listen, if you please.

SAN. Why, is it I that have been raving, or you against me?

ÆSCH. Leave alone all that, and come to the point.

SAN. What point? Where am I to come to?

ÆSCH. Are you willing now that I should say something that concerns you?

SAN. With all my heart, only so it be something that's fair.

ÆSCH. Very fine! a Procurer wishing me not to say what's unfair.

SAN. I am a Procurer, I confess it—the common bane of youth—a perjurer, a public nuisance; still, no injury has befallen you from me.

ÆSCH. Why, faith, that remains to come——

SAN. Pray, Æschinus, do come back to the point at which you set out.

ÆSCH. You bought her for twenty minæ; and may your bargain never thrive! That sum shall be given for her.

SAN. What if I don't choose to sell her to you? Will you compel me?

ÆSCH. By no means.

SAN. I was afraid you would.

ÆSCH. Neither do I think that a woman can be sold who is free; for I claim her by action of freedom.¹ Now consider which you choose; take the money, or prepare yourself for the action. Think of it, Procurer, till I return. (*He goes into the house of MICIO.*)

SCENE II

SANNIO, *alone.*

SAN. (*to himself*). O supreme Jupiter! I do by no means wonder that men run mad through ill-usage. He has dragged me out of my house, beaten me, taken my property away against my will, and has given me, unfortunate wretch, more than five hundred blows. In return for all this ill-usage he demands the girl to be made over to him for just the same price at which she was bought. But, however, since he has so well deserved of me, be it so: he demands what is his due. Very well, I consent then, provided he only gives the money. But I suspect this; when I have said that I will sell her for so much, he'll be getting witnesses forthwith that I have sold her.² As to getting the money, it's all a dream. Call again by and by; come back to-morrow. I could bear with that too, hard as it is, if he would only pay it. But I consider this to be the fact; when you take up this trade, you must brook and bear in silence the affronts of these young fellows. However, no one will pay me; it's in vain for me to be reckoning upon that.

¹ "Asserere liberati causâ," was to assert the freedom of a person, with a determination to maintain it at law. The "assertor" laid hands upon the person, declaring that he or she was free; and till the cause was tried, the person whose freedom was claimed, remained in the hands of the "assertor."

² He means, that if he only names a price, Æschinus will suborn witnesses to say that he has agreed to sell her, in which case Æschinus will carry her off with impunity, and the laws will not allow him to recover her; as it will then be an ordinary debt, and he will be put off with all the common excuses used by debtors.

SCENE III

Enter SYRUS, from the house of MICIO.

SYR. (*speaking to ÆSCHINUS within*). Say no more; I myself will arrange with him; I'll make him glad to take the money at once, and say besides that he has been fairly dealt with. (*Addressing SANNIO.*) Sannio, how is this, that I hear you have been having some dispute or other with my master?

SAN. I never saw a dispute on more unequal terms than the one that has happened to-day between us; I, with being thumped, he, with beating me, were both of us quite tired.

SYR. Your own fault.

SAN. What could I do?

SYR. You ought to have yielded to the young man.

SAN. How could I more so, when to-day I have even afforded my face to his blows?

SYR. Well—are you aware of what I tell you? To slight money on some occasions is sometimes the surest gain. What!—were you afraid, you greatest simpleton alive, if you had parted with ever so little of your right, and had humoured the young man, that he would not repay you with interest?

SAN. I do not pay ready money for hope.

SYR. Then you'll never make a fortune. Get out with you, Sannio; you don't know how to take in mankind.

SAN. I believe that to be the better plan—but I was never so cunning as not, whenever I was able to get it, to prefer getting ready money.

SYR. Come, come, I know your spirit; as if twenty minæ were anything at all to you in comparison to obliging him; besides they say that you are setting out for Cyprus—

SAN. (*aside*). Hah!

SYR. That you have been buying up many things to take thither; and that the vessel is hired. This I know, your mind is in suspense; however, when you return thence, I hope you'll settle the matter.

SAN. Not a foot do I stir: Heavens! I'm undone! (*Aside.*) It was upon this hope they devised their project.

SYR. (*aside*). He is alarmed. I've brought the fellow into a fix.

SAN. (*aside*). Oh, what villainy!—Just look at that; how he has nicked me in the very joint. Several women have been purchased, and other things as well, for me to take to Cyprus.¹ If I don't get there to the fair, my loss will be very great. Then if I postpone this business, and settle it when I come back from there, it will be of no use; the matter will be quite forgotten. "Come at last?" they'll say. "Why did you delay it? Where have you been?" So that I had better lose it altogether than either stay here so long, or be suing for it then.

SYR. Have you by this reckoned up what you calculate will be your profits?

SAN. Is this honorable of him? Ought Æschinus to attempt this? Ought he to endeavour to take her away from me by downright violence?

SYR. (*aside*). He gives ground. (*To SANNIO.*) I have this one proposal to make; see if you fully approve of it. Rather than you should run the risk, Sannio, of getting or losing the whole, halve it. He will manage to scrape together ten minæ from some quarter or other.

SAN. Ah me! unfortunate wretch, I am now in danger of even losing part of the principal. Has he no shame? He has loosened all my teeth; my head, too, is full of bumps with his cuffs; and would he defraud me as well? I shall go nowhere.

SYR. Just as you please. Have you anything more to say before I go?

SAN. Why yes, Syrus, i' faith, I have this to request. Whatever the matters that are past, rather than go to law, let what is my own be returned me; at least, Syrus, the sum she cost me. I know that you have not hitherto made trial of my friendship; you will have no occasion to say that I am unmindful or ungrateful.

¹ He alludes to a famous slave-market held in the Isle of Cyprus, whither merchants carried slaves for sale, after buying them up in all parts of Greece.

SYR. I'll do the best I can. But I see Ctesipho; he's in high spirits about his mistress.

SAN. What about what I was asking you?

SYR. Stay a little.

SCENE IV

Enter CTESIPHO, at the other side of the stage.

CTES. From any man, when you stand in need of it, you are glad to receive a service; but of a truth it is doubly acceptable, if he does you a kindness who ought to do so. O brother, brother, how can I sufficiently commend you? This I am quite sure of: I can never speak of you in such high terms but that your deserts will surpass it. For I am of opinion that I possess this one thing in especial beyond all others, a brother than whom no individual is more highly endowed with the highest qualities.

SYR. O Ctesipho!

CTES. O Syrus, where is Æschinus?

SYR. Why, look—he's at home, waiting for you.

CTES. (*speaking joyously*). Ha!

SYR. What's the matter?

CTES. What's the matter? 'Tis through him, Syrus, that I am now alive—generous creature! Has he not deemed everything of secondary importance to himself in comparison with my happiness? The reproach, the discredit, my own amour and imprudence, he has taken upon himself. There can be nothing beyond this; but what means that noise at the door?

SYR. Stay, stay; 'tis Æschinus himself coming out.

SCENE V

Enter ÆSCHINUS, from the house of MICIO.

ÆSCH. Where is that villain?

SAN. (*aside*). He's looking for me. Is he bringing anything with him? Confusion! I don't see anything.

ÆSCH. (*to CTESIPHO*). Ha! well met; you are the very

man I was looking for. How goes it, Ctesipho? All is safe: away then with your melancholy.

CTES. By my troth, I certainly will away with it, when I have such a brother as you. O my dear Æschinus! O my brother! Alas! I am unwilling to praise you any more to your face, lest you should think I do so rather for flattery than through gratitude.

ÆSCH. Go to, you simpleton! as though we didn't by this time understand each other, Ctesipho. This grieves me, that we knew of it almost too late, and that the matter had come to such a pass, that if all mankind had wished they could not possibly have assisted you.

CTES. I felt ashamed.

ÆSCH. Pooh! that is folly, not shame; about such a trifling matter to be almost flying the country! 'Tis shocking to be mentioned; I pray the Gods may forbid it!

CTES. I did wrong.

ÆSCH. (*in a lower voice*). What says Sannio to us at last?

SYR. He is pacified at last.

ÆSCH. I'll go to the Forum to pay him off; you, Ctesipho, step in-doors to her.

SAN. (*aside to SYRUS*). Syrus, do urge the matter.

SYR. (*to ÆSCHINUS*). Let us be off, for he is in haste for Cyprus.¹

SAN. Not particularly so; although still, I'm stopping here doing nothing at all.

SYR. It shall be paid, don't fear.

SAN. But he is to pay it all.

SYR. He shall pay it all; only hold your tongue and follow us this way.

SAN. I'll follow.

CTES. (*as SYRUS is going*). Harkye, harkye, Syrus.

SYR. (*turning back*). Well now, what is it?

CTES. (*aside*). Pray do discharge that most abominable fellow as soon as possible; for fear, in case he should become

¹ This is a piece of malice on the part of Syrus, for the purpose of teasing Sannio.

more angry, by some means or other this matter should reach my father, and then I should be ruined for ever.

SYR. That shall not happen, be of good heart; meanwhile enjoy yourself in-doors with her, and order the couches to be spread for us, and the other things to be got ready. As soon as this business is settled, I shall come home with the provisions.

CTES. Pray do so. Since this has turned out so well, let us make a cheerful day of it. (*CTESIPHO goes into the house of MICIO; and exeunt ÆSCHINUS and SYRUS, followed by SANNIO.*)

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Enter SOSTRATA and CANTHARA, from the house of the former.

SOS. Prithee, my dear nurse, how is it like to end?

CAN. Like to end, do you ask? I' troth, right well, I trust.

SOS. Her pains are just beginning, my dear.

CAN. You are in a fright now, just as though you had never been present on such an occasion—never been in labour yourself.

SOS. Unfortunate woman that I am! I have not a person at home; we are quite alone; Geta too is absent. I have no one to go for the midwife, or to fetch Æschinus.

CAN. I' faith, he'll certainly be here just now, for he never lets a day pass without visiting us.

SOS. He is my sole comfort in my afflictions.

CAN. Things could not have happened, mistress, more for the advantage of your daughter than they have, seeing that violence was offered her; so far as he is concerned, it is most lucky,—such a person, of such disposition and feelings, a member of so respectable a family.

SOS. It is indeed as you say; I entreat the Gods that he may be preserved to us. (*They stand apart, on seeing GETA.*)

SCENE II

Enter GETA, on the other side of the stage.

GETA (*to himself*). Now such is our condition, that if all were to combine all their counsels, and to seek a remedy for this mischief that has befallen myself, my mistress, and her daughter, they could find no relief. Oh wretched me! so many calamities beset us on a sudden, we cannot possibly extricate ourselves. Violence, poverty, oppression, desertion, infamy! What an age is this! O shocking villany! O accursed race! O impious man!—

SOS. Unhappy me! How is it that I see Geta hurrying along thus terrified?

GETA (*continuing*). Whom neither promises, nor oaths, nor compassion could move or soften; nor yet the fact that the delivery was nigh at hand of the unfortunate woman on whom he had so shamefully committed violence.

SOS. (*apart to CANTHARA*). I don't well understand what he is talking about.

CAN. Pray, let us go nearer to him, Sostrata.

GETA (*continuing*). Ah wretched me! I am scarcely master of my senses, I am so inflamed with anger. There is nothing that I would like better than for all that family to be thrown in my way, that I might give vent to all my wrath upon them while this wound is still fresh. I could be content with any punishment, so I might only wreak my vengeance on them. First, I would stop the breath of the old fellow himself who gave being to this monster; then as for his prompter, Syrus, out upon him! how I would tear him piece-meal! I would snatch him by the middle up aloft, and dash him head downwards upon the earth, so that with his brains he would bestrew the road: I would pull out the eyes of the young fellow himself, and afterwards hurl him headlong over some precipice. The others I would rush upon, drive, drag, crush, and trample them under foot. But why do I delay at once to acquaint my mistress with this calamity? (*Moves as if going.*)

SOS. (*to CANTHARA*). Let us call him back. Geta—

GETA. Well—leave me alone,¹ whoever you are.

SOS. 'Tis I,—Sostrata.

GETA (*turning round*). Why, where are you? You are the very person I am looking for. I was in quest of you; it's very fortunate you have met me.

SOS. What's the matter? Why are you trembling?

GETA. Alas! alas!

SOS. My dear Geta, why in such haste? Do take breath.

GETA. Quite—— (*pauses*).

SOS. Why, what means this "quite"?

GETA. Undone—It's all over with us.

SOS. Say, then, I intreat you, what is the matter.

GETA. Now——

SOS. What "now," Geta?

GETA. Æschinus——

SOS. What about him?

GETA. Has abandoned our family.

SOS. Then I am undone! Why so?

GETA. He has attached himself to another woman.

SOS. Woe unto wretched me!

GETA. And he makes no secret of it; he himself has carried her off openly from a procurer.

SOS. Are you quite sure of this?

GETA. Quite sure; I saw it myself, Sostrata, with these same eyes.

SOS. Ah wretched me! What is one now to believe, or whom believe? Our own Æschinus, the very life of us all, in whom all our hopes and comforts were centered! Who used to swear he could never live a single day without her! Who used to say, that he would place the infant on his father's knees,² and thus intreat that he might be allowed to make her his wife!

GETA. Dear mistress, forbear weeping, and rather con-

¹ Geta's reply is founded on a frolicsome but ill-natured custom which prevailed in Greece—to stop the slaves in the streets, and designedly keep them in chat, so that they might be lashed when they came home for staying out so long.

² It was a custom with the Greeks to place the newly born child upon the knee of its grandfather.

sider what must be done for the future in this matter. Shall we submit to it, or shall we tell it to any person?

CAN. Pooh, pooh! are you in your senses, my good man? Does this seem to you a business to be made known to any one?

GETA. I, indeed, have no wish for it. In the first place, then, that his feelings are estranged from us, the thing itself declares. Now, if we make this known, he'll deny it, I'm quite sure; your reputation and your daughter's character will then be in danger. On the other hand, if he were fully to confess it, as he is in love with another woman, it would not be to her advantage to be given to him. Therefore, under either circumstance, there is need of silence.

SOS. Oh! by no means in the world! I'll not do it.

GETA. What is it you say?

SOS. I'll make it known.

GETA. Ha, my dear Sostrata, take care what you do!

SOS. The matter cannot possibly be in a worse position than it is at present. In the first place, she has no portion; then, besides, that which was as good as a portion, her honor, is lost: she cannot be given in marriage as a virgin. This resource is left; if he should deny it, I have a ring which he lost as evidence of the truth. In fine, Geta, as I am fully conscious that no blame attaches to me, and that neither interest nor any consideration unworthy of her or of myself has had a share in this matter, I will make trial——

GETA. What am I to say to this? I agree, as you speak for the best.

SOS. You be off as fast as possible, and relate all the matter just as it has happened to her kinsman Hegio; for he was the best friend of our lamented Simulus, and has shown especial regard for us.

GETA (*aside*). Aye, faith, because nobody else takes any notice of us.

SOS. Do you, my dear Canthara, run with all haste, and fetch the midwife, so that, when she is wanted, we may not have to wait for her. (*SOSTRATA goes into the house, and exit GETA and CANTHARA.*)

SCENE III

Enter DEMEA.

DEM. (*to himself*). Utterly undone! I hear that Ctesipho was with Æschinus at the carrying off of this girl. This sorrow still remains for unhappy me, should Æschinus be able to seduce him, even him, who promises so fair, to a course of debauchery. Where am I to inquire for him? I doubt he has been carried off to some bad house, that profligate has persuaded him, I'm quite sure. But look—I see Syrus coming this way, I shall now know from him where he is. But, i' faith, he is one of the gang; if he perceives that I am looking for him, the rascal will never tell me. I'll not let him know what I want.

SCENE IV

Enter SYRUS, at the other side of the stage.

SYR. (*to himself*). We just now told the old gentleman the whole affair just as it happened; I never did see any one more delighted.

DEM. (*apart*). O Jupiter! the folly of the man!

SYR. (*continuing*). He commended his son. To me, who put them upon this project, he gave thanks——

DEM. (*apart*). I shall burst asunder.

SYR. (*continuing*). He told down the money instantly, and gave me half a mina besides to spend. That was laid out quite to my liking.

DEM. (*apart*). Very fine—if you would wish a thing to be nicely managed, entrust it to this fellow.

SYR. (*overhearing him*). Ha, Demea! I didn't see you; how goes it?

DEM. How should it go? I cannot enough wonder at your mode of living here.

SYR. Why, really silly enough, and, to speak without disguise, altogether absurd. (*Calls at the door of Micio's house.*) Dromo, clean the rest of the fish; let the largest

conger-eel play a little in the water; when I come back it shall be boned; not before.

DEM. Is profligacy like this——

SYR. As for myself, it isn't to my taste, and I often exclaim against it. (*Calls at the door.*) Stephanio, take care that the salt fish is well soaked.

DEM. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! is he doing this for any purpose of his own, or does he think it creditable to ruin his son? Wretch that I am! methinks I already see the day when Æschinus will be running away for want, to serve somewhere or other as a soldier.

SYR. O Demea! that is wisdom indeed,—not only to look at the present moment, but also to look forward to what's to come.

DEM. Well—is this Music-girl still with you?

SYR. Why, yes, she's in-doors.

DEM. How now—is he going to keep her at home?

SYR. I believe so; such is his madness!

DEM. Is it possible?

SYR. An imprudent lenity in his father, and a vicious indulgence.

DEM. Really, I am ashamed and grieved at my brother.

SYR. Demea! between you there is a great—I do not say it because you are here present—a too great difference. You are, every bit of you, nothing but wisdom; he a mere dreamer. Would you indeed have suffered that son of yours to act thus?

DEM. I, suffer him? Would I not have smelt it out six months before he attempted it?

SYR. Need I be told by you of your foresight?

DEM. I pray he may only continue the same he is at present!

SYR. Just as each person wishes his son to be, so he turns out.

DEM. What news of him? Have you seen him to-day?

SYR. What, your son? (*Aside.*) I'll pack him off into the country. (*To DEMEA.*) I fancy he's busy at the farm long before this.

DEM. Are you quite sure he is there?

SYR. What!—when I saw him part of the way myself—

DEM. Very good. I was afraid he might be loitering here.

SYR. And extremely angry too.

DEM. Why so?

SYR. He attacked his brother in the Forum with strong language about this Music-girl.

DEM. Do you really say so?

SYR. Oh dear, he didn't at all mince the matter; for just as the money was being counted out, the gentleman came upon us by chance, and began exclaiming, "Oh Æschinus, that you should perpetrate these enormities! that you should be guilty of actions so disgraceful to our family!"

DEM. Oh, I shall weep for joy.

SYR. "By this you are not squandering your money only, but your reputation."

DEM. May he be preserved to me! I trust he will be like his forefathers. (*Weeping.*)

SYR. (*aside*). Heyday!

DEM. Syrus, he is full of these maxims.

SYR. (*aside*). Strange, indeed. He had the means at home of learning them.

DEM. I do everything I can; I spare no pains; I train him up to it: in fine, I bid him look into the lives of men, as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself. Do this, I say—

SYR. Quite right.

DEM. Avoid that—

SYR. Very shrewd.

DEM. This is praiseworthy—

SYR. That's the thing.

DEM. That is considered blameable—

SYR. Extremely good.

DEM. And then, moreover—

SYR. Upon my honor, I have not the leisure to listen to you just at present: I have got some fish just to my taste, and must take care they are not spoiled; for that would be as much a crime in me, as for you, Demea, not to observe

those maxims which you have just been mentioning; and so far as I can, I lay down precepts for my fellow-servants on the very same plan; "this is too salt, that is quite burnt up, this is not washed enough, that is very well done; remember and do so another time." I carefully instruct them so far as I can to the best of my capacity. In short, Demea, I bid them look into their saucepans as though into a mirror, and suggest to them what they ought to do. I am sensible these things are trifling which we do; but what is one to do? According as the man is, so must you humour him. Do you wish anything else?

DEM. That more wisdom may be granted you.

SYR. You will be going off into the country, I suppose?

DEM. Directly.

SYR. For what should you do here, where, if you do give any good precepts, no one will regard them? (*Goes into MICIO's house.*)

SCENE V

DEMEA, *alone.*

DEM. (*to himself*). I certainly will be off, as he on whose account I came hither has gone into the country. I have a care for him: that alone is my own concern, since my brother will have it so; let him look to the other himself. But who is it I see yonder at a distance? Isn't it Hegio of our tribe? If I see right, i' faith, it is he. Ah, a man I have been friendly with from a child! Good Gods! we certainly have a great dearth of citizens of that stamp now-a-days, with the old-fashioned virtue and honesty. Not in a hurry will any misfortune accrue to the public from him. How glad I am to find some remnants of this race even still remaining; now I feel some pleasure in living. I'll wait here for him, to ask him how he is, and have some conversation with him.

SCENE VI

Enter HEGIO and GETA, conversing, at a distance.

HEG. Oh immortal Gods! a disgraceful action, Geta! What is it you tell me?

GETA. Such is the fact.

HEG. That so ignoble a deed should come from that family! Oh Æschinus, assuredly you haven't taken after your father in that!

DEM. (*apart*). Why surely, he has heard this about the Music-girl; that gives him concern, though a stranger; this father of his thinks nothing of it. Ah me! I wish he were somewhere close at hand to overhear this.

HEG. Unless they do as they ought to do, they shall not come off so easily.

GETA. All our hopes, Hegio, are centered in you; you we have for our only friend; you are our protector, our father. The old man, Simulus, when dying recommended us to you; if you forsake us, we are undone.

HEG. Beware how you mention that; I neither will do it, nor do I think that, with due regard to the ties of relationship, I could.

DEM. (*apart*). I'll accost him. (*Approaches HEGIO.*) Hegio, I bid you welcome right heartily.

HEG. (*starting*). Oh! you are the very man I was looking for. Greetings to you, Demea.

DEM. Why, what's the matter?

HEG. Your eldest son Æschinus, whom you gave to your brother to adopt, has been acting the part of neither an honest man nor a gentleman.

DEM. What has he been doing?

HEG. You knew my friend and year's-mate, Simulus?

DEM. Why not?

HEG. He has debauched his daughter, a virgin.

DEM. Hah!

HEG. Stay, Demea. You have not yet heard the worst.

DEM. Is there anything still worse?

HEG. Worse, by far: for this indeed might in some measure have been borne with. The hour of night prompted him; passion, wine, young blood; 'tis human nature. When he was sensible of what he had done, he came voluntarily to the girl's mother, weeping, praying, entreating, pledging his honor, vowing that he would take her home.¹ The affair

¹ As his wife.

was pardoned, hushed up, his word taken. The girl from that intercourse became pregnant: this is the tenth month. He, worthy fellow, has provided himself, if it please the Gods, with a Music-girl to live with; the other he has cast off.

DEM. Do you say this for certain?

HEG. The mother of the young woman is among us, the young woman too; the fact speaks for itself; this Geta, besides, according to the common run of servants, not a bad one or of idle habits; he supports them; alone maintains the whole family; take him, bind him, examine him upon the matter.¹

GETA. Aye, faith, put me to the torture, Demea, if such is not the fact: besides, he will not deny it. Confront me with him.

DEM. (*aside*). I am ashamed; and what to do, or how to answer him, I don't know.

PAM. (*crying out within the house of SOSTRATA*). Ah me! I am racked with pains! Juno Lucina, bring aid, save me, I beseech thee!

HEG. Hold; is she in labour, pray?

GETA. No doubt of it, Hegio.

HEG. Ah! she is now imploring your protection, Demea; let her obtain from you spontaneously what the power of the law compels you to give. I do entreat the Gods that what befits you may at once be done. But if your sentiments are otherwise, Demea, I will defend both them and him who is dead to the utmost of my power. He was my kinsman: we were brought up together from children, we were companions in the wars and at home, together we experienced the hardships of poverty. I will therefore exert myself, strive, use all methods, in fine lay down my life, rather than forsake these women. What answer do you give me?

DEM. I'll go find my brother, Hegio: the advice he gives me upon this matter I'll follow.

HEG. But, Demea, take you care and reflect upon this:

¹ In allusion to the method of examining slaves, by binding and torturing them.

the more easy you are in your circumstances, the more powerful, wealthy, affluent, and noble you are, so much the more ought you with equanimity to observe the dictates of justice, if you would have yourselves esteemed as men of probity.

DEM. Go back now; everything shall be done that is proper to be done.

HEG. It becomes you to act thus. Geta, shew me in to Sostrata. (*Follows GETA into SOSTRATA'S house.*)

DEM. (*to himself*). Not without warning on my part have these things happened: I only wish it may end here; but this immoderate indulgence will undoubtedly lead to some great misfortune. I'll go find my brother, and vent these feelings upon him. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII

Enter HEGIO, from SOSTRATA'S house, and speaking to her within.

HEG. Be of good heart, Sostrata, and take care and console her as far as you can. I'll go find Micio, if he is at the Forum, and acquaint him with the whole circumstances in their order; if so it is that he will do his duty by you, let him do so; but if his sentiments are otherwise about this matter, let him give me his answer, that I may know at once what I am to do. (*Exit.*)

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Enter CTESIPHO and SYRUS from the house of MICIO.

CTES. My father gone into the country, say you?

SYR. (*with a careless air*). Some time since.

CTES. Do tell me, I beseech you.

SYR. He is at the farm at this very moment, I warrant—hard at some work or other.

CTES. I really wish, provided it be done with no prejudice to his health, I wish that he may so effectually tire himself, that, for the next three days together, he may be unable to arise from his bed.

SYR. So be it, and anything still better than that, if possible.¹

CTES. Just so; for I do most confoundedly wish to pass this whole day in merry-making as I have begun it; and for no reason do I detest that farm so heartily as for its being so near town. If it were at a greater distance, night would overtake him there before he could return hither again. Now, when he doesn't find me there, he'll come running back here, I'm quite sure; he'll be asking me where I have been, that I have not seen him all this day: what am I to say?

SYR. Does nothing suggest itself to your mind?

CTES. Nothing whatever.

SYR. So much the worse—have you no client, friend, or guest?

CTES. I have; what then?

SYR. You have been engaged with them.

CTES. When I have not been engaged? That can never do.

SYR. It may.

CTES. During the daytime; but if I pass the night here, what excuse can I make, Syrus?

SYR. Dear me, how much I do wish it was the custom for one to be engaged with friends at night as well! But you be easy; I know his humour perfectly well. When he raves the most violently, I can make him as gentle as a lamb.

CTES. In what way?

SYR. He loves to hear you praised: I make a god of you to him, and recount your virtues.

CTES. What, mine?

SYR. Yours; immediately the tears fall from him as from a child, for very joy. (*Starting.*) Hah! take care——

CTES. Why, what's the matter?

SYR. The wolf in the fable²——

¹ Syrus intends to imply that he should not care if Demea were never to arise from his bed, but were to die there. Ctesipho, only taking him heartily to second his own wishes for the old man's absence, answers affirmatively "ita," "by all means," "exactly so."

² This was a proverbial expression, tantamount to our saying, "Talk of the devil, he's sure to appear."

CTES. What! my father?

SYR. His own self.

CTES. What shall we do, Syrus?

SYR. You only be off in-doors, I'll see to that.

CTES. If he makes any enquiries, you have seen me nowhere; do you hear?

SYR. Can you not be quiet? (*They retreat to the door of MICIO's house, and CTESIPHO stands in the doorway.*)

SCENE II

Enter DEMEA, on the other side of the stage.

DEM. (*to himself*). I certainly am an unfortunate man. In the first place, I can find my brother nowhere; and then in the next place, while looking for him, I met a day labourer from the farm; he says that my son is not in the country, and what to do I know not——

CTES. (*apart*). Syrus!

SYR. (*apart*). What's the matter?

CTES. (*apart*). Is he looking for me?

SYR. (*apart*). Yes.

CTES. (*apart*). Undone!

SYR. (*apart*). Nay, do be of good heart.

DEM. (*to himself*). Plague on it! what ill luck is this? I cannot really account for it, unless I suppose myself only born for the purpose of enduring misery. I am the first to feel our misfortunes; the first to know of them all; then the first to carry the news; I am the only one, if anything does go wrong, to take it to heart.

SYR. (*apart*). I'm amused at him; he says that he is the first to know of everything, while he is the only one ignorant of everything.

DEM. (*to himself*). I've now come back; and I'll go see whether perchance my brother has yet returned.

CTES. (*apart*). Syrus, pray do take care that he doesn't suddenly rush in upon us here.

SYR. (*apart*). Now will you hold your tongue? I'll take care.

CTES. (*apart*). Never this day will I depend on your

management for that, upon my faith, for I'll shut myself up with her in some cupboard—that's the safest. (*Goes into the house.*)

SYR. (*apart*). Do so, still I'll get rid of him.

DEM. (*seeing SYRUS*). But see! there's that rascal, Syrus.

SYR. (*aloud, pretending not to see DEMEA*). Really, upon my faith, no person can stay here, if this is to be the case! For my part, I should like to know how many masters I have—what a cursed condition this is!

DEM. What's he whining about? What does he mean? How say you, good sir, is my brother at home?

SYR. What the plague do you talk to me about, "good sir"? I'm quite distracted!

DEM. What's the matter with you?

SYR. (*pretending indignation*). Do you ask the question? Ctesipho has been beating me, poor wretch, and that Music-girl, almost to death.

DEM. Ha! what is it you tell me?

SYR. Ay, see how he has cut my lip. (*Pretends to point to it.*)

DEM. For what reason?

SYR. He says that she was bought by my advice.

DEM. Did you tell me, a short time since, that you had seen him on his way into the country?

SYR. I did; but he afterwards came back, raving like a madman; he spared nobody—ought he not to have been ashamed to beat an old man? Him whom, only the other day, I used to carry about in my arms when thus high? (*Showing.*)

DEM. I commend him; O Ctesipho, you take after your father. Well, I do pronounce you a man.

SYR. Commend him? Assuredly he will keep his hands to himself in future, if he's wise.

DEM. 'Twas done with spirit.

SYR. Very much so, to be beating a poor woman, and me, a slave, who didn't dare strike him in return; heyday! very spirited indeed!

DEM. He could not have done better: he thought the

same as I did, that you were the principal in this affair. But is my brother within?

SYR. He is not.

DEM. I'm thinking where to look for him.

SYR. I know where he is—but I shall not tell you at present.

DEM. Ha! what's that you say?

SYR. I do say so.

DEM. Then I'll break your head for you this instant.

SYR. I can't tell the person's name he's gone to, but I know the place where he lives.

DEM. Tell me the place then.

SYR. Do you know the portico down this way, just by the shambles? (*Pointing in the direction.*)

DEM. How should I but know it?

SYR. Go straight along, right up that street; when you come there, there is a descent right opposite that goes downwards, go straight down that; afterwards, on this side (*extending one hand*), there is a chapel: close by it is a narrow lane, where there's also a great wild fig-tree.

DEM. I know it.

SYR. Go through that—

DEM. But that lane is not a thoroughfare.

SYR. I' faith, that's true; dear, dear, would you take me to be in my senses? I made a mistake. Return to the portico; indeed that will be a much nearer way, and there is less going round about: you know the house of Cratinus, the rich man?

DEM. I know it.

SYR. When you have passed that, keep straight along that street on the left hand; when you come to the Temple of Diana, turn to the right; before you come to the city gate,¹ just by that pond, there is a baker's shop, and opposite to it a joiner's; there he is.

DEM. What is he doing there?

SYR. He has given some couches to be made, with oaken legs, for use in the open air.

¹ Demea is being sent to the very extremity of the town.

DEM. For you to carouse upon! Very fine! But why do I delay going to him?
(*Exit.*)

SCENE III

SYRUS *alone.*

SYR. Go, by all means. I'll work you to-day, you skeleton as you deserve. Æschinus loiters intolerably; the breakfast's spoiling; and as for Ctesipho, he's head and ears in love. I shall now think of myself, for I'll be off at once, and pick out the very nicest bit, and, leisurely sipping my cups, I'll lengthen out the day. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV

Enter MICIO and HEGIO.

MIC. I can see no reason here, Hegio, that I should be so greatly commended. I do my duty; the wrong that has originated with us I redress. Unless, perhaps, you thought me one of that class of men who think that an injury is purposely done them if you expostulate about anything they have done; and yet are themselves the first to accuse. Because I have not acted thus, do you return me thanks?

HEG. Oh, far from it; I never led myself to believe you to be otherwise than you are; but I beg, Micio, that you will go with me to the mother of the young woman, and repeat to her the same; what you have told me, do you yourself tell the woman, that this suspicion of Æschinus's fidelity was incurred on his brother's account, and that this Music-girl was for him.

MIC. If you think I ought, or if there is a necessity for doing so, let us go.

HEG. You act with kindness; for you'll then both have relieved her mind who is now languishing in sorrow and affliction, and have discharged your duty. But if you think otherwise, I will tell her myself what you have been saying to me.

MIC. Nay, I'll go as well.

HEG. You act with kindness; all who are in distressed

circumstances are suspicious, to I know not what degree; they take everything too readily as an affront; they fancy themselves trifled with on account of their helpless condition; therefore it will be more satisfactory for you to justify him to them yourself. (*They go into the house of SOSTRATA.*)

SCENE V

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

I am quite distracted in mind! for this misfortune so unexpectedly to befall me, that I neither know what to do with myself, or how to act! My limbs are enfeebled through fear, my faculties bewildered with apprehension; no counsel is able to find a place within my breast. Alas! how to extricate myself from this perplexity I know not; so strong a suspicion has taken possession of them about me; not without some reason too: Sostrata believes that I have purchased this Music-girl for myself: the old woman informed me of that. For by accident, when she was sent for the midwife, I saw her, and at once went up to her. "How is Pamphila?" I enquired; "is her delivery at hand? Is it for that she is sending for the midwife?" "Away, away, Æschinus," cries she; "you have deceived us long enough; already have your promises disappointed us sufficiently." "Ha!" says I; "pray what is the meaning of this?" "Farewell," she cries; "keep to her who is your choice." I instantly guessed what it was they suspected, but still I checked myself, that I might not be telling that gossip anything about my brother, whereby it might be divulged. Now what am I to do? Shall I say she is for my brother, a thing that ought by no means to be repeated anywhere? However, let that pass. It is possible it might go no further. I am afraid they would not believe it, so many probabilities concur against it: 'twas I myself carried her off; 'twas I, my own self, that paid the money for her; 'twas my own house she was carried to. This I confess has been entirely my own fault. Ought I not to have disclosed this affair, just as it happened, to my father? I might have obtained his consent to marry her. I have been too negligent hitherto; henceforth, then, arouse yourself,

Æschinus. This then is the first thing; to go to them and clear myself. I'll approach the door. (*Advances to the door of SOSTRATA'S house.*) Confusion! I always tremble most dreadfully when I go to knock at that door. (*Knocking and calling to them within.*) Ho there, ho there! it is Æschinus; open the door immediately, some one. (*The door opens.*) Some person, I know not who, is coming out; I'll step aside here. (*He stands apart.*)

SCENE VI

Enter MICIO from the house of SOSTRATA.

MIC. (*speaking at the door to SOSTRATA.*) Do as I told you, Sostrata; I'll go find Æschinus, that he may know how these matters have been settled. (*Looking round.*) But who was it knocking at the door?

ÆSCH. (*apart.*) Heavens, it is my father!—I am undone.

MIC. Æschinus!

ÆSCH. (*aside.*) What can be his business here?

MIC. Was it you knocking at this door? (*Aside.*) He is silent. Why shouldn't I rally him a little? It would be as well, as he was never willing to trust me with this secret. (*To ÆSCHINUS.*) Don't you answer me?

ÆSCH. (*confusedly.*) It wasn't I knocked at that door, that I know of.

MIC. Just so; for I wondered what business you could have here. (*Apart.*) He blushes; all's well.

ÆSCH. Pray tell me, father, what business have you there?

MIC. Why, none of my own; but a certain friend of mine just now brought me hither from the Forum to give him some assistance.

ÆSCH. Why?

MIC. I'll tell you. There are some women living here; in impoverished circumstances, as I suppose you don't know them; and, in fact, I'm quite sure, for it is not long since they removed to this place.

ÆSCH. Well, what next?

MIC. There is a girl living with her mother.

ÆSCH. Go on.

MIC. This girl has lost her father; this friend of mine is her next of kin; the law obliges him to marry her.¹

ÆSCH. (*aside*). Undone!

MIC. What's the matter?

ÆSCH. Nothing. Very well; proceed.

MIC. He has come to take her with him; for he lives at Miletus.

ÆSCH. What! To take the girl away with him?

MIC. Such is the fact.

ÆSCH. All the way to Miletus,² pray?

MIC. Yes.

ÆSCH. (*aside*). I'm overwhelmed with grief. (*To MICIO.*) But what of them? What do they say?

MIC. What do you suppose they should? Why, nothing at all. The mother has trumped up a tale, that there is a child by some other man, I know not who, and she does not state the name; she says that he was the first, and that she ought not to be given to the other.

ÆSCH. Well now, does not this seem just to you after all?

MIC. No.

ÆSCH. Why not, pray? Is the other to be carrying her away from here?

MIC. Why should he not take her?

ÆSCH. You have acted harshly and unfeelingly, and even, if, father, I may speak my sentiments more plainly, unhandsoemly.

MIC. Why so?

ÆSCH. Do you ask me? Pray, what do you think must be the state of mind of the man who was first connected with her, who, to his misfortune, may perhaps still love her to distraction, when he sees her torn away from before his face,

¹ It appears to have been a law given by Solon to the Athenians that the next male relative of suitable age should marry a female orphan himself, or find her a suitable portion.

² A colony of Athens, on the coast of Asia Minor.

borne off from his sight for ever? An unworthy action, father!

MIC. On what grounds is it so? Who betrothed her? Who gave her away? When and to whom was she married? Who was the author of all this? Why did he connect himself with a woman who belonged to another?

ÆSCH. Was it to be expected that a young woman of her age should sit at home, waiting till a kinsman of hers should come from a distance? This, my father, you ought to have represented, and have insisted on it.

MIC. Ridiculous! Was I to have pleaded against him whom I was to support? But what's all this, Æschinus, to us? What have we to do with them? Let us begone:—What's the matter? Why these tears?

ÆSCH. (*weeping*). Father, I beseech you, listen to me.

MIC. Æschinus, I have heard and know it all, for I love you, and therefore everything you do is the more a care to me.

ÆSCH. So do I wish you to find me deserving of your love, as long as you live, my dear father, as I am sincerely sorry for the offence I have committed, and am ashamed to see you.

MIC. Upon my word I believe it, for I know your ingenuous disposition: but I am afraid that you are too inconsiderate. In what city, pray, do you suppose you live? You have debauched a virgin, whom it was not lawful for you to touch. In the first place then that was a great offence; great, but still natural. Others, and even men of worth, have frequently done the same. But after it happened, pray, did you show any circumspection? Or did you use any foresight as to what was to be done, or how it was to be done? If you were ashamed to tell me of it, by what means was I to come to know it? While you were at a loss upon these points, ten months have been lost. So far indeed as lay in your power, you have perilled both yourself and this poor girl, and the child. What did you imagine—that the Gods would set these matters to rights for you while you were asleep, and that she would be brought home to your chamber without any exertions of your own? I would not have you to be equally

negligent in other affairs. Be of good heart, you shall have her for your wife.

ÆSCH. Hah!

MIC. Be of good heart, I tell you.

ÆSCH. Father, are you now jesting with me, pray?

MIC. I, jesting with you! For what reason?

ÆSCH. I don't know; but so anxiously do I wish this to be true, that I am the more afraid it may not be.

MIC. Go home, and pray to the Gods that you may have your wife; be off.

ÆSCH. What! have my wife now?

MIC. Now.

ÆSCH. Now?

MIC. Now, as soon as possible.

ÆSCH. May all the Gods detest me, father, if I do not love you better than even my very eyes!

MIC. What! better than her?

ÆSCH. Quite as well.

MIC. Very kind of you!

ÆSCH. Well, where is this Milesian?

MIC. Departed, vanished, gone on board ship; but why do you delay?

ÆSCH. Father, do you rather go and pray to the Gods; for I know, for certain, that they will rather be propitious to you, as being a much better man than I am.

MIC. I'll go in-doors, that what is requisite may be prepared. You do as I said, if you are wise. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VII

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

ÆSCH. What can be the meaning of this? Is this being a father, or this being a son? If he had been a brother or familiar companion, how could he have been more complaisant! Is he not worthy to be beloved? Is he not to be imprinted in my very bosom? Well then, the more does he impose an obligation on me by his kindness, to take due precaution not inconsiderately to do anything that he may not wish. But why do I delay going in-doors this instant, that

I may not myself delay my own nuptials. (*Goes into the house of MICIO.*)

SCENE VIII

Enter DEMEA.

I am quite tired with walking: May the great Jupiter confound you, Syrus, together with your directions! I have crawled the whole city over; to the gate, to the pond—where not? There was no joiner's shop there; not a soul could say he had seen my brother; but now I'm determined to sit and wait at his house till he returns.

SCENE IX

Enter MICIO from his house.

MIC. (*speaking to the people within*). I'll go and tell them there's no delay on our part.

DEM. But see here's the very man: O Micio, I have been seeking you this long time.

MIC. Why, what's the matter?

DEM. I'm bringing you some new and great enormities of that hopeful youth.

MIC. Just look at that!

DEM. Fresh ones, of blackest dye.

MIC. There now—at it again.

DEM. Ah, Micio! you little know what sort of person he is.

MIC. I do.

DEM. O simpleton! you are dreaming that I'm talking about the Music-girl; this crime is against a virgin and a citizen.

MIC. I know it.

DEM. So then, you know it, and put up with it!

MIC. Why not put up with it?

DEM. Tell me, pray, don't you exclaim about it? Don't you go distracted?

MIC. Not I: certainly I had rather¹—

¹ He means to say that if he had his choice, he would rather it had not been so.

DEM. There has been a child born.

MIC. May the Gods be propitious to it.

DEM. The girl has no fortune.

MIC. So I have heard.

DEM. And he—must he marry her without one?

MIC. Of course.

DEM. What is to be done then?

MIC. Why, what the case itself points out: the young woman must be brought hither.

DEM. O Jupiter! must that be the way then?

MIC. What can I do else?

DEM. What can you do? If in reality this causes you no concern, to pretend it were surely the duty of a man.

MIC. But I have already betrothed the young woman to him; the matter is settled: the marriage takes place to-day. I have removed all apprehensions. That is rather the duty of a man.

DEM. But does this affair please you, Micio?

MIC. If I were able to alter it, no; now, as I cannot, I bear it with patience. The life of man is just like playing with dice: if that which you most want to throw does not turn up, what turns up by chance you must correct by art.

DEM. O rare corrector! of course it is by your art that twenty minæ have been thrown away for a Music-girl; who, as soon as possible, must be got rid of at any price; and if not for money, why then for nothing.

MIC. Not at all, and indeed I have no wish to sell her.

DEM. What will you do with her then?

MIC. She shall be at my house.

DEM. For heaven's sake, a courtesan and a matron in the same house!

MIC. Why not?

DEM. Do you imagine you are in your senses?

MIC. Really I do think so.

DEM. So may the Gods prosper me, I now see your folly; I believe you are going to do so that you may have somebody to practise music with.

MIC. Why not?

DEM. And the new-made bride to be learning too?

MIC. Of course.

DEM. Having hold of the rope,¹ you will be dancing with them.

MIC. Like enough; and you too along with us, if there's need.

DEM. Ah me! are you not ashamed of this?

MIC. Demea, do, for once, lay aside this anger of yours, and show yourself as you ought at your son's wedding, cheerful and good-humoured. I'll just step over to them, and return immediately. (*Goes into SOSTRATA'S house.*)

SCENE X

DEMEA *alone.*

DEM. O Jupiter! here's a life! here are manners! here's madness! A wife to be coming without a fortune! A music-wench in the house! A house full of wastefulness! A young man ruined by extravagance! An old man in his dotage!—Should Salvation herself desire it, she certainly could not save this family. (*Exit.*)

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Enter SYRUS, drunk, and DEMEA, on the opposite side of the stage.

SYR. Upon my faith, my dear little Syrus, you have taken delicate care of yourself, and have done your duty² with exquisite taste; be off with you. But since I've had my fill of everything indoors, I have felt disposed to take a walk.

DEM. (*apart*). Just look at that—there's an instance of their good training!

¹ A dance is alluded to where the person who led off drew a rope or cord after him, which the rest of the company took hold of as they danced; which was invented in resemblance of the manner in which the wooden horse was dragged by ropes into the city of Troy.

² His duty of providing the viands and drink for the entertainment.

SYR. (*to himself*). But see, here comes our old man. (*Addressing him.*) What's the matter? Why out of spirits?

DEM. Oh you rascal!

SYR. Hold now; are you spouting your sage maxims here?

DEM. If you were my servant——

SYR. Why, you would be a rich man, Demea, and improve your estate.

DEM. I would take care that you should be an example to all the rest.

SYR. For what reason? What have I done?

DEM. Do you ask me? in the midst of this confusion, and during the greatest mischief, which is hardly yet set right, you have been getting drunk, you villain, as though things had been going on well.

SYR. (*aside*). Really, I wish I hadn't come out.

SCENE II

Enter DROMO in haste, from the house of MICIO.

DRO. Hallo, Syrus! Ctesipho desires you'll come back.

SYR. Get you gone. (*Pushes him back into the house.*)

DEM. What is it he says about Ctesipho?

SYR. Nothing.

DEM. How now, you hang-dog, is Ctesipho in the house?

SYR. He is not.

DEM. Then why does he mention him?

SYR. It's another person; a little diminutive Parasite. Don't you know him?

DEM. I will know him before long. (*Going to the door.*)

SYR. (*stopping him.*) What are you about? Whither are you going?

DEM. (*struggling*). Let me alone.

SYR. (*holding him*). Don't, I tell you.

DEM. Won't you keep your hands off, whip-scoundrel? Or would you like me to knock your brains out this instant? (*Rushes into the house.*)

SYR. He's gone! no very pleasant boon-companion, upon

my faith, particularly to Ctesipho. What am I to do now? Why, even get into some corner till this tempest is lulled, and sleep off this drop of wine. That's my plan. (*Goes into the house, staggering.*)

SCENE III

Enter MICIO, *from the house of* SOSTRATA.

MIC. (*to* SOSTRATA, *within*). Everything's ready with us, as I told you, Sostrata, when you like.—Who, I wonder, is making my door fly open with such fury?

Enter DEMEA *in haste, from the house of* MICIO.

DEM. Alas! what shall I do? How behave? In what terms exclaim, or how make my complaint? O heavens! O earth! O seas of Neptune!

MIC. (*apart*). Here's for you! he has discovered all about the affair; and of course is now raving about it; a quarrel is the consequence; I must assist him, however.

DEM. See, here comes the common corruptor of my children.

MIC. Pray, moderate your passion, and recover yourself.

DEM. I have moderated it; I am myself; I forbear all reproaches; let us come to the point: was this agreed upon between us,—proposed by yourself, in fact,—that you were not to concern yourself about my son, nor I about yours? Answer me.

MIC. It is the fact,—I don't deny it.

DEM. Why is he now carousing at your house? Why are you harbouring my son? Why do you purchase a mistress for him, Micio? Is it at all fair, that I should have any less justice from you, than you from me? Since I do not concern myself about your son, don't you concern yourself about mine.

MIC. You don't reason fairly.

DEM. No?

MIC. For surely it is a maxim of old, that among themselves all things are common to friends.

DEM. Smartly said; you've got that speech up for the occasion.

MIC. Listen to a few words, unless it is disagreeable, Demea. In the first place, if the extravagance your sons are guilty of distresses you, pray do reason with yourself. You formerly brought up the two suitably to your circumstances, thinking that your own property would have to suffice for them both; and, of course, you then thought that I should marry. Adhere to that same old rule of yours,—save, scrape together, and be thrifty for them; take care to leave them as much as possible, and take that credit to yourself: my fortune, which has come to them beyond their expectation, allow them to enjoy; of your capital there will be no diminution; what comes from this quarter, set it all down as so much gain. If you think proper impartially to consider these matters in your mind, Demea, you will save me and yourself, and them, considerable uneasiness.

DEM. I don't speak about the expense; their morals—

MIC. Hold; I understand you; that point I was coming to. There are in men, Demea, many signs from which a conjecture is easily formed; so that when two persons do the same thing, you may often say, this one may be allowed to do it with impunity, the other may not; not that the thing itself is different, but that he is who does it. I see signs in them, so as to feel confident that they will turn out as we wish. I see that they have good sense and understanding, that they have modesty upon occasion, and are affectionate to each other; you may infer that their bent and disposition is of a pliant nature; at any time you like you may reclaim them. But still, you may be apprehensive that they will be somewhat too apt to neglect their interests. O my dear Demea, in all other things we grow wiser with age; this sole vice does old age bring upon men: we are all more solicitous about our own interests than we need be; and in this respect age will make them sharp enough.

DEM. Only take care, Micio, that these fine reasonings of yours, and this easy disposition of yours, do not ruin us in the end.

MIC. Say no more; there's no danger of that. Now think no further of these matters. Put yourself to-day into my hands; smooth your brow.

DEM. Why, as the occasion requires it, I must do so: but to-morrow I shall be off with my son into the country at daybreak.

MIC. Aye, to-night, for my share; only keep yourself in good humour for the day.

DEM. I'll carry off that Music-girl along with me as well.

MIC. You will gain your point; by that means you will keep your son fast there; only take care to secure her.

DEM. I'll see to that; and what with cooking and grinding, I'll take care she shall be well covered with ashes, smoke, and meal; besides all this, at the very mid-day I'll set her gathering stubble; I'll make her as burnt and as black as a coal.

MIC. You quite delight me; now you seem to me to be wise; and for my part I would then compel my son to go to bed with her, even though he should be unwilling.

DEM. Do you banter me? Happy man, to have such a temper! I feel——

MIC. Ah! at it again!

DEM. I'll have done then at once.

MIC. Go indoors then, and let's devote this day to the object¹ to which it belongs. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV

DEMEA *alone.*

DEM. Never was there any person of ever such well-trained habits of life, but that experience, age, and custom are always bringing him something new, or suggesting something; so much so, that what you believe you know you don't know, and what you have fancied of first importance to you, on making trial you reject; and this is my case at present: for the rigid life I have hitherto led, my race nearly run, I now renounce. Why so?—I have found, by experience, that there is nothing better for a man than an easy temper and complacency. That this is the truth, it is easy for any one to understand on comparing me with my brother. He has al-

¹ The marriage and its festivities.

ways spent his life in ease and gaiety; mild, gentle, offensive to no one, having a smile for all, he has lived for himself, and has spent his money for himself; all men speak well of him, all love him. I, again, a rustic, a rigid, cross, self-denying, morose and thrifty person, married a wife; what misery I entailed in consequence! Sons were born—a fresh care. And just look, while I have been studying to do as much as possible for them, I have worn out my life and years in saving; now, in the decline of my days, the return I get from them for my pains is their dislike. He, on the other hand, without any trouble on his part, enjoys a father's comforts; they love him; me they shun; him they trust with all their secrets, are fond of him, are always with him. I am forsaken; they wish him to live; but my death, forsooth, they are longing for. Thus, after bringing them up with all possible pains, at a trifling cost he has made them his own; thus I bear all the misery, he enjoys the pleasure. Well then, henceforward let us try, on the other hand, whether I can't speak kindly and act complaisantly, as he challenges me to it: I also want myself to be loved and highly valued by my friends. If that is to be effected by giving and indulging, I will not be behind him. If our means fail, that least concerns me, as I am the eldest.¹

SCENE V

Enter SYRUS.

SYR. Hark you, Demea, your brother begs you will not go out of the way.

DEM. Who is it?—O Syrus, my friend, save you! how are you? How goes it with you?

SYR. Very well.

DEM. Very good. (*Aside.*) I have now for the first time used these three expressions contrary to my nature.—“O Syrus, my friend, how are you?—how goes it with you?” (*To SYRUS.*) You show yourself far from an unworthy servant, and I shall gladly do you a service.

¹ And therefore likely to be the first to die, and to avoid seeing such a time come.

SYR. I thank you.

DEM. Yes, Syrus, it is the truth; and you shall be convinced of it by experience before long.

SCENE VI

Enter GETA, from the house of SOSTRATA.

GETA. (*to SOSTRATA, within*). Mistress, I am going to see after them, that they may send for the damsel as soon as possible; but see, here's Demea. (*Accosting him.*) Save you!

DEM. O, what's your name?

GETA. Geta.

DEM. Geta, I have this day come to the conclusion that you are a man of very great worth, for I look upon him as an undoubtedly good servant who has a care for his master; as I have found to be your case, Geta; and for that reason, if any opportunity should offer, I would gladly do you a service. (*Aside.*) I am practising the affable, and it succeeds very well.

GETA. You are kind, sir, to think so.

DEM. (*aside*). Getting on by degrees—I'll first make the lower classes my own.

SCENE VII

Enter ÆSCHINUS, from the house of MICIO.

ÆSCH. (*to himself*). They really are killing me while too intent on performing the nuptials with all ceremony; the whole day is being wasted in their preparations.

DEM. Æschinus! how goes it?

ÆSCH. Ha, my father! are you here?

DEM. Your father, indeed, both by affection and by nature; as I love you more than my very eyes; but why don't you send for your wife?

ÆSCH. So I wish to do; but I am waiting for the music-girl and people to sing the nuptial song.

DEM. Come, now, are you willing to listen to an old fellow like me?

ÆSCH. What is it?

DEM. Let those things alone, the nuptial song, the crowds, the torches, and the music-girls, and order the stone-wall in the garden here to be pulled down with all dispatch, and bring her over that way; make but one house of the two; bring the mother and all the domestics over to our house.

ÆSCH. With all my heart, kindest father.

DEM. (*aside*). Well done! now I am called "kind." My brother's house will become a thoroughfare; he will be bringing home a multitude, incurring expense in many ways: what matters it to me? I, as the kind Demea, shall get into favour. (*Aside*.) Now then, bid that Babylonian¹ pay down his twenty minæ. (*To SYRUS*.) Syrus, do you delay to go and do it?

SYR. What am I to do?

DEM. Pull down the wall: and you, Geta, go and bring them across.

GETA. May the Gods bless you, Demea, as I see you so sincere a well-wisher to our family. (*GETA and SYRUS go into MICIO's house.*)

DEM. I think they deserve it. What say you, Æschinus, as to this plan?

ÆSCH. I quite agree to it.

DEM. It is much more proper than that she, being sick and lying-in, should be brought hither through the street.

ÆSCH. Why, my dear father, I never did see anything better contrived.

DEM. It's my way; but see, here's Micio coming out.

SCENE VIII

Enter MICIO, from his house.

MIC. (*speaking to GETA, within*). Does my brother order it? Where is he? (*To DEMA*.) Is this your order, Demea?

¹ In consequence of his profuseness he call his brother a Babylonian, (just as we call a wealthy man a nabob), and says, "Well, let him, with all my heart, be paying twenty minæ (between \$350 and \$400) for a music-girl."

DEM. Certainly, I do order it, and in this matter, and in everything else, wish especially to make this family one with ourselves, to oblige, serve, and unite them.

ÆSCH. Father, pray let it be so.

MIC. I do not oppose it.

DEM. On the contrary, i' faith, it is what we ought to do: in the first place, she is the mother of his wife (*pointing to ÆSCHINUS.*)

MIC. She is. What then?

DEM. An honest and respectable woman.

MIC. So they say.

DEM. Advanced in years.

MIC. I am aware of it.

DEM. Through her years, she is long past child-bearing; there is no one to take care of her; she is a lone woman.

MIC. (*aside*). What can be his meaning?

DEM. It is right you should marry her; and that you, Æschinus, should use your endeavours to effect it.

MIC. I, marry her, indeed?

DEM. You.

MIC. I?

DEM. You, I say.

MIC. You are trifling!

DEM. Æschinus, if you are a man, he'll do it.

ÆSCH. My dear father——

MIC. What, ass! do you attend to him?

DEM. 'Tis all in vain; it cannot be otherwise.

MIC. Are you mad!

ÆSCH. Do let me prevail on you, my father.

MIC. Are you out of your senses? Take yourself off.¹

DEM. Come, do oblige your son.

MIC. Are you quite in your right mind? Am I, in my five-and-sixtieth year, to be marrying at last? A decrepit old woman too? Do you advise me to do this?

ÆSCH. Do; I have promised it.²

¹ Æschinus, probably, in his earnestness, has seized hold of him with his hand, which Micio now pushes away.

² This is not the truth; the notion has only been started since he last saw them.

MIC. Promised, indeed; be generous at your own cost, young man.

DEM. Come, what if he should ask a still greater favour?

MIC. As if this was not the greatest!

DEM. Do comply.

ÆSCH. Don't make any difficulty.

DEM. Do promise.

MIC. Will you not have done?

ÆSCH. Not until I have prevailed upon you.

MIC. Really, this is downright force.

DEM. Act with heartiness, Micio.

MIC. Although this seems to me to be wrong, foolish, absurd, and repugnant to my mode of life, yet, if you so strongly wish it, be it so.

ÆSCH. You act obligingly.

DEM. With reason I love you; but——

MIC. What?

DEM. I will tell you, when my wish has been complied with.

MIC. What now? What remains to be done?

DEM. Hegio here is their nearest relation; he is a connexion of ours and poor; we ought to do some good for him.

MIC. Do what?

DEM. There is a little farm here in the suburbs, which you let out; let us give it him to live upon.

MIC. But is it a little one?

DEM. If it were a large one, still it ought to be done; he has been as it were a father to her; he is a worthy man, and connected with us; it would be properly bestowed. In fine, I now adopt that proverb which you, Micio, a short time ago repeated with sense and wisdom—it is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our own interests. This stain we ought to avoid: it is a true maxim, and ought to be observed in deed.

MIC. What am I to say to this? Well then, as he desires it (*pointing to ÆSCHINUS*), it shall be given him.

ÆSCH. My father!

DEM. Now, Micio, you are indeed my brother, both in spirit and in body.

MIC. I am glad of it.

DEM. (*aside*). I foil him at his own weapon.¹

SCENE IX

Enter SYRUS, from the house.

SYR. It has been done as you ordered, Demea.

DEM. You are a worthy fellow. Upon my faith,—in my opinion, at least,—I think Syrus ought at once to be made free.

MIC. He free! For what reason?

DEM. For many.

SYR. O my dear Demea! upon my word, you are a worthy man! I have strictly taken care of both these sons of yours, from childhood; I have taught, advised, and carefully instructed them in everything I could.

DEM. The thing is evident; and then, besides all this, to cater for them, secretly bring home a wench, prepare a morning entertainment;² these are the accomplishments of no ordinary person.

SYR. O, what a delightful man!

DEM. Last of all, he assisted to-day in purchasing this Music-wench—he had the management of it; it is right he should be rewarded; other servants will be encouraged thereby; besides, he (*pointing to ÆSCHINUS*) desires it to be so.

MIC. (*to ÆSCHINUS*). Do you desire this to be done?

ÆSCH. I do wish it.

MIC. Why, then, if you desire it, just come hither, Syrus, to me (*he touches him on the ear—the ceremony of manumission*); be a free man.

SYR. You act generously; I return my thanks to you all;—and to you, Demea, in particular.

DEM. I congratulate you.

ÆSCH. And I. SYR. I believe you. I wish this joy were

¹ He probably means, by aping the kind feeling which is a part of Micio's character.

² A banquet in the early part or middle of the day was considered by the Greeks a debauch.

made complete—that I could see my wife, Phrygia, free as well.

DEM. Really, a most excellent woman.

SYR. And the first to suckle your grandchild, his son, to-day (*pointing to ÆSCHINUS.*)

DEM. Why, really, in seriousness, if she was the first to do so, there is no doubt she ought to be made free.

MIC. What, for doing that? DEM. For doing that; in fine, receive the amount from me at which she is valued.

SYR. May all the Gods always grant you, Demea, all you desire. MIC. Syrus, you have thrived pretty well to-day.

DEM. If in addition, Micio, you will do your duty, and lend him a little ready money in hand for present use, he will soon repay you. MIC. Less than this (*snapping his fingers*).

ÆSCH. He is a deserving fellow.

SYR. Upon my word, I will repay it; only lend it me.

ÆSCH. Do, father. MIC. I'll consider of it afterwards.

DEM. He'll do it, Syrus. SYR. O most worthy man!

ÆSCH. O most kind-hearted father! MIC. How is this? What has so suddenly changed your disposition, Demea? What caprice is this? What means this sudden liberality?

DEM. I will tell you:—that I may convince you of this, Micio, that the fact that they consider you an easy and kind-hearted man, does not proceed from your real life, nor, indeed, from a regard for virtue and justice; but from your humouring, indulging, and pampering them. Now therefore, Æschinus, if my mode of life has been displeasing to you, because I do not quite humour you in every thing, just or unjust, I have done: squander, buy, do what you please. But if you would rather have one to reprove and correct those faults, the results of which, by reason of your youth, you cannot see, which you pursue too ardently, and are thoughtless upon, and in due season to direct you; behold me ready to do it for you.

ÆSCH. Father, we leave it to you; you best know what ought to be done. But what is to be done about my brother?

DEM. I consent. Let him have his mistress: with her let him make an end of his follies.

MIC. That's right. (*to AUDIENCE.*) Grant us your applause.

SENECA
THE PHÆDRA
OR
HIPPOLYTUS

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY

WATSON BRADSHAW, M.D., R.N.

ARGUMENT

Phædra, the step-mother of Hippolytus the son of Antiope the Amazonian Queen, whilst Theseus was away in the infernal regions, endeavors to overcome the chastity of Hippolytus, who has devoted his life to celibacy and selected the pursuits of a sportsman. Phædra fails in her attempts and when Theseus returned, the unchaste step-mother pretends that Hippolytus her son-in-law had violently attempted to force her to commit adultery. Theseus, believing her story, invokes the God (Neptune) to visit his absent son with death, for he had already fled from his immoral home. Theseus trusts to the third of his vows, into which he had entered, and Neptune confirming that vow caused a sea Bull to show itself, on the shore, as Hippolytus was passing—this frightened the horses of his chariot, and they rushed madly on, and Hippolytus who is driving them is dragged over rocks and briars precipitately and meets his death. But when Phædra was informed of this, conscious of the mischief she had brought upon him, she confessed to Theseus her own guilt and the false charge she had made, and then stabs herself with a sword. Theseus bewailing the misfortunes of his son and despising himself for the anger he had so unjustly shown, places together the scattered fragments of Hippolytus collected from every source to give them becoming burial.

The story of Phædra has formed the subject of three of the world's greatest tragedies: the *Hippolytus* of Euripides; the *Phædra* of Seneca, and the *Phèdre* of Racine.

PHÆDRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HIPPOLYTUS.	MESSENGER.
PHÆDRA.	NURSE.
THESEUS.	ATTENDANTS.
CHORUS OF ATHENIAN CITIZENS.	

ACT THE FIRST

HIPPOLYTUS

Hippolytus points out the various places eligible for the sportsman, and instructs his attendants and fellow lovers of the chase, in the various functions appertaining to hunting pursuits, and he invokes the kind interest of the Goddess of Hunting (Diana).

SET out, my sporting companions; surround the shady woods with nets, snares and dogs with a keen scent, and as thou wanderest forth, scour with eager strides the lofty summits of the Cecropian mountain, and those plains, which lie at the foot of rocky Parnes, and where the river running in a rapid stream beats upon the banks of the Thriasian valley, climb the hills, which are always white with the Riphæan snows; some go here, others go there, wherever a grove is seen with its lofty alders—Wherever smiling meadows are to be found—Where the gentle Zephyr with its dewy breath favors the growth of the vernal grass—Where, too, the smooth Ilissus glides slowly along near the barren fields, or where the Mæander, in its tardy serpentine course, approaches places of similar character and skims over the sterile sands! deposited by that sluggish river (throwing up sand instead of

mud)—Wend thy way to where the Marathon to the left of thee opens out its forests; or in those spots where the wild animals, having recently brought forth, seek for their nightly food, accompanied by their little flocks—or turn to that side where, subjected to the warm South West wind the hardy Acharnæ is able to tone down the severity of the cold (assisted by the rocky mountains near it)—Another detachment must explore the mountain heights of sweet Hymettus (famous for its thyme and honey)—and another will take the small places about Aphidna; but that part has for some time been exempt from our sporting raids, where the promontory Sunion stretches out its shores to the winding sea—If any of you are attracted by the excitement of the chase, then the woods of Phlyeus will satisfy thee, here, the wild boar, so well remembered by those who have been wounded by his tusks, still incites the fears of the natives (husbandmen). But some of you let loose dogs, which do their work without alarming the game, with their barking or other canine noises, but thou must hold in with stout thongs the fierce Mastiff breed and the fiery Cretan hounds. Bloodhounds will strain even strong chains, which hold them in, and wear away the hair of their strong necks, with their energy—but when you are using the Spartan hounds, they are courageous dogs, and very eager for blood—you must hold them in with a shortened cord; (give them less latitude) the time will soon be here, when they will make the hollow rocks and caves resound again, when they give tongue; after that, with their noses to the ground, they will catch the scent, and with their heads verily pressing the earth, they will search out every spot, even whilst it is yet twilight, and whilst the dewy surface still retains the imprint of the game, that have traversed it, another portion of you will carry the larger nets, a great load, though, for the shoulders! Another will get ready with the finer sort of nets; large feathers, painted over with red marks, you will find, have a tendency to shut in some of the wild animals, frightening them with their novelty! then will be the time for you to discharge your arrows—you will at the same time have to aim your blows vigorously with your broad sword, right and left! Another

division of you will hide in ambush, and scare the wild animals, in all directions with the human voice (plentiful shouting). Then thou as a conqueror, wilt with thy curved hunting-knife cut them open and remove the viscera (the thorax and abdominal contents)—behold! Diana! courageous goddess, thou art always at hand for a fellow-sportsman, thou whose assigned territories are in sequestered and solitary places, by whose never-failing arrows the wild beasts are sought out and brought to earth wherever they may be found, whether it be those which slaken their thirst in the cool Araxis, or those that frisk about on the frozen Danube; with thy certain right hand (never failing) thou layest low the Libyan Lions, (Gætulian)—thou, who overtakest the Cretœan Stag, wilt at one time bring down with thy nimble hand the swift fallow deer—then the striped tiger will offer its breast to thy weapon as it advances to the attack—the shaggy bisons will lend their backs for thy certain aim, and the wild buffaloes with their wide-spread horns! avail thyself also of anything that is seeking its food in the deserted plains—Whatever is noticeable in the country of the poor wandering Garamantes, or anything which the Arab can offer in his woods, abounding with spices, or on the summits of the wild Pyrenees, or those regions which are obscured by the Hyrcanian forests, and where the wandering Scythian in his uncultivated plains fears thy quiver! Oh! Mighty Diana! if any grateful hunter, who invokes thy aid, and if thou art propitiously inclined, ventures into the forest, the nets he prepares will hold the wild animals securely confined, no struggling efforts with the feet will break through the snares, and the spoil is safely borne away on the creaking waggon—then it is, that the dogs have their noses freely tinged red with the blood of the animals they had fastened upon with their teeth, and the rustic party will return to their cottages with protracted demonstrations of joy—Behold! the Goddess is favorable to the cause! Hark the knowing dogs are sending forth a signal for us, they are barking! We are invited to the woods, this way! Companions, all this way! our journey will be shortened by taking this route! (signifying the direction they were to take).

PHÆDRA—NURSE

Phædra confesses to her nurse—that she is ardently in love with Hippolytus, and the nurse exhorts her in vain to desist from such a wicked amour.

PHÆDRA

Oh! Crete! thou important ruler of a vast sea, whose innumerable ships command the ocean, beating on every shore, wherever Nereus carves a path for the various tracks of the navigators as far as the Assyrian shores—Why dost thou compel me, handed over as a species of hostage to repugnant household gods, married, tied up, to an absolute enemy, and doomed to pass my life in misery and tears! Behold! my exiled husband remains away from me, and Theseus is still keeping faith with his wife after the old fashion, promising to come back! As the valiant companion of a venturesome love-making adulterer Pirithous, he starts off through the realms of darkness to that relentless river, whence there is no return (The Styx) in order that he may forcibly abduct Proserpine from the throne of the King of Hell—the conspirator in this mad scheme, and this father of Hippolytus is on the look-out in the depths of Acheron, for an opportunity to practise his lustful propensities and to overcome the chastity of Proserpine—But another distress still greater sits on my troubled mind;—quiet—repose—know me not—no welcome sleep visits me to relieve my oppressed mind, bowed down by my anxieties; and the mischief is being nursed and is waxing stronger, and I am burning inwardly, much in the same way, that the smoke of Ætna is nourished by the flaming caverns below! The knitting and weaving work as taught by Minerva is completely set aside, and the wools no sooner than they are taken up, slip from my fingers—It is not allowed to me to propitiate the Goddess of Chastity in her temples, and mixing in the company of the Attic Matrons at the altars, to brandish my guilty torches amidst the Eleusinian ceremonies, nor to approach with chaste prayers, and pious

observances, the Deity that presides in the realms subject to her jurisdiction—No! it pleases me more to pursue the terrible wild animals, as they take to flight, in the company of Hippolytus and to hurl the weighty javelin from my gentle hand—But why rave I thus, Oh! my soul? Why do I hanker so madly after the forests? it calls to my mind the fatal misfortune which befell my miserable mother; our criminal amours were both conducted in these fatal woods! Oh! my mother! as thy daughter, have compassion on my crime! for thou, incited by some criminal passion, wert bold enough to be enamoured with the fierce leader of the herd (The Bull given to Minos by Neptune), but though fierce and impatient of restraint, that practical adulterer, although only the head of an indomitable flock, was susceptible of the influence of the fatal passion! What deity art thou, who comest to me in my misery? Oh what Dædalus will be able to assist me in restraining the consequences of my ardent passion? No! even if he were to come to my aid, with all the contrivances and labyrinths arising out of the Mopsopian skill (Dædalus hailed from Attica, where Mopsopus was King), although he did shut up far from mortal gaze the monster that emanated from our race! Could even he, alas, promise any alleviation to my miseries? Could even, alas! Venus, assist us? she who hates the entire progeny of Phœbus and who is only too ready to avenge herself upon us; as a set-off, for her own amorous entanglements with Mars, she saddles them with everything, that is infamous to the whole race of Phœbus (Phœbus detected Mars and Venus during an amour) and gives out that no amour of a legitimate character could be boasted of by any of us, but what was always associated with some indelible crime!

NUR. Oh! wife of Theseus! illustrious progeny of Jupiter, expel at once all criminal thoughts from thy chaste mind; conquer thy ardent passions, and do not give thyself up, without a struggle, to these wicked desires! Whoever resolutely opposes illicit love, and checks it in the bud what a happily-secured conqueror that person is!—On the contrary she who encourages a wicked passion, because it is pleasant and does her best to deceive herself, and whilst desirous to

give up the task upon which she has entered, sometimes finds that it is too late to be easily accomplished—Nor does it escape my conviction, how royal pride inaccessible to usual influences and unaccustomed to hear the truth at all times, is anything but willing to be turned into the right path, when once it had swerved from it! Whatever ending this business may have, I am willing to subscribe to it (endorse it). Thou seest, my time is nearly up, my approaching enfranchisement (freedom) is nigh, and this makes an old woman like myself speak out! The first step for the honorable mind to encourage is to be willing to remove an evil and do not let the opportunity for so doing slip from thy grasp; the second stage of honor would necessarily be, to learn the full extent of that evil! To what art thou tending in thy miserable frame of thought? Why dost thou aggravate the evil which still attaches to thy house (race)? or art thou endeavouring to surpass thy mother in crime? thy sin would be greater than even the “monster” crime! For thou must put the “monster” crime down to fate! thy wickedness thou couldst trace to nothing but thy own foul inclinations! If thy husband does not see what is going on in the upper world (Theseus is away in the Infernal regions), dost thou believe that the crime could be kept away from his knowledge with any degree of certainty, and that, under any circumstances, that he would not entertain grave apprehensions as to the true character of the crime? If thou supposest otherwise, thou art mistaken: dost thou believe that Theseus will remain hidden in the depths of Hell, and have to put up with his Stygian prison for evermore? And what will he say (Minos) who rules the seas in that wide kingdom, that father who administers the laws to hundreds of nations? Will he permit a crime of such magnitude to remain undiscovered? The principal function of a parent is to exercise especial vigilance and care as regards his offspring, and to take care too, that he is not in any way the victim of deception! But we may take it for granted that we shall never be able to conceal so enormous a crime with any amount of craft or artifices! What will that maternal grandfather of thine (Phœbus) think of this crime? He that sheddeth his penetrating rays upon the

things of this world! What, too, will thy fraternal grandfather (Jupiter) the ruler of all the Gods, think? He that causes the very universe to tremble, with the lightnings shot forth from the furnaces of Ætna, and hurled with a hand too, of such dazzling brightness? With such grandfathers as these seeing and knowing all things as they do, dost thou suppose that this matter can be so managed that thou shouldst remain undiscovered? Dost thou think, on the contrary, that a favorable construction will be put upon such abominable adultery, and the clemency which is always denied to all other great crimes, should form any exception in the case of thy adultery? What thy present suffering is, appears to be the fear of a guilty conscience only, a heart steeped in criminal desires and dreading the stings of remorse! Any woman may deem herself safe from punishment for her adultery, but no woman can reckon on absolute security against the chances of being found out! I entreat thee, extinguish the flames of thy impious love—a crime that has never been known to be committed in lands the most barbarous—not by any of the Getæ, who wander in the plains—Nor those in the wild steppes of the Taurus, or by the wandering Scythians! Drive this wicked design out of thy mind, preserve thy chastity, and think of thy mother's fate, abhor fresh copulations and such ones! Why! thou art now meditating an unheard-of medley—sharing the nuptial couch with father and son! indiscriminately! and about to risk an inexplicable impregnation for thy adulterous womb! Go on! and invert the very course of nature by thy criminal passion! Why should monsters be done away with? Why should the labyrinth of thy natural brother go begging for a tenant? As long as a Cretan woman, I suppose, desires to carry on an amour, so long must the world be prepared to hear of some monster's arrival, which it is unaccustomed to behold, and so long must Nature herself act conformably with her complications!

PH. What thou tellest me, Nurse, I know is quite true, but my infatuation leads me to contemplate even the worst things, my mind, although I am perfectly aware of what I am doing, carries me away headlong and it then, as it were,

sways to and fro, seeking in vain to follow more righteous counsels, as when the mariner is urging on his heavily-laden craft, against an adverse sea, his labor is expended in vain, and his craft is driven astern, in spite of every effort, by the obstinate tide! What reason suggests, my infatuation overcomes, and I continue to rage, and a very potent deity it is, I assure thee, which exercises such perfect dominion over my mind and its inclinations—the deity I mean is that winged god, that rules in every land, and sets the feelings of the great Jupiter himself on fire, with his indomitable power—and the warlike Mars has also shown his susceptibility to the fatal passion! That God, Vulcan, the fabricator of the three-forked lightning, and he, who is always keeping his furnaces in working order on the summits of *Ætna*, has himself glowed again, with the fires inspired by Cupid, whilst *Phœbus* himself has been wounded by that Boy (Cupid is always represented as a boy) who directs his darts with greater precision than he who has succumbed to darts more powerful than his own (Jupiter). This little winged boy hovers about the bright heavens and this dull globe of ours with equal pertinacity!

NUR. It could only have been lust, which always basely inclines to vicious courses, that originally transformed the amorous passion into a deity, and in order that there should be more latitude afforded to the votaries of *Venus*! *Erycina* (*Venus*) sends forth her prowling little son, I warrant thee, through every land, and has dignified him, for the passion, which he inspires, by investing him with the title of a spurious Deity! This little son of *Venus* flying through the heavens, dares to hurl his dangerous, wanton and insolent darts at the Gods themselves, with his delicate little hand! And this little fellow, although he holds only a certain special power amongst the gods, the mad ambition of his mother has awarded him this empty rank and made him her ancillary deity and armed him with the bow of a god! Whosoever exacts too much in prosperity and is surrounded with luxury is always hankering after something fresh—his lustful propensities, those awful companions of unlimited fortunes, advance upon him “*pari passu.*” Ordinary food does not satisfy him—he is not content with a residence of respectable pretensions,

and his viands are objectionable, if they do not cost enough money! Why then does this pest, criminal love, select and fasten upon the homes of the opulent, and enter so rarely the homesteads with impoverished Penates? Why does laudable love exist only amidst humble roofs; the common herd of mankind hold their natural affections in check, avoiding extremes, and the man with modest means restrains his unbridled passions; on the contrary, the wealthy, especially those who enjoy the additional advantages appertaining to a kingdom, are always sighing for more than is really right for them to have! What is not possible they wish to be so, so thou canst understand, who art desiring too much, what the obligations are, and what becomes one who is raised to that royal pinnacle—a throne. Go thou in fear, and dread the husband who will return to his kingdom!

PH. I reign in the kingdom of Love, which is at present a sovereign power with me, and I do not fear any one's return—He who has been once submerged in that silent abode of perpetual darkness, has gone whence he will never more reach the regions above!

NUR. Do not believe that Pluto may have been pleased to shut him up, as a prisoner in his kingdom, and the Stygian Dog (Cerberus)* may be guarding the dreadful portals. Has not Theseus unassisted, already found a way "there" which is denied to all others?

PH. Perhaps he might forgive me for this love affair of mine.

NUR. But was he not severe enough in his nature, even towards a chaste wife? Did not the barbarian Antiope experience his savage nature? but supposing it possible, under ordinary circumstances, to pacify an angry husband! Who could expect to subdue a disposition so intractable as that of Hyppolytus? He avoids women, and hates their very name; he has dedicated his life, perhaps cruelly towards himself, to perpetual celibacy; in a word, he eschews marriage entirely: remember his Amazonian origin!

PH. It pleases me to follow his haunts, to find him hanging about on the heights of snowy hills, and to see him tramping along, over the rough rocks with nimble strides, and

to accompany him over the lofty forests and the mountain sides.

NUR. Dost thou think that he will stop and abandon himself kindly to thy adulterous embraces, and exchange his chaste habits and ideas for those of a highly immoral love? He will put thee under the ban of his hatred, the same hatred, indeed, which he entertains towards all women.

PH. Could he not be overcome by my soft entreaties?

NUR. He is fierce and obdurate.

PH. I have learned the method of overcoming savageness with love (meaning that she has managed Theseus).

NUR. He will fly from thee.

PH. If he does fly, I will follow him, over the seas, even!

NUR. Remember his father.

PH. Remember the mother as well.

NUR. He flies from our whole sex.

PH. I do not fear any meretricious rival.

NUR. But thy husband may return.

PH. Yes, the confederate of Pirithous!

NUR. Thy father, also may come.

PH. Oh! the father of Ariadne, he was kind to her?

NUR. By these locks (placing her hands on them) now grey with old age, as a suppliant I entreat thee by this breast of mine enfeebled by anxieties, by the nipples at which thou once didst fly with infantine eagerness—stay thy madness—lend aid to thy own righteous cause; a great step in the art of being cured, is to wish for a remedy, and then submit to the "modus curandi"—the means of cure!

PH. Every feeling of shame is not quite extinguished from my natural disposition! Let me prepare, Nurse, for my task—a love which cannot be kept under, must be trodden down. I am not willing that my reputation should be sullied—this is the only way out of my difficulty, the only means of escaping from my crime—I must join my husband! I must anticipate crime by death!

NUR. Try and govern, my nurse child, the wild impulses of thy heart, restrain unholy passions. I conclude from thy remarks, that thou art more worthy to live, and for this reason, that thou now considerest thyself more worthy to die.

PH. I have determined to die, Nurse, but the kind of death is the next question—Shall I end my life with the noose (strangulation) or fall upon the sword, or sallying forth shall I throw myself headlong from the lofty citadel of Pallas? Ah! happy thought! I will arm my hand as the means of avenging my chastity.

NUR. Dost thou think that even my old age will ever permit thee to court an untimely death! I pray thee stay these insane impulses; it is not an easy thing for any one to be brought to life again.

PH. Then no law can hold good, which forbids any one to die, whenever he has determined to die, and feels that he ought to die——

NUR. Oh! my mistress! the only solace to my wearied life, if a mad notion so persistently haunts thy mind I say, hold reputation in contempt, we know that rumour seldom inclines to the truth—makes out a better, when one deserves a worse character and a worse character when one merits a more favorable one. Let me try what I can do for thy sad unmanageable mind—that shall then be my undertaking to seek out the wild youth, and see whether I can bend the inclinations of that savage young man!

CHORUS

The Chorus espouses the assumption, that all things should yield to love, that mankind of every position, every age, every condition, the Gods above, and the Gods below, and even down to the dumb creation, all animals whether terrestrial (brutes), aquatic (fishes), or aerial (birds).

Oh! Goddess (Venus) sprung from the tempestuous waves whom that double-functioned Cupid (Eros and Anteros, the latter the divine love, the former the grosser and sensual passions) calls mother—never flagging in his activity with the arrows, and reckless, as to the love-inspiring passions, he brings about. Oh! that lascivious little boy (Eros) with his deceptive smiles, with what sure effect does he operate with his ceaseless quiver! His inspiring power searches out the innermost marrow of our very bones,

drying up in its progress the coursing veins with his furtive fires! The wounds which he inflicts, however, present no very broad external surface! they are deep wounds! but the germ absorbed therefrom consumes the marrow hidden away in the recesses of our organism (figuratively neutralizing the power of resistance)—there is no rest where that little boy is concerned in his nimble flight, he scatters, far and wide, in every clime, in every nook, the arrows which he shoots forth from his restless untiring quiver! Whatever land witnesseth the rising of the sun, or whatever land lies where the chariot of Phoebus stops at the end of his Hesperian journey (the west, the late setting of the Sun), or whatever country is under the scorching tropic of Cancer, and if there be any country beneath the frigid Ursa Major, which affords a sheltering resting-place to the hordes of wandering tribes, each one of these has experienced the effects of the wounds of Cupid, which equally excite the fierce ardor of impetuous youth, or coaxingly invite back the died-out passions of the aged and decrepit! He strikes the hearts of the tender virgins, and evokes a thrill—a passion which they had never felt before! and he even forces the Gods above, quitting their celestial homes to visit the Earth below and assume all kinds of disguises for the furtherance of their love-inspiring designs! Phoebus, originally the shepherd of the Thessalian flocks, drove the herd, and having laid aside his lyre, called them together with his pipe made up of variously sized reeds, and how often has he assumed, as well, the forms of the lower animals! The great Jupiter, who rules the heavens and the cloudy firmament, sometimes as a bird, has assumed its wings and plumage of shining whiteness, and furthered the deception with a voice sweeter than that of the dying swan—at another time, as a fierce bull, with a savage visage, he gives up his back for the amusement of young virgins, and then travels over a fresh kingdom, his brother Neptune's aquatic empire (the sea), and overcomes the suspicious element, with his powerful chest contending against its obstinacy, and furthermore to quiet it (the sea recognizes a new master) imitates the sounds produced by rowers, through certain movements of his feet—as he timidly pursues his way with his

capture (Europa) lest she should be submerged! The illustrious goddess of the sky, when in darkness (night) forsakes her nocturnal post and hands over to her brother her brilliant chariot to be under his guidance after a different manner (hinting at his mode of driving)—he learns, however, to manage the two-horsed nocturnal chariot of his sister, and to go by a shorter circuit, but the night does not preserve its usual duration—it is longer, and as a consequence the daylight returns with a retarded arrival, whilst the axles of the chariot seem to give way under their heavier burden (Phœbus). That son of Alcmena (Hercules) laid aside his quiver, and that terrifying trophy the skin of the Nemæan Lion, and permitted his fingers to be bejewelled with emerald rings, and to have his rough locks perfumed and dressed, and to be carefully done up according to the prevailing fashion, and with that huge hand, which hitherto had only wielded a ponderous club, now and then drew out the threads, in a mincing, effeminate manner, whilst working away right merrily with the spindle!—He then fastens to his legs with bands ornamented with gold, the yellow slippers “Socci” with which he had inclosed his feet. Persia and Lydia, those fertile countries, with their rich kingdom, have witnessed the fact of Hercules throwing down in disgust the lion’s skin from his shoulders on which had aforesaid rested the very heavens with their palaces; and donning a cloak made up of some flimsy Tyrian-purple fabric. And this is that execrable fire of Love. Believe in those, that have suffered from its too terrible effects! Whatever land is surrounded by the deep sea, whatever bright stars pursue their course in the ethereal sky, this insolent pertinacious little boy holds such kingdoms in his sway—Of whose thrusts the blue water-nymphs, the offspring of Nereus and Doris, are susceptible, in the retired waters even which they inhabit; nor does he, it is perceived, exempt the sea from his visitations (passions)—the wing-bearing portion of nature, they feel his fires! and what terrific battles the bulls, urged on by the venereal œstrum, will wage for supremacy amongst the rest of the herd; and the timid stags will stand their ground, when their females are in danger, and they evince with their loud mewings the

symptoms of the anger which possesses them—then the tawny Indian dreads the striped tigers more than ever, and then the wild boar appears to have his teeth sharper than usual by the cruel wounds he causes, and his jaws are covered with foam; the Carthaginian lions shake their manes unusually when the amorous feelings possess them, and then it is, that the forests resound with their savage roaring—even the huge brutes, denizens of the sea, (whale, grampus, etc.) learn to love, and then even the huge pachyderms (the Elephants)—Nature claims all—everything for herself! Nothing is free! Hatred vanishes, when love commands—Old animosities yield to the sacred fire of love! What more shall we sing? It is this! It overcomes with its persistency, even cruel step-mothers!

ACT THE SECOND

CHORUS—NURSE—PHÆDRA

The Nurse complains of love as a disease, as regards its intolerance and the power it assumes; after which Phædra gives herself up to a thorough change of raiments, and dons the garb of an Amazonian huntress, that she may the more easily captivate Hippolytus.

CHORUS

Nurse, tell us all thou knowest. In what state of mind is the queen? Is there any moderation evinced yet in her wicked passions?

NUR. No hope! so great an evil cannot be easily got rid of! there will never be an end of her insane infatuation; she is literally burnt up with the secret flames that rage within her bosom, and her madness, though kept within herself to some extent, shows itself in her very looks and gestures, however else it might be hidden—this secret fire springs up into her eyes and her drooping eyelids avoid the light—nothing which might have pleased her formerly, satisfies her capricious mind now—and her uncertain temper discovers itself in her very bodily attitudes, in the arms which she throws about,

as the mood varies—sometimes her legs give way, and she falls down, like one about to die, and her head seems with difficulty held up by her enfeebled neck; now, when she retires to rest, she seems to have no disposition to sleep, but passes the night in vain wailings—she then orders herself to be raised up in bed, and for her body to be placed in some other position (to have her bed and arrangements altered to give greater ease to her body); then all at once she orders her hair to be let down, and then to be dressed again immediately after—she is intolerant of her very self; her whole demeanour has undergone a change, she is careless about her food, and does not care whether she is ill or well—she walks with a tottering gait, in fact, she is thoroughly spent as regards physical vigor. There is an absence of all her quondam vivacity, nor does the rosy tinge show itself upon her once delicate complexion, rivalling the driven snow in its purity—she is wearing out her body with anxiety—already her steps tremble, and the delicate, graceful comeliness of her figure has vanished—and her orbs, which bore the indication of her divine origin (Phœbus) now shine in no way to remind thee of her high-born descent, or that of her fathers—Her tears are continually trickling down her face, and her cheeks are bathed with perpetual moisture! just in the same mode as the drifting snow, melted by the warm showers, moistens the surface earth on the mountain ridges of Taurus—But further, behold when the palatial portals lie open to the visitor, there is the queen on her throne lounging languidly on a gilded couch, where she sits and discards all her usual attire and accessories, in a most unaccountable frame of mind!

PH. Take away, slaves, these garments dyed with purple and ornamented with gold; remove, I command, the ravishing colors of the Tyrian dyes which adorn those delicate fabrics, which the “Seres” in their far-off country gather from the branches of trees; let a short girdle encircle my loose garments giving me free use of my limbs, let my neck be relieved of this necklace, and let not the earrings with their snow-white precious stones, dangle any longer from my ears—the stones which trace their original home to the far-off Indian Seas; let my flowing locks be exempt from the Assyrian per-

fumes—let my hair carelessly fall down my neck and around my shoulders—let those dishevelled locks wave to and fro, just as the wind, whatever humor it is in, pleases to direct them. Give me the quiver which I shall carry in my left, whilst my right hand shall brandish the Thessalian spear! As the mother of stern Hippolytus, used to be, so I desire to be just as she was, when she led on the savage Amazonian battalions recruited from the marshy districts near the Tanäis and Mæotis, and when she left behind the countries bounded by the frigid Euxine! and when she began to tread the Attic Soil she still continued to gather up her hair in a knot and let it fall down on her shoulders, with the shield shaped like a half-moon protecting her side! In such a guise will I make my appearance in the forests!

NUR. Dismiss thy grief, vain bewailings do not mitigate sorrow; invoke the aid of Diana, the virgin Goddess, who presides over what relates to the chase; the queen of the forests, who alone inhabits the mountains, and the only goddess thou canst worship in those deserted elevated regions. Change thy sad apprehensions of evil for a more favorable future! Oh! great goddess who presidest amongst the forests and graves, the brilliant star of heavens and the glory of night whose dominion is lighted up, in thy alternate capacity with Phœbus! Oh thou three-formed Hecate! pray come to us, with any form thou mayst choose to assume, and favor our enterprise! Break the adamant heart of this wretched Hippolytus, let him learn to love, let him reciprocate the passion that burns in the bosom of another—let him give ear patiently to our entreaties—soften his hard spirit—ensnare his heart in the meshes of Love, and let him, the savage, repulsive, retiring Hippolytus turn back his nature, and be brought into full allegiance to the canons of Venus! Oh! Use thy utmost power to promote this end! And thus may thy bright countenance shed its brilliant light upon the earth, and mayst thou come forth, having dispelled the obscuring clouds, which hide thy glory, with thy radiance unimpaired! (with thy “cornua” undimmed that is,) that thy disc may be distinctly seen—the (“horned” heifer was held sacred to the Moon) and thus may no Thessalian incantations be able to

draw thee from thy undertaking as thou, handling the reins, art ruling the operations of the nocturnal sky, and may no future shepherd (Endymion) glorify himself at having received favors from thee! Come thou as thou art invoked; Oh, goddess, be propitious to my prayers—I see Hippolytus! he is about to offer his accustomed sacrifices; no one is accompanying him, no one at his side! Why do I hesitate? Time, place and opportunity are at my disposal! I must use some artifice, but I dread the experiment! It is not always an easy thing to dare to commit a crime, even when thou art ordered to do it, but sometimes in the interests of those we fear, of Kings, for example, and fearing as I do Phædra, one can afford to ignore the justice of the cause, and to chase away every known sentiment of shame from one's breast. But it is a very sorry sample of virtue, nevertheless, which is the mere tool of regal power.

HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE

The nurse tries artfully to soften the inflexibility of Hippolytus, and to turn his thoughts towards marriage, and the enjoyments of a city life; unmoved by her persuasions, he adheres to his resolution of passing his existence in celibacy and devoting himself to rustic pursuits, which he ranks as preferable to urban attractions.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh! my faithful nurse, only comest thou hither, thoroughly fagged out and advancing with the feeble pace of an old woman, wearing, too, such a look of sadness in thy face, and with such a woeful, troubled look? Surely my father, Theseus, is quite safe, and Phædra, too, is not she quite well? For she, thou knowest, is the connecting link of our race, between myself, I mean, (Antiope, my mother) and my half-brothers (Demophon and Antigonus by Phædra).

NUR. Banish thy fears, the kingdom is in a prosperous condition and thy illustrious family is in the full enjoyment of its happy lot—but come thou, I pray, in a mild and happy mood amongst all our pleasant surroundings, for my regard

towards thyself, rouses within me certain anxious thoughts, in that, to thy own injury, thou oppressest thyself with such heavy self-imposed restrictions—that man whom the fates hold in their power when such a one is miserable, we reward with our sympathy!—but if any man only too readily gives himself up as a voluntary recipient of misfortune and so far perverts his natural tendencies, he richly deserves to be deprived of the good things of this world, and which, if he had them, he would be utterly unable to enjoy! But thou rather, as thou shouldst, be mindful of thy vigorous youth, relax the severity toward thyself—brighten up, and pass thy nights in exhilarating amusements, if necessary, let Bacchus assist thy endeavours in shaking off dull care! Enjoy thy life, thou art young—time flies in its nimble course, now is the time for an assailable mind, now is the time that Venus should be a welcome goddess to amorous youth, let thy heart leap at the very thought! Why shouldst thou lie at nights, with no desirable bed-fellow? Throw aside sadness from thy youthful nature, now fasten upon the enjoyments of life. Throw aside the reins with which thou hast restrained thyself, prevent the last days of thy life from slipping away from thee—a beneficent Deity has very wisely prescribed the various duties of mankind, and he has so planned his programme that life should pass through well-defined stages! Joy becomes youth—thoughtful brow befits old age; why shouldst thou curb thy nature as thou dost, and blot out thy stage of youth, the stage through which thou art now passing? The growing corn will afford a plentiful return to the husbandman for his labor, and each tender shoot will increase till it becomes a luxuriant blade, and contributes its individual share towards producing an abundant harvest! And the sapling will eventually look down upon the forest with its lofty branches—the tree, which no greedy hand has attempted to fell, or rob of its umbrageous investiture—a man’s mind—when it is well regulated, is much more calculated to lead on towards a glorious goal, if seasonable liberty gives scope to generous impulses—Savage and ignorant of the pleasures of life, and of exclusively sylvestrian ideas, thou art passing thy cheerless youth, forging the pleasures of love! Dost thou think that this

way of passing life was ordained for man? that he should simply put up with every hardship and privation—that he should do nothing but break in horses for running races and to wage cruel wars in honor of sanguinary Mars? No—the chief parent of the universe has provided against such a contingency! When he said that the hand of Death was so eager to take away what he had made, in order that he might replace the losses by producing fresh offsprings, “Come on,” he said, “let love go forth amongst human affairs, and play its part,” and it is that (Love) which fills up the vacancies, and replenishes the races, when they are becoming exhausted! The unattractive earth would remain in an uncultivated condition—the blue sea would rest unvisited by any noble fleets—the winged ærial denizen of the sky would no longer be seen, and the wild animal would no more infest forests and the atmosphere would be left only for the use of Phœbus and Æolus! What different kinds of death take off and snap up the human race!—the sea—the sword—the poisoned cup! But can it be believed that the hand of Destiny is wanting on all this that we should seek willingly the dark realms of Pluto—that youth should choose a life of celibacy and not propagate the species—this would be the state of matters. Wherever thou castest thy eyes, there would only be one generation of every species of animality and everything would come to a standstill with their disappearance from the scene! Therefore, follow the dictates of nature, the originator of life itself, frequent the cities, and cultivate the society of the citizens!

HIPP. I do not think there is any life which gives one more liberty, or one more free from harmful influences, than that which inclines one to love the forests, the cities being left out of one’s calculation—There, no madness of a covetous nature assails a man who devotes himself, interfering with no one, to the mountain fastnesses—he is not annoyed there with popular clamor—No vulgar herd to practise their treachery upon men of uprightness—no wretched envy—no questionable kindness—and what is more, he is subject to no dominations; but he that hangs about a Kingdom, seeks only for empty honors, or the amassing of riches—the denizen

of the forest is exempt from alternating hopes and fears, nor do the loathsome fangs of wicked and voracious envy inflict their wounds upon him! Nor has he ever been brought in contact with such people as he would find there, nor with the villainy they practise, nor does a troubled conscience cause him to fear every popular outbreak! Nor has he to invent excuses or to tell lies!—like the rich man of the cities he does not sigh for a palace supported by a thousand columns, nor in his pride, does he adorn his palatial ceilings with a profusion of golden display—nor do a hundred snow-white bulls submit their necks to the sacrificial knife, and with the ceremonial meal thrown over them, to be then served up as sacred offerings to the Gods! But he enjoys the open plains, and wanders, hurting no one—a free man breathing the free air! His only knowledge of deception is setting clever snares for the wild beasts, and when wearied out with his hunting exertions, he soothes his tired-out frame by bathing in the silvery streams of the Ilissus! Sometimes, he chooses the banks of the swiftly-flowing Alpheus; at other times, he pitches upon the densest spot in the lofty forests for the purpose of laying his snares, and then he will shift his scene of operations to where the cool Lerna is transparent with its crystal streams; here the noisy birds give forth their various notes—here behold ancient beeches with their branches trembling, whenever struck by the slightest puff of wind; or sometimes it pleases him to confine himself to the banks of some wandering river, or to pass his time in gentle slumber, lying on the naked sod! or sometimes a tremendous fountain will pour down its rapid streams, or at other times, a swift murmur would strike the ear, as the water ran in and out amongst the fresh flowers which line the banks, and the fruit which falls, blown down by the wind serves to satisfy his hunger—and the wild strawberries plucked from amongst the small thickets afford him a very ready means of appeasing his appetite—he is possessed of an invincible desire to fly from royal luxuries. Kings are at liberty to quaff their wine from the golden goblet, amidst the uncertainties which surround royalty, but it delights him to take his draught from the nearest spring, the hollow of his hand serving him as a drink-

ing-cup—Sleep steals upon the weary with greater certainty, those that commit their limbs in security, to a hard bed—The man of the forest does not require, as a thief, to hide away his pilferings in some sly corner, or obscure place of concealment, and who being always in fear of detection, shifts his resting-place (abode) from one locality to another! Nay! he seeks only the air and light of heaven and lives openly, under the canopy of the sky! Indeed, I suppose during the earlier ages, when men mixed up with the gods, they lived pretty much in this kind of way. No one, amongst such men as those, was led headlong by any desire to amass heaps of gold. No stone, held sacred as the land-mark of proprietorship, parcelled out the lands amongst the people (at that time). Venturesome crafts had not at such an epoch dared to risk the dangers of the ocean—Every one knew his own sea—his own surroundings—they had not at that time encompassed their cities and depended the approaches thereto with vast walls and numerous towers—no soldier sighed to handle the ferocious weapons for slaughtering his fellow-man, nor did the battering-ram, directed against closed portals, break them open with the enormous stones which it hurled against them! Nor did the earth demand the necessity for any ploughman to guide the efforts of the yoked oxen! but the people demanding nothing but what was necessary for their existence, with no anxious care about agriculture, subsisted on what the fields, of their own accord, afforded them. The forests yielded up their native resources, and obscure grottoes supplied them with habitations; an impious desire to obtain power then induced them to break treaties, into which they had solemnly entered, then heedless rage and the lawless desires which agitated the maddened mind, then ensued the sanguinary thirst for power—the weaker man fell a prey to the stronger one—and instead of law, and justice, strength became the prevailing arbiter! then, at first, they fought with the naked fists, and when they began to be more civilized, stones and rough cudgels (club-law) served them as weapons with which to conduct their strife. At that time, there was no cornel stem armed with the slender spear, or sword with its tapering point attached to the side, or crested

helmets with their plumes shaken by the agitating breeze—universal rivalry dictated these various instruments of destruction. Then warlike Mars discovered fresh devices and a thousand different forms of dealing out Death—hence, very soon, the blood that was shed stained every land, and the sea was even reddened by it! Then crimes having no bounds, spread into every dwelling and no crime was committed that had not a precedent! Brother slew brother, and parent fell by the right hand of son, husband lay prostrate by the sword of a wife, and impious mothers destroyed their own offspring—I will be silent about stepmothers, nothing is less cruel even amongst the wild beasts! But a woman is the leader of all mischief—this architect of crimes besieges the minds of mankind in consequence of whose adulteries, entire cities have been noted incestuous and have been burnt to the ground. Many nations wage war on this account, and kingdoms thus cast down from their lowest foundations have ruined so many peoples! Let no mention be made of others, Medea to wit, the wife of Ægeus, is sufficient to make through her acts the whole race of womankind detestable!

NUR. Why should the crimes of the few be construed as the sins of the many?

HIPP. I detest them all, I dread them, I avoid them, I curse their very existence! Whatever the reason may be, whether it is my nature to do so, or whether it be some inexplicable madness (on my part), it nevertheless pleases me to hate them! Thou mayst attempt to amalgamate fire and water, or rather reckon upon a favorable voyage for thy crafts over the treacherous sands of the Syrtes, or rather that the Hesperian Tethys should expect the god of light (Phœbus) to reverse his chariot, and cause the sun to rise at the western extremity of his journey! And the rapacious wolf will learn to gaze with absolute affection upon the timid deer—when I am so far subdued as to entertain a mild feeling toward womankind.

NUR. Love often breaks in obstinate rebellious hearts and changes their hatred into the tender passion—Think of thy mother's kingdom, the ferocious Amazonian women feel the force of love—Thou (a boy) the only remaining male descendant of that race art a living proof!

HIPP. This consolation, the only one I retain for my having lost my mother, is that I am now able to hate all women!

NUR. As the rugged rock remains on all sides, obdurate to the waves beating against it, and repels to a distance the waters which become fairly weary of their task (making no impression on the said rocks), so does Hippolytus turn back (reject) my appeal, but Phædra impatient of delay abruptly advances (exclaiming). What chance will bring Hippolytus here? Where will her mad resolution lead her? On a sudden she falls to the ground like a dead person, and a death-like pallor comes over her face! Raise thy eyes, look at me, speak quickly, behold! my nurse-child, thy own Hippolytus! 'Tis Hippolytus himself who holds thee in his arms! (This is said to rouse Phædra out of her swoon.)

PHÆDRA—HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE—ATTENDANTS

They all try to overcome the virtue of Hippolytus, but without success; they have recourse to deceit and calumny.

PHÆDRA

Who is it that is restoring me to my old anguish (now that I am coming to) and is bringing back the dreadful tumultuosities which agitate my soul? How well it was, when my senses had left me (alluding to the swoon and the mental respite it had afforded). Take courage! oh! my soul; let me try my utmost! Why do I refuse the welcome arrival of light, shining as it were on a dark place (alluding to the arrival of Hippolytus who is standing by)? Let me carry out the task already determined upon! (To the Nurse.) Courageous words will often succeed! Whilst they who timidly appeal, only tacitly ask for a rude repulse!—I am the chief performer in this drama of crime, and it has already been half enacted, any reluctant feelings on my part are now too late for me to be showing! I have chosen to love in a criminal manner, and if I persevere as I commenced, perhaps!

who knows? I shall be able to neutralize the crime after all, with the kindly aid of the marriage knot (that is if Theseus does not return, Hippolytus may be induced to marry me). Success we all know some times makes even certain downright crimes wear the appearance of glorious deeds! Now let me begin. But oh, for the courage to do so! Give me a hearing, Hippolytus, I pray for a short time! but alone—if there be any companion or attendant near, let him go away!

HIPP. Look, here is a spot which is free from any intrusive observation.

PH. But my tongue forbids me to utter what I want to say, just as I am about to begin—Great assertion enables me to speak, but a stronger power chokes my utterance—I call all the heavenly gods to witness this; do not thou be unwilling to grant me what I crave.

HIPP. Let not the heart desire anything which cannot find language to express what is the thing that is sought for!

PH. Trivial matters are easily spoken of, but those of overwhelming concern are difficult to approach!

HIPP. Trust thy cares to my ears, mother!

PH. That name of mother, Hippolytus, is no doubt a proud one, but from thy lips it sounds too inapplicable for me, a milder name would represent my love towards thee, Hippolytus. Call me sister, Phædra, or slave, any name but mother—I prefer the word slave—as I will render to thee all the duties of a slave; it would not distress me, if thou shouldst command me to walk in the deepest snows—to climb the frozen mountain sides of Pindus, nor if thou orderest me to pass through the raging fires and the hostile battalions in battle array, would I hold back, from presenting this breast of mine to the pointed sword! Accept the throne which shall be handed over to thee, and accept me as a willing slave! It is only right that thou shouldst rule the kingdom, and that I should obey thy commands—it is not a woman's duty to undertake the sovereign power over the cities. Thou who art in the very prime of youthful manhood, and vigor, and brave withal, do thyself govern the citizens in thy father's Kingdom! Protect me as thy humble suppliant servant,

whom, I pray thee, to receive into thy bosom (the bosom of protection not of love), pity me a widow!

HIPP. May the chief of the Gods avert such a prediction from being verified (that Phædra should be a widow); my parent will soon return in safety.

PH. The monarch of that Kingdom, which keeps a tenacious grasp on its subjects, and the ruler of the silent Styx—has not ordained for them a way back to the earth above, when once they have quitted it, and it is not likely that he will release those who meditated the capture of his spouse unless, indeed, Pluto is indulgent and inclined to connive at the daring amour of the ravisher!

HIPP. The Gods of heaven, more favorable, however, will allow him to return, but whilst they may be regarding his wishes as uncertain, I will take charge of my dear brothers with that affection which I ought to show them, and let my reward be, that thou wilt no longer consider thyself a widow, as I will myself fill up the place of their absent parent.

PH. Oh! the clinging hope of credulous love! Oh! the love that is playing with my affection! Have I not declared myself sufficiently, I will approach thee once more with my entreaties! Pity me, listen to the prayers of a heart that dares not to speak out! I would speak more plainly but I cannot! it grieves me to confess what I feel!

HIPP. What is the evil which troubles thee in this manner?

PH. An evil which thou wouldst scarcely believe could befall any stepmother! love for her step-son!

HIPP. Thou throwest out puzzling expressions, in such ambiguous language too, speak out openly.

PH. The fire of my passionate love is burning within my maddened breast, and with its cruel flames it is consuming the very marrow of my bones, and traverses the innermost blood-vessels of my body, and that latent fire descends to my very entrails and courses through the deeply-seated veins, just as the active flames capriciously ascend, till they reach the lofty ceilings!

HIPP. Thou art raving now, of course—in consequence of the chaste love thou hast for Theseus.

PH. The fact of the matter, Hippolytus, is this (when I gaze on thee) I look back with admiration on the face of Theseus, which he had in days gone by, that face which he had when a boy, when the incipient beard began to show itself on his cheeks in the freshness of his youth and innocence, when he first caught sight of the hidden home of the Gnosian Monster (the Minotaur) and when he gathered up the clue (the threads) which guided his steps along the winding paths of the Labyrinth! How radiant he looked at that time! Delicate wreaths confined his locks, and carnation hues pervaded his tender cheeks, but powerful muscles lay beneath the soft skin of his arms! Were his features (let me think) those of thy beloved Phœbe, or of my progenitor Phœbus, or rather thy own, yes! just thy own, as they were, when he first found favor with the daughter (Ariadne) of his enemy Minos—just like thee, he posed his lofty head, but there is a natural-born attractiveness in thee, which shows to greater advantage (more than what art can supply), but there is all the “father” nevertheless, about thee, yet some portion of the striking dignity thou possessest is obviously traceable, equally to thy savage Queen-Mother Antiopè—thy countenance combines the stern physiognomy of the Scythian with the delicate contour of the Greek! If thou hadst set out for the Crétan Sea, with thy parent, my sister (Ariadne) could rather have spun those fatal threads (the clue) for thee! Oh! thou sister of mine, in whatever part of the starry heavens thou mayst be shining, I invoke thee to aid my cause so similar to thine own! One race has wrecked the happiness of two sisters, thou lovest the father—and I love the son! Behold! the offspring of a royal line of ancestors suppliantly approaches thee on her bended knees—contaminated by no crime, my virtue still intact, spotless in purity! I am changed from all this, as regards thee alone! Confident of my success, I have humiliated myself by vain entreaties!—This day shall either release me of this consuming passion or there shall be an end of my existence. Do pity the loving woman at thy feet!

HIPP. Oh! great ruler of the Gods, with what slowness do crimes reach thy ears, with what tardiness dost thou take cognizance of them! Why wilt thou not send forth thy

lightnings with thy terrible hand, even if it be quite serenely disposed at this present moment? Let the entire sky fall with the shock of the power and shut out the light with the blackest of clouds and let the stars, driven back, perform their oblique functions in an opposite direction! And thou (Phœbus) the head and chief of the starry throng—thou grand luminary—wilt thou not take notice of this terrible wickedness in one of thy race and lest thou shouldst see it, drown the day itself and retire into thy self-created darkness! Why, oh! thou ruler of the Gods and men, is thy right hand withheld, and why is not the world set on fire by thy three-forked lightnings! Visit me with thy lightnings, let me be singled out for thy violent shocks—let thy swift fires pass through and consume me forthwith! I am a guilty wretch and deserve to die—I have inspired my stepmother with criminal desires! Behold! Shall I live to be regarded as an object for lustful passion and as one capable of countenancing such horrible impiety? Oh! why was it that I should have been selected as a ready target for thy crime? Has my religious austerity, as regards women, deserved all this? Oh, for that entire female portion of the universe that subdue mankind by their insidious conquests! Oh! Crime greater than that committed by Pasiphaë, that monster-bearing mother! Worse art thou than that mother! She defiled herself with adultery only! and however the crime was hidden for a long time, the parturition proclaimed the shocking deed, in the two-formed being which revealed her infamy! And an ambiguous infant with the horrible visage of a bull set the matter at rest! She bore thee in the same womb! Oh! thrice and four times blessed are those handed over to a more fortunate fate, whom the hatred and treachery of stepmothers have wounded, ruined and finally put out of the world! Oh! my father! I envy thee even! This crime is worse than was that of such stepmothers as the Colchian Medea with the poisoned bowl! It is a greater calamity this one (for me) to be ensnared by the mysterious love of a stepmother!

PH. And I myself am not unacquainted with the destinies of our race—we always seek to gain what ought to be avoided; but although I am not powerful in myself, yet I

will follow thee through fire, across the tempestuous sea, over rocks and rivers, which are converted into absolute torrents, with their impetuosity! Wherever thou wendest thy way, I shall be madly led on (by my love for thee) and be constantly at thy side! Oh! proud man thou, for the second time I turn towards thee and cling myself around thy knees!

HIPP. What is this? (retreating a little) Remove the contact of thy adulterous self from my chaste person! Let go! Why, she is actually embracing me! Let my sword quit its scabbard, it must exact condign punishment! (seizing Phædra) Look, with these curled locks which I am holding in my left hand, I have bent back thy adulterous head (Phædra shows an up-turned face) and never could blood have been offered at thy altars with greater justification, oh! quiver-bearing Diana! (This was also an epithet applied to Apollo.)

PH. Hippolytus, thou art now making me a participatrix in thy desires, thou art curing me of my madness, and thy act exceeds any previous wish of mine: it is this, that I should die by thy hands, with my chastity unsullied!

HIPP. Go away, live, ask for nothing at my hands, and this blade of mine after having been in contact merely with thy adulterous body, shall never more hang from my side, hitherto innocent of all in chastity! What Tanais (a river in Scythia) shall purge me of all this? or what marshy Mæotis stretching with its sluggish waters into the Euxine Sea? Nor even the great father himself of the entire ocean world (Neptune) could cleanse me from this foul contamination! Oh! for the forests then! Oh! for the wild beasts to fall back upon (as a means of my purification)!

NUR. This criminal plot of ours is completely seen through by Hippolytus! Why should I hesitate what to do? Oh! happy thought of mine! I must fasten the crime on Hippolytus and give out that he on his own accord, made the lustful advances and importuned Phædra with his unlawful love, and our crime must be glossed over by charging him with it—it is the safest plan we can act upon; whilst any apprehension has possession of us, we must take the initiative or we may be the sufferers for this crime ourselves! When the

crime is more shrouded in secrecy who can possibly appear as a witness to what he has never seen? (the Nurse then cries out) Athenians, come hither, ye faithful band of servitors, help! help! This ravisher, Hippolytus, is intent on committing a most revolting act of adultery on the Queen—he is urging his criminal suit, and actually threatens her with the fear of death—he is intimidating her to yield up her virtue, with this wicked sword! Look there, he is running away precipitately, and being somewhat taken aback at the Queen's determined resistance, has left his sword behind, in his hurried escape! We must preserve this sword as a memento of the crime! But first of all let us soothe this sad sufferer! (meaning Phædra). (Then addressing the Queen she says). Let thy locks hang down in a state of disorder, let them remain rumpled as they are, as positive indications of such a criminal outrage (on the part of the ravisher)—Go into the city, Mistress, and spread the report far and wide, and then thou canst collect thy faculties somewhat! Why shouldst thou be tearing away at thyself and avoid the gaze of every one? It is the consent to do evil that constitutes a woman's criminality, but not the mere accident of having been exposed to its danger!

CHORUS

The Chorus prays that Beauty, which has been a source of destruction to many, should turn out favorably as regards Hippolytus. They look forward to the return of Theseus!

Hippolytus flies into the woods, with the velocity of the angry tempest, more rapidly than any northwest wind gathering together the clouds it meets with and driving them before it—more quickly than the flash pursuing its way, when a star disturbed by the storm, shoots forth its light along an extended tract! Reputation, that ardent admirer of the great and heroic who figured in bygone times, will compare their ancient deeds by the side of thine—for example, thy face will be lauded to the skies, as more beautiful than all others, in the same proportion as the moon shines more brightly in the plenitude of her brilliancy, than the minor sources of light

(the stars) when blushing Phoebe approximates the two extremities of her luminous disc (in other words, when her cornua meet and she becomes the full moon) and when reclining in her hastening chariot she shows her bright visage the whole night through! nor can the minor stars at that time maintain their usual brilliance! Just like thy beauty, is the messenger of night (Hesperus) which ushers in the approaching period of darkness (night) quite lately refreshed by its near contact with the sea! (The ancients thought that the stars and heavenly bodies derived nourishment from moistening influences) and by and bye, under the name of Lucifer, announces the arrival of bright day (the darkness being then driven away)—and thou, Bacchus, returned from thy Indian travels where thou taughtest the people to carry the thyrsus like thyself, thou, the youth, with his looks perpetually worn long, scaring the very tigers with thy spear bound around with vine leaves, and wearing a turban (the oriental headgear) on thy horn-bearing head, thou wilt never surpass the severe locks of Hippolytus, and for that reason, do not think too admiringly of thy own appearance! The story has gone forth, amongst all the peoples, how the sister of Phædra took a fancy to Bacchus (Bromius was a surname of Bacchus). Beauty after all is a very questionable gift from the gods to us poor mortals, a gift which lasts only a short time! Oh! Beauty, how quickly thou passest away! With what rapid steps! Less rapidly, indeed, does the heats of a scorching summer burn up the meadows which looked—ah! so inviting at the coming of spring; not more easily either when the middle of the day grows oppressive with the sun right over our heads, and when night is shortened by the changing of the chariots—not more easily do the lilies fade with their color-forsaken leaves, nor are the scarce roses (wreaths) more welcome for the adoration of the heads of the wearers! How! beauty which brightens up and vivifies the tender cheek, is snatched from its possessor in a second! And there is not a single day of our lives, that does not filch away a portion of our ephemeral comeliness, of which, too, the body is so proud! Beauty is a fleeting possession. What wise man places any dependence on frail beauty only? while it does last,

however, use it as an advantageous gift! The ravages of silent time will conquer thee, and each hour that slips along is followed by another, which perpetuates the process of decay! Why dost thou go in quest of deserted places? Beauty is not more secure against attack, because the places are lonely and inaccessible! If thou hidest thyself in a shady wood of the densest grove, for a mid-day snooze, when the sun has arrived at his Meridian (noon) some lascivious troop will spy thee out and surround thee with their emulating allurements—the saucy Naiades, who are accustomed to confine in their streams those who possess youth and beauty, and the lustful goddesses of the grove (the Dryades) will stealthily approach thee in thy slumbers and the mountain-roaming Fauni (Pan, from the God Pan) or some Luminary gazing at thee with admiration from out of the starry heavens (Phœbe as she admired Endymion) of newer origin than the ancient inhabitants of Arcadia, will err in guiding as usual her silver chariot, and then blush (in her modesty) at the cause of the interruption! For no dull cloud was it that interfered with her bright visage! But we are concerned at the sight of the dimmed luminary, and thinking that was to be traced to the Thessalian incantations and that the magicians had induced her to visit the Earth, we listened for the tinklings (the sounds produced by their brass cymbals)—thou wast the object that attracted her, and the cause of the chariot's delay. Whilst the goddess watches thee at night she slackens her rapid pace! Let the searching cold be more merciful to such a face, let that face avoid the sun's scorching rays as much as possible, and it will shine fairer than the whitest Parian marble—How pleasant to behold is thy stern face, with thy manly bearing and gravity and majesty of thy noble brow! we can really compare thy magnificent and stately neck with that of Apollo himself. Thy hair, which is never gathered up, but droops down gracefully over thy shoulders, which, whilst it adorns it, conceals in some measure the hairy visage, becomes thee, and thy locks shortened somewhat, hanging down carelessly and not interfered with by the hands of Art—it will be possible for thee to put to rout troublesome and fightable demi-gods with thy strength, and to overcome

them with thy wonderful expanse of body; although quite a youth, thou art a match for a Hercules as regards muscles, and broader than the fighting God Mars about the chest, and if it pleased thee to mount the courser thou wouldst bring the Spartan Cyllarus (a horse given to Castor by Jupiter, and which Neptune had given to Jupiter) into better subjection and hold the bridle with a more masterful hand than Castor himself. Stretch the bow-string with thy strong fingers, and shoot forth the dart with all thy might, and the most skilful archers of Crete could not hurl the slender arrow, or throw the javelin, as far as thou couldst; or if it pleased thee to aim at any object in the sky, after the manner of the Parthians, thy arrow would impinge its mark and would not descend to the Earth minus the bird it had struck, the arrow indeed having searched out its warm entrails! They will bring thee a prize home some day from the midst of the clouds—beauty has been a harmless gift to very few men; however, we shall see later on—may a propitious deity pass thee over in that respect, and may thy noble appearance last thee unimpaired up to the threshold of old age! To what (unattempted ever before) deed will not the headlong passion of a frenzied woman lead her? Here a woman devises an abominable crime should be committed by an innocent youth—oh what shocking wickedness! she is raving now about his crime (as she calls it) and expects to be believed with her hair all dishevelled; she disturbs the arrangement of every ornamental appendage about her head and manages to deluge her false cheeks with tears! Every thing calculated to make good her story is brought into requisition by this woman's cunning! But hark! who is that coming with the look of unmistakable majesty about him, and poising his head with a lofty carriage! How much he bears the appearance of that companion of his youth, Prithoüs! But his cheeks are pale with a sickly kind of whiteness (care-worn pallor), and he stands forth with his bristly hair and his entire person dirty and repulsive-looking from neglect! Behold! Theseus himself is here, returned to the Earth at last!

ACT THE THIRD

THESEUS—NURSE

Theseus having returned from the infernal regions, seeks information of the nurse respecting the cause of all this domestic grief: she replies it would be best that he should be acquainted, with the fact that Phædra had been threatened with death by Hippolytus.

THESEUS

I have escaped at last from the regions of eternal night, and the sombre sky which enshrouds the Manes; with what difficulty my eyes tolerate the glare of that daylight which I have so long been wishing to behold: already Eleusis has yielded the four annual crops to Triptolemus (under the auspices of Ceres) and Libra the (Balance) has often made the day and night equal; and the anxious misgivings about my own uncertain fate have kept me speculating as to the alternate disadvantages of Life or Death (that is, which under my circumstances would have been the more acceptable). One part of my vitality, otherwise practically dead, was spared to me which was the suffering portion of that existence! Alcides became my deliverer from all these troubles, who when he had forced the gates of Hell and dragged Cerberus away from his post as tutelary genius, brought me with him to these regions above, but my shattered strength lacks its ancient vigor, and I tremble as I walk along. Ah! how great was the exertion required to reach this earthly sky, so far off as it is from the lowest depths of Phlegethon! flying at one and the same time from the death which had threatened me, and to keep pace with Hercules! (alluding to the length of ground covered by the strides of that hero). What lugubrious groaning is it, that assails my ears? some one! tell me quickly; all this bewailing, tears and grief—what is it all about? A weeping entertainment at one's very door-steps (threshold) is not altogether a welcome mode of reception to a guest only just arrived fresh from the Infernal regions.

NUR. Phædra adheres to her determined notion about dying, she spurns all my tearful apprehensions, and is bent upon death.

THES. What reason is there for death? Why should she be wishing to die, just as her husband has returned, too?

NUR. This cause for her seeking death, has made that death ripe for being carried into effect.

THES. I do not know what important thing it is, thy puzzling language conceals it from my comprehension—Speak out plainly! What great trouble oppresses the mind of my wife?

NUR. She tells nobody—sad enough she hides her secret, and has resolved to keep up the grief, from which she is dying already, in her own secret bosom—Come now at once—I pray thee come, there is need for hasty action.

THES. Unlock the closed portals of the royal chamber.

THESEUS—PHÆDRA—SERVANTS

Phædra first pretends that she would rather die than tell Theseus what violence had been offered to her, to whom, when he threatens to punish the nurse, she shows the sword which Hippolytus had left behind him when he fled.

THESEUS

Oh! partner of my nuptial couch, is this the way thou greetest the arrival of thy husband? and is this the countenance thou assumest on meeting that husband, after having been so long waiting for his return? But first of all, rid thy right hand of that sword, and open thy mind to me freely, and tell me, whatever it is, that causes thee to wish to die.

PH. Alas! Oh! noble Theseus by the sceptre with which thou rulest, by thy natural love towards thy offspring, the sons I have borne thee, and by my own body consumed after death (ashes) and by thy own joyous return, permit me to die!

THES. But what cause compels thee to die?

PH. If the reason for my desiring death is divulged, the advantage gained will be lost to me.

THES. No one else shall hear anything about it, except of course myself.

PH. A modest wife hesitates to confide some things even to the ears of a husband, although such husbands should be the sole recipients of what she would have to say.

THES. Speak; I will keep thy secret in my faithful breast.

PH. That another should be silent about what one does not wish to make known, the safe plan is to commence with silence oneself!

THES. No opportunity shall be allowed thee for courting death.

PH. Death can never be withheld from those desirous of attaining it.

THES. Tell me what is the crime thou desirest to be expiated by death?

PH. The crime is, that I should live!

THES. Will my tears not have any effect upon thee?

PH. The happiest kind of death is to die deservedly lamented by one's own kith and kin.

THES. If thou persistest in giving me no reply, that old woman and nurse of thine shall divulge what she knows and refuses to disclose, by the aid of stripes and chains; I will conquer her silence, if need be with the sword, but the force of stripes will surely draw forth the secrets which she is keeping back in her own mind!

PH. I myself will speak: be thou a little patient.

THES. Why dost thou turn away thy doleful face, and hide with thy veil the tears that suddenly rise from those eyelids of thine.

PH. Oh thou creator of immortal gods, I invoke thee as a witness, and thee, thou bright luminary (Phœbus) from whose extraction our race has sprung, I resisted the urgent attempts of the seducer, and withstood his entreaties, and my will did not give way to his threats or his sword, but my body suffered from his violence, and my blood alone can wash out that stain on my chastity.

THES. What? tell me quickly who was the outrager of our honor?

PH. The one thou wouldst suppose to be the least likely to have been so.

THES. Who may that be? I desire to hear forthwith.

PH. This sword will tell thee, which the would-be adulterer left behind him, when he was alarmed by the noise and feared the arrival of the crowd of neighbours.

THES. What wickedness! Alas! I now see it all! What monstrous thing am I now beholding? (And looking at the ivory handle, exclaims) This ivory indicates its royal ownership; it is rough to the touch from the ancestral devices carved on it, and the emblem (golden grasshopper) of the Royal House of Athens shines brightly on the handle! But to what place has he escaped?

PH. These faithful servants saw him as he fled, scared, running away at a rapid pace.

THESEUS

When Theseus recognizes the sword, he sees that he has been betrayed, and in his anger, prays for the destruction of his son.

Oh! for that venerated piety that inculcates the filial duties of mankind! And Oh! the grand ruler of Heaven (Jupiter) —Oh! thou governor of the watery deep (Neptune) who rulest with thy waves the second kingdom of the universe, from what region has that off-shoot of a wicked race, that personification of moral turpitude, sprung? Has the soil of Greece nourished his growth, or the Scythian Taurus, or the Colchian Phasis? He has fully confirmed his origin from his progenitrix Antiope, and his ignoble blood clearly throws back to his mother's ancestral stock! It quite amounts to a madness, with that armed race (the Amazons), to hold in absolute contempt any religious observance connected with Venus (marriage), after preserving their bodies chaste for a long time, to prostitute themselves with their subjects in the end? Oh savage race! ruled by no laws known to civilized nations! Why, the wild animals avoid unnatural amours (pair off according to their kind) and their sexual instincts

unconsciously conform with the recognized laws appertaining to their species! Where is that man's hypocritical face, with his assumed gravity and repelling demeanour, always hankering after what was old-fangled and out of date, and with that austerity, forsooth, in his habits, painful to contemplate? Oh! the double-banked deceptiousness of human nature (life), thou wearest all thy real qualities under a mask, and with a handsome face thou colorest over a debased disposition; assumed modesty conceals bare-faced impudence, and with a quiet manner thou essayest to do the most audacious things, downright wickedness poses as devoted piety and so-called truths prove themselves naught but the most blatant fallacies! And a hard uncompromising nature assumes the disguise of smirking amiability! And does that wild young man of the woods, so chaste, so pure, so natural, keep back his real nature only for the purpose of disgracing me, his own father? Is this the way in which thou hast thought proper to induct thyself as a sample of manhood, with so great a crime, and commencing such practices, too, with thy father's nuptial bed? Over and over again, I return thanks to the deities above that Antiope fell struck down by my right hand, and that when I made my descent to the river Styx, that I did not leave thy own mother near thee, lest thou mightest have violated her! As an exile mayst thou wander amongst unknown people—let some land at the extreme ends of the world serve to remove thee far away, to the countries bordering on the most distant ocean, where thou wilt inhabit the earth directly under our feet (the Antipodes); but although thou mayst penetrate the dreadful regions of the lofty pole (Arctic) and be hidden in the innermost and most secret part, in some far-off corner, and settled far above, where no such winters as ours exist with their hoar-frosts, when thou mayst have even left behind the howling storms of cold Boreas raging at thy back, thou shalt receive punishment for thy crime—I will follow thee in thy flight, to whatever hiding-place thou mayst be traced; with untiring perseverance I will travel to places however far off, places shut out from the approach of man, unsuspected spots! Every variety of place! Inaccessible regions! No locality shall stand in my way! Thou

art aware from what regions I have just returned, an abode where I was utterly unable to launch my missiles! (his vows) I will make use of them here: my Oceanic sire has furnished me to this effect, that it was to ask for three wishes to be granted me, from that obliging god, and he sanctified those promises by calling the river Styx to witness! Behold! Oh thou ruler of the sea, grant this favor, sad though it is! That Hippolytus shall not see the light of day from henceforth, and let the youth pass on to the shades below! however angry they may be towards a father that decrees it! As a parent, render at this juncture, as to a son, assistance although it is a hateful thing to think of! I have not exhausted the three wishes! I should never have availed myself of this remaining token of thy divine power, unless the direst calamity had constrained me to do so! When I was down in the depths of Tartarus and those dreadful realms of Pluto, and with the threats of that infernal king always hanging over me, I reserved this wish! Grant me now the performance of thy promise, Oh! my father! (Neptune, according to Plutarch, was the putative father of Theseus.) Why should there be any delay? Why should the waves be any longer silent? Overwhelm the night, from this moment, with hurricanes driving before them the blackest clouds—remove from all human sight the stars and the firmament itself! Lash into foam the terrible seas, call up the aquatic herd inhabiting those seas (the terrible sea-monsters) and summon all the angriest waves from out of the ocean itself!

CHORUS

The Chorus complains, seeing that the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and other matters in nature are governed by certain fixed laws, that human affairs do not conform likewise to justice and order—why a hard fate awaits a good man, and a smooth lot is awarded to a bad one.

Oh! nature, thou powerful mother of the gods and thou ruler of starry Olympus, who maintainest within their appointed orbits the heavenly bodies scattered around the quickly-moving firmament, and controllest the erratic course

of the stars, and who regulate (with mathematical certainty) the heavens in their rapid revolutions! Why dost thou take such care that they shall pursue their perennial paths, through the lofty sky with such unvarying exactness? How is it that at one time the nipping cold of the snowy winter denudes the forests of their foliaceous beauty, at another time that the umbrageous adornments should reappear on these (self-same) trees—at one time, that the heat of the summer (when the sun is in Leo) should burn up the standing corn with the excessive heat and that the ensuing autumn should moderate the force of its destructive temperature? But why is it that this same power which ordains the government of so many things, under whose will the huge masses of matter are poised around the vast world, and conduct their revolutions through space, should be so absent as regards the security afforded to mankind, and allow them to regulate the movements of their orbits in a very uncertain fashion! Not anxious to favor the good or punish the bad! Fortune rules human affairs by no defined system, and dispenses her blessings with blind carelessness, and appears for the most part to lean towards the wicked! Cruel lust overcomes the virtuous, wickedness reigns triumphant in the lofty palace! The rabble delight in lavishing honors upon the unworthy—they praise and despise the same men at the same time, sorrowful virtue receives only some inadequate reward as its recompense, and wretched poverty falls to the lot of the chaste and virtuous but the adulterer reigns still powerful with those very vices (which have placed him on his throne)! Oh empty mock-modesty! Oh! false virtue! But what is the news which the messenger is bringing, hastening hither with such rapid steps, and he appears to be copiously bedewing his lugubrious countenance too, from his sorrowful eyes!

ACT THE FOURTH

MESSENGER—THESEUS

The Messenger reports to Theseus that Hippolytus has perished, having been torn to pieces, through his own horses, which a Marine Monster sent forth by Neptune in answer to the wish of Theseus, had frightened!

MESSENGER

Oh! the bitter and ungenial lot of domestic servitude. Why shouldst thou select me as the messenger of such a dreadful catastrophe?

THES. Do not hesitate, man, to speak of this dreadful catastrophe; tell me all about it. I possess a heart not unprepared, I assure thee, to listen now to any grievous tale.

MESS. My tongue restrains my speech, it is rendered incapable through grief and the mournful news I bring.

THES. Speak; what dire disaster now invades our troubled house?

MESS. Hippolytus, ah! me! has met with a horrible death!

THES. I the parent know already by thy manner, that my son has met with some sort of death. Now the ravisher has disappeared. Tell me, however, the way in which that death was brought about.

MESS. When Hippolytus as a fugitive with bewildered strides was leaving the city, he urged on his already quick retreat, at a hastened pace, but, mounting his chariot, he easily kept in hand the noble horses attached to that chariot, and with his tightened reins he held in check the trained mouths of the horses! Then he talked to himself about many things, and rather wildly, as I thought; he cursed his natal soil I know and often spoke of his father in the course of his ramblings; and eager to pursue his way, he yields the lax reins to the horses (gives them their head) so as not to restrain them, and gently smacks (shakes) his whip, which no

sooner done, than quite on a sudden, a terrific wave, a perfect sea in itself, swells from the vast ocean, and rises, as it were, to the very stars, not a breath of wind though was there on the sea beyond, and not any part of the calm sky gave forth the slightest semblance of a sound! but the usual weather (serenity) prevailed, ever the placid sea! Never did a south wind, however fierce, disturb the Sicilian straits like this, and never during the very height of a North-Western did the Ionian sea surge so furiously as this then! How the rocks, too, did tremble, to be sure! and the white foam, which rose, struck the summit of Leucate, the Acarnanian promontory; the huge sea then swelled itself to the size of an enormous mountain, and the mass of water which seemed to be puffed out with something or other marvellous, came with a grand rush upon the shore. Now, never was a visitation so severe as this, launched upon the crafts even whilst on the sea! No! this was evidently designed to terrify the land only! The waves rolled forwards then, one succeeding another, though not with equal force. I did not know, I could not guess, what the laboring water was bearing in its loaded bosom! or what new land was about to make its appearance for the stars to look down upon! Surely, I thought, some fresh Cyclas has arisen to swell the number of the Cyclades—all the rocks lay hidden from sight, the temple of the deity of Epidaurus and sacred to Æsculapius, and the noble rocks, Scirondes', famous on account of the crimes of Sciron, the celebrated thief of Attica, and also the straits which are inclosed by the two seas, were rendered invisible! And whilst utterly stupefied, I became alarmed at these phenomena, when behold! the entire sea gave forth a roaring sound, all the rocks around made a noise, the loftiest peak was moistened with the spray expelled from the sea; it foamed and vomited forth columns of water, first one and then the other, just as the huge whale is carried along the deep seas, pouring back the waves from its mouth! At length, this immense mass of water being shaken from within, breaks up, disperses itself and casts upon the shore a monster greater than any exaggerated fears of mine could form any conception of: the sea then rushes upon the shore, and follows its

Monster, which it had just yielded up; the scare it gave me made me tremble from head to foot!

THEUS. What was the general appearance of this enormous body (monster) thou didst see?

MESS. Oh! it was like a tall bull, with a bluish neck, and it raised its immense mane around its green-tinted head, its shaggy ears stood out prominently, and the color varied on the horns (a sort of mixture) one of which reminded me of what the leader of the fierce herd has on his (the land Bull), the other color that which we see on the horns of the animal, a native of the sea, the sea-calf or marine bull. It then began to vomit flames, and its eyes shone like balls of fire, and its vast neck, remarkable for a certain blue line on it, supported its ponderous frame, and its wide-spreading nostrils emitted a roaring sound as it drew in and out its gaping breath; its chest and dewlap were green with moss and other sea-weeds clinging about them, and its side was spotted here and there with reddish tints; then its lengthy form, posterior to its back, terminated like some marine monster, fish-like, and the huge scaly beast dragged along its immense structure, just like that enormous marine phenomenon, the pistrix, met with in the far-off Indian seas, and which swallows up whole entire ships and vomits them up again.

The earth trembled—the cattle, frightened, fled in all directions across the fields, nor was there a shepherd amongst them, who had the slightest thought of following the scattered herds—every wild animal started from the thickets and groves, which bordered on the shore—every hunter grew pale and was paralyzed with fear—was horror-stricken! Hippolytus, the only one in fact, was in no sort of fear, and he still kept firm control of the horses, with the well-handled reins and encouraged the timid animals with his well-known voice. There is a steep declivity on the road to Argos, amongst the broken hills, which leads down to the various spots that are close to the sea which lies at their feet, and here the monster seemed to be evincing considerable activity and prepared itself, as it were, to make up its angry mind. As if it had foreshadowed its plan to its satisfaction, it set to work to exert its rage, and it dashes forth at a rapid rate, scarcely touching the

highest ground in its hurried advance, and with a savage glare, it stands before the trembling horses; on the other hand, though Hippolytus, rising up in a threatening attitude with a ferocious look, does not change his countenance into any thing suggestive of timidity, and thundered out in loud tones: "This empty terror does not daunt my courage, for is it not the task taught me by my father, that of taming bulls?"—Whereupon the horses, disregarding the reins showed symptoms of rebellion, taking entire charge of the chariot, and then wandering madly onwards in their precipitate course, wherever their terrified excitement carried them, scared as they were! They first go this way, then that, till at length they begin to scamper wildly amongst the rocks, but like the skilful pilot who keeps his craft head to wind in a tempestuous sea, and avoids steering it broadside on to the surging advances of that sea, and thus with skilful seamanship baffles the force of the waves, not otherwise does Hippolytus strive to guide the flying horses; at one time he pulls at their mouths with tightened reins, and at another time he turns the whips towards their backs to accelerate their speed! his companion, the Monster, however, pertinaciously follows him up, one time at an equal pace, side by side, at another time it veers round and faces him in front, and striking unspeakable terror from every direction. It does not suit him (Hippolytus) to proceed too far ahead, for this horrible horn-bearing monster of the sea comes on with his savage aspect right in front of the horses! But at last the endurance of the horses is completely broken down through their fears; they then break through all control whatever, and struggle to escape from their yoke, and rearing themselves on their hind-legs, they jolt the chariot, and Hippolytus falling upon his face, becomes entangled by the reins, which, however, he still holds tenaciously, and the more he fights to retain his hold, the more and more does he tighten the reins about himself. The poor horses seem to have recognized the disaster, and with the chariot lightened and no driver left to guide them, in the same way that the horses of the sun, as they sped through space, perceived that they had not their usual load Phœbus, and angry that the day was given up to a

substituted Phœbus, dragged Phaëthon through a devious track! (Jupiter, perceiving the danger, struck Phaëthon with one of his thunderbolts.) The blood of Hippolytus is scattered over the fields far and wide, and his head bounds back as it strikes on the rocks, and the shrubs through which he is dragged catch up portions of his locks, and the cruel rocks rend in pieces his once beautiful countenance, and that beauty, which was his ruin, disappears with many wounds! Meanwhile, the rapidly revolving wheels roll onwards with his lifeless limbs, but at length a stake rising from the trunk of a blasted tree catches him in the middle and holds back the body, the stake being upright and piercing him in the groin; the horses stand for a second with the driver thus impaled, and when they feel themselves kept back on account of the wound that had transfixed Hippolytus, they break through all further delay, and drag their driver along, and the thickets subdivided his body as he is drawn through them, the sharp briars, and the prickly brambles, and every tree and trunk appropriating some portion of his mangled remains! Every one mourning his death—the servants and laborers scrutinize the tedious path along the various spots where Hippolytus was torn to pieces, indicated by the marks of his blood, and the sad dogs, too, on the alert with their powers of scent, trace the remains of their master, nor as yet does the pressing search of the mourners, succeed in discovering the body. Is there nothing remaining of the beauty that once was? He who till lately, was the bright sharer of his father's glory, and the direct heir to the kingdom: quite recently he shone with the refulgence of a star, but now, from all sides, he is gathered up piece by piece for the funeral pile, and is now only brought forward to receive the honors shown to the dead!

THES. Oh! nature! the powerful instincts thou inculcatest with what firm a hold thou causest a parent to cherish the ties of blood! Alas! how unwillingly we regard thy decrees! For example, I willed to kill Hippolytus, because his life was hateful to me, and now I have lost him I moan for the bereavement.

MESS. No man can consistently bewail what he has himself desired to bring about.

THES. Indeed I cannot help thinking that this climax now arrived at, is greater than all the evils which have happened before! although some accident does not bring about the detestable events one has previously been wishing for. (If any accident should make one repent one's simply detestable wishes being fulfilled!)

MESS. And if thou still nursest thy hatred, why do thy eyelids moisten with thy weeping?

THES. I weep for what I killed, not for what I have got rid of!

CHORUS

How worthy of nature are the vicissitudes which befall humanity, and which fickle fortune rotates in her capricious wheel, how she relaxes the sternness of her decrees towards her humbler recipients and how a propitious Deity deals more lightly with those less capable of putting up with her fickleness! An obscure retreat suits the contented, and a humble cottage affords old age ample protection. The sharp East wind makes a target of the roofs of structures run up to æthereal altitudes, the South Wind visits them with its full force, and they are in addition, as fully exposed to the angry storms of rude Boreas, and the rains likewise which the North-West beats against them. The watered valley suffers but little from the lightning flashes, with which it is so rarely visited, whilst Caucasus trembles again with the thunderbolts of Jupiter sounding from above, and the Phrygian summits once the abode of the goddess Cybele—Jupiter is jealous of pretentious buildings mounting up to the skies, and he singles them out for the maximum of his severity, as they audaciously seek to approach his own kingdom! (The skies.) The homestead of the humble citizen, on the other hand, seldom finds his modest proportions invaded by aerial disturbances! No! the real tangible thunders hover over kingdoms and palaces! The fleeting hour flies onwards with its uncertain wings, that is, we are uncertain as to the direction those wings are taking, nor does Fortune, as she is hurrying forwards, ensure anyone especial protection! He,

for example, Theseus, when he first beheld the bright stars of the upper world, and the smiling light of day, when he emerged from the realms of darkness, in a croaking spirit, bewails his unlucky return, and the hospitable surroundings of his paternal palace appear less inviting than the kingdom of Pluto itself! Oh! thou chaste Minerva, tutelary goddess of the Athenian race, when thy protégé, Theseus, again beheld the heavens, and the upper earth, from the places which he had just quitted, and when he escaped from the Stygian lakes, thou oh! goddess! owest nothing to that greedy uncle now, for he has faithfully recruited his ranks in the infernal regions! Hippolytus has gone to take the place of Theseus! Hark! What is that plaintive voice resounding from the depths of the Palace, and what is Phædra in her madness getting ready to do with that drawn sword?

ACT THE FIFTH

THESEUS—PHÆDRA

Phædra reveals the innocence of Hippolytus and retracts her calumnious accusations—she then dies by her own hand. The father, Theseus, not without great grief, performs the funeral obsequies for his son, but denies them to the step-mother (Phædra).

THESEUS

What transport of wild passion excites thee now already smitten as thou art with grief? What is the meaning of that sword? Or what, this flow of words? what makes thee so desirous of wailing over a body that was such an object of hatred to thee?

PH. Attack me, me! Oh! thou cruel ruler of the deep Sea (Neptune), and cast up before me some monster out of the blue ocean, or whatever the far extremities of Tethys (the sea) conceals in its lowermost depths—what the Ocean contains in its wandering waters, and covers with its distant waves! Oh! Theseus! always cruel! now that thou hast safely

returned, but not with safety to thy own kindred, thou upsettest the tranquillity of Home! Always criminal, whether thou art so from the love of thy wives or thy hatred of them! Thy son and a father (Ægeus) have met with death as the price of thy return! Oh Hippolytus! do I behold thy beautiful features brought to this wretched pass? And I have made them what they are now! What savage Sinis (a celebrated robber who used to mangle his victims) or what Procrustes has scattered thy body in this manner? or what Cretan bi-formed bull filling with its loud roarings the Dædalean den (Labyrinth) and fierce with its horn-bearing visage has torn thee thus? Ah! me! where has thy beauty gone, and those eyes once my stars? and there thou art, a miserable corpse! Oh! may thy spirit come hither for a little while, and hearken to what I have to say! I will speak of naught that will be unworthy for thee to hear—I will suffer the punishment due to me, at my own hands! and with this sword will I pierce my criminal breast, and I will do away with Phædra as she was, with her life as well as her offence! And as a demented spirit will I follow thee over every sea, over the lakes of Tartarus, and over the fiery waves of Phlegethon! I wish to appease thy Manes, let me remove all vain adornments from my head, and let me have my locks cut away from where they now are—it was not our lot to be joined in life, and surely, the fates will not interdict our union (lying at one time) by death! Let me die, if I am chaste, for a husband! If I am unchaste! in satisfaction for my illicit amour! Shall I seek the nuptial couch polluted with this enormous crime of mine? Thanks to the deity, this crime has not been arrived at! Oh! but how as a virtuous wife should I have rejoiced to rejoin that couch when I had only vindicated its honor? Oh! Death! thou art the only sedative, for the consequences of this wicked passion! Oh! death, thou art the only chief tribute to atone for tainted chastity! Let me come to thee, open thy calm bosom to receive me! Listen! Oh! Athens! and thou also, the father who hast been more to blame perhaps than the wicked stepmother (for listening so credulously to a stepmother's charges), I have represented things falsely, and I have painted in an untrue light, the crime

which, mad as I was, I have hidden in my own demented bosom! Thou, the father, hast punished Hippolytus for that with which I accused him falsely, and the virtuous boy lies there under the charge of in chastity! an attempt of incest with myself! Oh! pure guileless boy, accept this just proclamation of thy innocence! and my impious bosom will now make ready to receive the sword of justice, and my blood shall serve as a death-sacrifice to the Infernal Gods! and thou, the father, learn from a stepmother what thou art bound to do for the son that has been snatched away, attend thou to the becoming obsequies; and as for myself let me be hidden away in the streams of Acheron!

THESEUS—CHORUS

THESEUS

Oh! the pallor-evoking approaches of Avernus! Oh! the caves of Tænarus! Oh! the oblivion-inducing streams of Lethe, so soothing to the miserable. And, oh ye stagnant lakes, snatch away an impious wretch like myself, and retain me submerged for my ever-recurring crimes! Now come forth, thou savage monster of the deep!—Now approach me, thou vast overwhelming sea!—Now may Proteus, who attends the sea-cows and other terrible inhabitants of the ocean, come to my aid with whatever is dreadful, and which thou concealest down in the lowest recesses of the deep waters, and hurry me off, just now only exulting over the great crime I had committed, into the deepest gulf, and thou, Oh! Father! (Neptune) always the ready instrument for carrying out my angry desires. I am not deserving of an easy death who have been the means of scattering my son in divided portions over the land, in fact, by quite a novel form of death! And while I, as a cruel avenger, have been dealing out punishment for a crime which has never been committed, I have fallen into the commission of a real crime myself! I have now filled up with my criminal exploits, the heavens, the infernal regions, and the seas! Nothing more is left for me! the three kingdoms of the universe have been visited with my iniquities! I now return to this kingdom. And the way back to the sky

has been laid open to me, for as much as through my own agencies, I should witness two deplorable deaths, and a double funeral in consequence, and because as a bereaved, lonely celibate, I should light with one torch the funeral pile! and burn a wife and son at the same time! Oh! Alcides! who gave me back the light which was painful to behold, restore me as a present to Pluto, restore to him the Manes which thou rescuedst from his power; wicked as I am I pray for that condition of death, which I left behind when I quitted Avernus! And having myself, as the cruel contriver of death, invented unheard of, terrible modes of destruction for others (meaning the death of Hippolytus). For that reason let me inflict upon myself some just punishment!—Let the apex of some pine forced downwards towards the ground cleave me in twain, as the tree bounds back with me to the skies in resuming its former position! Or, shall I be hurled headlong over the Scironian rocks? I have seen terrible things in my time, what the cruel Phlegethon provides for those who are imprisoned therein, surrounding the criminal Manes with flaming streams. I am perfectly aware what punishment awaits me, and still more the punishment which I am, at the present, undergoing! Oh! ye criminal Manes, act a friendly part towards me, let the endless labor now being performed by that miserable old man the son of Æolus (Sisyphus)—let the rock which presses so heavily upon his weary hands be placed on these shoulders of mine, or let the river Eridanus, bringing its streams close to my mouth, disappoint me in my thirsting eagerness to partake of them (as they are now doing with Tantalus) or let the wild vulture, which only leaves Tityus alone, to fly back again to him, and that my liver may be made to grow, like his, as a punishment, and to furnish a perpetual repast to the birds of prey! Or, thou Ixion, the father of my dear friend Pirithous, rest from thy labors in my behalf, and let that wheel, which never ceases from its eternal revolutions, receive these limbs of mine to be whirled round by its rapid movements! Open, Oh! Earth, receive me. Oh! terrible Chaos, receive me, I pray, this is the only way to the shades, that can do any sort of justice to a case like mine. I am following my son, and be in no alarm, Oh! Pluto! who governest

the infernal kingdom! I shall come, this time, in a chaster frame of mind, and not as before, to carry off Proserpine, accompanied by Pirithous,—when I do come receive me for ever in thy eternal home and never to come out again! I find that prayers do not move the Gods! But if I were to ask them to assist my criminal doings how ready they are then!

CHOR. Oh! Theseus! What an eternity of time is taken up with thy own troubles! Now is the time to do what is right and just towards a son (a proper funeral) and to hide away without delay the scattered remains which have been so shamefully mangled!

THES. Here, attendants, convey me hither the remains of the dear corpse—Here (pointing to the disfigured trunk) is a mass of bodily substance having no defined form; hand me the different portions, which are so carelessly gathered together (exclaiming). Here then is Hyppolytus! Oh! I acknowledge my odious crime I have killed thee, my son, nor indeed am I the only criminal agent! It is Neptune that dared to carry out this deed to its bitter end! I appealed to that father, I am now in the possession of a father's gift! Oh! cruel fate. Oh! my sad childlessness, thou snatchest away my son, when my life is already borne down by age and troubles! Let me embrace, at all events, the torn limbs, and whatever else there is left of my son—let me press it to my sad bosom and cherish it! Oh! unhappy father that I am! but as a father, let me place in order (in a row) the torn particles of my son's mangled body, and arrange the disjointed fragments where they should go! Ah! Here! this is the part for the left hand to be put, that left hand so skilful in guiding those fatal reins! I know those marks on the left side; but how great a part of his body, alas! is as yet not forthcoming to receive my condolence! Oh! my tremulous hands, let me brace up my nerves to perform this tristful duty. Let my eyelids restrain their tears, and control my inordinate weeping. (Whilst Theseus is counting and endeavouring to map out something in the shape of a body he soliloquises)—What is that which is wanted to complete the formation, as it is mutilated in every part and hideous to behold

from the multitude of wounds (taking up a piece), I am in doubt, to what part this belongs, but it is a part of thee I am sure! Here! Here! let me put it aside, not in its own place, perhaps, but to fill up some vacancy! Here, though, is that face of his, with an aspect like a fiery star, his eyes reflecting an angry expression (towards the stepmother) thus! thus! has beauty fallen! Oh! cruel fate! Oh! maleficent favors from the willing Neptune! And does he return thus, a son to his father, as a satisfaction for the third vow! Oh! my son! receive these last offices of a father (at least for all we have discovered of thee), thou wilt have to receive several obsequies yet! in the meantime, the flames (the funeral pile) shall receive these! Let me now set open the palace rendered so mournful through this frightful slaughter, and let all Athens resound with loud lamentation! (Addressing the Servants.) Prepare the fire for a royal funeral pile! And look well, all of you, for any stray remains round about the fields! (Pointing to the body of Phædra.) Cover that body up in a hole dug in the ground, and let the rank soil rest heavily upon her impious head!

SENECA ON ANGER

TRANSLATED BY

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, KNT.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY THE SAME ON

SENECA'S LIFE AND DEATH AND SENECA'S
WRITINGS

INTRODUCTION

SENECA'S LIFE AND DEATH

It has been an ancient Custom, to record the Actions and the Writings of eminent Men, with all their Circumstances; and it is but a Right that we owe to the Memory of our Famous Author. **SENECA** was, by Birth, a Spaniard of Cordova, (a Roman Colony of great Fame and Antiquity). He was of the Family of Annæus, of the Order of Knights; and the Father of Lucius Annæus Seneca, was distinguished from the Son, by the Name of the Orator. His Mother's Name was Helvia, a Woman of excellent Qualities. His Father came to Rome in the Time of Augustus; and his Wife and Children soon followed him, our Seneca yet being in his Infancy. There were three Brothers of them, and never a Sister. Marcus Annæus Novatus, Lucius Annæus Seneca, and Lucius Annæus Mela. The first of these changed his name for Junius Gallio, who adopted him; to him it was that Seneca dedicated his Treatise of Anger, whom he calls Novatus too; and he also dedicated his Discourses of a Happy Life to his Brother Gallio. The youngest Brother (Annæus Mela) was Lucan's Father.

Seneca was about twenty Years of Age in the fifth Year of Tiberius, when the Jews were expelled from Rome. His Father trained him up to Rhetoric, but his Genius led him rather to Philosophy; and he applied his Wit to Morality and Virtue. He was a great Hearer of the celebrated Men of those Times; as Attalus, Sotion, Papirius, Fabianus, (of whom he makes often mention), and he was much an Admirer also of Demetrius the Cynic, whose Conversation he had afterwards in the Court, and both at Home also, and Abroad, for they often travelled together. His Father was not at all pleased with his Humour of Philosophy, but forced him upon

the Law, and for a while he practised Pleading. After which he would need put him upon public Employment: And he came first to be Quæstor, then Prætor, and some will have it that he was chosen Consul; but this is doubtful.

Seneca finding that he had ill Offices done him at Court, and that Nero's Favour began to cool, he went directly and resolutely to Nero with an Offer to refund all that he had gotten. Which Nero would not receive; but, however, from that Time, he changed his Course of Life, received few Visits, shunned Company, went little Abroad; still pretending to be kept at Home, either by Indisposition, or by his Study. Being Nero's Tutor and Governor, all Things went well, so long as Nero followed his Counsel. Nero's two chief Favourites, were Burrhus, and Seneca, who were both of them excellent in their Ways: Burrhus, in his Care of military Affairs, and Severity of Discipline; Seneca for his Precepts and good Advice in the Matter of Eloquence, and the Gentleness of an honest Mind: Assisting one another in the slippery Age of the Prince, (says Tacitus) to invite him, by the Allowance of lawful Pleasures, to the Love of Virtue.

Seneca had two Wives; the Name of the first is not mentioned; his second was Paulina, whom he often speaks of with great Passion. By the former he had his Son Marcus.

In the first Year of Claudius he was banished into Corsica, when Julia, the Daughter of Germanicus, was accused by Messalina of Adultery, and banished too, Seneca being charged as one of the Adulterers. After a matter of eight Years, or upwards in Exile, he was called back, and as much in Favour again as ever. His Estate was partly patrimonial, but the greatest Part of it was the Bounty of his Prince. His Gardens, Villas, Lands, Possessions, and incredible Sums of Money, are agreed upon at all Hands, which drew an Envy upon him. Dio reports him to have had 250,000 l. Sterling at Interest in Britany alone, which he called in all at a Sum.

The Court itself could not bring him to Flattery; and, for his Piety, Submission, and Virtue, the Practice of his whole Life witnesses for him. "So soon," says Seneca in his essay On Anger, "as the Candle is taken away, my Wife,

that knows my Custom, lies still, without a Word speaking: And then do I recollect all that I have said, or done that Day, and take myself to Shrift. And why should I conceal, or reserve any Thing, or make any Scruple of enquiring into my Errors, when I can say to myself, Do so no more, and for this once I will forgive thee?" And again, What can be more pious, and self-denying than this Passage, in one of his Epistles? "Believe me now, when I tell you the very Bottom of my Soul: In all the Difficulties and Crosses of my Life, this is my Consideration; since it is God's Will, I do not only obey, but assent to it; nor do I comply, out of Necessity, but Inclination."

"Here follows now," says Tacitus, "the Death of Seneca, to Nero's great Satisfaction: Not so much for any pregnant proof against him, that he was of Piso's Conspiracy; but Nero was resolved to do that by the Sword, which he could not effect by Poison. For it is reported that Nero had corrupted Cleonicus, (a Freeman of Seneca's), to give his Master Poison, which did not succeed: Whether that the Servant had discovered it to his Master, or that Seneca by his own Caution and Jealousy had avoided it; for he lived only upon a simple Diet, as the Fruits of the Earth; and his Drink was most commonly River-Water.

"Natalis, it seems, was sent upon a Visit to him, (being indisposed) with a Compliment, That he would not let Piso come at him; and advising him to the Continuance of their Friendship and Acquaintance, as formerly. To whom Seneca made Answer, that frequent Meetings and Conferences betwixt them, could do neither of them any Good; but that he had a great Interest in Piso's Welfare: Hereupon Granius Sylvanus a Captain of the Guard, was sent to examine Seneca upon the Discourse that passed betwixt him and Natalis, and to return his Answer. Seneca, either by Chance, or on Purpose, came that Day from Campania, to a Villa of his own, within four Miles of the City; and thither the Officer went the next Evening, and beset the Place. He found Seneca at Supper with his Wife Paulina, and two of his Friends, and gave him immediately an Account of his Commission.

“Seneca told him, that it was true, that Natalis had been with him in Piso’s Name, with a Complaint, that Piso could not be admitted to see him: And that he excused himself by Reason of his Want of Health, and his Desire to be quiet and private; and that he had no Reason to prefer another Man’s Welfare before his own. Cæsar himself, he said, knew very well, that he was not a Man of Compliment; having received more Proofs of his Freedom, than of his Flattery.

“This Answer of Seneca’s was delivered to Cæsar, in the Presence of Poppæa and Tigellinus, the intimate Confidants of this barbarous Prince: And Nero asked him, Whether he could gather any Thing from Seneca, as if he intended to make himself away? The Tribune’s Answer was, That he did not find him one jot moved with the Message: But that he went on roundly with his Tale, and never so much as changed Countenance for the Matter. ‘Go back to him,’ says Nero, ‘and tell him, *That he is condemned to die.*’

“Fabius Rusticus delivers it, That the Tribune did not return the same Way he came, but went aside to Fenius (a Captain of that Name) and told him Cæsar’s Orders, asking his Advice, whether he should obey them, or not; who bade him by all Means do as he was ordered. Which Want of Resolution was fatal to them all; for Silvanus also, that was one of the Conspirators, assisted now to serve, and to increase those Crimes, which he had before complotted to revenge. And yet he did not think fit to appear himself in the Business, but sent a Centurion to Seneca to tell him his Doom.

“Seneca, without any Surprize or Disorder, calls for his Will; which being refused him by the Officer, he turned to his Friends, and told them, That since he was not permitted to requite them, as they deserved, he was yet at Liberty to bequeath them the Thing of all others that he esteemed the most, that is, the Image of his Life: Which should give them the Reputation both of Constancy and Friendship, if they would but imitate it; exhorting them to a Firmness of Mind, sometimes by good Counsel, otherwhiles by Reprehension, as the Occasion required.

“Where, says he, is all your Philosophy now? All your

premeditated Resolutions against the Violences of Fortune? Is there any Man so ignorant of Nero's Cruelty, as to expect, after the Murder of his Mother and Brother, that he should ever spare the Life of his Governor and Tutor?

“After some general Expressions to this Purpose, Seneca took his Wife into his Arms, and having somewhat fortified her against the present Calamity, he besought and conjured her to moderate her Sorrows, and betake herself to the Contemplations and Comforts of a virtuous Life, which would be a fair and an ample Consolation to her for the Loss of her Husband.

“Paulina, on the other Side, tells him her Determination to bear him Company, and wills the Executioner to do his Office. ‘Well,’ says Seneca, ‘if after the Sweetness of Life, as I have represented it to thee, thou hadst rather entertain an honourable Death, I shall not envy thy Example’; consulting at the same Time, the Fame of the Person he loved, and his own Tenderness, for Fear of the Injuries that might attend her when he was gone. ‘Our Resolution,’ says he, ‘in this generous Act, may be equal, but thine will be the greater Reputation.’ After this, the Veins of both their Arms were opened at the same Time. Seneca did not bleed so freely, his Spirits being wasted with Age and a thin Diet; so that he was forced to cut the Veins of his Thighs and elsewhere, to hasten his Dispatch. When he was far spent, and almost sinking under his Torments, he desired his Wife to remove into another Chamber, lest the Agonies of the one might work upon the Courage of the other.

“His Eloquence continued to the last, as appears by the excellent Things he delivered at his Death, which being taken in Writing, from his own Mouth, and published in his own Words, I shall not presume to deliver them in any other.

“Nero, in the mean Time, who had no particular Spite to Paulina, gave Orders to prevent her Death, for fear his Cruelty should grow more and more insupportable, and odious. Whereupon the Soldiers gave all Freedom and Encouragement to her Servants to bind up her Wounds, and stop the Blood, which they did accordingly; but whether she was sensible of it or not, is a Question. For among the com-

mon People, who are apt to judge the worst, there were some of Opinion, that as long as she despaired of Nero's Mercy, she seemed to court the Glory of dying with her Husband for Company; but that upon the Likelihood of better Quarter, she was prevailed upon to out live him: And so for some Years she did survive him, and with all Piety and Respect to his Memory; but so miserably pale and wan, that every Body might read the Loss of her Blood and Spirits in her very Countenance.

“Seneca, finding his Death slow and lingering, desires Statius Annæus (his old Friend and Physician) to give him a Dose of Poison, which he had provided beforehand, being the same Preparation which was appointed for capital Offenders in Athens. This was brought him, and he drank it up, but to little Purpose; for his Body was already chilled, and bound up against the Force of it. He went at last into a hot Bath, and sprinkling some of his Servants that were next to him, ‘This,’ says he, ‘is an Oblation to Jupiter the Deliverer.’ The Fume of the Bath soon dispatched him, and his Body was burnt, without any funeral Solemnity, as he had directed in his Testament; though this Will of his was made in the Height of his Prosperity, and Power.

“There was a Rumour that Subrius Flavius, in a private Consultation with the Centurions, had taken up this following Resolution (and that Seneca himself was no stranger to it) that is to say, that after Nero should have been slain by the Help of Piso, Piso himself should have been killed too; and the Empire delivered up to Seneca, as one that well deserved it, for his Integrity and Virtue.”

SENECA'S WRITINGS

It appears that our Author had among the Ancients, three professed Enemies. In the first Place Caligula, who called his Writings, Sand without Lime; alluding to the Starts of his Fancy, and the Incoherence of his Sentences. But Seneca was never the worse for the Censure of a Person that propounded even the suppressing of Homer himself; and of casting Virgil and Livy out of all public Libraries.

The next, was Fabius; who tasks him with being too bold with the Eloquence of former Times, and failing in that Point himself; and likewise for being so quaint and finical in his Expressions: Which Tacitus imputes, in Part, to the Freedom of his own particular Inclination, and partly to the Humour of the Times.

He is also charged by Fabius as no profound Philosopher; but with all this, he allows him to be a Man very studious and learned, of great Wit and Invention, and well read in all Sorts of Literature; a severe Reprover of Vice; most divinely sententious; and well worth the reading, if it were only for his Morals; adding, That if his Judgment had been answerable to his Wit, it had been much the more for his Reputation; but he wrote whatever came next; so that I would advise the Reader (says he) to distinguish where he himself did not: For there are many Things in him, not only to be approved, but admired, and it was great Pity that he that could do what he would, should not always make the best Choice.

His third Adversary is Agellius, who falls upon him for his Stile, and a Kind of Tinkling in his Sentences, but yet commends him for his Piety and good Counsels.

On the other Side Columella calls him a Man of excellent Wit and Learning; Pliny, the Prince of Erudition; Tacitus gives him the Character of a wise Man, and a fit Tutor for a Prince: Dio reports him to have been the greatest Man of his Age.

Of those Pieces of his that are extant, we shall not need to give any particular Account: And of those that are lost, we cannot, any farther than by Lights to them from other Authors, as we find them cited much to his Honour; and we may reasonably compute them to be the greater Part of his Works. That he wrote several Poems in his Banishment, may be gathered partly from himself: But more expressly out of Tacitus, who says, "That he was reproached with his applying himself to Poetry, after he saw that Nero took Pleasure in it, out of a Design to curry Favour."

St. Jerom refers to a Discourse of his concerning Matrimony. Lactantius takes Notice of his History, and his Books of Moralities: St. Augustine quotes some Passages of his

out of a Book of Superstition: Some References we meet with, to his Books of Exhortations. Fabius makes mention of his Dialogues. And he himself speaks of a Treatise of his own, concerning Earthquakes, which he wrote in his Youth. But the Opinion of an epistolary Correspondence that he had with St. Paul, does not seem to have much Colour for it.

Some few Fragments however of those Books of his that are wanting, are yet preserved in the Writings of other eminent Authors; sufficient to shew the World how great a Treasure they have lost, by the Excellency of that little that is left.

Seneca, says Lactantius, that was the sharpest of all the Stoicks, How great a Veneration has he for the Almighty? As for Instance; discoursing of a violent Death: "Do you not understand," says he, "the Majesty, and the Authority of your Judge: He is the supreme Governor of Heaven and Earth, and the God of all your Gods; and it is upon him that all those Powers depend which we worship for Deities." Moreover, in his Exhortations. "This God," says he, "when he laid the Foundations of the Universe, and entered upon the greatest and the best Work in Nature, in the ordering of the Government of the World; though he was himself all in all, yet he substituted other subordinate Ministers, as the Servants of his Commands." And how many other Things does this Heathen speak of God, like one of us?

Which the acute Seneca (says Lactantius again) saw in his Exhortations. "We," says he, "have our Dependence elsewhere, and should look up to that Power, to which we are indebted for all that we can pretend to that is good."

And again, Seneca says very well in his Morals; "They worship the Images of the Gods," says he, "kneel to them, and adore them; they are hardly ever from them, either plying them with Offerings or Sacrifices: And yet after all this Reverence to the Image, they have no Regard at all to the Workman that made it."

Lactantius again. "An Invective" (says Seneca in his Exhortations), "is the Master-piece of most of our Philosophers; and if they fall upon the Subject of Avarice, Lust, Ambition, they lash out into such Excess of Bitterness, as if

railing were a Mark of their Profession. They make me think of Galley pots in an Apothecary's Shop, that have Remedies without and Poison within."

Lactantius still. He that would know all Things, let him read Seneca; the most lively Describer of public Vices, and Manners, and the smartest Reprehender of them.

And again: As Seneca has it in the Books of moral Philosophy: "He is the brave Man, whose Splendor and Authority is the least Part of his Greatness; that can look Death in the Face, without Trouble, or Surprize; who if his Body were to be broken upon the Wheel, or melted Lead to be poured down his Throat, would be less concerned for the Pain itself, than for the Dignity of bearing it."

"Let no man," says Lactantius, "think himself the safer in his Wickedness for Want of a Witness; for God is omniscient, and to him nothing can be a Secret." It is an admirable Sentence that Seneca concludes his Exhortation withal. "God," says he, is a great, (I know not what) an incomprehensible Power: It is to him that we live; and to him, that we must approve ourselves. What does it avail us, that our Consciences are hidden from Men, when our Souls lie open to God?" What could a Christian have spoken more to the Purpose in this Case, than this divine Pagan? And in the Beginning of the same work, says Seneca "What is it that we do? To what End is it to stand contriving, and to hide ourselves? We are under a Guard, and there is no escaping from our Keeper. One Man may be parted from another by Travel, Death, Sickness: But there is no dividing us from ourselves. It is to no Purpose to creep into a Corner where no-body shall see us. Ridiculous Madness! Make it the Case that no mortal Eye could find us out. He that has a Conscience, gives Evidence against himself."

It is truly and excellently spoken of Seneca, says Lactantius once again; "Consider," says he, "the Majesty, the Goodness, and the venerable Mercies of the Almighty; a Friend that is always at Hand. What Delight can it be to him, the Slaughter of innocent Creatures, or the Worship of bloody Sacrifices? Let us purge our Minds, and lead virtuous and honest Lives. His Pleasure lies not in the Magnificence

of Temples, made with Stone, but in the Piety and Devotion of consecrated Hearts."

In the Book that Seneca wrote against Superstitions, treating of Images, says St. Austin, he writes thus. "They represent the holy, the immortal, and the inviolable Gods, in the basest Manner, and without Life or Motion: In the Forms of Men, Beasts, Fishes; some of mixed Bodies; and those Figures they call Deities; which, if they were but animated, would affright a Man and pass for Monsters." And then a little farther, treating of natural Theology, after citing the Opinions of Philosophers, he supposes an Objection against himself: "Somebody will perhaps ask me, would you have me then to believe the Heavens, and the Earth to be God's; and some of them above the Moon, and some below it? shall I ever be brought to the Opinion of Plato, or of Strato the Peripatetick? The one of which would have God to be without a Body, and the other without a Mind?" To which he replied; "And, do you give more Credit then to the Dreams of T. Tatius, Romulus and Hostilius, who caused among other Deities, even Fear and Paleness to be worshipped? The vilest of human Affections; the one being the Motion of an affrighted Mind, and the other, not so much the Disease, as the Colour of a disordered Body. Are these the Deities that you will rather put your Faith in, and place in the Heavens?"

And speaking afterward of their abominable Customs, with what Liberty does he write? "One," says he, "out of Zeal, makes himself an Eunuch; another lances his Arms: If this be the Way to please their Gods, what should a Man do if he had a Mind to anger them? Or if this be the Way to please them, they do certainly deserve not to be worshipped at all. What a Phrenzy is this, to imagine, that the Gods can be delighted with such Cruelties, as even the worst of Men would make a Conscience to inflict? The most barbarous and notorious of Tyrants, some of them have perhaps done it themselves, or ordered the tearing of Men to Pieces by others; but they never went so far, as to command any Man to torment himself. We have heard of those that have suffered Castration to gratify the Lust of



TEMPLE OF JUPITER IN ROME

From a painting by Alexander Wagner and J. Böhlmann

JUPITER WAS THE GREAT GOD OF ROME. OF THE CITY TEMPLE, THE CAPITOL, THE CENTRAL NAVE WAS DEDICATED TO HIM, THE RIGHT WING BEING SACRED TO MINERVA AND THE LEFT TO JUNO. THE ASCENT TO IT FROM THE FORUM WAS BY 100 STEPS. ON THE CAPITOL WERE SPENT INCREDIBLE SUMS, THE GILDING ALONE COSTING \$25,000,000. LATER, THE PHILOSOPHERS, LIKE SENECA, IDENTIFIED JUPITER WITH THE TRUE AND ONLY GOD, THE TYPE OF JUSTICE. SEE PAGE 376.

of Temples, made with Stone, but in the Piety and Devotion of consecrated Hearts."

In the Book that Seneca wrote against Superstitions, treating of Images, says St. Austin, he writes thus, "They represent the holy, the immortal, and the invisible Gods, in the basest Manner; and without Life or Motion: In the Form of Men, Beasts, Fishes; some of mixed Bodies; and those Figures they call Deities: which, if they were but animated, would affright a Man and pass for Monsters." And then a little farther, treating of natural Theology, after citing the Opinions of Philosophers, he expresses an Objection against himself: "Somebody will perhaps ask me, would you have us then to believe the Heavens, and the Earth to be Gods; and some of them above the Moon, and some below it? shall I ever be brought to the Opinions of Plato, or of Strato the Peripatetick? The one of which would have God to be without a Body, and the other without a Mind?" To which he replied; "And, do you give more Credit then to the Dreams of T. Talia, Romulus and Horatius, who caused among other Deities, even Fear and Paleness to be worshipped? The extent of human Affectiveness; the one being the Motion of an affrighted Mind, and the other, not so much the Disease, as the Colour of a disordered Body. Are these the Deities that you will rather put your Faith in, and place in the Heavens?"

And speaking afterward of their damnable Cruelties, with what Liberty does he write? "One," says he, "out of Zeal, makes himself an Eunuch; another lances his Arms: If this be the Way to please their Gods, what should a Man do if he had a Mind to anger them? Or if this be the Way to please them, they do certainly deserve not to be worshipped at all. What a Pity is this, to imagine, that the Gods can be delighted with such Cruelties, as even the worst of Men would make a Conscience to inflict? The most barbarous and unchristian of Tyrants, some

from a painting by Alexander W. Warburton and A. Böhmann
 Jupiter was the great god of Rome. On the city temple of Capitol, the central nave was dedicated to him, the right wing being sacred to Minerva, and the left to Juno. The ascent to it from the Forum was by 100 steps. On the Capitol were spent incredible sums, the gilding alone costing \$25,000,000. Later, the philosophers like Seneca identified Jupiter with the true and only God, the type of Justice. See Page 320.



their imperious Masters; but never any Man that was forced to act it upon himself. They murder themselves in their very Temples, and their Prayers are offered up in Blood. Whosoever shall but observe what they do, and what they suffer, will find it so misbecoming an honest Man, so unworthy of a free Man, and so inconsistent with the Action of a Man in his Wits, that he must conclude them all to be mad, if it were not that there are so many of them; for only their Number is their Justification, and their Protection."

When he comes to reflect, says St. Augustine, upon those Passages which he himself had seen in the Capitol, he censures them with Liberty and Resolution: "And no Man will believe that such Things would be done, unless in Mockery, or Phrenzy. What Lamentation is there in the Egyptian Sacrifices for the Loss of Osiris! And then what Joy for the finding of him again? Which he makes himself Sport with; for in Truth it is all a Fiction: And yet those People, that neither lost any Thing, or found any Thing, must express their Sorrows, and their Rejoicings, to the highest Degree."

"But there is only a certain Time," says he, "for this Freak, and once in a Year People may be allowed to be mad. I came into the Capitol," says Seneca, "where the several Deities had their several Servants and Attendants, their Lictors, their Dressers, and all in Posture and Action, as if they were executing their Offices; some to hold the Glass, others to comb out Juno's and Minerva's Hair; one to tell Jupiter what o'Clock it is; some Lasses there are that sit gazing upon the Image, and fancy Jupiter has a Kindness for them.

"All these Things," says Seneca, a while after, "a wise Man will observe for the Law's Sake, more than for the Gods; and all this Rabble of Deities, which the Superstition of many Ages has gathered together, we are in such Manner to adore, as to consider the Worship to be rather Matter of Custom, than of Conscience." Whereupon St. Augustine observes, "That this illustrious Senator worshipped what he reprov'd, acted what he disliked, and adored what he condemn'd."

ON ANGER

CHAPTER I

Anger described. It is against Nature, and only to be found in Men.

WE are here to encounter the most outrageous, brutal, dangerous, and intractible of all Passions; the most loathsome, and unmannerly; nay, the most ridiculous too; and the subduing of this Monster will do a great deal toward the Establishment of human Peace. It is the Method of Physicians, to begin with a Description of the Disease, before they meddle with the Cure: And I know not why this may not do as well in the Distempers of the Mind, as in those of the Body.

The Stoicks will have Anger to be, A Desire of punishing another for some Injury done. Against which it is objected, that we are many Times angry with those that never did hurt us, but possibly may, though the Harm be not as yet done. But, I say, that they hurt us already in Conceit: And the very Purpose of it is an Injury in Thought, before it breaks out into an Act. It is opposed again, that if Anger were a Desire of Punishing, mean People would not be angry with great ones, that are out of their Reach: For no Man can be said to desire any Thing, which he judges impossible to compass. But, I answer to this, That Anger is the Desire, not the Power and Faculty of Revenge: Neither is any Man so low, but that the greatest Man alive may, peradventure, lie at his Mercy.

Aristotle takes Anger to be, a Desire of paying Sorrow for Sorrow; and of plaguing those that have plagued us. It is argued against both, that Beasts are angry; though neither provoked by any Injury, nor moved with a Desire of any Body's Grief, or Punishment. Nay, though they cause it,

they do not design or seek it. Neither is Anger (how unreasonable soever in itself) found any where but in reasonable Creatures. It is true, that Beasts have an Impulse of Rage, and Fierceness, as they are more affected also than Men with some Pleasures: But we may as well call them luxurious, and ambitious as angry. And yet they are not without certain Images of human Affections. They have their Likings and their Loathings; but neither the Passions of reasonable Nature, nor their Virtues, nor their Vices. They are moved to Fury by some Objects, they are quieted by others; they have their Terrors and their Disappointments; but without Reflection: And let them be never so much irritated or affrighted, so soon as ever the Occasion is removed, they fall to their Meat again, and lie down, and take their Rest. Wisdom and Thought are the Goods of the Mind, whereof Brutes are wholly incapable; and we are as unlike them within, as we are without: They have an odd Kind of Fancy; and they have a Voice too; but inarticulate and confused, and incapable of those Variations which are familiar to us.

Anger is not only a Vice, but a Vice point blank against Nature, for it divides, instead of joining; and, in some measure, frustrates the End of Providence in human Society. One Man was born to help another: Anger makes us destroy one another; the one unites, the other separates; the one is beneficial to us, the other mischievous; the one succours even Strangers, the other destroys even the most intimate Friends: The one ventures all to save another, the other ruins himself to undo another. Nature is bountiful, but Anger is pernicious: For it is not Fear, but mutual Love that binds up Mankind.

There are some Motions that look like Anger, which cannot properly be called so; as the Passion of the People against the Gladiators, when they hang off, and will not make so quick a Dispatch as the Spectators would have them: There is something in it of the Humour of Children, that if they get a Fall, will never leave Bawling, until the naughty Ground is beaten, and then all is well again. They are angry without any Cause, or Injury; they are deluded by an Imitation of Strokes, and pacified with counterfeit Tears. A false and a

childish Sorrow, is appeased with as false and as childish a Revenge. They take it for a Contempt, if the Gladiators do not immediately cast themselves upon the Sword's Point. They look presently about them, from one to another, as who should say, "Do but see, my Masters, how these Rogues abuse us."

To descend to the particular Branches, and Varieties, would be unnecessary, and endless. There is a stubborn, a vindictive, a quarrelsome, a violent, a froward, a sullen, a morose kind of Anger; and then we have this Variation in Complication too. One goes no farther than Words; another proceeds immediately to Blows, without a Word speaking; a third Sort breaks out into Cursing and reproachful Language: And there are, that content themselves with chiding and complaining. There is a conciliable Anger, and there is an implacable; but in what Form or Degree soever it appears, all Anger, without Exception, is vicious.

CHAPTER II

The Rise of Anger.

THE Question will be here, whether Anger takes it Rise from Impulse, or Judgment? That is, whether it be moved of its own Accord, or as many other Things are, from within us, that arise we know not how? The clearing of this Point will lead us to greater Matters.

The first Motion of Anger is, in Truth, involuntary, and only a kind of menacing Preparation towards it. The second deliberates; as who should say, "This Injury should not pass without a Revenge," and there it stops. The third is impotent; and, right or wrong, resolves upon Vengeance. The first Motion is not to be avoided, nor indeed the second, any more than Yawning, for Company: Custom and Care may lessen it, but Reason itself cannot overcome it. The third, as it rises upon Consideration, it must fall so too; for, that Motion which proceeds with Judgment may be taken away with Judgment. A Man thinks himself injured, and

hath a mind to be revenged, but for some Reason lets it rest. This is not properly Anger, but an Affection over-ruled by Reason: A kind of Proposal disapproved. And, what are Reason and Affection; but only Changes of the Mind for the better, or for the worse? Reason deliberates before it judges; but Anger passes Sentence without Deliberation. Reason only attends the Matter in Hand; but Anger is startled at every Accident: It passes the Bounds of Reason; and carries it away with it. In short, Anger is an Agitation of the Mind that proceeds to the Resolution of a Revenge, the Mind assenting to it.

There is no Doubt but Anger is moved by the Species of an Injury, but whether that Motion be voluntary or involuntary, is the Point in debate; though it seems manifest to me, that Anger does nothing but where the Mind goes along with it. For, first to take an Offence, and then to meditate a Revenge; and, after that, to lay both Propositions together, and say to myself, "This Injury ought not to have been done; but as the Case stands, I must do myself Right." This Discourse can never proceed without the Concurrence of the Will. The first Motion indeed is single; but, all the rest is Deliberation, and Superstructure: There is something understood, and condemned; an Indication conceived, and a Revenge propounded. This can never be without the Agreement of the Mind to the Matter in Deliberation.

The End of this Question is, to know the Nature and Quality of Anger. If it be bred in us, it will never yield to Reason, for all involuntary Motions are inevitable and invincible; as a kind of Horror and Shrugging upon the Sprinkling of cold Water; the Hair standing on End at ill News; Giddiness at the Sight of a Precipice; Blushing at lewd Discourse. In these Cases Reason can do no Good; but Anger may undoubtedly be overcome by Caution and good Counsel; for it is a voluntary Vice; and not of the Condition of those Accidents that befall us as Frailties of our Humanity: Amongst which must be reckoned the first Motions of the Mind, after the Opinion of an Injury received, which it is not in the Power of human Nature to avoid.

And this is it that affects us upon the Stage, or in a

Story. Can any man read the Death of Pompey, and not to be touched with an Indignation? the Sound of a Trumpet rouses the Spirits and provokes Courage. It makes a Man sad to see the Shipwreck even of an Enemy; and we are much surprised by Fear in other Cases: All these Motions are not so much Affections, as Preludes to them. The Clashing of Arms, or the Beating of a Drum, excites a War-horse. Nay, a Song from Xenophantes would make Alexander take his Sword in his Hand.

In all these Cases, the Mind rather suffers than acts; and therefore it is not an Affection, to be moved, but to give way to that Motion, and to follow willingly what was started by Chance. These are not Affections, but Impulses of the Body. The bravest Man in the World may look pale when he puts on his Armour, his Knees knock, and his Heart works before the Battle is joined; but these are only Motions; whereas Anger is an Excursion, and proposes Revenge or Punishment, which cannot be without the Mind. As Fear flies, so Anger assaults; and, it is not possible to resolve, either upon Violence or Caution, without the Concurrence of the Will.

CHAPTER III

Anger may be suppressed.

It is an idle Thing to pretend, that we cannot govern our Anger: For some Things that we do, are much harder than others that we ought to do; the wildest Affections may be tamed by Discipline, and there is hardly any Thing which the Mind will do, but it may do. There needs no more Argument in this Case, than the Instances of several Persons, both powerful and impatient, that have gotten the absolute Mastery of themselves in this Point.

Thrasippus, in his Drink, fell foul upon the Cruelties of Pisistratus; who, when he was urged by several about him to make an Example of him, returned this Answer, "Why should I be angry with a Man that stumbles upon me blind-fold?" In effect, most of our Quarrels are of our own mak-

ing, either by Mistake, or by Aggravation. Anger comes sometimes upon us, but we go oftener to it, and instead of rejecting it, we call it.

Augustus was a great Master of his Passion: For Timagines an Historian wrote several bitter Things against his Person, and his Family; which passed among the People plausible enough, as Pieces of rash Wit commonly do. Cæsar advised him several Times to forbear, and when that would not do, forbade him his Roof. After this, Asinius Pollio gave him Entertainment; and he was so well beloved in the City, that every Man's House was open to him. Those Things that he had written in the Honour of Augustus, he recited and burnt; and publicly professed himself Cæsar's Enemy: Augustus, for all this, never fell out with any Man that received him; only he once told Pollio, that he had taken a Snake into his Bosom: And as Pollio was about to excuse himself; "No" (says Cæsar, interrupting him) "make your best of him"; and, offering to cast him off at that very Moment, if Cæsar pleased: "Do you think" (says Cæsar) "that I will ever contribute to the parting of you, that made you Friends?" for Pollio was angry with him before, and only entertained him now, because Cæsar had discarded him.

The Moderation of Antigonus was remarkable; some of his Soldiers were railing at him one Night where there was but a Hanging betwixt them; Antigonus over-heard them, and putting it gently aside; "Soldiers," says he, "stand a little farther off, for fear the King should hear you." And we are to consider, not only violent Examples, but moderate, where there wanted neither Cause of Displeasure, nor Power of Revenge: As in the Case of Antigonus, who, the same Night, hearing his Soldiers cursing him for bringing them into so foul a Way, he went to them, and without telling them who he was, helped them out of it. "Now," says he, "you may be allowed to curse him that brought you into the Mire, provided you bless him that took you out of it."

It was a notable Story, that of Pedius Pollio, upon his inviting of Augustus to Supper. One of his Boys happened to break a Glass; and his Master, in a Rage, commanded him to be thrown into a Pond to feed his Lampreys. This Ac-

tion of his might be taken for Luxury, though in Truth, it was Cruelty. The Boy was seized, but brake loose, and threw himself at Augustus his Feet, only desiring that he might not die that Death! Cæsar, in Abhorrence of the Barbarity, presently ordered all the rest of the Glasses to be broken; the Boy to be released; and the Pond to be filled up, that there might be no farther Occasion for an Inhumanity of that Nature. This was an Authority well-employed. Shall the breaking of a Glass cost a Man his Life? Nothing but a predominant Fear could ever have mastered his choleric, and sanguinary Disposition. This Man deserved to die a thousand Deaths, either for eating human Flesh at second Hand, in his Lampreys, or for keeping of his Fish to be so fed.

It is written of Præxaspes (a Favourite of Cambyses, who was much given to Wine) that he took the Freedom to tell his Prince of his hard Drinking, and to lay before him the Scandal, and the Inconvenience of his Excesses; and how that in those Distempers, he had not the Command of himself. "Now" (says Cambyses) "to shew you your Mistake, you shall see me drink deeper than ever I did, and yet keep the Use of my Eyes, and of my Hands, as well as if I were sober." Upon this he drank to a higher Pitch than ordinary, and ordered Præxaspes his Son to go out, and stand on the other Side of the Threshold, with his left Arm over his Head; "And" (says he) "if I have a good Aim, have at the Heart of him." He shot, and upon cutting up the young Man, they found indeed that the Arrow had struck him through the Middle of the Heart. "What do you think now" (says Cambyses) "Is my Hand steady or not?" "Apollo himself" (says Præxaspes) "could not have out-done it." It may be a Question now, which was the greater Impiety, the Murder itself, or the Commendation of it; for him to take the Heart of his Son, while it was yet reeking, and panting under the Wound for an Occasion of Flattery: Why was there not another Experiment made upon the Father, to try if Cambyses could not have yet mended this Shot? This was a most unmanly Violation of Hospitality, but the Approbation of the Fact was still worse than the Crime itself.

This Example of Præxaspes proves sufficiently that a

Man may repress his Anger; for he returned not one ill Word, no not so much as a Complaint; but he paid dear for his good Counsel. He had been wiser, perhaps, if he had let the King alone in his Cups, for he had better have drunk Wine than Blood. It is a dangerous Office to give good Advice to intemperate Princes.

Another Instance of Anger suppressed we have in Harpagus, who was commanded to expose Cyrus upon a Mountain, but the Child was preserved; which when Astyages came afterwards to understand, he invited Harpagus to a Dish of Meat; and when he had eaten his Fill, he told him it was a Piece of his Son, and asked him how he liked the Seasoning. "Whatever pleases your Majesty," says Harpagus, "must please me:" And he made no more Words of it. It is most certain that we might govern our Anger, if we would; for the same Thing that galls us at Home, gives us no Offence at all Abroad; and what is the Reason of it, but that we are patient in one Place, and froward in another.

It was a strong Provocation, that which was given to Philip of Macedon, the Father of Alexander: The Athenians sent their Ambassadors to him, and they were received with this Compliment, "Tell me, Gentlemen," says Philip, "What is there that I can do to oblige the Athenians?" Demochares, one of the Ambassadors, told him, that they would take it for a great Obligation, if he would be pleased to hang himself. This Insolence gave an Indignation to the By-standers; but Philip bade them not to meddle with him, but even to let that foul-mouthed Fellow go as he came. "And for you, the rest of the Ambassadors," says he, "pray tell the Athenians, that it is worse to speak such Things, than to hear and forgive them." This wonderful Patience under Contumelies was a great Means of Philip's Security.

CHAPTER IV

Anger is a short Madness, and a deformed Vice.

HE was much in the right, whoever it was, that first called Anger a short Madness; for they have both of them the same

Symptoms; and there is so wonderful a Resemblance betwixt the Transports of Cholera and those of Phrenzy, that it is a hard Matter to know the one from the other. A bold, fierce, and threatening Countenance, as pale as Ashes, and in the same Moment as red as Blood: A glaring Eye, a wrinkled Brow, violent Motions, the Hands restless, and perpetually in Action, wringing and menacing, snapping of the Joints, stamping with the Feet, the Hair starting, trembling Lips, a forced and squeaking Voice; the Speech false and broken, deep and frequent Sighs, and ghastly Looks; the Veins swell, the Heart pants, the Knees knock; with a hundred dismal Accidents that are common to both Distempers.

Neither is Anger a bare Resemblance only of Madness, but many Times an irrecoverable Transition into the Thing itself. How many Persons have we known, read, and heard of that have lost their Wits in a passion, and never came to themselves again? It is therefore to be avoided, not only for Moderation Sake, but also for Health.

Now if the outward Appearance of Anger be foul, and hideous, how deformed must that miserable Mind be, that is harrassed with it? for it leaves no Place either for Counsel, or Friendship, Honesty, or good Manners; no Place either for the Exercise of Reason, or for the Offices of Life. If I were to describe it, I would draw a Tyger bathed in Blood; sharp set, and ready to take a Leap at his Prey; or dress it up as the Poets represent the Furies, with Whips, Snakes, and Flames: It should likewise be sour, livid, full of Scars, and wallowing in Gore, raging up and down, destroying, grinning, bellowing, and pursuing; sick of all other Things, and most of all of itself. It turns Beauty into Deformity, and the calmest Counsels into Fierceness: It disorders our very Garments, and fills the Mind with Horror. How abominable is it in the Soul then, when it appears so hideous even through the Bones, the Skin, and so many Impediments? Is not he a Madman that has lost the Government of himself, and is tossed hither and thither by his Fury, as by a Tempest? The Executioner of his own Revenge, both with his Heart and Hand; and the Murderer of his nearest Friends? The smallest Matter moves it, and makes us insociable, and inaccessible. It

does all Things by Violence, as well upon itself as others: And it is, in short, the Master of all Passions.

There is not any Creature so terrible, and dangerous by Nature, but it becomes fiercer by Anger. Not that Beasts have human Affections, but certain Impulses they have which come very near them. The Boar foams, champs, and whets his Tusks; the Bull tosses his Horns in the Air, bounds, and tears up the Ground with his Feet. The Lion roars, and swings himself with his Tail; the Serpent swells, and there is a ghastly kind of Fellness in the Aspect of a mad Dog.

How great a Wickedness is it now to indulge a Violence, that does not only turn a Man into a Beast, but makes even the most outrageous of Beasts themselves to be more dreadful and mischievous! A Vice that carries along with it neither Pleasure nor Profit; neither Honour nor Security; but on the contrary, destroys us to all the comfortable, and glorious Purposes of our reasonable Being. Some there are, that will have the Root of it to be Greatness of Mind. And why may we not as well entitle Impudence to Courage, whereas the one is proud, the other brave; the one is gracious and gentle, the other rude and furious? At the same rate we may ascribe Magnanimity to Avarice, Luxury and Ambition, which are all but splendid Impotencies, without Measure and Foundation. There is nothing great, but what is virtuous, nor indeed truly great, but what is also composed and quiet. Anger, alas! is but a wild impetuous Blast, an empty Tumour, the very Infirmity of Women and Children; a brawling clamorous Evil: And the more Noise the less Courage; as we find it commonly, that the boldest Tongues have the faintest Hearts.

CHAPTER V

Anger is neither warrantable nor useful.

IN the FIRST Place, Anger is unwarrantable, as it is unjust: For it falls many Times upon the wrong Person, and discharges itself upon the Innocent, instead of the Guilty: Beside the Disproportion of making the most trivial Offences

to be capital, and punishing an inconsiderate Word perhaps with Torments, Fetters, Infamy, or Death. It allows a Man neither Time, nor Means for Defence, but judges a Cause without hearing it, and admits of no Mediation. It flies into the Face of Truth itself, if it be of the adverse Party; and turns Obstinacy in an Error, into an Argument of Justice. It does every Thing with Agitation and Tumult: Whereas Reason and Equity can destroy whole Families, if there be Occasion for it, even to the extinguishing of their Names and Memories, without any Indecency, either of Countenance, or Action.

SECONDLY, It is unsociable to the highest Point; for it spares neither Friend nor Foe; but tears all to Pieces, and casts human Nature into a perpetual State of War. It dissolves the Body of mutual Society, insomuch that our very Companions and Relations dare not come near us; it renders us unfit for the ordinary Offices of Life, so we can neither govern our Tongues, our Hands, or any Part of our Body. It tramples upon the Laws of Hospitality, and Nations, leaves every Man to be his own Carver, and all Things public and private, sacred and profane, suffer Violence.

THIRDLY, It is to no Purpose: "It is a sad Thing," we cry, "to put up those Injuries, and we are not able to bear them;" as if any Man that can bear Anger, could not bear an Injury, which is much more supportable. You will say, that Anger does some Good yet, for it keeps People in Awe, and secures Man from Contempt; never considering, that it is more dangerous to be feared than despised. Suppose that an angry Man could do as much as he threatens; the more terrible, he is still the more odious; and on the other Side, if he wants Power, he is the more despicable in his Anger; for there is nothing more wretched than a choleric Huff, that makes a Noise and no-body cares for it. If Anger should be valuable because Men are afraid of it, why not an Adder, a Toad, or a Scorpion as well? It makes us lead the Life of Gladiators; we live, and we fight together. We hate the happy, despise the miserable, envy our Superiors, insult upon our Inferiors, and there is nothing in the World which we will not do, either for Pleasure, or Profit.

To be angry at Offenders, is to make ourselves the common Enemies of Mankind, which is both weak and wicked; and we may as well be angry that our Thistles do not bring forth Apples, or that every Pebble in our Ground is not an oriental Pearl. If we are angry both with young Men, and with old, because they do offend; why not with Infants too, because they will offend? It is laudable to rejoice for any Thing that is well done; but, to be transported for another Man's doing ill, is narrow and sordid.

Nor is it for the Dignity of Virtue to be either angry or sad. It is with a tainted Mind as with an Ulcer, not only the Touch, but the very Offer at it makes us shrink, and complain; when we come once to be carried off from our Poize, we are lost. In the Choice of a Sword, we take care that it be wieldy, and well mounted; and it concerns us as much to be wary of engaging in the Excesses of ungovernable Passions. It is not the Speed of a Horse altogether that pleases us, unless we find that he can stop, and turn at Pleasure. It is a Sign of Weakness, and a kind of Stumbling, for a Man to run when he intends only to walk; and it behoves us to have the same Command of our Mind that we have of our Bodies. Besides that, the greatest Punishment of an Injury, is the Conscience of having done it; and no Man suffers more than he that is turned over to the Pain of Repentance. How much better is it to compose Injuries, than to revenge them? For it does not only spend Time, but the Revenge of one Injury exposes us to more. In fine, as it is unreasonable to be angry at a Crime, it is as foolish to be angry without one.

But "May not an honest Man then be allowed to be angry at the Murder of his Father, or the Ravishing of his Sister or Daughter before his Face?" No, not at all; I will defend my Parents, and I will repay the Injuries that are done them; but it is my Piety, and not my Anger that moves me to it. I will do my Duty without Fear or Confusion; I will not rage, I will not weep; but discharge the Office of a good Man, without forfeiting the Dignity of a Man. If my Father be assaulted, I will endeavour to rescue him; if he be killed, I will do right to his Memory; and all this not in any Transport of Passion, but in Honour and Conscience.

Neither is there any need of Anger where Reason does the same Thing. A man may be temperate, and yet vigorous, and raise his Mind according to the Occasion, more or less, as a Stone is thrown according to the Discretion and Intent of the Caster. How outrageous have I seen some People for the Loss of a Monkey, or a Spaniel? And were it not a Shame to have the same Sense for a Friend that we have for a Puppy; and to cry like Children, as much for a Bauble, as for the Ruin of our Country? This is not the Effect of Reason, but of Infirmity. For a Man indeed to expose his Person for his Prince, or for his Parents or his Friends, out of a Sense of Honesty, and a Judgment of Duty, it is, without Dispute, a worthy and a glorious Action; but it must be done then with Sobriety, Calmness, and Resolution. It is high Time to convince the World of the Indignity, and Uselessness of his Passion, when it has the Authority and Recommendation of no less than Aristotle himself, as an Affection very much concluding to all heroic Action, that require Heart and Vigour.

Now, to shew on the other Side, that it is not in any Case profitable, we shall lay open the obstinate and unbridled Madness of it: A Wickedness, neither sensible of Infamy, nor of Glory; without either Modesty, or Fear; and if it passes once from Anger into a hardened Hatred, it is incurable. It is either stronger than Reason, or it is weaker. If stronger, there is no contending with it; if weaker, Reason will do the Business without it. Some will have it that an angry Man is good-natured, and sincere; whereas in Truth, he only lays himself open out of Heedlessness and want of Caution. If it were in itself Good, the more of it the better; but in this Case, the more, the worse; and a wise Man does his Duty, without the Aid of any Thing that is ill. It is objected by some, that those are the most generous Creatures, which are most prone to Anger. But first, Reason in Man, is impetuous in Beasts. Secondly, without Discipline, it runs into Audaciousness, and Temerity; over and above that the same Thing does not help all. If Anger helps the Lion, it is Fear that saves the Stag, Swiftnes the Hawk, and Flight the Pigeons: But Man has God for his Example (who is never angry) and

not the Creatures. And yet it is not amiss sometimes to counterfeit Anger; as upon the Stage: Nay, upon the Bench, and in the Pulpit, where the Imitation of it is more effectual, than the Thing itself. But it is a great Error to take this Passion either for a Companion, or for an Assistant to Virtue; that makes a Man incapable of those necessary Counsels, by which Virtue is to govern herself. Those are false and inauspicious Powers, and destructive of themselves, which arise only from the Accession and Fervor of a Disease. Reason judges according to Right: Anger will have every Thing seem right, whatever it does; and when it has once pitched upon a Mistake, it is never to be convinced; but prefers a Pertinacy even in the greatest Evil, before the most necessary Repentance.

Some People are of Opinion, that Anger inflames and animates the Soldier; that it is a Spur to bold and arduous Undertakings, and that it were better to moderate it, than wholly to suppress it, for fear of dissolving the Spirit and force of the Mind.

To this I answer, That Virtue does not need the Help of Vice, but where there is an Ardour of Mind necessary, we may rouse ourselves, and be more or less brisk and vigorous, as there is Occasion: But all without Anger still. It is a Mistake to say, that we may make use of Anger as a common Soldier, but not as a Commander; for if it hears Reason, and follows Orders, it is not properly Anger; and if it does not, it is contumacious, and mutinous. By this Argument a Man must be angry to be valiant; covetous to be industrious; timorous to be safe; which makes our Reason confederate with our Affections. And it is all one whether Passion be inconsiderate without Reason, or Reason ineffectual without Passion; since the one cannot be without the other.

It is true, the less the Passion, the less is the Mischief; for a little Passion is the smaller Evil. Nay, so far is it from being of Use or Advantage in the Field, that it is the Place of all others where it is the most dangerous; for the Actions of War are to be managed with Order and Caution, not Precipitation and Fancy: Whereas Anger is heedless, and heady, and the Virtue only of barbarous Nations; which, though

their Bodies were much stronger, and more hardened, were still worsted by the Moderation, and Discipline of the Romans. There is not upon the Face of the Earth a bolder, or a more indefatigable Nation than the Germans: Not a braver upon a Charge, nor a hardier against Colds and Heats; their only Delight in Exercise is in Arms, to the utter Neglect of all Things else: And yet upon the Encounter, they are broken and destroyed through their own undisciplined Temerity, even by the most effeminate of Men.

The Huntsman is not angry with the wild Boar, when he either pursues, or receives him; a good Swordsman watches his Opportunity, and keeps himself upon his Guard, whereas Passion lays a Man open: Nay, it is one of the prime Lessons of a Fencing-School, to learn not to be angry. If Fabius had been choleric, Rome had been lost: And before he conquered Hannibal, he overcame himself. If Scipio had been angry, he would never have left Hannibal, and his Army (who were the proper Objects of his Displeasure) to carry the War into Afric, and so compass his End by a more temperate way. Nay, he was so slow, that it was charged upon him for want of Mettle and Resolution.

And what did the other Scipio (Africanus I mean?) How much Time did he spend before Numantia, to the common Grief both of his Country and of himself? Though he reduced it at last, by so miserable a Famine, that the Inhabitants laid violent Hands upon themselves, and left neither Man, Woman nor Child to survive the Ruins of it.

If Anger makes a Man fight better, so does Wine, Phrenzy, nay, and Fear itself; for the greatest Coward in Despair does the greatest Wonders. No Man is courageous in his Anger that was not so without it. But put the Case that Anger, by Accident, may have done some Good, and so have Fevers removed some Distempers; but it is an odious kind of Remedy, that makes us indebted to a Disease for a Cure. How many Men have been preserved by Poison; by a Fall from a Precipice; by a Shipwreck; by a Tempest? Does it therefore follow, that we are to recommend the Practice of these Experiments?

But in case of an exemplary and prostitute Dissolution

of Manners, when Clodius shall be preferred, and Cicero rejected; when Loyalty shall be broken upon the Wheel, and Treason sit triumphant upon the Bench; is not this a Subject to move the Choler of any virtuous man?

No, by no Means, Virtue will never allow of the correcting of one Vice by another; or that Anger, which is the greater Crime of the two, should presume to punish the less. It is the natural Property of Virtue to make a Man serene and chearful; and it is not for the Dignity of a Philosopher, to be transported either with Grief or Anger; and then the End of Anger is Sorrow, the constant Effect of Disappointment and Repentance.

But to my Purpose. If a Man should be angry at Wickedness, the greater the Wickedness is, the greater must be his Anger; and so long as there is Wickedness in the World, he must never be pleased. Which makes his Quiet dependent upon the Humour or Manners of others. There passes not a Day over our Heads, but he that is choleric, shall have some Cause or other of Displeasure, either from Men, Accidents, or Business. He shall never stir out of his House, but he shall meet with Criminals of all Sorts; prodigal, impudent, covetous, perfidious, contentious; Children persecuting their Parents; Parents cursing their Children; the Innocent accused, the Delinquent acquitted, and the Judge practising that in his Chamber, which he condemns upon the Bench: In fine, wherever there are men, there are Faults; and upon these Terms, Socrates himself should never bring the same Countenance Home again that he carried out with him.

If Anger were sufferable in any Case, it might be allowed against an incorrigible Criminal under the Hand of Justice: But Punishment is not matter of Anger, but of Caution. The Law is without Passion, and strikes Malefactors as we do Serpents and venomous Creatures, for fear of greater Mischief. It is not for the Dignity of a Judge, when he comes to pronounce the fatal Sentence, to express any Motions of Anger in his Looks, Words, or Gestures: For he condemns the Vice, not the Man; and looks upon the Wickedness without Anger, as he does upon the Prosperity of wicked Men without Envy. But though he be not angry, I would have him a

little moved in Point of Humanity; but yet without any Offence either to his Place, or Wisdom.

Our Passions vary, but Reason is equal; and it were a great Folly for that which is stable, faithful, and sound, to repair for Succour to that which is uncertain, false, and dis-tempered. If the Offender be incurable, take him out of the World, that if he will not be good, he may cease to be evil; but this must be without Anger too. Does any Man hate an Arm, or a Leg, when he cuts it off? or reckon that a Passion, which is only a miserable Cure? We knock mad Dogs on the Head, and remove scabbed Sheep out of the Fold: And this is not Anger still, but Reason; to separate the Sick from the Sound. Justice cannot be angry; nor is there any need of an angry Magistrate, for the Punishment of foolish and wicked Men. The Power of Life and Death, must not be managed with Passion. We give a Horse the Spur, that is resty or jadish, and tries to cast his Rider. But this is without Anger too, and only to take down his Stomach, and bring him by Correction to Obedience.

It is true that Correction is necessary, yet within Reason and Bounds; for it does not hurt but profits us under an Appearance of Harm. Ill Dispositions in the Mind are to be dealt with as those in the Body; the Physician first tries Purging, and Abstinence; if this will not do, he proceeds to Bleeding, nay to dismembering rather than fail; for there is no Operation too severe that ends in Health. The public Magistrate begins with Persuasion, and his Business is to beget a Detestation of Vice, and a Veneration for Virtue: From thence, if need be, he advances to Admonition, and Reproach, and then to Punishments; but moderate and revokable, unless the Wickedness be incurable, and then the Punishment must be so too. There is only this Difference, the Physician, when he cannot save his Patient's Life, endeavours to make his Death easy; but the Magistrate aggravates the Death of the Criminal with Infamy and Disgrace; not as delighting in the Severity of it (for no good Man can be so barbarous) but for Example, and to the End that they that will do no Good living, may do some dead.

The End of all Correction, is either the Amendment of

wicked Men, or to prevent the Influence of ill Example: For Men are punished with a Respect to the Future, not to expiate Offences committed, but for fear of worse to come. Public Offenders must be a Terror to others; but still all this while, the Power of Life and Death must not be managed with Passion. The Medicine, in the mean Time, must be suited to the Disease: Infamy cures one; Pain another; Exile cures a third; Beggary a fourth; but there are some that are only to be cured by the Gibbet. I would be no more angry with a Thief, or a Traitor, than I am angry with myself when I open a Vein.

All Punishment is but a moral or civil Remedy. I do not do any Thing that is very ill, but yet I transgress often. Try me first with a private Reprehension, and then with a public; if that will not serve, see what Banishment will do; if not that neither, load me with Chains, lay me in Prison; but if I should prove wicked even for Wickedness Sake, and leave no Hope of reclaiming me, it would be a Kind of Mercy to destroy me. Vice is incorporated with me; and there is no Remedy, but the taking of both away together; but still without Anger.

CHAPTER VI

Anger in general, with the Danger and Effects of it.

THERE is no surer Argument of a great Mind than not to be transported to Anger by any Accident. The Clouds and the Tempests are formed below, but all above is quiet and serene: Which is the Emblem of a brave, Man, that suppresses all Provocations, and lives within himself, modest, venerable, and composed: Whereas Anger is a turbulent Humour, which at first Dash casts off all Shame, without any Regard to Order, Measure, or good Manners; transporting a Man into misbecoming Violences, with his Tongue, his Hands, and every part of his Body. And whoever considers the Foulness, and the Brutality of this Vice, must acknowledge, that there is no such Monster in Nature, as

one Man raging against another, and labouring to sink that, which can never be drowned, but with himself for Company. It renders us incapable, either of Discourse, or of other common Duties. It is of all Passions the most powerful: For it makes a Man that is in Love, to kill his Mistress; the ambitious Man to trample upon his Honours, and the covetous to throw away his Fortune.

There is not any Mortal that lives free from the Danger of it; for it makes even the heavy, and the good-natured to be fierce and outrageous: It invades us like a Pestilence, the lusty as well as the weak; and it is not either Strength of Body, or a good Diet, that can secure us against it; nay the learnedest, and Men otherwise of exemplary Sobriety, are infected with it. It is so potent a Passion, that Socrates durst not trust himself with it. "Sirrah" (says he to his Man), "now would I beat you, if I were not angry with you."

There is no Age or Sect of Men that escapes it. Other Vices take us one by one; but this, like an epidemical Contagion, sweeps all: Men, Women, and Children; Princes, and Beggars are carried away with it in Shoals, and Troops, as one Man. It was never seen, that a whole Nation was in love with one Woman, or unanimously bent upon one Vice: But here and there, some particular Men are tainted with some particular Crimes: Whereas in Anger, a single Word many Times inflames the whole Multitude, and Men betake themselves presently to Fire and Sword upon it: The Rabble take upon them to give Laws to their Governors; the common Soldiers to their Officers, to the Ruin not only of private Families, but of Kingdoms, turning their Arms against their own Leaders, and chusing their own Generals. There is no public Counsel; no putting of Things to the Vote; but in a Rage, the Mutineers divide from the Senate, name their Head, force the Nobility in their own Houses, and put them to Death with their own Hands. The Laws of Nations are violated, the Persons of public Ministers affronted, whole Cities infected with a general Madness, and no Respite allowed for the Abatement, or discussing, of this public Tumour. The Ships are crowded with tumultuary Soldiers. And in this rude, and ill-boding Manner they march, and act

under the Conduct only of their own Passions. Whatever comes next serves them for Arms, until at last they pay for their licentious Rashness, with the Slaughter of the whole Party: This is the Event of a heady, and inconsiderate War.

When Men's Minds are struck with the Opinion of an Injury, they fall on immediately wheresoever their Passion leads them, without either Order, Fear, or Caution, provoking their own Mischief; never at Rest, until they come to Blows; and pursuing their Revenge, even with their Bodies upon the Points of their Enemies Weapons. So that the Anger itself, is much more hurtful for us, than the Injury that provokes it; for the one is bounded, but where the other will stop no Man living knows. There are no greater Slaves certainly, than those that serve Anger, for they improve their Misfortunes by an Impatience more insupportable than the Calamity that causes it.

Nor does it rise by Degrees, as other Passions, but flashes like Gun powder blowing up all in a Moment. Neither does it only press to the Mark, but overbears every Thing in the Way to it. Other Vices drive us, but this hurries us headlong; other Passions stand firm themselves, though perhaps we cannot resist them; but this consumes, and destroys itself: It falls like Thunder, or a Tempest, with an irrevokable Violence, that gathers Strength in the Passage, and then evaporates in the Conclusion. Other Vices are unreasonable, but this is unhealthful too; other Distempers have their Intervals, and Degrees, but in this we are thrown down, as from a Precipice: There is not any Thing so amazing to others, or so destructive to itself; so proud, and insolent if it succeeds; or so extravagant, if it be disappointed. No Repulse discourages it, and for want of other Matter to work upon, it falls foul upon itself; and let the Ground be never so trivial, it is sufficient for the wildest Outrage imaginable.

It spares neither Age, Sex, nor Quality. Some People would be luxurious perchance, but that they are poor; and others lazy, if they were not persistently kept at work. The Simplicity of a Country Life keeps many Men in Ignorance of the Frauds and Impieties of Courts, and Camps: But, no Nation, or Condition of Men is exempt from the Impres-

sions of Anger, and it is equally dangerous, as well in War, as in Peace. We find that Elephants will be made familiar; Bulls will suffer Children to ride upon their Backs, and play with their Horns; Bears and Lions, by good Usage, will be brought to fawn upon their Masters; how desperate a Madness is it then for Men, after the reclaiming of the fiercest of Beasts, and the bringing of them to be tractable, and domestic, to become yet worse than Beasts one to another? Alexander had two Friends, Clytus and Lysimachus; the one he exposed to a Lion, the other to himself; and he that was turned loose to the Beast escaped. Why do we not rather make the best of a short Life, and render ourselves amiable to all while we live, and desirable when we die?

Let us bethink ourselves of our Mortality, and not squander away the little Time that we have upon Animosities and Feuds, as if it were never to be at an End. Had we not better enjoy the Pleasure of our own Life, than be still contriving how to gall and torment another's? In all our Brawlings and Contentions, never so much as dreaming of our Weakness. Do we not know that these implacable Enmities of ours lie at the Mercy of a Fever, or any petty Accident or Disappointment? Our Fate is at Hand, and the very Hour that we have set for another Man's Death, may peradventure be prevented by our own. What is it that we make all this Bustle for, and so needlessly disquiet our Minds? We are offended with our Servants, our Masters, our Princes, our Clients: It is but a little Patience, and we shall be all of us equal; so that there is no Need either of Ambushes, or of Combats. Our Wrath cannot go beyond Death; and Death will most undoubtedly come, whether we be peevish or quiet. It is Time lost to take Pains to do that, which will infallibly be done without us.

But, suppose that we would only have our Enemy banished, disgraced, or damaged, let his Punishment be more or less, it is yet too long, either for him to be inhumanly tormented, or for us ourselves to be most barbarously pleased with it. It holds in Anger as in Mourning, it must, and will at last fall of itself; let us look to it then betimes, for when it is once come to an ill Habit, we shall never want Matter

to feed it; and it is much better to overcome our Passions, than to be overcome by them.

Some Way or other, either our Parents, Children, Servants, Acquaintances, or Strangers, will be continually vexing us. We are tossed hither and thither, by our Affections, like a Feather in a Storm, and by fresh Provocations the Madness becomes perpetual. Miserable Creatures! that ever our precious Hours should be so ill employed! How prone and eager are we in our Hatred, and how backward in our Love! Were it not much better now to be making of Friendships; pacifying of Enemies; doing of good Offices both public and private, than to be still meditating of Mischief, and designing how to wound one Man in his Fame, another in his Fortune, a third in his Person? the one being so easy, innocent, and safe; and the other so difficult, impious, and hazardous. Nay, take a Man in Chains, and at the Foot of his Oppressor; how many are there, who, even in this Case, have maimed themselves in the Heat of their Violence upon others?

This untractable Passion is much more easily kept out, than governed when it is once admitted; for the stronger will give Laws to the weaker; and make Reason a Slave to the Appetite. It carries us headlong, and in the Course of our Fury, we have no more Command of our Minds, than we have of our Bodies down a Precipice; when they are once in Motion, there is no Stop till they come to the Bottom. Not but that it is possible for a Man to be warm in Winter, and not to sweat in Summer, either by the Benefit of the Place, or the Hardness of the Body; and in like Manner we may provide against Anger. But, certain it is, that Virtue and Vice can never agree in the same Subject; and one may be as well a sick Man and a sound at the same Time, as a good Man, and an angry.

Beside, if we will needs be quarrelsome, it must be either with our Superior, our Equal, or Inferior. To contend with our Superior is Folly and Madness; with our Equals it is doubtful and dangerous; and with our Inferiors, it is base. For does any Man know but that he that is now our Enemy, may come hereafter to be our Friend, over and above the Reputation of Clemency, and good Nature. And what can be

more honourable, or comfortable, than to exchange a Feud for a Friendship? The People of Rome never had more faithful Allies, than those that were at first the most obstinate Enemies: Neither had the Roman Empire ever arrived at that Height of Power, if Providence had not mingled the Vanquished with the Conquerors. There is an End of the Contest, when one Side deserts it: So that the paying of Anger with benefits puts a Period to the Controversy.

But however if it be our Fortune to transgress, let not our Anger descend to the Children, Friends, or Relations, even of our bitterest Enemies. The very Cruelty of Sylla was heightened by that Instance of incapacitating the Issue of the Proscribed. It is inhuman to instill the Hatred we have for the Father upon his Posterity. A good and a wise Man is not to be an Enemy of wicked Men, but a Reprover of them; and he is to look upon all the Drunkards, the lustful, the thankless, covetous, and ambitious, that he meets with, no otherwise than as a Physician looks upon his Patients; for he that will be angry with any Man, must be displeas'd with all; which were as ridiculous, as to quarrel with a Body for stumbling in the Dark; with one that is deaf, for not doing as you bid him; or with a School boy for loving his Play better than his Book. Democritus laughed, and Heraclitus wept at the Folly and Wickedness of the World, but we never read of an angry Philosopher.

This is undoubtedly the most detestable of Vices, even compar'd with the worst of them. Avarice scrapes and gathers together, that which somebody may be the better for: But Anger lashes out, and no Man comes off gratis. An angry Master makes one Servant run away, and another hang himself; and his Choler causes him a much greater Loss than he suffered in the Occasion of it. It is the Cause of Mourning to the Father, and of Divorce to the Husband: It makes the Magistrate odious, and gives the Candidate a Repulse. And it is worse than Luxury too, which only aims at its proper Pleasure; whereas the other is bent upon another Body's Pain. The Malevolent and the Envious content themselves only to wish another Man miserable; but it is the Business of Anger to make him so; and to wrack the Mischief

itself, not so much desiring the Hurt of another, as to inflict it.

Among the powerful, it breaks out into open War, and into a private one with the common People, but without Force or Arms. It engages us in Treacheries, perpetual Troubles, and Contentions: It alters the very Nature of a Man, and punishes itself in the Persecution of others. Humanity excites us to Love, this to Hatred; that to be beneficial to others, this to hurt them: Beside that, though it proceeds from too high a Conceit of ourselves, it is yet in effect but a narrow and contemptible Affection, especially when it meets with a Mind that is hard, and impenetrable; and returns the Dart upon the Head of him that casts it.

To take a farther View now of the miserable Consequences, and sanguinary Effects of this hideous Distemper; from hence came Slaughters, and Poisons, Wars, and Desolations, the razing, and burning of Cities; the unpeopling of Nations, and the turning of populous Countries into Desarts; public Massacres and Regicides; Princes led in Triumph; Some murdered in their Bed-chambers; others stabbed in the Senate, or cut off in the Security of their Spectacles, and Pleasures. Some there are that take Anger for a princely Quality; as Darius, who in his Expedition against the Scythians, being besought by a Nobleman that had three Sons, that he would vouchsafe to accept two of them into his Service, and leave the third at Home for a Comfort for his Father. "I will do more for you than that," says Darius, "for you shall have them all three again": So he ordered them to be slain before his Face, and left him their Bodies.

But Xerxes dealt a little better with Pythius, who had five Sons, and desired only one of them for himself. Xerxes bade him take his Choice, and he named the Eldest, whom he immediately commanded to be cut in Halves; and one Half of the Body to be laid on each Side of the Way, when his Army was to pass betwixt them. Undoubtedly a most auspicious Sacrifice; but he came afterward to the End that he deserved; for he lived to see that prodigious Power scattered, and broken; and instead of military, and victorious Troops, to be encompassed with Carcases.

But, these, you will say, were only barbarous Princes, that knew neither Civility, nor Letters: And these savage Cruelties will be imputed perchance to their Rudeness of Manners and want of Discipline. But what will you say then of Alexander the Great, that was trained up under the Institution of Aristotle himself; and killed Clytus his Favourite and School-fellow, with his own Hand, under his own Roof, and over the Freedom of a Cup of Wine? And what was his Crime? He was loath to degenerate from a Macedonian Liberty into a Persian Slavery. That is to say, he could not flatter. Lysimachus, another of his Friends, he exposed to a Lion; and this very Lysimachus, after he had escaped this Danger, was never the more merciful, when he came to reign himself; for he cut off the Ears and Nose of his Friend Telesphorus: And when he had disfigured him, that he had no longer the Face of Man, he threw him into a Dungeon, and there kept him to be shewed for a Monster, as a Strange Sight. The Place was so low, that he was fain to creep upon all four, and his Sides were galled too with the Straitness of it. In this Misery he lay half-famished in his own Filth; so odious, so terrible, and so loathsome a Spectacle, that the Horror of his Condition had even extinguished all Pity for him. Nothing was ever so unlike a Man as the poor Wretch that suffered this, saving the Tyrant that acted it.

Nor did this merciless Hardness only exercise itself among Foreigners, but the Fierceness of their Outrages and Punishments, as well as their Vices broke in upon the Romans. C. Marius, that had his Statue set up every where, and was adored as a God; L. Sylla commanded his Bones to be broken, his Eyes to be put out, his Hands to be cut off; and, as if every Wound had been a several Death, his Body to be torn to Pieces, and Catiline was the Executioner. A Cruelty, that was only fit for Marius to suffer; Sylla to command, and Catiline to act; but most dishonourable and fatal to the Commonwealth, to fall indifferently upon the Swords Points both of Citizens and of Enemies.

It was a severe Instance that of Piso too. A Soldier that had Leave to go abroad with his Comrade, came back to

the Camp at his Time, but without his Companion; Piso condemns him to die, as if he had killed him, and appoints a Centurion to see the Execution. Just as the Headsman was ready to do his Office, the other Soldier appeared, to the great Joy of the whole Field, and the Centurion bade the Executioner hold his Hand: Hereupon Piso, in a Rage, mounts the Tribunal, and sentences all three to Death: The one, because he was condemned; the other, because it was for his Sake that his Fellow soldier was condemned; the Centurion, for not obeying the Order of his Superior. An ingenious Piece of Inhumanity, to contrive how to make three Criminals, where effectually there were none.

There was a Persian King that caused the Noses of a whole Nation to be cut off, and they were to thank him that he spared their Heads. And this perhaps would have been the Fate of the Macrobiani (if Providence had not hindered it) for the Freedom they used to Cambyses's Ambassadors in not accepting the slavish Terms that were offered them. This put Cambyses into such a Rage, that he presently listed into his Service every Man that was able to bear Arms; and without either Provisions or Guides, marched immediately through dry and barren Desarts, and where never any Man had passed before him, to take his Revenge. Before he was a third Part of the Way, his Provisions failed him; his Men, at first, made shift with the Buds of Trees, boiled Leather, and the like; but soon after there was not so much as a Root or a Plant to be gotten, nor a living Creature to be seen; and then, by Lot, every tenth Man was to die, for a Nourishment to the rest, which was still worse than the Famine: But yet this passionate King went so far, till one Part of his Army was lost, and the other devoured, and till he feared that he himself might come to be served with the same Sauce. So that at last he ordered a Retreat, wanting no Delicacies all this while for himself; while his Soldiers were taking their Chance who should die miserable, or live worse. Here was an Anger taken up against a whole Nation, that neither deserved any Ill from him, nor was so much as known to him.

CHAPTER VII

The ordinary Grounds and Occasions of 'Anger.

IN this wandering State of Life, we meet with many Occasions of Trouble, and Displeasure, both great and trivial; and not a Day passes, but from Men, or Things, we have some Cause or other for Offence; as a Man must expect to be justled, dashed and crowded in a populous City. One Man deceives our Expectation: Another delays it; and if every Thing does not succeed to our Wish, we presently fall out either with the Person, the Business, the Place, our Fortune, or ourselves. Some Men value themselves upon their Wit, and will never forgive any one that pretends to lessen it: Others are inflamed by Wine; and some are distempered by Sickness, Weariness, Watchings, Love, Care, &c. Some prone to it by Heat of Constitution; but moist, dry and cold Complexions are most liable to other Affections, as Suspicion, Despair, Fear, Jealousy, &c.

But most of our Quarrels are of our own contriving. One while we suspect upon Mistake; and another while we make a great Matter of Trifles. To say the Truth, most of those Things that exasperate us, are rather Subjects of Disgust, than of Mischief: There is a large Difference betwixt opposing a Man's Satisfaction, and not assisting it; betwixt taking away, and not giving; but we reckon upon denying and deferring, as the same Thing; and interpret another's being for himself, as if he were against us. Nay, we do many Times entertain an ill Opinion of Well-doing, and a good one of the contrary: And we hate a Man for doing that very Thing which we should hate him for on the other Side, if he did not do it. We take it ill to be opposed when there is a Father perhaps, a Brother, or a Friend in the Case against us; when we should rather love a Man for it; and only wish that he could be honestly of our Party. We approve of the Fact, and detest the Doer of it. It is a base Thing to hate the Person whom we cannot but commend; but it is a great

deal worse yet, if we hate him for the very Thing that deserves Commendation.

The Things that we desire, if they be such as cannot be given to one, without being taken away from another, must needs set those People together by the Ears that desire the same Thing. One Man has a Design upon my Mistress; another upon mine Inheritance: And that which should make Friends, makes Enemies; our being all of a Mind.

The general Cause of Anger, is the Sense, or Opinion of an Injury; that is, the Opinion either of an Injury simply done, or of an Injury done which we have not deserved. Some are naturally given to Anger, others are provoked to it by Occasion; the Anger of Women and Children, is commonly sharp, but not lasting; old Men are rather querelous, and peevish. Hard Labour, Diseases, Anxiety of Thought, and whatsoever hurts the Body, or the Mind, disposes a Man to be froward, but we must not add Fire to Fire.

He that duly considers the Subject Matter of all our Controversies, and Quarrels, will find them low, and mean, not worth the Thought of a Generous Mind; but the greatest Noise of all is about Money. This is it, that sets Fathers and Children together by the Ears; Husbands and Wives; and makes Way for Sword and Poison: This it is that tries our Courts of Justice, enrages Princes, and lays Cities in the Dust, to seek for Gold and Silver in the Ruins of them. This is it that finds Work for the Judge, to determine which Side is least in the wrong; and whose is the most plausible Avarice, the Plaintiff, or the Defendant's: And what is it that we contend for all this while, but those Baubles that make us cry, when we should laugh? To see a rich old Cuss, that has nobody to leave his Estate to, break his Heart for a Handful of Dirt; and a gouty Usurer that has no other Use of his fingers left him, but to count withal; to see him, I say, in the Extremity of his Fit, wrangling for the odd Money in his Interest:—If all that is precious in Nature were gathered into one Mass, it were not worth the Trouble of a sober Mind.

It were endless to run over all those ridiculous Passions that are moved about Meats, and Drinks, and the Matter of our Luxury; nay, about Words, Looks, Actions, Jealousies,

Mistakes, which are all of them as contemptible Fooleries, as those very Baubles that Children scratch and cry for. There is nothing great, or serious in all that which we keep such a Clutter about; the Madness of it is, that we set too great a Value upon Trifles. One Man flies out upon a Salute, a Letter, a Speech, a Question, a Gesture, a Wink, a Look. An Action moves one Man; a Word affects another: One man is tender of his Family; another of his Person; one sets up for an Orator, another for a Philosopher: This Man will not bear Pride, nor that Man Opposition. He that plays the Tyrant at Home, is as gentle as a Lamb Abroad. Some take Offence if a Man ask a Favour of them, and others if he does not. Every Man has his weak Side; let us learn which that is, and take Care of it; for the same Thing does not work upon all Men alike. We are moved like Beasts, at the idle Appearances of Things; and the fiercer the Creature, the more it is startled. The Sight of a red Coat enrages a Bull; a Shadow provokes the Asp; nay, so unreasonable are some Men, that they take moderate Benefits for Injuries; and squabble about it with their nearest Relations: "They have done this and that for others," they cry; "and they might have dealt better with us if they had pleased." Very good! And if it be less than we looked for, it may be yet more than we deserve.

Of all unquiet Humours, this is the worst, that will never suffer any Man to be happy, so long as he sees a happier Man than himself. I have known some Men so weak, as to think themselves contemned, if a Horse did not play the Jade with them, that is yet obedient to another Rider. A brutal Folly to be offended at a mute Animal; for no Injury can be done us without the Concurrence of Reason. A Beast may hurt us, as a Sword, or a Stone, and no otherwise. Nay, there are, that will complain of foul Weather, or raging Sea, a biting Winter, as if it were expressly directed to them; and this they charge upon Providence, whose Operations are all of them so far from being injurious, that they are beneficial to us.

How vain and idle are many of those Things that make us stark mad! A resty Horse, the overturning of a Glass, the falling of a Key, the Dragging of a Chair, a Jealousy, a

Misconstruction. How shall that Man endure the Extremities of Hunger, and Thirst, that flies out into Rage for putting of a little too much Water in his Wine? What Haste is there to lay a Servant by the Heels, or break a Leg or an Arm immediately for it; as if he were not to have the same Power over him an Hour after, that he has at that Instant? The Answer of a Servant, a Wife, a Tenant, puts some People out of all Patience; and yet they can quarrel with the Government for not allowing them the same Liberty in Public, which they themselves deny to their own Families. If they say nothing, it is Contumacy: If they speak, or laugh, it is Insolence. As if a Man had his Ears given him only for Music; whereas we must suffer all Sorts of Noises, good and bad, both of Man and Beasts. How idle is it to start at the tinkling of a Bell, or the creaking of a Door, when for all this Delicacy, we must endure Thunder?

Neither are our Eyes less curious and fantastical than our Ears. When we are Abroad, we can bear well enough with foul Ways, nasty Streets, noisome Ditches; but a Spot upon a Dish at Home, or an unswept Hearth, absolutely distracts us. And what is the Reason, but that we are patient in the one Place, and fantastically peevish in the other? Nothing makes us more intemperate than Luxury, that shrinks at every Stroke, and starts at every Shadow. It is Death to some to have another sit above them, as if a Body were ever the more or the less honest for the Cushion.

But they are only weak Creatures that think themselves wounded if they are but touched. One of the Sybarities, that saw a Fellow hard at work a-digging, desired him to give over, for it made him weary to see him: And it was an ordinary Complaint with him, That he could take no Rest, because the Rose-leaves lay double under him.

When we are once weakened with our Pleasures, every Thing grows intolerable. And we are angry as well with those Things that cannot hurt us, as with those that do. We tear a Book, because it is blotted; and our Cloaths because they are not well made: Things that neither deserve our Anger, nor feel it. The Taylor perchance did his best, or however had no Intent to displease us: If so, first, Why should

we be angry at all: Secondly, Why should we be angry with the Thing for the Man's Sake? Nay, our Anger extends even to Dogs, Horses, and other Beasts.

It was a blasphemous and a sottish Extravagance that of Caius Cæsar, who challenged Jupiter for making such a Noise with his Thunder that he could not hear his Mimicks, and so invented a Machine in Imitation of it, to oppose Thunder to Thunder; a brutal Conceit, to imagine, either that he could reach the Almighty, or that the Almighty could not reach him.

And every Jot as ridiculous, though not so impious, was that of Cyrus; who, in his Design upon Babylon, found a River in his Way that put a Stop to his March: The Current was strong, and carried away one of the Horses that belonged to his own Chariot: Upon this he swore, that since it had obstructed his Passage, it should never hinder any Body's else; and presently set his whole Army to work upon it, which diverted it into a hundred and fourscore Channels, and laid it dry. In this ignoble and unprofitable Employment, he lost his Time, and the Soldiers their Courage, and gave his Adversaries an Opportunity of providing themselves, while he was waging War with a River, instead of an Enemy.

CHAPTER VIII

Advice in the Cases of Contumely and Revenge.

OF Provocations to Anger there are two Sorts; there is an Injury, and there is a Contumely. The former in its own Nature is the heavier; the other slight in itself, and only troublesome to a wounded Imagination. And yet some there are that will bear Blows, and Death itself, rather than contumelious Words. A Contumely is an Indignity below the Consideration of the very Law; and not worthy either of a Revenge, or so much as a Complaint. It is only the Vexation, and Infirmity of a weak Mind, as well as the Practice of a haughty and insolent Nature, and signifies no more to a wise and sober Man than an idle Dream, that is no sooner

past than forgotten. It is true, it implies Contempt; but what needs any Man care for being contemptible to others, if he be not so to himself? For a Child in the Arms to strike the Mother, tear the Hair, claw the Face of her, and call her Names; that goes for nothing with us, because the Child knows not what he does.

Neither are we moved at the Impudence, and Bitterness of a Buffoon; though he fall upon his own Master, as well as the Guests: But on the contrary, we encourage and entertain the Freedom. Are we not mad then to be delighted and displeas'd with the same Thing, and to take that as an Injury from one Man, which passes only for a Raillery from another?

He that is wise, will behave himself toward all Men as we do to our Children: For they are but Children too, though they have grey Hairs: They are indeed of a larger Size, and their Errors are grown up with them; they live without Rule, they call without Choice, they are timorous and unsteady; and if at any Time they happen to be quiet, it is more out of Fear, than Reason.

It is a wretched Condition to stand in Awe of every Body's Tongue; and whosoever is vext at a Reproach would be proud if he were commended. We should look upon Contumelies, Slanders, and ill Words, only as the Clamour of Enemies, or Arrows shot at a Distance, that make a Clattering upon our Arms, but do no Execution. A Man makes himself less than his Adversary, by fancying that he is contemned. Things are only ill, that are ill taken; and it is not for a Man of Worth to think himself better or worse for the Opinion of others.

He that thinks himself injured, let him say, "Either I have deserved this, or I have not. If I have, it is a Judgment: If I have not, it is an Injustice; and the Doer of it has more Reason to be ashamed than the Sufferer."

Nature has assigned every Man his Post, which he is bound in Honour to maintain, let him be never so much pressed. Diogenes was disputing of Anger, and an insolent young Fellow, to try if he could put him beside his Philosophy, spit in his Face: "Young Man," says Diogenes,

“this does not make me angry yet; but I am in some Doubt whether I should be so or no.”

Some are so impatient, that they cannot bear a Contumely, even from a Woman; whose very Beauty, Greatness, and Ornaments, are all of them little enough to vindicate her from many Indecencies, without much Modesty and Discretion. Nay, they will lay it to Heart even from the meanest of Servants.

How wretched is that Man whose Peace lies at the Mercy of the People? A Physician is not angry at the Intemperance of a mad Patient; nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a Man in a Fever: Just so should a wise Man treat all Mankind, as a Physician does his Patient; and looking upon them only as sick, and extravagant; let their Words and Actions, whether good, or bad, go equally for nothing; attending still his Duty, even in the coarsest Offices that may conduce to their Recovery. Men that are proud, froward, and powerful, he values their Scorn as little as their Quality, and looks upon them no otherwise, than as People in the Access of a Fever. If a Beggar worships him, or if he takes no Notice of him, it is all one to him; and with a rich Man he makes it the same Case. Their Honours, and their Injuries, he accounts much alike; without rejoicing at the one, or grieving at the other.

In these Cases, the Rule is to pardon all Offences, where there is any Sign of Repentance, or Hope of Amendment. It does not hold in Injuries, as in Benefits, the Requiting of the one with the other: For it is a Shame to overcome in the one, and in the other to be overcome.

It is the Part of a great Mind to despise Injuries; and it is one Kind of Revenge, to neglect a Man as not worth it: For it makes the first Aggressor too considerable. Our Philosophy methinks might carry us up to the Bravery of a generous Mastiff, that can hear the Barking of a thousand Curs, without taking any Notice of them.

He that receives an Injury from his Superior, it is not enough for him to bear it with Patience, and without any Thought of Revenge; but he must receive it with a cheerful Countenance, and look as if he did not understand it too; for if he appear too sensible, he shall be sure to have more

of it. It is a damned Humour in great Men, that whom they wrong they will hate. It was well answered of an old Courtier, that was asked, how he kept so long in Favour? "Why," says he, "by receiving Injuries, and crying Your humble Servant for them."

Some Men take it for an Argument of Greatness, to have Revenge in their Power; but so far is he that is under the Dominion of Anger, from being great, that he is not so much as free. Not but that Anger is a kind of Pleasure to some in the Act of Revenge: But the very Word is inhuman, though it may pass for honest. Virtue, in short, is impenetrable, and Revenge is only the Confession of an Infirmity.

It is a fantastical Humour, that the same Jest in private, should make us merry, and yet enrage us in public; nay, we will not allow the Liberty that we take. Some Railleries we account pleasant, others bitter: A Conceit upon a Squint Eye, a Hunch back, or any personal Defect, passes for a Reproach. And why may we not as well hear it, as see it? Nay, if a Man imitates our Gait, Speech, or any natural Imperfection, it puts us out of all Patience, as if the Counterfeit were more grievous, than the doing of the Thing itself.

Some cannot endure to hear of their Age, nor others of their Poverty; and they make the Thing the more taken Notice of, the more they desire to hide it. Some bitter Jest (for the Purpose) was broken upon you at the Table; keep better Company then. In the Freedom of Cups a sober Man will hardly contain himself within Bounds. It sticks with us extremely sometimes, that the Porter will not let us into his great Master. Will any but a Madman quarrel with a Cur for barking, when he may pacify him with a Crust? What have we to do but to keep farther off, and laugh at him?

Fidus Cornelius (a tall, slim Fellow) fell downright a crying in the Senate-house, at Corbulo's saying, that he looked like an Estriche. He was a Man that made nothing of a Dash upon his life, and Manners; but it was worse than Death to him, a Reflexion upon his Person.

No Man was ever ridiculous to others, that laught at himself first; it prevents Mischief, and it is a spiteful Disappointment of those that take Pleasure in such Abuses. Vati-

nius (a Man that was made up of Scorn, and Hatred, scurrilous, and impudent to the highest Degree, but most abusively witty, and with all this he was diseased and deformed to Extremity) his Way was always to begin to make Sport with himself, and so he prevented the Mockery of other People.

There are none more abusive to others, than they that lie most open to it themselves; but the Humour goes round, and he that laughs at me To-day will have some Body to laugh at him To-morrow, and revenge my Quarrel. But however there are some Liberties that will never go down with some Men.

Asiaticus Valerius (one of Caligula's particular Friends, and a Man of Stomach, that would not easily digest an Affront) Caligula told him in public what kind of Bedfellow his Wife was. Good God! that ever any Man should hear this, or a Prince speak it, especially to a Man of Consular Authority, a Friend, and a Husband; and in such a Manner too, as at once to own his Disgust, and his Adultery.

The Tribune Chæreas had a weak broken Voice, like an Hermaphrodite; when he came to Caligula for the Word, he would give him sometimes Venus, other whiles Priapus; as a Slur upon him both Ways. Valerius was afterwards the principal Instrument in the Conspiracy against him; and Chæreas, to convince him of his Manhood, at one Blow cleft him down the Chine with his Sword. No Man was so forward as Caligula to break a Jest, and no Man more unwilling to bear it.

CHAPTER IX

Cautions against Anger in the Matter of Education, Converse, and other general Means of preventing it, both in ourselves and others.

ALL that we have to say in particular upon this subject lies under these two Heads; First, that we do not fall into Anger; and secondly, that we do not transgress in it. As in the Case of our Bodies, we have some Medicines to preserve us when we are well, and others to recover us when we are sick; so it

is one Thing not to admit it, and another Thing to overcome it. We are, in the first Place, to avoid all Provocations, and the Beginnings of Anger: For if we be once down, it is a hard Task to get up again: When our Passion has got the better of our Reason, and the Enemy is received into the Gate, we cannot expect that the Conqueror should take Conditions from the Prisoner. And the Truth, our Reason, when it is thus mastered, turns effectually into Passion. A careful Education is a great Matter, for our Minds are easily formed in our Youth, but it is a harder Business to cure ill Habits: Beside that, we are inflamed by Climate, Constitution, Company, and a thousand other Accidents that we are not aware of.

The Choice of a good Nurse, and a well-natured Tutor, goes a great Way; for the Sweetness both of the Blood, and of the Manners, will pass into the Child. There is nothing breeds Anger more than a soft and effeminate Education; and it is very seldom seen, that either the Mother's or the School-master's Darling ever comes to good. But, my young Master, when he comes into the World, behaves himself like a choleric Coxcomb; for Flattery, and a great Fortune nourish Touchiness. But it is a nice Point, so to check the Seeds of Anger in a Child, so as not to take off his Edge and quench his Spirits, whereof a principal Care must be taken, betwixt Licence and Severity, that he be neither too much emboldened, nor depressed. Commendation gives him Courage and Confidence; but then the Danger is, of blowing him into Insolence, and Wrath: So that when to use the Bit, and when the Spur, is the main Difficulty.

Never put him to a Necessity of begging any Thing basely; or, if he does, let him go without it. Enure him to a Familiarity, where he has any Emulation: And in all his Exercises let him understand, that it is generous to overcome his Competitor, but not to hurt him. Allow him to be pleased when he does well, but not transported; for that will puff him up into too high a Conceit of himself. Give him nothing that he cries for, until the dogged Fit is over, but then let him have it when he is quiet; to shew him that there is nothing to be gotten by being peevish. Chide him for whatever he does

amiss, and make him betimes acquainted with the Fortune that he was born to. Let his Diet be cleanly, but sparing; and clothe him like the rest of his Fellows: For by placing him upon that Equality at first, he will be the less proud afterwards: And consequently the less waspish and quarrelsome.

In the next Place, let us have a Care of Temptations that we cannot resist, and Provocations that we cannot bear; and especially of sour and exceptious Company: For a cross Humour is contagious: Nor is it all, that a Man shall be the better for the Example of a quiet Conversation; but an angry Disposition is troublesome, because it has nothing else to work upon. We should therefore chuse a sincere, easy, and temperate Companion, that will neither provoke Anger, nor return it; nor give a Man any Occasion of exercising his Distempers.

Nor is it enough to be gentle, submiss, and humane, without Integrity and plain Dealing: For Flattery is as offensive on the other Side. Some Men would take a Cure from you better than a Compliment. Cælius, a passionate Orator, had a Friend of singular Patience, that supped with him; who had no Way to avoid a Quarrel, but by saying Amen to all that Cælius said. Cælius, taking this ill; "Say something against me," says he, "that you and I may be two;" and he was angry with him because he would not; but the Dispute fell, as it needs must, for want of an Opponent.

He that is naturally addicted to Anger, let him use a moderate Diet, and abstain from Wine, for it is but adding Fire to Fire. Gentle Exercises, Recreations, and Sports, temper and sweeten the Mind. Let him have a Care also of long and obstinate Disputes, for it is easier not to begin them, than to put an End to them.

Severe Studies are not good for him neither: As Law, Mathematics; too much Intention preys upon the Spirits, and makes him eager. But Poetry, History, and those lighter Entertainments may serve him for Diversion and Relief.

He that would be quiet, must not venture at Things out of his Reach, nor beyond his Strength; for he shall either stagger under the Burden, or discharge it upon the next Man he meets; which is the same Case in civil and domestic

'Affairs. Business that is ready and practical goes off with Ease; but when it is too heavy for the Bearer, they fall both together. Whatsoever we design, we should first take a Measure of ourselves, and compare our Force with the Undertaking, for it vexes a Man not to go through with his Work: A Repulse inflames a generous Nature, as it makes one that is phlegmatic, sad.

I have known some that have advised looking into a Glass when a Man is in the Fit, and the very Spectacle of his own Deformity has cured him. Many that are troublesome in their Drink, and know their own Infirmity, give their Servants Order before-hand, to take them away by Force for Fear of Mischief, and not to obey their Masters themselves when they are hot-headed. If the Thing were duly considered, we should need no other Cure than the bare Consideration of it. We are not angry at Madmen, Children, and Fools, because they do not know what they do: And why should not Imprudence have an equal Privilege in other Cases! If a Horse kick, or a Dog bite, shall a Man kick or bite again? The one, it is true, is wholly void of Reason, but it is also an equivalent Darkness of Mind, that possesses the other.

So long as we are among Men, let us cherish Humanity; and so live, that no Man may be either in Fear, or in Danger of us. Losses, Injuries, Reproaches, Calumnies, they are but short Inconveniences, and we should bear them with Resolution. Beside that, some People are above our Anger, others below it. To contend with our Superiors were a Folly, and with our Inferiors an Indignity.

There is hardly a more effectual Remedy against Anger than Patience, and Consideration. Let but the first Fervour abate, and that Mist which darkens the Mind, will be either lessened or dispelled; a Day, nay, an Hour does much in the most violent Cases, and perchance totally suppresses it: Time discovers the Truth of Things, and turns that into Judgment which at first was Anger. Plato was about to strike his Servant, and while his Hand was in the Air, he checked himself, but still held it in that menacing Posture. A Friend of his took Notice of it, and asked him what he meant: "I am now," says Plato, "punishing of an angry Man." So that

he had left his Servant to chastise himself. Another Time, his Servant having committed a great Fault: "Speusippus," says he, "Do you beat that Fellow, for I am angry:" So that he forbore striking him for the very Reason that would have made another Man have done it. "I am angry," says he, "and shall go farther than becomes me."

Nor is it fit that a Servant should be in his Power that is not his own Master. Why should any one venture now to trust an angry Man with a Revenge, when Plato durst not trust himself? Either he must govern that, or that will undo him. Let us do our best to overcome it; but let us however keep it close without giving it any Vent.

An angry Man, if he gives himself Liberty at all Times, will go too far. If it comes once to shew itself in the Eye, or Countenance, it has got the better of us. Nay, we should so oppose it, as to put on the very contrary Dispositions: Calm Looks, soft and slow Speech; an easy and deliberate March, and by little and little we may possibly bring our Thoughts into a sober Conformity with our Actions. When Socrates was angry, he would take himself in it, and speak low, in Opposition to the Motions of his Displeasure. His Friends would take Notice of it; and it was not to his Disadvantage neither, but rather to his Credit, that so many should know that he was angry, and no-body feel it; which could never have been, if he had not given his Friends the same Liberty of Admonition which he himself took.

And this Course should we take: We should desire our Friends not to flatter us in our Follies, but to treat us with all Liberties of Reprehension, even when we are least willing to hear it, against so powerful, and so insinuating an Evil; we should call for Help, while we have our Eyes in our Head, and are yet Masters of ourselves. Moderation is profitable for Subjects, but more for Princes, who have the Means of executing all that their Anger prompts them to. When that Power comes once to be exercised to a common Mischief, it can never long continue, a common Fear joining in one Cause all their divided Complaints. In a Word now, how we may prevent, moderate, or master this impotent Passion in others.

It is not enough to be found ourselves, unless we

endeavour to make others so, wherein we must accommodate the Remedy to the Temper of the Patient. Some are to be dealt with by Artifice and Address; as for Example, *Why will you gratify your Enemies, to shew yourself so much concerned? It is not worth your Anger; it is below you; I am as much troubled at it myself, as you can be; but you had better say nothing, and take your Time to be even with them.*

Anger in some People is to be openly opposed; in others there must be a little yielding, according to the Disposition of the Person. Some are won by Intreaties, others are gained by mere Shame and Conviction; and some by Delay; a dull Way of Cure for a violent Distemper: But this must be the last Experiment. Other Affections may be better dealt with at Leisure: For they proceed gradually; but this commences, and perfects itself in the same Moment. It does not, like other Passions, solicit, and mis-lead us, but runs away with us by Force; and hurries us on with irresistible Temerity, as well to our own, as to another's Ruin: Not only flying in the Face of him that provokes us, but like a Torrent, bearing down all before it. There is no encountering the first Heat and Fury of it, for it is deaf and mad. The best Way is (in the Beginning) to give it Time and Rest, and let it spend itself: While the Passion is too hot to handle, we may deceive it: But however, let all Instruments of Revenge be put out of the Way. It is not amiss sometimes to pretend to be angry too; and join with him, not only in the Opinion of the Injury, but in the seeming Contrivance of a Revenge. But this must be a Person then that has some Authority over him. This is a Way to get Time, and by advising upon some greater Punishment, to delay the present: If the Passion be outrageous, try what Shame or Fear can do. If weak, it is no hard Matter to amuse it by strange Stories, grateful News, or pleasant Discourses. Deceit in this Case, is Friendship; for Men must be cozened to be cured.

The Injuries that press hardest upon us, are those which either we have not deserved, or not expected, or at least not in so high a Degree. This arises from the Love of ourselves: For every Man takes upon him like a Prince in this Case to practise all Liberties, and to allow none. Which proceeds

either from Ignorance or Insolence. What News is it for People to do ill Things? For an Enemy to hurt; nay, for a Friend or a Servant to transgress, and to prove treacherous, ungrateful, covetous, impious? What we find in one Man, we may in another, and there is no more Security in Fortune, than in Men. Our Joys are mingled with Fear, and a Tempest may arise out of a Calm; but a skilful Pilot is always provided for it.

CHAPTER X

Against rash Judgment.

It is good for every Man to fortify himself on his weak Side. And if he loves his Peace, he must not be inquisitive, and hearken to Tale-bearers; for the Man that is over curious to hear and see every Thing, multiplies Troubles to himself; for a Man does not feel, what he does not know. He that is listening after private Discourse, and what People say of him, shall never be at Peace. How many Things that are innocent in themselves, are made injurious yet, by Misconstruction? Wherefore some Things we are to pause upon, others to laugh at, and others again to pardon. Or if we cannot avoid the Sense of Indignities, let us however shun the open Profession of it; which may easily be done, as appears by many Examples of those that have suppressed their Anger, under the Awe of a greater Fear.

It is a good Caution not to believe any Thing until we are very certain of it; for many probable Things prove false, and a short Time will make Evidence of the undoubted Truth. We are prone to believe many Things which we are unwilling to hear; and so we conclude, and take up a Prejudice before we can judge. Never condemn a Friend unheard; or without letting him know his Accuser, or his Crime. It is a common Thing to say, "Do not you tell that you had it from me; for if you do, I will deny it, and never tell you any Thing again." By which Means, Friends are set together by the Ears, and the Informer slips his Neck out of the Collar. Admit no Stories upon these Terms; for it is an unjust Thing to believe in pri-

vate, and to be angry openly. He that delivers himself up to Guess and Conjecture, runs a great Hazard; for there can be no Suspicion without some probable Grounds; so that without much Candour, and Simplicity, and making the best of every Thing, there is no living in Society with Mankind.

Some Things that offend us we have by Report; others we see, or hear. In the first Case, let us not be too credulous: Some People frame Stories that they may deceive us; others only tell what they hear, and are deceived themselves. Some make it their Sport to do ill Offices; others do them, only to pick a Thank: There are some that would part the dearest Friends in the World; others love to do Mischief, and stand aloof off, to see what comes on it. If it be a small Matter, I would have Witnesses; but if it be a greater, I would have it upon Oath, and allow Time to the Accused, and Council too, and hear over and over again.

In those Cases where we ourselves are Witnesses, we should take into Consideration all the Circumstances: If a Child, it was Ignorance: If a Woman, a Mistake: If done by Command, a Necessity: If a Man be injured, it is but *Quid pro quo*. If a Judge, he knows what he does: If a Prince, I must submit; either, if guilty, to Justice, or if innocent, to Fortune: If a Brute, I make myself one by imitating it: If a Calamity, or Disease, my best Relief is Patience: If Providence, it is both impious and vain to be angry at it: If a good Man, I will make the best of it: If a bad, I will never wonder at it.

Nor is it only by Tales, and Stories, that we are inflamed, but Suspicions, Countenances: Nay, a Look, or a Smile is enough to blow us up. In these Cases let us suspend our Displeasure, and plead the Cause of the Absent. *Perhaps he is innocent; or if not, I have Time to consider of it, and may take my Revenge at Leisure*: But when it is once executed, it is not to be recalled.

A jealous Head is apt to take that to himself which was never meant him. Let us therefore trust to nothing but what we see; and chide ourselves where we are over-credulous. By this Course we shall not be so easily imposed upon; nor put to Trouble ourselves about Things not worth the while; as

the loitering of a Servant upon an Errand, the tumbling of a Bed, or the spoiling of a Glass of Drink. It is a Madness to be disordered at these Fooleries; we consider the Thing done, and not the Doer of it. *It may be he did it unwillingly, or by Chance. It was a Trick put upon him, or he was forced to it. He did it for Reward perhaps, not Hatred; nor of his own Accord, but he was egged on to it.* Nay, some Regard must be had to the Age of the Person, or to Fortune; and we must consult Humanity, and Candour in the Case. One does me a great Mischief, at unawares; another does me a very small one by Design; or peradventure none at all, but intended me one. The latter was more in Fault, but I will be angry with neither.

We must distinguish betwixt what a Man cannot do, and what he will not. *It is true, he has once offended me; but how often has he pleased me? He has offended me often, and in other Kinds, and why should I not bear it as well now as I have done? Is he my Friend? Why then it was against his Will. Is he my Enemy? It is no more than I looked for.* Let us give way to wise Men, and not squabble with Fools: And say this to ourselves, "We have all of us our Errors;" no Man is so circumspect, so considerate, or so fearful of offending, but he has much to answer for.

A generous Prisoner cannot immediately comply with the sordid and laborious Offices of a Slave. A Footman that is not breathed, cannot keep Pace with his Master's Horse. He that is over-watched may be allowed to be drowsy. All these Things are to be weighed, before we give any Ear to the first Impulse. If it be my Duty to love my Country, I must be kind also to all my Countrymen: If a Veneration be due to the whole, so is a Piety also to the Parts: And it is the common Interest to preserve them. We are all Members of one Body, and it is as natural to help one another, as for the Hands to help the Feet, or the Eyes the Hands. Without the Love, and Care of the Parts, the whole can never be preserved; and we must spare one another, because we are born for Society, which cannot be maintained without a Regard to Particulars.

Let this be a Rule to us never to deny a Pardon that does

no Hurt either to the Giver or Receiver. That may be well enough in one, which is ill in another; and therefore we are not to condemn any Thing that is common to a Nation: For Custom defends it. But much more pardonable are those Things which are common to Mankind.

It is a kind of spiteful Comfort, that whoever does me an Injury, may receive one; and that there is a Power over him that is above me. A Man should stand as firm against all Indignities, as a Rock does against the Waves. And it is some Satisfaction to a Man in a mean Condition, that there is no Security in a more prosperous; and as the Loss of a Son in a Corner is borne with more Patience, upon the Sight of a Funeral carried out of a Palace; so are Injuries, and Contempts, the more tolerable from a meaner Person; when we consider, that the greatest Men and Fortunes are not exempt.

The wisest also of Mortals have their Failings, and no Man living is without the same Excuse. The Difference is, that we do not all of us transgress the same way: But we are obliged in Humanity to bear with one another. We should every one of us, bethink ourselves how remiss we have been in our Duties; how immodest in our Discourses; how intemperate in our Cups: And why not as well how extravagant we have been in our Passions. Let us clear ourselves of this Evil, purge our Minds, and utterly root out all those Vices, which, upon leaving the least Sting, will grow again, and recover. We must think of every Thing, expect every Thing, that we may not be surprized. It is a Shame, says Fabius, for a Commander to excuse himself by saying, "I was not aware of it."

CHAPTER XI

Take nothing ill from another Man, until you have made it your own Case.

It is not prudent to deny a Pardon to any Man without first examining, if we do not stand in need of it ourselves; for it may be our Lot to ask it, even at his Feet, to whom we refuse it. But we are willing enough to do, what we

are very unwilling to suffer. It is unreasonable to charge public Vices upon particular Persons: For we are all of us wicked, and that which we blame in others, we find in ourselves. It is not a Paleness in one, or a Leanness in another, but a Pestilence that has laid hold upon all. It is a wicked World, and we make Part of it; and the Way to be quiet, is to bear one with another. "Such a Man," we cry, "has done me a shrewd Turn, and I never did him any Hurt." Well, but it may be, I have mischieved other People, or at least I may live to do as much to him, as that comes to. "Such a one has spoken ill Things of me;" but if I first speak Ill of him, as I do of many others, this is not an Injury, but a Repayment. What if he did over-shoot himself? He was loth to lose his Conceit perhaps, but there was no Malice in it; and if he had not done me a Mischief, he must have done himself one. How many good Offices are there that look like Injuries? Nay, how many have been reconciled, and good Friends, after a professed Hatred?

Before we lay any Thing to Heart, let us ask ourselves if we have not done the same Thing to others. But where shall we find an equal Judge? He that loves another Man's Wife (only perhaps because she is another's) will not suffer his own to be so much as looked upon. No man so fierce against Calumny, as an Evil speaker; none so strict Exacters of Modesty in a Servant, as those that are most prodigal of their own. We carry our Neighbour's Crime in Sight, and we throw our own over our Shoulders. The Intemperance of a bad Son is chastised by a worse Father; and the Luxury that we punish in others, we allow to ourselves. The Tyrant exclaims against Homicide; and Sacrilegious against Theft. We are angry with the Persons, but not with the Faults.

Some Things there are that cannot hurt us, and others will not: As good Magistrates, Parents, Tutors, Judges; whose Reproof or Correction we are to take, as we do Abstinence, Bleeding, and other uneasy Things, which we are the better for. In which Cases, we are not so much to reckon upon what we suffer, as upon what we have done. "I take it ill," says one; "and I have done nothing," says another: When at the same Time we make it worse, by adding

Arrogance, and Contumacy to our first Error. We cry out presently, "What Law have we transgressed?" As if the Letter of the Law were the Sum of our Duty, and that Piety, Humanity, Liberty, Justice and Faith, were Things beside our Business. No, no, the Rule of human Duty is of a greater Latitude; and we have many Obligations upon us, that are not to be found in the Statute Books. And yet we fall short of the Exactness, even of that legal Innocency. We have intended one Thing, and done another; wherein only the want of Success has kept us from being Criminals. This very Thing, methinks, should make us more favourable to Delinquents, and to forgive not only ourselves, but the Gods too; of whom we seem to have harder Thoughts, in taking that to be a particular Evil directed to us, that befalls us only by the common Law of Mortality.

In fine, no Man living can absolve himself to his Conscience, though to the World, perhaps, he may. It is true, that we are also condemned to Pains and Diseases, and to Death too, which is no more than the quitting of the Soul's House. But, why should any Man complain of Bondage, that wheresoever he looks has his Way open to Liberty? That Precipice, that Sea, that River, that Well, there is Freedom in the Bottom of it. It hangs upon every crooked Bough; and not only a Man's Throat, or his Heart, but every Vein in his Body opens a Passage to it.

To conclude, Where my proper Virtue fails me, I will have recourse to Examples, and say to myself, Am I greater than Philip or Augustus, who both of them put up greater Reproaches? Many have pardoned their Enemies, and shall not I forgive a Neglect, a little Freedom of the Tongue? Nay the Patience but of a second Thought does the Business; for, though the first Shock be violent, take it in Parts, and it is subdued. And, to wind up all in one Word; the great Lesson of Mankind, as well in this, as in all other Cases, is, to do as we would be done by.

CHAPTER XII

Of CRUELTY.

THERE is so near an Affinity betwixt Anger, and Cruelty, that many People confound them: As if Cruelty were only the Execution of Anger in the Payment of a Revenge; which holds in some Cases, but not in others. There are a Sort of Men that take Delight in the spilling of Human Blood; and in the Death of those that never did them any Injury, nor were ever so much as suspected for it; as Apollodorus, Phalaris, Sinis, Procrustus, and others, that burnt Men alive; whom we cannot so properly call angry, as brutal. For Anger does necessarily pre-suppose an Injury, either done, or conceived, or feared; but the other takes Pleasure in tormenting, without so much as pretending any Provocation to it, and kills merely for killing Sake.

The Original of this Cruelty perhaps was Anger; which by frequent Exercise and Custom, has lost all Sense of Humanity and Mercy; and they that are thus affected, are so far from the Countenance and Appearance of Men in Anger, that they will laugh, rejoice and entertain themselves with the most horrid Spectacles; as Racks, Goals, Gibbets, several Sorts of Chains and Punishments; Dilaceration of Members, Stigmatizings, and wild Beasts, with other exquisite Inventions of Torture: And yet at last the Cruelty itself is more horrid, and odious, than the Means by which it works. It is a bestial Madness to love Mischief; beside, that it is womanish to rage and tear; a generous Beast will scorn to do it, when he has any Thing at his Mercy. It is a Vice for Wolves, and Tigers; and no less abominable to the World, than dangerous to itself.

The Romans had their Morning, and their Meridian Spectacles. In the former, they had their Combats of Men with wild Beasts; and in the latter, the Men fought one with another. I went (says our Author) the other Day to the Meridian Spectacles, in hope of meeting somewhat of Mirth, and Diversion, to sweeten the Humour of those that had been

entertained with Blood in the Morning: But, it proved otherwise; for compared with this Inhumanity, the former was a Mercy. The whole Business was only Murder upon Murder; the Combatants fought naked, and every Blow was a Wound. They did not contend for Victory, but for Death; and he that kills one Man, is to be killed by another. By wounds they are forced upon Wounds, which they take, and give, upon the bare Breasts. "Burn that Rogue," they cry! "What? Is he afraid of his Flesh? Do but see how sneakingly that Rascal dies." *Look to yourselves, my Masters, and consider of it: Who knows but this may come to be your own Case?* Wicked Examples seldom fail of coming home at last to the Authors.

To destroy a single Man, may be dangerous; but to murder whole Nations, is only a more glorious Wickedness. Private Avarice and Rigour are condemned: But Oppression, when it comes to be authorized by an Act of State, and to be publicly commanded, though particularly forbidden, becomes a Point of Dignity and Honour. What a Shame is it for Men to enterworry one another, when yet the fiercest even of Beasts are at Peace with those of their own Kind? This brutal Fury puts Philosophy itself to a Stand. The Drunkard, the Glutton, the Covetous, may be reduced; nay, and the Mischief of it is, that no Vice keeps itself within its proper Bounds. Luxury runs into Avarice, and when the Reverence of Virtue is extinguished, Men will flick at nothing that carries Profit along with it. Man's Blood is shed in Wantonness; his Death is a Spectacle for Entertainment, and his Groans are Music. When Alexander delivered up Lysimachus to a Lion, how glad would he have been to have Nails and Teeth to have devoured him himself? It would have too much derogated, he thought, from the Dignity of Wrath, to have appointed a Man for the Execution of his Friend. Private Cruelties, it is true, cannot do much Mischief, but in Princes they are a War against Mankind.

C. Cæsar would commonly, for Exercise and Pleasure, put Senators and Roman Knights to the Torture; and whip several of them, like Slaves, or put them to Death with the most exquisite Torments, merely for the Satisfaction of his

Cruelty. That *Cæsar* that *wished the People of Rome had but one Neck, that he might cut it off at one Blow.* It was Employment, the Study, and the Joy of his Life. He would not so much as give the Expiring leave to groan, but caused their Mouths to be stopt with Sponges, or for want of them with Rags of their own Cloaths, that they might not so much as breathe out their last Agonies at Liberty: Or, perhaps, lest the Tormented should speak something which the Tormentor had no Mind to hear. Nay, he was so impatient of Delay, that he would frequently rise from Supper to have Men killed by Torch Light, as if his Life and Death had depended upon their Dispatch before the next Morning. To say nothing how many Fathers were put to Death by him in the same Night with their Sons, (which was a kind of Mercy in the Prevention of their Mourning).

And was not Sylla's Cruelty prodigious too, which was only stopt for want of Enemies? He caused 7000 Citizens of Rome to be slaughtered at once; and some of the Senators being startled at their Cries that were heard in the Senate-house: "Let us mind our Business," says Sylla. "This is nothing but a few Mutineers that I have ordered to be sent out of the Way." A glorious Spectacle! says Hannibal, when he saw the Trenches flowing with human Blood; and if the Rivers had run Blood too, he would have liked it so much the better.

Among the famous and detestable Speeches that are committed to Memory, I know none worse than that impudent and tyrannical Maxim, *Let them hate me, so they fear me:* Not considering that those that are kept in Obedience by Fear, are both malicious and mercenary, and only wait for an Opportunity to change their Master. Beside that, whosoever is terrible to others, is likewise afraid of himself. What is more ordinary, than for a Tyrant to be destroyed by his own Guards? Which is no more than the putting those Crimes into Practice which they learned of their Masters: How many Slaves have revenged themselves of their cruel Oppressors, though they were sure to die for it?

But when it comes once to a popular Tyranny, whole Nations conspire against it. For whosoever threatens all, is in

Danger of all; over and above that the Cruelty of a Prince increases the Number of his Enemies, by destroying some of them; for it entails an hereditary Hatred upon the Friends and Relations of those that are taken away. And then it has this Misfortune, that a Man must be wicked upon Necessity; for there is no going back: So that he must betake himself to Arms, and yet he lives in Fears. He can neither trust to the Faith of his Friends, nor to the Piety of his Children; he both dreads Death, and wishes it; and becomes a greater Terror to himself than he is to his People. Nay if there were nothing else to make Cruelty detestable, it were enough, that it passes all Bounds both of Custom, and Humanity; and is followed upon the Heel, with Sword and Poison. A private Malice indeed does not move whole Cities: But that which extends to all, is every Body's Mark. One sick Person gives no great Disturbance in a Family; but when it comes to a depopulating Plague, all People fly from it. And why should a Prince expect any Man to be good, whom he has taught to be wicked?

But what if it were safe to be cruel? Were it not still a sad Thing, the very State of such a Government? A Government that bears the Image of a taken City, where there is nothing but Sorrow, Trouble and Confusion. Men dare not so much as trust themselves with their Friends, or with their Pleasures. There is not any Entertainment so innocent, but it affords Pretence of Crime and Danger. People are betrayed at their Tables, and in their Cups, and drawn from the very Theatre to the Prison. How horrid a Madness is it to be still raging, and killing; to have the rattling of Chains always in our Ears; bloody Spectacles before our Eyes; and to carry Terror and Dismay, wherever we go? If we had Lions and Serpents to rule over us, this would be the Manner of their government; saving that they agree better among themselves.

It passes for a Mark of Greatness, to burn Cities, and lay whole Kingdoms to waste; nor is it for the Honour of a Prince, to appoint this or that single Man to be killed, unless they have whole Troops or (sometimes) Legions to work upon. But, it is not the Spoils of War, and bloody Trophies,

that make a Prince glorious, but the divine Power of preserving Unity and Peace. Ruin without Distinction, is more properly the Business of a general Deluge, or a Conflagration. Neither does a fierce, and inexorable Anger become the supreme Magistrate; Greatness of Mind is always meek and humble; but Cruelty is a Note, and an effect of Weakness; and brings down a Governor to the Level of a Competitor.

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