

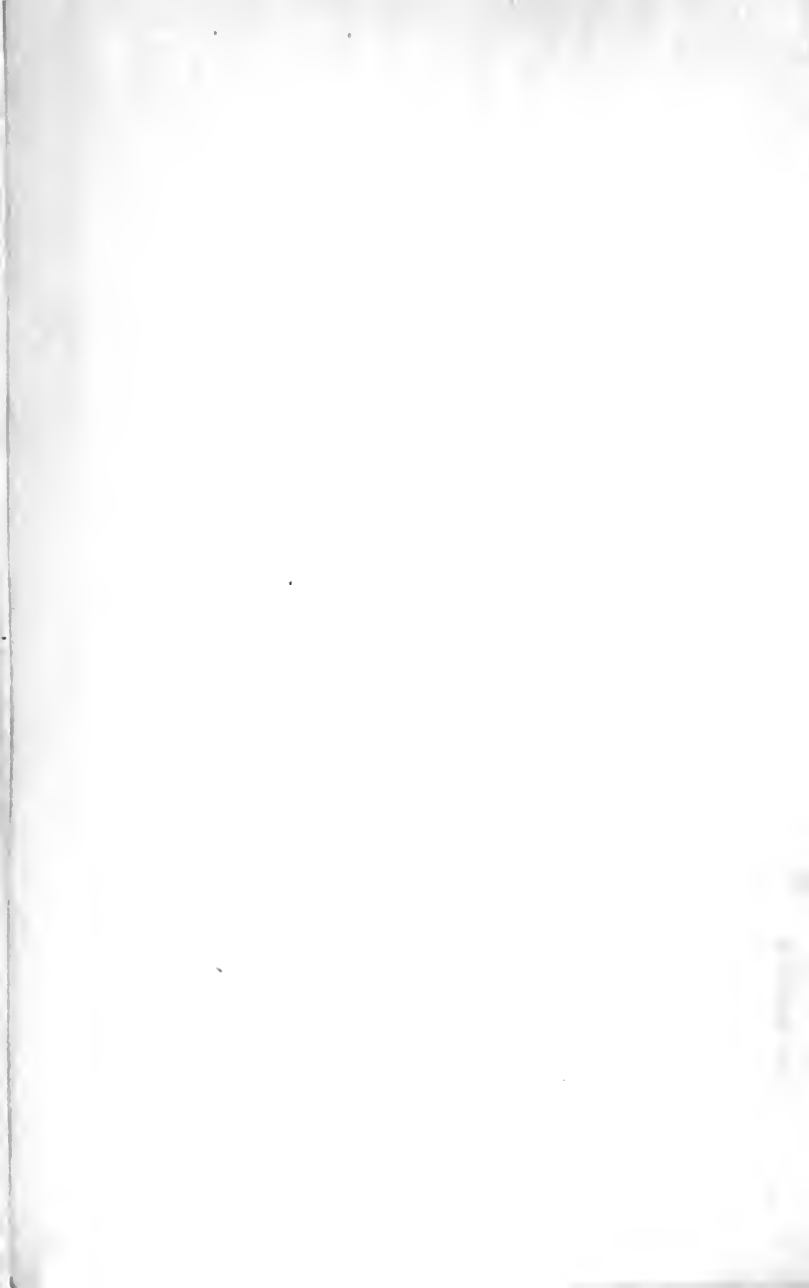
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

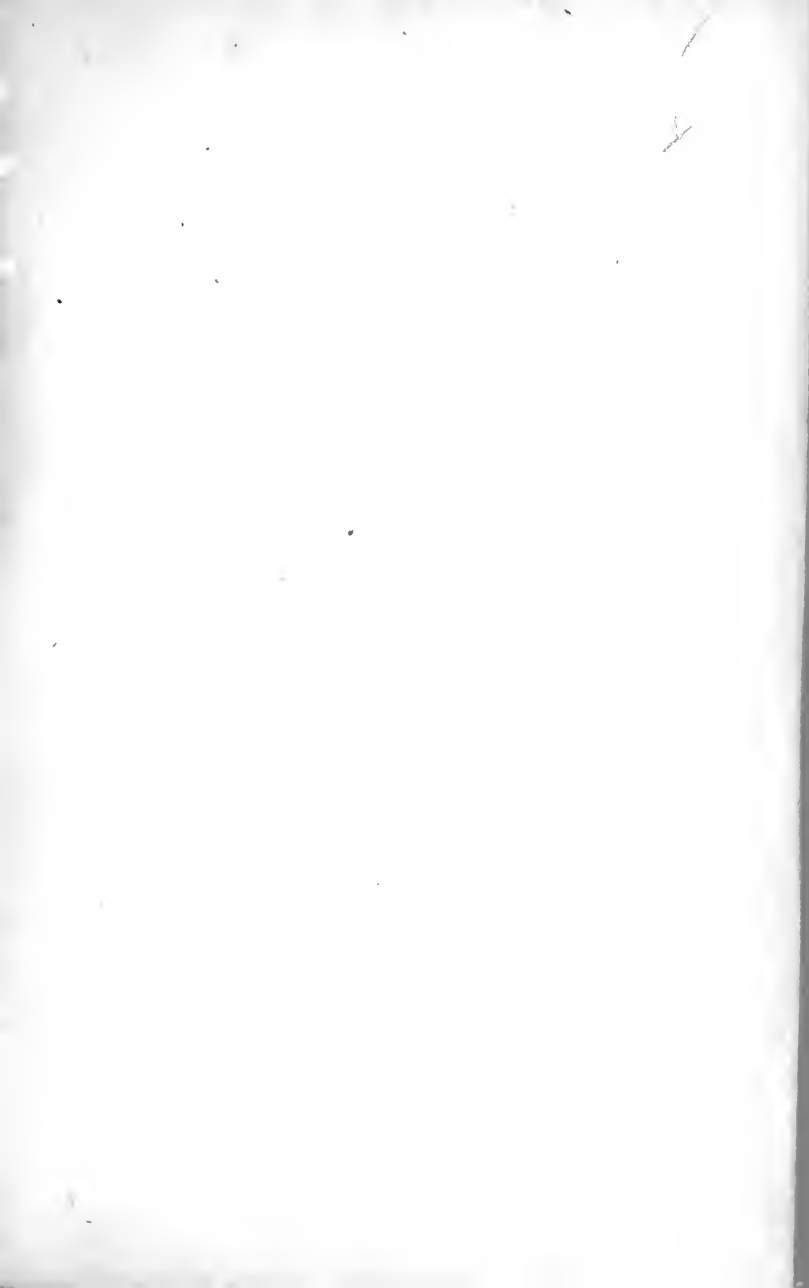


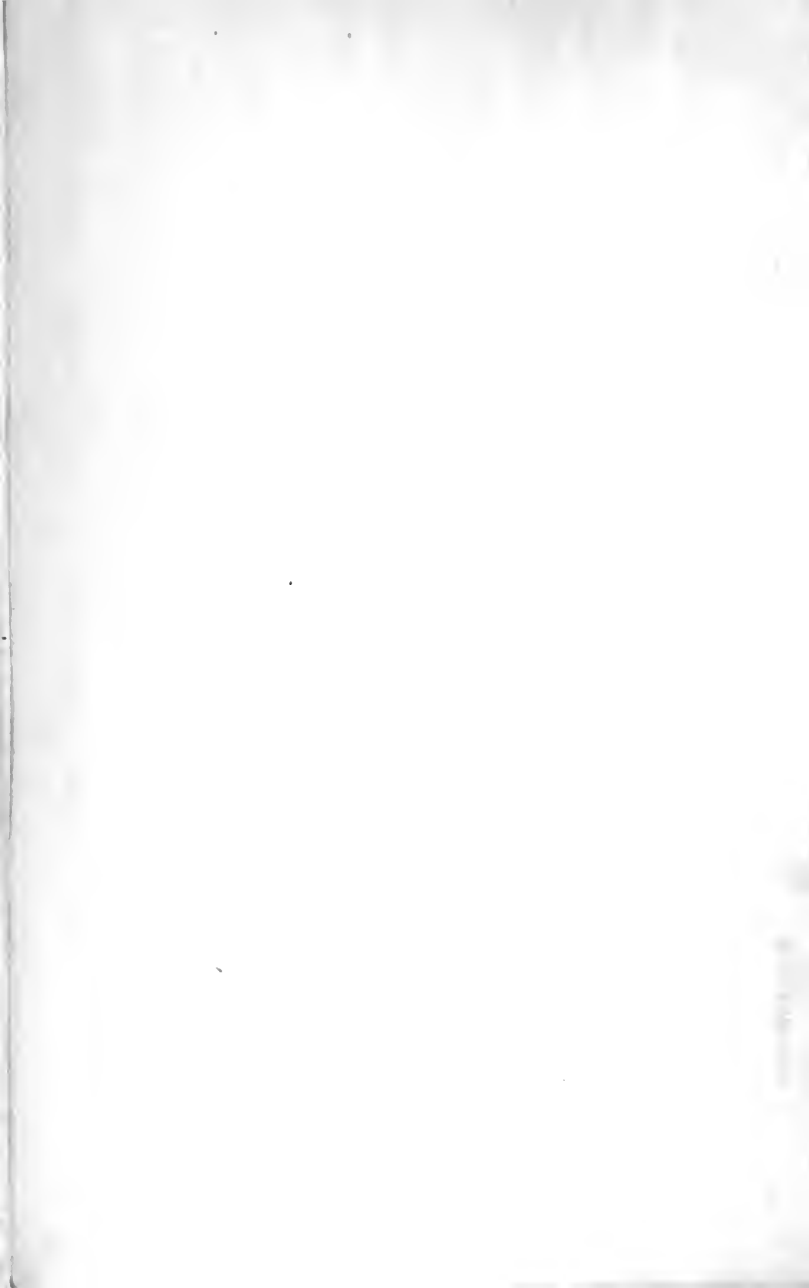
3 1761 00594058 0

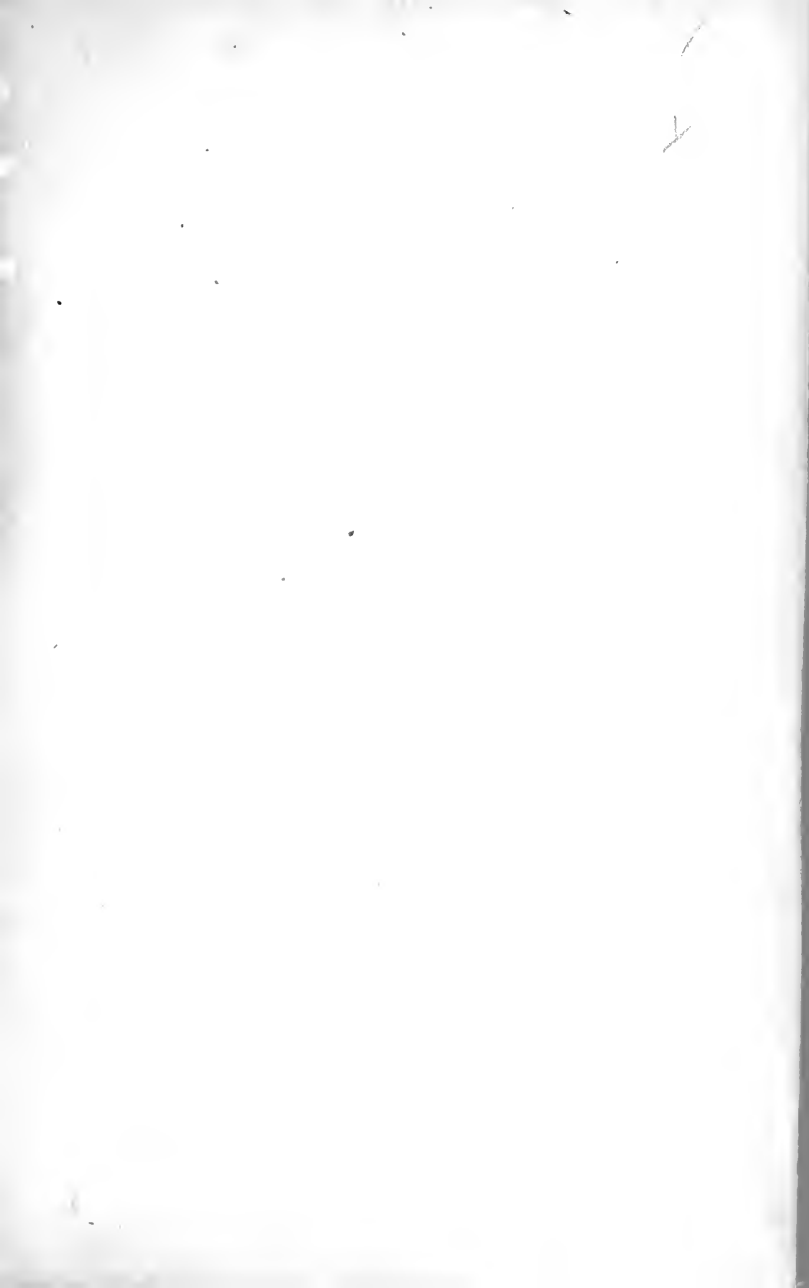


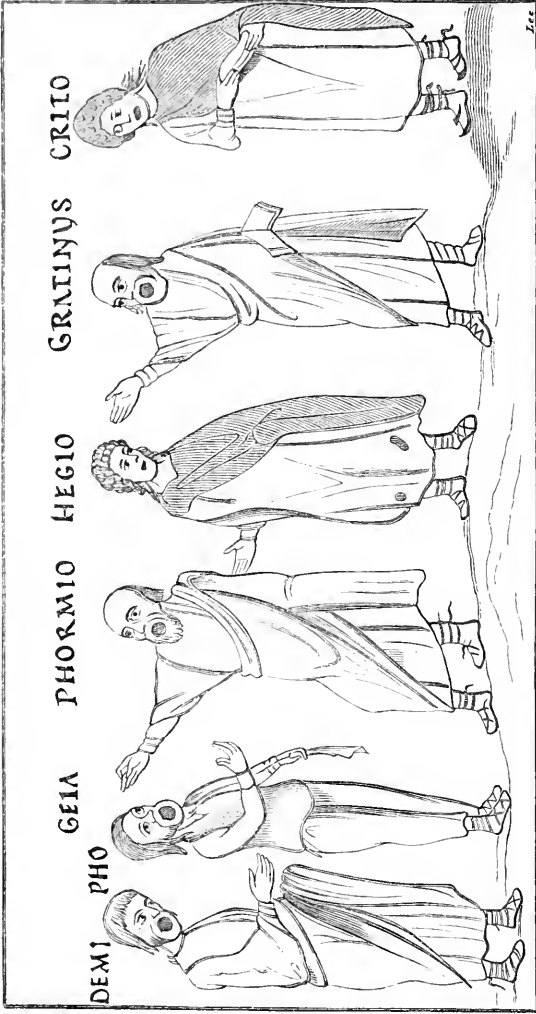
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation











Phormio, Act II., Scene 3.

~~11~~
~~1316~~
~~11~~

Henry O. Asman.

COMEDIES

OF

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN BENSON ROSE.



281952 / 33
28 - 1 - 33

LONDON:

DORRELL AND SON, CHARING CROSS.

1870.

1 - Austey, 29
from the Author

PA
6756
AIR 6



P R E F A C E.

—◆—
“Homo sum : humani nil a me alienum puto.”

IT is in accordance with that sentence that I offer Terence in another English garb.

Reader, you have reflected here the manners of the Roman Republic some 150 years before our Saviour. There are startling laws and manners shown forth in slavery and infanticide, but most strange of all the manner in which Roman youth wooed and won their wives. It may have derived from the recorded story of Romulus and the Sabines ; but modes of marriage are nothing more than forms and fashions with different nations and people, and varied by circumstances and laws.

We plainly perceive the fact of a paucity of females compared with the males, brought about by the prevailing exposure of the female children, and indisposition of the Greeks and Romans to rear girls. Hence the boys snatched a wife, and there is no sign of repentance or of having made a foolish and hasty match ever expressed through the plays ; on the con-

trary, with a power of divorce, it appears ever to be as joyful a conquest as our own hardly-won assents of free maidens.

Marriage customs and manners differ at times and places even with us; nor need we refer to Fleet marriages or Gretna Green, now both amidst the past; but our maidens of the sister Isle in this century found charms in an elopement beyond any other form of ceremony. The Calmuck damsel prefers to be mounted on horseback, and give her lover a glorious chase and capture of herself, if she so choose. The present Belgravian mode is an untimely breakfast, probably the worst mode of all. Let these, then, excuse the Roman youth for seizing their brides, following their time-honoured god Quirinus, and also the contemporary practice of the Spartans, who preferred to win their brides in darkness and by raid, although palpably connived at by the bride, than by the wearisome tedium of the hymeneal.

Neither must we confound the class of *Hetairæ* of the ancients with the proscribed class of the present time; for they were educated women, whilst the wife was uneducated; they were brilliant in society, whilst the wife was immured at home. We find a *Thais* accompanying Alexander and chief instrument in burning *Persepolis*; *Rhodope* is mentioned mythically as the builder of the third pyramid of *Gheeza*; *Phryne* who

rebuilt the walls of Thebes, for the sole guerdon of her name being engraved on the walls as "Phryne the Hetaira." Pericles wedded Aspasia, and Socrates sat at her feet to learn eloquence. Plato had his Archianassa, and Aristotle his Hepyllis.

We here tread on Athenian soil, where Terence lays the scene of his dramas, and where the lost Comedies of Menander, from whence he drew his own, had their origin. They had also a religious halo, for the girls were offered in early youth or saved by dedication to Aphrodite at Corinth and elsewhere, where there were colleges or institutions where they were instructed, and where some chosen few were rich enough to visit them to their ruin. So we find Antiphila saved (*Heaut.* iii. 5) by the Corinthian crone. We find Simo, in the *Andria*, grace unbidden the funeral rite of his neighbour Chrysis. Chremes entertains Bacchis and her train in his house, whilst with an hypocrisy past endurance he will not pronounce the word *meretrix* before his wife in his son's presence, poor unhappy Sostrata, whom he has rated like a slave in Act III. scene 5, and treated with utter indignity and cruelty.

Neither does there appear to have been any poverty, or want, or disease in their order, but, like good Samaritans, they appear to be rife of charitable deeds. It may be remarked, that however Homer may vituperate his Samaritan deities, Calypso and Circe, he has

drawn them more honest, true, and beneficent than his Pallas Athene and Here; in like manner, Sostrata is nobody before Thais; and whilst Bacchis can call up the contents of the cellar and fastidiously condemn them, the wife is not permitted to taste wine. These anomalies could be cited at great length, but enough has been said to show that there is no reflex of the Hetaira class with us. That which approaches it is our opera singers and actresses, who, although proscribed as servants by the aristocracy supporting them, live in luxury, and ever and anon carry off a noble scion in matrimony. It is therefore I have left the terms *meretrix* and *amica*, as also those of *psaltria*, *citharistria*, *tibicina*, &c., in their original tongue—they might be termed actresses, minstrels, harpists, vocalists, &c., but the original words are better. Also I refrain to translate *edepol* and *mecastor*, and other interjections. We have exploded oaths ourselves, and the swearing which was in vogue a century ago is now offensive to our ears, which *pol* and *papæ* are not; besides, they tend to draw us back to the scene, and to remind us we are in ancient Rome, with Davus and Parmeno and Bacchis; whilst to call the Forum, the market-place, is to blunder exceedingly: we translate far too much.

We as plainly trace Molière drawn from Terence as Terence was traced from the Grecian Menander, the loss of whose dramas appears to be a real loss.

Molière has an enormous advantage over Terence in having educated heroines to grace his wit. The age, too, of Louis Quatorze furnished materials for polished pleasantry, which the granitic age of the Roman Commonwealth did not supply. But the bare fact that Terence portrays the true manners of an age of which we know very little, whilst Molière has travestied the absurdities of his own, gives to Terence a value and an interest far above that which Molière wins from the exquisite *fooling* of his renaissance age.

Terence has no Lucile to reply to Eraste in a "*Dépit Amoureux*," nor a Marinette to make love to Gros René. Although the same play, which gives us Thais, gives us also the clever Pythias, who pegs into Parmeno, not by love, but jeering him. This is an exception in Terence, whilst female wit is the charm and the rule with Molière.

Neither does Terence ever descend to anything not possible, such as the statue of the warrior supping with Don Juan. His facts are all such as were probable, and find their main plot in infanticide; and the recognition by means of the token appended to obtain their funeral rites; and in the paucity of women, which affords a sufficient cause for a forcible abduction of the wife.

The Hecyra, or Stepmother, is not included, mainly because it does not contain any new point which is not to be found in the others; secondly, because the

events are less pleasantly told, for it was hissed off the Roman stage. This translation skims the surface, eschewing the depths of the scholiast, and offers to those who will accept it a picture of Rome 150 years before our Christian era, and before the Civil Wars began, which degraded Rome from the peaceful and legal position here portrayed, and which did not re-assume the virtues with the vices, which we find deplored, or affected to be deplored, by Horace, Juvenal, and Persius.

Like Æsop, Terence was also a slave. We lose sight of him at the early age of thirty-five. He enjoyed patrician society, and his daughter married a patrician.

The frontispiece is taken from a manuscript in our possession in the British Museum, and is printed in a paper read before the Royal Society of Antiquaries, plate vi., vol. xxiv., p. 144.



Samian Juno.

TERMS AND SIGNIFICATIONS WITH NO EXACT
ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS.

Amica.

Meretrix.

Tibicina.

Citharistria.

Psaltria.

Fidicina.

Furcifer—bearing a log on the neck, as do the Chinese.

Crucifer.

Carnifex—hangman.

Pluvium—an open space in roof.

Pyre—funeral pile.

Oaths :—

Faith of gods.

Faith of men.

Faith of gods and men.

Pol and Edepol—Pollux and fane of Pollux.

Castor and Ecastor—Castor and fane of Castor.

Herele—by Hercules.

Me herele—me Hercules juvat.

Jupiter—proh Jupiter.

I am beloved of gods.

As the gods love me.

Papæ.

Atat.

Altar and intercessor.—*Heaut.*, v. 2.

refuge for a slave.—*Phorm.*, i. 50.

at doorway with verbena.—*Andr.*, iv. 4.

Babe laid at threshold.—*Andr.*, iv. 5.

Conclave—an apartment with lock and bolt.

Creaking of hinges—or warning of exit from doors which opened externally. The noise was made to give warning to those outside.

Daughter exposed.—*Heaut.*, iii. 5.

discovered by ring.—*Heaut.*, iii. 5.

Howers—ten talents.—*Andria*, v. 5.

two talents.—*Heaut.*, v. 1.

Dionysia—feast of Bacchus.—*Heaut.*, iv. 3.

Father—power over wife and son.

salutes his household gods.—*Phorm.*, i. 5.

Jewels—courtesans not permitted to wear them in the street.—*Eun.*, iv. 1.

Meretric—wealth, pride, and independence of.—*Heaut.*, ii. 2.

Thais—the best female character.—*Eun.*

Mina—about 3*l.* 5*s.*

Talent—sixty minæ; under 200*l.*

Great Talent—the same.

Omens enumerated.—*Phorm.*, iv. 4.

Orphans to be wedded by next of kin.—*Adel.*, iv. 5.

or his descendant.—*Phorm.*, i. 2.

or dowered at fifteen minæ.—*Phorm.*, ii. 2.

Price of girls—twenty minæ.—*Adel.*, ii. 1.

Pyre.—*Andr.*, i. 1.

Plurium—an open space in roof; a fountain, or plot of green beneath.

Rings—*Heaut.*, iii. 7; *Eun.*, iii. 4.

pledges for costs for dinner.—*Heeyra*, v. 3.

Slave—manumitted.—*Andr.*, i. 1; *Adel.*, v. 3.

tortured.—*Adel.*, v. 4.

self proposed for torture.—*Adel.*, iii. 5.

evidence otherwise inadmissible.—*Phorm.*, i. 5.

Son—escapes authority by foreign enlistment.—*Heaut.*, i. 1.

travelling equipage, belt, sword, and bottle.—*See Plautus.*

Wife—indignities borne by her.—*Heaut.*, iii. 5; v. 4.

holds separate property.—*Phorm.*, v. 3.

ANDRIA.

P E R S O N S .

PROLOGUE.

SIMO—Father of Pamphilus.

PAMPHILUS.

SOSIA—Freedman of Simo.

DAVUS—Servus of Pamphilus.

CHREMES—Father of Glycerium and Philumena.

GLYCERIUM.

CHARINUS—Lover of Philumena.

BYRRHIA—Servus of Charinus.

CRITO—Stranger from Andria.

DROMO—Servus of Simo.

MYSIS—Maid of Glycerium.

LESBIA—Midwife.

PROLOGUE.

When first the poet thought to write a play,
He only hoped to win a poet's sway
Over your plaudits popular : but now
A cloud arises, he must make his bow
In prologue to avert a brother's ban,
Not to expound his fable and its plan.
Listen, I pray you, to the critic's spleen
And maledictions on this present scene.
Menander "Andria" and "Perinthia" wrote
In which there is no difference to note ;
Who knows the one needs also know its brother,
Though differing in their style from one another.
Our poet introduced, as he thought fit,
Into the Andrian the Perinthian wit ;
And hence the cause that they vituperate
That we Greek fable so contaminate.
So they in knowledge ignorance display.
For what would Nævius, Plautus, Ennius say,
Whom they accuse in thus accusing us,
With so much senseless and censorious fuss.
The author better loves their negligence,
Than such obscure and diligent pretence.
I warn them from henceforth to keep the peace,
And let their railings and their murmurs cease.
Hear ye and judge, and with calm spirit sit,
And pass your judgment on the poet's wit ;
Whether it may, from critic scorn exempt,
Win from you, admiration or contempt.

A N D R I A.

A C T I.

SCENE 1.—SIMO—SOSIA—DAVUS (*with provisions*).

Sim. Here you, take these within ; stay, Sosia, stay,
A word with you.

Sos. About the cookery

No doubt.

Sim. Nay, it is something else.

Sos. Whatever

It may be, I'll do my best.

Sim. It is not

Your active but your passive operation
That now I need ; silence and secrecy ;
Virtues I ever noted strong in you.

Sos. I am all attention.

Sim. Since I purchased you,

A little child, I have been just to you,
And clement in your servitude to me.
You served me well and I enfranchised you ;
So I repaid your service with the best
Return that I could make you.

Sos. Which I hold

In grateful recollection.

Sim. Nor do I

Repent your manumission.

Sos. I am glad ;
 And that my service is commendable,
 I am grateful also, Simo ; but my ear
 Is frightened more than flattered by this speech.
 Wherefore remind me of these benefits,
 Unless it be to blame forgetfulness ?
 Then tell me in one word your present will.

Sim. I will do so ; but first I must inform you
 The nuptials which we feign to celebrate
 Are but fictitious.

Sos. Wherefore do you feign them ?

Sim. Hear, then, from first to last, and by that means
 Learn my son's life, and what I now design.
 When Pamphilus was adolescent, Sosia,
 I gave him licence more than, perhaps, I ought ;
 But so I learnt his true propensities.
 Unchecked by fear or magisterial hand,
 He then betrayed his bent.

Sos. Ah ! that is so.

Sim. Boys usually have passions and desires,
 Hugging some special pastime to their arms
 As dogs and horses—or philosophy.
 For him—he follows with sobriety
 All things with prudence, so delighting me.

Sos. And good ; to my mind there is nought in life
 Superior to the adage that, “ Enough
 Equals a feast.”

Sim. This was his course of life :
 Urbane unto his fellows—subjecting
 His will to theirs, his pleasures unto theirs,
 Opposing none ; it following, of course,
 He gained their praises and he made them friends.

Sos. It is a good commencement; for to-day,
Deceit wins friendship and truth enemies.

Sim. Some three years since a certain woman came
Hither from Andros, and here made abode.
Want and neglect of relatives coerced
Her to that step—she—young and beautiful—

Sos. I fear this Andrian woman brings ill-luck.

Sim. Modest and prudent at the first, and gained
By toil a pittance by the wool and loom.
When lovers came, their purses in their hands,
With her as with the rest of human kind,
Whose tendencies are prone to luxury,
Hostile to toil—she unsupported fell—
At first submissive but to one or two,
And then she opened house to visitors:
Among the rest, by others led, my son.
Then said I to myself—behold him caught;
Then I waylaid their servants, and I asked,
Holloa, my lad—tell me which one possessed
Chrysis, for so she called herself, last night?

Sos. What said they?

Sim. They replied—or Phædrus,
Clinias, or Niceratus; for these three
Made court alike to her! Ahah! quoth I,
“And Pamphilus, what doth he there?” “Eh, what?
He sups and pays his shot.” I was rejoiced,
For still it held the same—no Pamphilus.
And I thought him a proof—and an example
Of wisdom in a youth, one firm enough
To mingle in the world and in its ways,
And not to trip—to such a one we may
Resign the bit and let him have his fling;

And all the world would praise me open-mouthed,
Because I had a son of such good sense.

And so it followed. Chremes hears his praise,
And straightway comes to offer me his child,
His only child—with an enormous dowry—
As wife to Pamphilus. I was well pleased,
Accepted—and the nuptials fall to-day.

Sos. Why, then, delay them in reality?

Sim. For this—our neighbour Chrysis died.

Sos. I breathe again—I was in mortal fear
Of that same Chrysis.

Sim. And when she was dead
My son—and all her other clientage—
Performed the funeral rites. I marked him sad,
I saw him weep—and I rejoiced and thought
If he grieve thus for one who is a stranger,
How would he grieve for one allied to him,
How weep for me his father—they were signs
To me of an ingenuous human soul,
And so to end my tale, to please my son,
Neither suspecting evil—I resolved
That I would join her funeral rites myself.

Sos. What followed then?

Sim. All in good time. They brought
Her body forth, we went. Amidst the women
That followed there—there was a girl—a girl
Of most exceeding beauty—

Sos. Ah! no doubt!

Sim. Face, Sosia, and demeanour, exquisite,
Modest, in deep affliction. Marking her
I asked the other women in the train
Her name, and learnt she sister was to Chrysis.

My mind misgave : attat, if that is so
Hence, hence our tears ; hence, hence our misery.

Sos. I dread the sequel.

Sim. So the train proceeded.

We followed to the tomb—they placed the corpse,
Upon the pyre, and they raised the lament.
The sister then incautiously approached
The blazing pile, and doubtless was in peril.
Then Pamphilus betrayed the secret fire,
Hidden before, he sprung forth—caught the girl
About the waist, exclaimed, Glycerium,
Wherefore is this—why would you slay yourself?
And it was evident that burst of love
Was not the first which had ta'en place between them ;
She flung herself on him familiarly.

Sos. What did you say ?

Sim. Irate, with some ado,

I choked my anger, for of no avail
Had been reproaches then. He would have answered—
What have I done, my father ? I have saved
A woman who had leapt into the flames.
To outward sight, it was so—and was right.

Sos. Truly, for if you objurgate a man

For saving life, what could you do to one
Devising evils and committing wrongs ?

Sim. And the next day came Chremes unto me,

Indignantly declaring Pamphilus
Was wedded to this stranger. I denied it—
Said, there was no such thing ; which reaverred
By him—I straightway came away and left
Him, in no mood to give to us a daughter.

Sos. Where is your son ?

Sim. I do not think as yet

Proof is sufficient, to attack my son.

Sos. Why not, I pray you ?

Sim. For he will retort.

Father, you set a bourn to my pursuits,
And soon compel me to submit to others—

Let me, I pray you, live in the mean time.

Sos. What will be then sufficient cause of plaint ?

Sim. If he through love of her refuse to wed,

That is an injury I may avenge.

I lay a trap to catch him, by false nuptials

Catching a true refusal ; whereupon

I reason have to act. At the same time

I catch that cursed Davus, who will show

His store of tricks and wiles, which will not lack ;

He will lay hand and foot to work to cheat.

He better loves, methinks, to trouble me

Than to assist my son.

Sos. Why so ?

Sim. Dost ask !

“ Bad mind, bad spirit ; ” but if I perceive—

Cease this discourse, for if he prove to me

Obedient, nor asks delay—then Chremes

May be brought round again, on due petition.

That which we now must do—to make appear

These spousals to be real : knock Davus down—

Keep eye upon my son, and mark what they

Will machinate together.

Sos. Enough, I will take heed,

Let us go in.

Sim. Go on, I follow you.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.—SIMO—DAVUS.

Sim. I do not doubt but that he will refuse,
I noticed Davus give a quail, when I
Spoke of the marriage. He comes out of doors.

Dav. I cannot make it out; what is on foot,
That master ever lenient intends :
Who ever since he knew Chremes will not
Bestow his daughter here, has held his tongue,
Nor shows a bit of grief.

Sim. But now who means
To do so, and to make you know it too.

Dav. It seems to me he laps us in false joy,
Puts us to sleep with much security,
To swoop upon us, and at unawares
Enforce this marriage.

Sim. Hark to that carnifex.

Dav. He, there; I saw him not.

Sim. Davus.

Dav. How now?

Who calls?

Sim. Come here.

Dav. Master, how now?

Sim. How now!

Dav. I mean what matter.

Sim. What matter? the whole town
Declares my son to be in love.

Dav. [*Aside.*] The town
Cares little about that.

Sim. Say, do you hear
Or not?

Dav. I hear, I hear.

Sim. It is not right—
That I, his father now, should ferret this:
Nothing he has yet done affecting me.
I suffered all this nonsense in due season,
And let him have his fling. Now, otherwise
The time demands a change of life and manners,
And therefore I demand—that is—I pray
Thee, Davè, that he march in beaten track.

Dav. What does this signify?

Sim. All boys who love
Kick against marriage.

Dav. Ay, ay—so they say.

Sim. If then it hap some evil counsellor
Lure him astray—for evil counsellors
There are, and prompt to lead the love-sick wrong.

Dav. Hercle! I understand not.

Sim. Of course not!

Dav. Davus I am, not Œdipus.

Sim. Do you mean
You wish me to speak out the rest in words?

Dav. I do, assuredly.

Sim. Then hear my words—
If I catch you, in matter of these nuptials
Devising treachery—in opposition—
Or showing off your knavery—you shall have
A thousand stripes and then off to the mill
For life, I say—and swear that if I spare you
I'll take your place and grind—do you understand
Or do you need further enlightenment?

Dav. Nay, none; you have explained, indeed, the whole
With singular intelligence and clearness.

Sim. Do you employ your own intelligence
Of craftiness upon some other subject.

Dav. Kind words, I pray you, master.

Sim. Ah, you jeer,
I know you well : now don't be obstinate,
Nor say I did not warn you : eh, beware.

ACT I.—SCENE 3.—DAVUS.

Dav. From what I see, my Davus, it is time
To wake and look about—from what I see
About the sentiments of this old man
This marriage threatens ruin to my master,
As well as unto me. Now, bother it,
I can't see whether I had better aid
My master Pamphilus, or master father.
If I leave Pamphilus the boy will die,
And if I leave him not, my back must smart.
I cannot see my way, Simo knows all,
And has his eyes on me, and watches me
Lest I should play a trick, and if he spy me
Devising one—off am I to the mill—
And to that am I tending otherwise.
This Andrian, whether wife or whether may,
Is heavy now by Pamphilus—and they
Outrageous are in wild audacity—
Madness, not gladness, better tells their state ;
They mean to rear the child, or boy or girl,
And feign a likely story—that she is
An Attic— a citizen of Athens.
There was a certain merchant—who they say

Was wrecked on Andros, and that there he died.
 The father of this Chrysis took the child
 Orphan'd and wrecked, an infant—'tis absurd!
 To me it seems a most unlikely tale,
 To them it seems most cleverly devised.
 Here Mysis comes forth from her—I will hence
 Unto the Forum to find Pamphilus,
 And warn him of these matters going on.

ACT I.—SCENE 4.—MYSIS—ARCHILLIS.

Mys. Nonsense, Archillis, what you talk about;
 What! Lesbia? Pol, a woman wine-bibber,
 And rash withal—and to commit to her
 The management in this—a first-born's birth!
 And must I bring her home? Behold you now
 The trickery of these—contiplers both.
 Gods grant unto my mistress a good time;
 If they must blunder let it be elsewhere.
 Eh! what's the matter now with Pamphilus?
 I fear what it may be, must stop and know,
 I fear he brings us tidings of some woe.

ACT I.—SCENE 5.—PAMPHILUS—MYSIS.

Pam. Now, is this human—this vile enterprise?
 Say, is this deed paternal?

Mys. What is what?

Pam. O faith of gods and man! What is, I say,
 A vile indignity, if this be not—
 To marry me to-day, nor think it meet
 To ask me, or communicate the fact.

Mys. Unhappy me, what tidings do I hear ?

Pam. And Chremes, who withdrew his word, nor would
Grant unto me his daughter. Say has he
Turned round because I am unsuitable ?
And is he thus obdurate, to enforce
My separation with Glycerium ?
If so, I am undone—past remedy.
Was ever man, I ask, so crossed in love,
Unhappy and unfortunate as I ?
O faith of gods and man ! Is there no mode
By which I can avoid—escape this tie.
Cursèd alliance. And myself contemned,
Despised, and unconsulted, find it all
A settled thing. Zounds ! And am sent for—why ?
Now, by my soul ! I think she is deformed,
And no one else will have her ; therefore, therefore,
They come to me.

Mys. I am frightened of my life.

Pam. My father also—that he should transact
Affairs of so much moment heedlessly.
He met me in the Forum, and he said,
To-day we marry you, my Pamphilus !
Hurry you home. Hurry to hang yourself,
Methought he said to me. I stood aghast,
Without the gift of speech ; nor could reply
With reason good nor bad : dumbfounded quite.
Now, had I but foreknown, and been prepared,
And had my reasons and objections ready ;
But now I do not know what I can do,
For cares beset me, harrowing my soul.
Love, pity, detestation, duty to
My father, whom I love, and hitherto

Evermore lenient. I am beset with doubts,
Nor do I know which way to turn myself.

Mys. Nor do I know which way to turn myself.
I must address him, must speak of my mistress,
If he do not ask first. When the mind doubts
And vacillates, a pin may turn the scale.

Pam. Who speaks? Ah, Mysis, salvè.

Mys. Salvè, master.

Pam. How goes it?

Mys. Dost thou ask? She is in labour,
And in distress of mind—for, as she hears,
They marry you to-day unto another,
And she in fear that you abandon her.

Pam. How can she fear so? Can she think that I
Would suffer she should suffer misery.
She who has given all to me—herself,
Her soul, loved me exceedingly—my wife.
She, nurtured in the gentlest fantasy,
As modest as well educated—she
To suffer want, to bear indignity,
By my soul, never!

Mys. If upon you alone
The thing depended—but you must oppose
Coercion.

Pam. Am I a beast—inhuman,
Ungrateful, barbarous—that fond possession,
Love, honour, all things binding to the soul
Should let me break my faith?

Mys. And one thing more,
Her worth and merit you should not forget.

Pam. Forget her worth and merit—Mysis, Mysis,
I have engraven on my very heart

The words of Chrysis on Glycerium.
She called me to her side, ourselves alone,
Glycerium and me. My Pamphilus, she said,
You see her youth and comeliness, you know
The snares which will beset them with the cash
I leave to her. By your right hand, I pray,
And by your good faith and integrity—
Never desert her, nor live separate.
If like a brother I have ever loved you,
If you by her adored have been alone,
If I upon my death-bed trust in thee,
Be unto her a husband, friend, and father :
My worldly goods do I bequeath to you
Assured of your good faith. And then she put
Our hands in one another. So she died.
The faith I gave to her, I mean to keep.

Mys. Gods grant it so.

Pam. Why did you come away ?

Mys. I seek the midwife.

Pam. Hurry then, I pray.

And, Mysis, on your life, no word of marriage
To trouble and perplex her.

Mys. Fear you not.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—CHARINUS—BYRRHIA—PAMPHILUS.

Cha. What say you, Byrrhia? She given in marriage
To Pamphilus?

Byr. E'en so.

Cha. How did you learn it?

Byr. From Davus in the Forum.

Cha. Oh misery, misery.

Long between hope and fear my spirit swept,
And hope was uppermost and now is crushed;
Hope absent—it is drowned in lethargy.

Byr. Why, edepol! Charinus, though you can't
Do what you will, up and do what you can.

Cha. Nought save Philumena is now my will.

Byr. Ah! how much better were it now to chase
This folly from your heart, and cease to speak
Such sentiments as only drive you mad.

Cha. All men in health can counsel who are sick,
But when themselves are sick 'tis otherwise.

Byr. Do as you please.

Cha. But behold Pamphilus

I will try every effort ere I die.

Byr. And what with him?

Cha. Entreat him and implore him—

Tell of my love—petition for delay;
At least a day or two, in hopes of something.

Byr. Which something, nothing is.

Cha. Advise me, Byrrhia,

Say, shall I speak?

Byr. Why not? since at the least
You will inform him she a gallant has,
Ready prepared to act.

Cha. Brute, be you off
With your suspicions.

Pam. Salvè, Charinus.

Cha. Salvè, O, Pamphilus.
I come unto you, hoping and expecting
Health and assistance.

Pam. Pol! I am not
In a position now to grant assistance.
But tell me what it is.

Cha. To-day you wed?

Pam. They say so.

Cha. If it be so, Pamphilus,
We meet no more.

Pam. Why so?

Cha. I dare not say.
Speak, Byrrhia, and tell all.

Byr. Am I to speak?

Pam. What is it? say.

Byr. That he loves your betrothed.

Pam. Well, tastes are different. Charinus, tell me
Hath there aught passed betwixt you?

Cha. Nothing;
O, Pamphilus.

Pam. Would that there had been so.

Cha. Now by our friendship and by love, I pray,
You will not wed her.

Pam. I will help what I can.

Cha. But if you must so—if your heart is set—

Pam. My heart is set?

Cha. Delay, delay, I beg you,
Some days at least, that I may hence away
Nor witness it.

Pam. Hear me, Charinus; now
I will not take a credit with none due;
For I have more antipathy to this
Than you have will towards her.

Cha. Ah! I breathe.

Pam. If you and Byrrhia can devise a plot,
Invent, imagine some mode to prevent this,
I will omit no labours on my part.

Cha. Enough, enough!

Pam. And in a happy time

Lo! Davus, upon whom I set my trust.

Cha. And, hercle! you are useless—be you off—
You trouble me.

Byr. I go, with all my heart.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.—DAVUS—CHARINUS—PAMPHILUS.

Dav. Auspicious gods! what happy news I bring—
But where is Pamphilus? to root out his fear
And fill his soul with joy.

Cha. Davus is joyful.

Pam. It is nothing, he has not heard of this.

Dav. I fancy now, if he has heard of this,
His nuptials now prepared—

Cha. Do you hear that?

Dav. But where is Pamphilus? I am half dead
With weariness of running here and there.

Pam. Here, Davus—stop.

Dav. Who calls? Ah! Pamphilus,
I seek for you. Charinus, also, good.
I matter have for both.

Pam. I perish, Davus.

Dav. Hear me, hear me.

Pam. I die.

Dav. Nay, not at all.

Cha. And also I myself am like to die.

Dav. I know your wants.

Pam. My nuptials.

Dav. Yes, I know.

Pam. To-day.

Dav. Be still, I know it all, I say.

You, master, would not; you, Charinus, would
Wed not, and wed.

Cha. The thing is even so.

Pam. 'Tis even so.

Dav. This even so, is nothing.

Pam. Quick, put me out of doubt and misery.

Dav. I will do so. Chremes won't give his daughter.

Pam. How do you know it?

Dav. Thus; your father called

Me on one-side, and told me that he wished

That you should wed to-day; he prattled, too,

On this and that, all foreign to the matter.

I cut off to the Forum to find you.

I found you not. I climbed a pedestal,

And looked around about; I saw you not.

I ran then against Byrrhia—I asked him,

But he had seen you not. I—fidgety,

And what to do was puzzling, thence returning,

Suspicion entered in my brain—eh, eh!

No purchases for supper, old man sad,
Babbling of nuptials—incoherently.

Pam. Get on, get on.

Dav. So I set off to Chremes,
And when I came—no porter, no one there,
The gateway void—and I began to joy.

Cha. With reason too.

Pam. Get on.

Dav. I stood awhile,
I did not see a soul. No matron there,
No decorations, tumult—not a sound.
I entered—looked around.

Pam. What signifies?

Dav. Does that resemble nuptials?

Pam. Davè, I doubt.

Dav. How do you doubt? I say the thing is sure;
And after that I met the boy of Chremes
With fishes, and an obolus of herbs.

Cha. You have revived me.

Dav. What is this to you?

Cha. Chremes wont give his daughter unto him.

Dav. What stuff you talk. Because he weds her not,
Is that a reason sure that you must wed her?
You must look out, you must beseech your friends
Or you will go without her.

Cha. Very true,
And you admonish well. I'll set about it,
Although I often failed before. Farewell.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.—PAMPHILUS—DAVUS.

Pam. What does my father mean? Why simulate?

Dav. I will tell you why. First, he is angry now
 With Chremes and his promise now withdrawn,
 He thinks such retractation is injurious—
 Your sentiments unknown. If you refuse
 The alliance proffered, he will transfer his wrath
 To you, and there will be a precious row.

Pam. But shall I suffer that?

Dav. He is your father,
 Pamphilus, and has authority; whilst she,
 Poor soul, is sole and unprotected—he
 Will soon find means to exile her from hence.

Pam. Exile?

Dav. And quickly.

Pam. What, Davus, must I do?

Dav. Say you are ready.

Pam. No.

Dav. What do you say?

Pam. I ready.

Dav. Wherefore not?

Pam. I never will.

Dav. Do not say so.

Pam. Nay, ask it not.

Dav. But look,
 What will occur?

Pam. It will occur that I
 Shall lose the one I love, and have the other.

Dav. Not so, not so. Your father will speak thus:
 I do desire that you shall wed to-day.

You will reply—Behold me ready, father.
 He cannot scold you more, and all his plans,
 Determinations, cast to all the winds.
 You need not fear, for Chremes will refuse
 To give her anywise; so fear not him.
 Now say it bravely, without hesitation—
 Say, Father, I am ready. For do not think
 That you are master of yourself, or can
 Command events by acting as you please.
 He is determined now that you shall wed,
 To take one dowerless, to have his way.
 Consent with him, and throw him off his guard,
 And he will go to sleep—and act no more;
 In the mean time, something may turn up good.

Pam. You think so?

Dav. Out of doubt.

Pam. Ah, take you heed.

Dav. Be still, I say.

Pam. Well, I consent. But look!

He must know nothing of the infant child.

I have promised her to rear it.

Dav. Madness!

Pam. She has besought, and I have promised it.

It is a pledge, I never will desert her.

Dav. It shall be seen to; but your father comes.

Be careful and disguise your melancholy.

ACT II.—SCENE 4.—SIMO—DAVUS—PAMPHILUS.

Sim. I stroll about, to see what they are at,
 What they devise.

Dav. The old man is uneasy,

He thinks you will refuse ; he meditates
 In silent solitude ; and practises
 A grand oration, pitiful to hear.
 Prepare you ready then, it is for you.

Pam. Ah ! if I can, my Davus.

Dav. Credit me,
 O Pamphilus. He will not have a word
 To utter, if you say that you will wed.

ACT II.—SCENE 5.—BYRRHIA—SIMO—DAVUS—PAMPHILUS.

Byr. My master bids me, quitting other matters,
 To keep an eye on Pamphilus, and learn
 His mind about this marriage ; therefore, I
 Follow the old man here ; and here I meet
 Davus and Pamphilus ; that is all right.

Sim. Behold them both.

Dav. Take care ; hem !

Sim. Pamphilus.

Dav. Look round promiscuously.

Pam. Hem, father mine.

Dav. Well done that.

Sim. To-day I marry you—to-day.

It is my will, I say.

Byr. I tremble, and await

His answer—what ?

Pam. Father, I am prepared

Both now and ever to obey your will.

Byr. Eh—what ?

Dav. [*Aside.*] Struck dumb.

Sim. You do that which becomes you ;

According, with much sense, what I demand.

Dav. All right!

Byr. My master may go troop elsewhere.

Sim. Go in, and wait within till we have need.

Pam. I go!

Byr. No faith in man; put not your trust in man.

Truly the proverb says—That everyone

Must take care of himself and not another.

I know the maiden, of a faultless form,

And, doubtless, Pamphilus is more content

To clasp her in his arms—in lieu of other.

Now to my master, to get my reward,

The portion I shall have for my good news.

ACT II.—SCENE 6.—DAVUS—SIMO.

Dav. He thinks me now a-hatching roguery,

And therefore keeps me here.

Sim. What say you, Davus?

Dav. Ah! nothing to the purpose.

Sim. Purpose, how?

Dav. Nothing at all.

Sim. Yet I expected something.

Dav. [*Aside.*] He is put out. I know it—in a rage.

Sim. Now can you speak the truth?

Dav. Nought easier.

Sim. This marriage, now, has sorely hit my son;

All through his intercourse with that same stranger.

Dav. Hercle! Not so; or, if he be put out,

'Tis but a matter of a day or two.

He will forget it; for you now perceive

He has surrendered to run the right way.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—MYSIS—SIMO—DAVUS—LESBIA—GLYCERIUM.

Mys. Pol ! Lesbia, what you say is very true.

You may go far to find a faithful lover.

Sim. Is this the maiden of the Andrian ?

Dav. Yes, yes.

Mys. But Pamphilus—this Pamphilus—

Sim. Eh, what ?

Mys. Has kept his plighted troth.

Sim. Hem, hem.

Dav. Would either he were deaf, or they were mute.

Mys. And he has given commands to rear the babe.

Sim. O Jupiter ! What is the thing I hear ?

It's lost—if what she states is veritable.

Les. Now, by my credit, an ingenuous lad.

Mys. An excellent. Now follow me within ;

Perchance my mistress needs you.

Les. Come away.

Dav. Davus, how now, how remedy this freak ?

Sim. Is it credible—I ask, now—credible ?

What, from a stranger ? Ah ! now, I perceive—

Ah, what a dunce am I !

Dav. What does he say ?

Sim. It is that rascal's villany, to feign

This parturition ; there is no such thing—

Only to frighten Chremes.

Gly. [*Within.*] Juno Lucina ! help—help I beseech you !

Sim. Oh, oh ! directly—quite absurd—so soon

As I am at the doorway—cry away.

Davus, you have not managed the plot well,
You don't divide the acts.

Dav. How, master, me ?

Sim. Your actors lose their cue.

Dav. I know not what,
Master, you say.

Sim. Ah ! if this rogue now had
Caught me in a loose moment, unprepared,
I had been nicely fooled, or if in earnest—
But now he will be shipwrecked—the whilst I
Sail into port.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.—SIMO—DAVUS—LESBIA—ARCHILLIS.

Les. Archillis ! everything as yet goes well ;
All promising a speedy convalescence.
Firstly the bath, and afterwards the potion,
Pursuant both to time and quantity.
I will return immediately. Ecastor,
A noble boy is born to Pamphilus.
May the good gods preserve him—for so kind
And good a father, and who would not wrong
The mother by its death.

Sim. Now who can doubt,
Hearing this stuff, but that you are its author.

Dav. Author of what ?

Sim. Why, mark you, in the house
She held her peace, nor issued her commands ;
But thence departed,—forthwith she begins
Here in the street to bellow out this stuff.
Oh, Davè ! did you think me such a fool
To be deceived, to be outwitted thus—

Grossly and openly. Davus, learn your craft,

That at the least you may pretend to fear me.

Dav. [*Aside.*] Hercle! he cheats himself—It is not I.

Sim. Did I not bid you lay by trickery?

And have you done so? And with what result?

Think you I will believe this child is his?

Dav. I see his error, and I catch my cue.

Sim. Why are you silent?

Dav. Think you would believe?

Did not some one inform you of all this?

Sim. Inform me, who?

Dav. Eh, did you guess, yourself,

That this was all a mime?

Sim. They mock at me.

Dav. You were informed, else how could you have had

Such a suspicion?

Sim. How, because I know you.

Dav. You seem to think and say, it was my counsel.

Sim. Without a doubt it is.

Dav. There, Simo, let me say

You know me not.

Sim. How so, I know you not?

Dav. The instant I begin to tell the truth,

You think that I deceive.

Sim. Lies!

Dav. So, hercle! I

Dare not to open mouth.

Sim. I know full well

No one has brought forth here.

Dav. It may be so,

But that will not prevent them bringing here

An infant, and to lay it at your door.

I tell you, master, what will come to pass
 So that it may not take you unprepared,
 And that you may not think it was the deed
 By trick or counsel, of this brain of mine.
 Henceforth I would stand right in your opinion.

Sim. How do you know this ?

Dav. I heard it, and believe it ;
 A thousand things concur. This woman, first,
 Says she is great with child by Pamphilus.
 Well, that's a lie. Next, when she hears of nuptials,
 She sends to seek a midwife, who then brings
 An infant to her ; for, unless you see
 The child with your own eyes, you won't believe,
 Neither retard these nuptials.

Sim. What is this ?

If you were cognizant of such a plot,
 Why did you not tell Pamphilus ?

Dav. Who, I !
 Who else, save I, has weaned him from this girl !
 We know the fervour wherewith he adored her,
 And now he asks a wife. Let me alone,
 Let me conclude this matter. The mean time
 Do you push on this wedding, and I trust
 The gods will bring it to a good result.

Sim. Well, get you in ; and wait you for me there,
 And get all things in order—do you hear !

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—SIMO.

I know not what to think of this, or if
 The fellow tells me true or tells me false.
 Nor do I care ; for, what concerns me most,

My son has made the promise. Now, I go
 To find out Chremes, and to win the wife.
 If he consents, I see no reason why
 This marriage should not come to pass, to-day.
 Altho' my son consents, there is no doubt
 My rights paternal also may constrain him.
 Here Chremes comes, and at the nick of time.

ACT III.—SCENE 4.—SIMO—CHREMES.

Sim. Health unto Chremes!

Chr. Ah! I sought for you.

Sim. I sought for you, too.

Chr. You come at the wish.

I hear that you have rumoured it abroad
 To-day your son is to wed with my daughter.
 Now, are my neighbours crazy, or are you?

Sim. Now, hear me a few words. You know my wishes—
 You know the truth of what you now demand.

Chr. Speak then, I am attention.

Sim. By the gods,
 I do entreat you, Chremes: by that friendship
 Which has existed from our early boyhood,
 And which has grown with years. I do entreat you, by
 Your only daughter and my only son,
 Whose happiness is now within your hands,
 Aid and consent to this; and suffer now
 This marriage, promised, and then broken off.

Chr. Nay, ask it not, I say; and do not deem
 That this can be accorded unto prayers.
 Think you that I am other than I was,
 When I consented to their nuptials? If

They are consistent with their happiness,
 Then call them hither, let them marry straight.
 If, on the other hand, they bode for ill—
 Evil to both—I pray you pause a while ;
 Let us take counsel in this case together,
 As if she were your daughter, he my son.

Sim. Therefore I wish it, therefore I demand it ;
 Ah, Chremes ! if it were not evident
 For good, I would not ask it.

Chr. Well, how so ?

Sim. Glycerium and my son have fallen out.

Chr. Well :

Sim. And irretrievably, as I believe.

Chr. Fables !

Sim. Nay, it is fact.

Chr. Hercle ! e'en thus :
 " Quarrels of lovers but renew their love."

Sim. Ah, Chremes ! aid us, whilst the time avails ;
 Whilst passion is the prey of contumely ;
 Before the harlot tears convert to smiles ;
 Before the angry humour change to love,
 Grant him the wife ; won by connubial bliss,
 And conversation with a worthy wife,
 He will retrieve himself from depths of ill.

Chr. It may seem so to you, but not to me ;
 I have no faith in his so fickle love ;
 Nor will I trust it.

Sim. But how can you tell,
 Unless you make essayal ?

Chr. Essayal, by the hand
 Of my dear daughter—no—that were unjust !

Sim. The utmost inconvenience could arise

Would be their disagreement—Gods avert it!—
 And separation. On the other hand,
 Mark the great gains : first, you reclaim a son
 For me, your friend ; you gain a worthy son—
 Your daughter, too, a husband not unworthy.

Chr. Do you believe so ? If you so believe,
 I am unable to refuse your plea.

Sim. Chremes ! I ever loved you, very dearly.

Chr. But—

Sim. But what ?

Chr. How know you they have quarreled ?

Sim. Davus, who knows, revealed it unto me ;

And begs besides to hurry on the match.

Think you that he would do so unadvised,

Or contrary to wish of Pamphilus ?

Nay, you shall hear it with your very ears.

Eh, Davus, hither ! Ah ! here Davus comes.

ACT III.—SCENE 5.—DAVUS—SIMON—CHREMES.

Dav. I sought you.

Sim. Eh, what now ?

Dav. Where is the wife ?

Where are these tardy nuptials ?

Sim. There, you hear.

Davus, I own I held you in distrust,

Suspected you, that like to other servants

That you would serve my son, betraying me.

Dav. That I was such a one ?

Sim. Ay, I believed it ;

Therefore I hid, what now I will reveal.

Dav. What ?

Sim. I now put confidence in you.

Dav. You know me now, at last.

Sim. Those nuptials were
Only a feint.

Dav. Look now, I never could
Unfold that mystery. Ah, bah! What depth
Of cleverness.

Sim. Listen, I will tell all.
Now, when I bade you to go in the house,
Chremes I met outside.

Dav. [*Aside.*] Then we are lost.

Sim. I told him what you told me.

Dav. [*Aside.*] Bother it!

Sim. I asked him for his daughter, and he grants her.

Dav. I am knocked down.

Sim. Eh, what is that you said?

Dav. I am enchanted, quite.

Sim. No obstacles

Existing on his side.

Chr. And I will hence go home,
Get matters forwarded, and then return.

Sim. And Davus, since through you this happiness
Hath come to pass—

Dav. Yes, truly so, through me.

Sim. Try and control my son.

Dav. Ay, if I can.

Sim. Whilst that his soul is irritated—urge—

Dav. Depend on me.

Sim. Off then, where is he now?

Dav. Most probably at home.

Sim. I'll keep him there,
And tell him of these things now come to pass.

Dav. I'm in a mess. Now, with the right foot forward,
 Sent to the mill. Prayer will be useless now.
 I have upset all—I have deceived my master,
 Hurl'd him into a marriage that he hates—
 And hurried on, despite of the old man,
 Against the will of Pamphilus. Zounds, I'm astute!
 If I had never meddled—never made,
 This had not come to pass. Ah! Pamphilus
 Himself; I sink—I faint. Oh, that there were
 A precipice whence I might cast myself!

ACT III.—SCENE 6.—PAMPHILUS—DAVUS.

Pam. Where is that villain who has ruined me?

Dav. I am undone!

Pam. And I need blame myself.

Incredible stupidity! to trust

One's dearest fortunes to a stolid slave!

I reap the fruits of my absurdity,

But he shall not unpunished so depart.

Dav. If I get out of this, I need not fear

The future pranks of fortune.

Pam. What can I

Say to my father; that I will not marry—

When but an hour since I gave consent.

With what face can I say so? I know not

What I can do.

Dav. Nor I—howe'er I search;

And yet not so, for I have a device,

Which now I must impart to him, and will.

Pam. Oh!

Dav. He spies me.

Pam. Eho! thou honest man!
Do you acknowledge where your counsels led me?

Dav. I labour now to extricate—

Pam. To extricate?

Dav. Truly so, Pamphilus.

Pam. Ay—even as before.

Dav. Not so, I trust, but with a better fortune.

Pam. Think you—I will believe you, fureifer!

Can you restore a thing that 's lost and gone?

Oh! from a state of happiness, to be

Cast down to depths of married misery!

I told you it would be so.

Dav. You did so.

Pam. And what do you deserve.

Dav. Deserve the cross—

Grant me a moment, let me think a while—

Devize some plan.

Pam. I have no leisure now

To punish, nor to think of punishment.

I must see to myself—my own affairs

Have now the sway o'er me and mastery.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CHARINUS—PAMPHILUS—DAVUS.

Cha. Oh! is it credible, or to be found,
Or did one ever hear of treachery,
Innate in the black heart, to match with this—
To gloat on ills of others and to reap
From thence advantages? Ah, even so,
There is a race of man so treacherous,
Who first blush to deny you—yet fall off
At the first show of false necessity
Unwilling for a while—then yielding to
Their interests—and straightway launching out
In impudent and insolent discourse—
Who are you? and, what may you be to me?
Or, what are mine to you? I am myself,
My nearest relative; but if you ask,
Oh! where then is good faith? they do not blush.
When there was no occasion, then they blushed;
And now there is occasion they blush not.
What shall I do—shall I go find him out,
Expostulate, and overwhelm with words?
You will reply—what good can come of that?
Much—he is troubled and I am avenged.

Pam. Charinus, I have lost, unwittingly,
Thee and myself, unless the gods assist us.

Cha. How, lost unwittingly? You find a cause
Sufficient, and you break your word.

Pam. What cause sufficient?

Cha. Cease now to delude
With further words.

Pam. Charinus, what means this ?

Cha. I told you I adored her—and away.
You love her also—my unhappy chance
To judge of other's natures by my own.

Pam. Wrong—you are wrong.

Cha. Was not your happiness
Sufficiently complete, unless you had
Another's misery to triumph o'er.
Go, wed her !

Pam. Wed her ? Ah ! you do not know
The misery in which that carnifex
Of mine has now involved me hopelessly !

Cha. Not wonderful, when he obeys his lord.

Pam. You would not say so if you knew the truth,
Nor if you knew my heart.

Cha. I know them well.
You long opposed your father : he was wroth,
So wrathful, that to-day you have submitted,
Consenting to espouse.

Pam. It was not so.
You do not know the truth : this marriage was
Only a feint—a stratagem to prove me—
There was no wife.

Cha. And you coerced yourself.

Pam. Wait, hear the rest.

Cha. The rest is that you marry.

Pam. Why will you kill me with your bitter thoughts ?
He never ceased to press me to this deed,
Submission to my father—and to yield,
And I at last consented.

Cha. Who is *he*?

Pam. Davus.

Cha. Davus.

Pam. Davus has done the wrong.

Cha. Wherefore?

Pam. Methinks the gods were wrath with me.

I know not else why I obeyed his counsels.

Cha. Davus, did you do this?

Dav. I did.

Cha. Then why?

May the gods' curse light on you for the deed.

Tell me—if every bitter enemy

Had counselled so, what worse they could have done.

Dav. I was deceived; but I do not give in.

Cha. That, I believe.

Dav. The project has gone wrong,

We must essay another. Do not think

Because we are rebuffed that we are beaten.

Pam. So much the contrary, I am convinced

That if you manage well as heretofore,

Out of one marriage you may make me twain.

Dav. Pamphilus, I am your slave—and I am bound

To labour day and night on your behalf,

To peril life itself to profit you.

And it behoves you, Pamphilus, to bear

The event, as it may turn out, good or bad.

I do not spare myself—I do my best,

Find but another better, and dismiss me.

Pam. Most readily—but it is requisite

You leave me where you found me: where I was.

Dav. I will.

Pam. But now, at need.

Dav. Hist! hark a while,

The hinges of Glycerium's portal creak.

Pam. But that does not concern you.

Dav. I will see.

Pam. Well, and your plan?

Dav. Master, my plan is this.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—MYSIS—PAMPHILUS—CHARINUS —
DAVUS.

Mys. Wherever he may be, be sure I'll find him
And bring him hither. Do not fret,—my soul,
And trouble so the flesh.

Pam. Mysis—how now?

Mys. Ah! Pamphilus,—met at a happy time,
I come to seek you.

Pam. Well, and what is it?

Mys. My mistress wishes most impetuously
To see you, Pamphilus: she prays you go,
If that you love her, go!

Pam. This evil grows.

I am undone, undone—behold your work.

She in her misery now supplicates,

Because she hears the rumour of this deed.

Cha. How happy in quiescence had you been,
Had he been quiet.

Dav. Go on—enrage him more—

As if he had not woes enough to bear.

Mys. Ah! woe she has, and that afflicts her,
Her spirits are depressed and miserably.

Pam. Mysis, I swear, by the great gods I swear,

I will desert her—never. Come what may,
 The enmity of all the world, I care not ;
 For I besought her love, I have her love,
 We love each other well—no force shall part ;
 Nothing, save death, shall separate us twain.

Mys. I breathe again.

Pam. Apollo's oracles
 Are not more sure than this—this will I do.
 If that my father can be made believe,
 I am not the obstruction, that will do.
 If he will not—then I declare myself
 Unwilling and recalcitrant, Charinus.

Cha. Equal are we in misery.

Dav. I seek a remedy.

Cha. And you are capable, methinks, to find one.

Dav. And I have an impediment prepared.

Pam. It must be now, directly.

Dav. And it shall.

Cha. What is it ?

Dav. Lest you blurt, I shall not tell.

This is my master's matter.

Cha. Be it so.

Pam. Tell me the matter.

Dav. Is the day so long
 That I have time to stand and prate about it,
 I must be up and doing. Go away—

Go both of you—your presence hinders me.

Pam. I will go see Glycerium.

Dav. And you.

Cha. Shall I tell truth ?

Dav. Confound it—some long story.

Cha. What will become of me ?

- Dav.* Be off with you.
 You must be now contented with reprove
 Hereafter for your wooings.
- Cha.* But, Davè—Davè.
- Dav.* Well, what?
- Cha.* Win her for me.
- Dav.* Ridiculous!
- Cha.* But come and tell me, if your plot succeeds.
- Dav.* Why so? and if I fail.
- Cha.* If you fail not.
- Dav.* Why then I will.
- Cha.* And I shall be at home.
- Dav.* Mysis, do you stop here and wait for me.
- Mys.* How so?
- Dav.* You must.
- Mys.* Well, hurry then.
- Dav.* I will.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.—MYSIS.

Is mortal happiness e'er durable?
 Faith of the gods! I thought that Pamphilus
 Was the best blessing could befall my mistress,
 A friend, a lover, and a husband, all
 Combined, to make her happy—and, behold!
 Oh, what a load of human misery!
 Assuredly less pleasure than of pain
 Has fallen to her lot by loving him.
 Davus comes out—my man! holloa, I say,
 Where do you bear that babe?

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.—MYSIS—DAVUS.

Dav. Now, Mysis, waken wits, and look alive ;

I want your aid, your wit, and self-possession.

Mys. What is it all about ?

Dav. Quick—take the babe,

And go depose him, now, before our gate.

Mys. Upon the ground ?

Dav. Snatch the vervena there

From off the altar—make a bed of those.

Mys. Why not do that yourself ?

Dav. If I must swear

To our old master, that I did not do it,

I shall make oath with a more liquid conscience.

Mys. I see. Oppressed by new religious qualms.

Give me the babe.

Dav. Now set about it quick,

And ask me afterwards the reasons why.

Proh Jupiter !

Mys. What ?

Dav. The father of the bride,

He comes—I change my mind—stop.

Mys. Wherefore stop ?

Dav. Mysis, I now am come from the right hand,

So I declare ; support me with your word,

Don't contradict, say nothing but at need.

Mys. I understand you not, but what of that ?

If I can serve your turn in anything,

And you see more than I—I will assist,

For fear to cast obstructions in your path.

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.—CHREMES—MYSIS—DAVUS.

Chr. I want to get things ready to return,
 Now they are all prepared; but what is this?
 Hercle! a boy babe. Woman, say, did you
 Depose him here.

Mys. Where is he, where?

Chr. Why not respond to me?

Mys. Where is he, where?

What, run away and left me? fie for shame!

Dav. Faith of the gods! why, what a turmoil reigns

Now in the Forum! How men litigate,

And how all things are dear! Ah! what to think of things

I do not know.

Mys. But why leave me alone?

Dav. What do you prate about? Holloa! How now,

Mysis, whose babe is this? Who brought it here?

Mys. Eh? Are you mad, or what—to ask me that?

Dav. Who can I ask else? You alone are here.

Chr. I wonder whence he is.

Dav. Reply, will you,

To what I ask.

Mys. Ah!

Dav. [*to Mysis.*] Jump on this right hand.

Mys. Are you mad—yourself?

Dav. [*to Mysis.*] Now, if you speak a word

Save in reply to me—I say, beware!

Mys. You menace me?

Dav. Whence is he? Speak out plain.

Mys. From home.

Dav. Ah, ah, ah!—impudent beyond belief!

Chr. This is the Andrian's damsel, as I think.

Dav. What do you think to play upon us so :

Are we such likely persons to be duped ?

Chr. I came here in good time.

Dav. I say, my girl,

Just carry off this brat before the gate.

[*Aside.*] Don't move a jot ; stand just now as you are.

Mys. May gods uproot you ! How you frighten me !

Dav. Is it to you I speak, or not ?

Mys. Eh, what ?

What do you want ?

Dav. A pretty question that—

Who owns the brat you laid there, tell me that ?

Mys. As if you did not know.

Dav. As if I did not know—

Answer me straight.

Mys. Well, then, of your—

Dav. Your who ?

Mys. Your Pamphilus.

Dav. Our Pamphilus

How so ?

Mys. How so.—say, is it not so ? Eh ?

Chr. With reason I have ever feared this match.

Dav. Oh ! libel, libellous and actionable !

Mys. Why bawl you so !

Dav. Did I not yesterday

See you bear this thing home ?

Mys. O villain, rogue !

Dav. But it is truth. Why, I saw Canthara

With bundle 'neath her robe.

Mys. Pol ! I am glad

Matrons freeborn * were present at the birth.

* Slaves could not bear testimony.

Dav. You know not him on whom you play these pranks.

You think if Chremes saw before these gates
That baby, that he would not give his daughter.

He would give her the more quickly.

Chr. Herele, no!

That would I not.

Dav. Now, I tell you what—

If you don't take him off at once, I'll roll
Him in the street, and you into the gutter.

Mys. Pol, you are drunk!

Dav. One roguery, you see,

Capped by another; now the rumour runs
She is a citizen of Attica.

Chr. Hem!

Dav. And consequently, by the law, his wife.

Mys. Ah! I beseech you, is she not his wife?

Chr. Faith, I have nearly been the laughing-stock

Of all the town.

Dav. Who speaks? O Chremes, here!

You come when needed.

Chr. I have heard it all.

Dav. What, heard it all?

Chr. Commencement to the end.

Dav. What heard it all? The wicked one! we must

Have her interrogated on the cross.

You thought that you were only fooling me,

But he was here.

Mys. Unhappy I! My master,

I told the truth.

Chr. I know it all, I know—

Is Simo now within?

Dav. Simo is now within.

ACT IV.—SCENE 6.—MYSIS—DAVUS.

Mys. Do not come near me—keep away—you beast,

Pol! If Glycerium knew what you have said—

Dav. Hist! silly one! Do you not see our drift?

Mys. What drift? Not I.

Dav. He is the sire-in-law,

And in that manner, don't you see, we have

Informed him what we wanted.

Mys. Hem! But you

Should have forewarned me.

Dav. Ah, nay, not at all!

That which is done in nature, out of hand,

Is better than premeditated art.

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.—CRITO—MYSIS—DAVUS.

Cri. Chrysis, they tell me, lodges in this street,

Who better loved dishonest luxury

Than a good name with honest poverty.

All her effects, by law, belong to me,

For she, I hear, is dead. I must inquire,

Eh? salvè.

Mys. Whom do my eyes behold, eh?

Is this not Crito, cousin unto Chrysis?

Cri. O Mysis, salvè!

Mys. And salvè also Crito!

Cri. And so, poor Chrysis, eh?

Mys. Ah! the poor soul

Has left us wretched.

Cri. And ye, how do you live?
How are you off for means?

Mys. Who, we? Alas!
We live, as saith the proverb, how we can,
Who can't live how we would.

Cri. Glycerium,
Has she found out her friends?

Mys. Ah, would the gods—

Cri. Not found her friends. With inauspicious foot
Do I come here. Ah! had I only known,
I had stayed where I was. She ever passed
For sister of our Chrysis, and, no doubt,
Inherits all the chattels that she left.
I am a stranger here—to go to law,
Other examples I have witnessed, prove
The trouble and the cost. Besides, I think
She has a friend to aid her—for, look here,
She lives in style. Besides, I shall be deemed
A sycophant, a mendicant, in search
Of her inheritance; and, last of all,
I cannot rob the child.

Mys. O welcome guest!
Pol! Crito—with a heart as good as ever.

Cri. Since I am here, take me to see her face.

Mys. Most willingly.

Dav. And I will follow too,
And so keep out of my old master's way.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—CHREMES—SIMO.

Chr. Enough—enough now, Simo; I have run
Myself in peril, in my wish to aid you.
Cease to entreat me more: in pleasing you
I nearly sacrificed my daughter's peace.

Sim. But, Chremes, I entreat more earnestly,
Ah! with increase of vehemence, to fulfil
Your promise given!

Chr. Your wishes blind you, Simo.
You set no bounds to one's benignity.
You have cast off your reason: if you thought,
You would perceive you sought what is unjust.

Sim. How so?

Chr. Ah! dost thou ask? Entreating me
To grant my daughter to a man engaged,
Absorbed in other love, and hating marriage,
To wed her to dissensions, and divorce.
We are to medicate with our repose,
Disorders of your son. I gave my word,
I went to forward things whilst I believed
The marriage possible. I find it not.
She is a citizen—a child is born—
Dispute not further.

Sim. By all the gods! I say,
Do not believe a word those creatures say,
Who do not wish my son to be reclaimed.
All lies and fictions to break off this match,

And so soon as we win him from their toils,

They, too, will cease to sue and pester him.

Chr. You are deceived yourself. I chanced to hear

The maid-servant and Davus at hard words.

Sim. All fable.

Chr. Not a bit: they were at strife;

Nor one nor other knew that I was present.

Sim. I do believe it: Davus had forewarned me

That so it was to be; also to warn you—

I marvel I was so oblivious.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.—DAVUS—CHREMES—SIMO—DROMO.

Dav. Now I ordain that all be silent here.

Chr. Hem, Davus—here.

Sim. Whence doth the fellow come?

Dav. And all attend to me and to this stranger.

Sim. What roguery's this!

Dav. I never knew a man

Arrive more opportunely at a time.

Sim. Scoundrel! whom praise you?

Dav. Matters now are all

Safely on shore.

Sim. I will have at him now.

Dav. Master, by Jove!

Sim. O salvè! honest Sir!

Dav. Hem, Simo and our Chremes, all is laid

Ready now for you.

Sim. You have been diligent.

Dav. Whenc'er you bring the bride.

Sim. Ah! very good.

We only lack the bride. But hark you now!

Reply to what I ask you. Tell me what
You do within there.

Dav. Who, me ?

Sim. Ay, you.

Dav. Who, I ?

Sim. You, you I say.

Dav. A moment since,

Only, did I come here.

Sim. I did not ask you when,

But wherefore ?

Dav. With your son.

Sim. What doth he there ?

I am on thorns. Did you not tell me, sirrah,

That they had quarrelled ?

Dav. Ay, that was so.

Sim. Well, then, what doth he there ?

Chr. [*With irony.*] What doth he there ?

He quarrels with her.

Dav. More, O Chremes ! more,

An insolence unheard of. An old man,

Who or from whence I know not ; an old man,

With a front bold and sly, who seems to think

Well of himself—with face of formal cut,

And words of candour.

Sim. Well, what stuff is this !

Dav. Nought ; save for what he said.

Sim. What did he say ?

Dav. Glycerium is an Attic citizen.

Sim. Hey, Dromo ! Dromo !

Dav. What's the matter now ?

Sim. Dromo !

Dav. Hear !

- Sim.* Speak not a word. Eh! Dromo.
Dav. Hear, I entreat you.
Dro. Master!
Sim. Haul him hence;
 Haul him within directly.
Dro. Whom?
Sim. Him—Davus.
Dav. Wherefore?
Sim. Because I choose: haul him within.
Dav. What have I done?
Sim. Haul! haul!
Dav. If I have told a lie,
 Then murder me.
Sim. I will not hear you, but
 Give it you, soundly.
Dav. But I spoke truth.
Sim. See that he be well bound; and, hear you, hear!
 Bind him by hand and feet. Pol! if I live,
 I will shew you, my man, that peril lies
 In treason to your master, and to me,
 The father.
Chr. Nay, be not in a passion.
Sim. Chremes! is this then filial piety? is this
 Respect due unto me? or shall I care
 For such a son? oh Pamphilus, I say,
 Come forth, come forth and blush.

ACT V.—SCENE 3.—PAMPHILUS—SIMO—CHREMES.

- Pam.* Who summons me? My father, I'm undone!
Sim. What dost thou say? Of all—

Chr. Forbear, I say ;

Speak calmly to him, without rhapsody.

Sim. If it were possible with what he has done —

Say is Glycerium a citizen ?

Pam. They so affirm.

Sim. They so affirm ; do they ?

A most outrageous impudence—is there

A falter in his voice—blush on his brow ?

Is there a sign of penitence or shame ?

Ah ! can it be ? so impotent of mind,

So callous to the laws, so hostile to

His filial obedience—father's hopes—

To wed to ignominy and disgrace.

Pam. I am most wretched.

Sim. Do you, Pamphilus,

Learn that to-day ?—You should have wretched been

Before you gave unbridled passion reins.

Now truly may you say you're miserable.

But wherefore do I trouble so my soul—

Wherefore torment my mind—excruciate

My old age—weary me to madness—

Shall I endure the penalties for him ?

No ; let him troop and go and—live with her.

Pam. My Father !

Sim. Ay, my Father ; as though you

Needed a father : you have house and home

And wife and child, and all against his will.

You bring your sycophants to prove that she

Is a free-born of Attica. I yield.

Pam. Father, will you permit me a few words ?

Sim. Wherefore—what words ?

Chr. Yet, Simo, let him speak.

Sim. I hear him? wherefore, Chremes, should I hear?

Chr. Nay, suffer him.

Sim. I suffer him; speak on.

Pam. Father, I do avow I am in love,
And, if that be a crime, am criminal.
But, father, I submit; impose on me
Your pleasure, what you will; for if you wrench
Me from her arms I love, I must submit.
But do not think I have suborned this man
To do you wrong; and let me bring him here.

Sim. Him here!

Pam. Oh, suffer it, my father.

Chr. Do;
For what he asks is just.

Pam. Oh do, I pray.

Sim. I suffer it: Chremes, I would comply
With what you wish, avoiding all deceit.

Chr. However great the errors of a son,
Sufficient is rebuke from hands paternal.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.—CRITO—CHREMES—SIMO—PAMPHILUS.

Cri. Beseech no more; sufficient were one cause
Of three impelling me, yourself, the truth,
And love I bear Glycerium.

Chr. Do I behold—
The Andrian Crito?

Cri. Health be unto you, Chremes.

Chr. And what do you at Athens?

Cri. Wherefore I—
But is this Simo?

Chr. Ay.

Sim. Doth he seek me?

Do you affirm that this Glycerium is
A free-born Attican?

Cri. Do you deny it?

Sim. Do you come hither thus prepared?

Cri. Prepared!

Sim. Prepared: to play the rogue, delude our youth,
And with impunity to spread your nets
And lures for generous youth; with promises
And vile solicitations, snaring them.

Cri. Are you insane?

Sim. From meretricious loves
To bind a marriage?

Pam. The stranger is upset
By these reproaches.

Chr. Simo, you know him not.
He is not what you say; he worthy is.

Sim. Or worthy or unworthy, how comes it
That he arrives at this unlooked for hour,
When I would wed my son unto another,
And heretofore unknown. Is that a tale
To be believed? say, Chremes.

Pam. If I did not fear
My father's wrath—ah! I could prompt a word.

Sim. A sycophant!

Cri. Ah!

Chr. Ah! pardon, Crito, pray,
He is angry.

Cri. Be it so—but he
Must curb his tongue, or I shall say in turn
What may displease him. What have I to do
With your disorders—what are they to me!

It seems to me you need the equal mind
 To bear your ills. For me, I speak the truth.
 There was an Attican was shipwrecked on
 The Isle of Andros; with him was this girl.
 He chanced to light upon the father of
 Our Chrysis—in extremity of ill.

Sim. Fables.

Chr. Let him speak.

Cri. But wherefore interrupt?

Chr. Proceed.

Cri. Her father was my relative,
 And in his house he died, declaring he
 Was Attican.

Chr. His name—his name?

Cri. Was Phania.

Chr. Ah, I am slain.

Cri. Doubtless, 'twas Phania,
 Moreover of the burgh Rhamnusium.

Chr. Oh, Jupiter!

Cri. It is well-known in Andros.

Sim. And grant it may be so. Now tell me, Crito,
 What did he say of her? Was she his child?

Cri. No.

Chr. And whose?

Cri. His brother's.

Chr. And my daughter!

Cri. How—what!

Sim. What!

Pam. Lift up your ears, O Pamphilé.

Sim. Do you believe this, Chremes?

Chr. Yes. Phania—

He was my brother.

- Sim.* True ; I knew him well.
- Chr.* He fled from hence and war. He followed me
To Asian shores, where then I was. He led
My daughter with him, daring not to leave her.
And lo ! the first that I have heard of her.
- Pam.* I am beside myself, with spirit stirred
By fears and hope and joy. I am o'erfraught
With gladness, and with unexpected wonder.
- Sim.* Chremes, I am glad ; for many reasons glad,
That you have found your child.
- Pam.* Surely, my father.
- Chr.* But one doubt troubles me—one doubt remains.
- Pam.* Confound your stupid doubt. I hate the man
Seeking for doubts where there can none exist.
- Cri.* Pronounce it.
- Chr.* Her name was not Glycerium.
- Cri.* Assuredly, she had another name.
- Chr.* What was it ?
- Cri.* Ah ! if I can call to mind.
- Pam.* What, shall I suffer a bad memory
To blight and blast my joy, when I myself
Have the remedial knowledge ? I will not.
Chremes, her name was Pasibula then.
- Cri.* It is.
- Chr.* It is.
- Pam.* We often call her so.
- Sim.* Chremes, I give you joy, I give you joy.
You credit me ?
- Chr.* I do assuredly.
- Pam.* My father, now——
- Sim.* My son, the late annoyance
Becomes a blessing now.

Pam. My dearest father,
If Chremes now consents and grants his daughter.

Chr. Nay, I am willing, if your father is.

Pam. Ah! surely.

Sim. I consent.

Chr. And, Pamphilus,
Her dower is ten talents.

Pam. Most content.

Chr. I hurry to my child. Ah, Crito, come!

Come with me, for she knows me not!

Sim. Wherefore

Not bring her home?

Pam. True, true; I will find Davus.

Sim. He cannot.

Pam. Who?

Sim. For he has business
Imports himself more nearly.

Pam. What is that?

Sim. He is bound.

Pam. He is unjustly bound.

Sim. I so commanded.

Pam. Oh, bid the contrary.

Sim. So be it then.

Pam. Without delay.

Sim. I go.

Pam. O happy and O most auspicious day.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.—CHARINUS—PAMPHILUS.

Cha. I sought for Pamphilus, and lo, behold him!

Pam. Another one might, perhaps, imagine now
That I am full of fond imaginings,

And in a fool's elysium. Now am I
 Persuaded that the gods immortal are,
 Because their joys have immortality.
 And I, too, am immortal in my bliss,
 If no mischance step on my happiness.
 Oh! for a friend I love the best, to be
 My partner in this joy and ecstasy.

Cha. He is rejoicing surely.

Pam. Davus, ah!

I want you, Davus; no one more than you,
 For none more vividly reflects my joys.

ACT V.—SCENE 6.—DAVUS—PAMPHILUS—CHARINUS.

Dav. Where then is Pamphilus?

Pam. Behold! 'tis I.

Dav. O, Pamphilus.

Pam. Dost know my happy fortune?

Dav. No; but I know my own bad fortune, since
 We parted last.

Pam. And I—I know it, too.

Dav. The lot of mortals; quicker is the flight
 Of tale of woe than tale of happiness.

Pam. Ah! my Glycerium has found her friends—
 Her father.

Dav. That is well done.

Cha. Hem!

Pam. Her father is our friend.

Dav. Who?

Pam. Chremes.

Dav. Good.

I am rejoiced.

Pam. Nothing forbids the marriage.

Cha. Doth he not dream, and waking, grasps a shade ?

Pam. And the boy, Davus—

Dav. Trouble not yourself ;

The gods love only him.

Cha. And I am saved,

If what they say be true. Now will I hail

And ask.

Pam. Charinus, in a happy hour—

Cha. And I rejoice.

Pam. Oh ! have you heard ?

Cha. I have—

I have heard all ; and now that you are blest,

Aid, and forget me not, I do implore you.

Chremes is now your relative, and will

Grant whatsoe'er you ask him.

Pam. And I will.

But we cannot wait here, Charinus, now

Until he comes forth from Glycerium.

Come you with me and seek him. Davus—you,

Go seek the men to bear her to our house !

Why do you tarry ? Go !

Dav. I go, I go.

[*To the audience.*]

Now do not wait until they reappear,

Whate'er is to be done, will be done there.

There may be more to do than we can tell ;

And so applaud us, sirs, and fare ye well.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS.

(THE SELF-TORMENTOR.)

PERSONS.

- CHREMES—An Elder.
MENEDEMUS—The Self-tormentor.
CLITIPHO—Son of Chremes.
CLINIA—Son of Menedemus.
SYRUS—Slave of Clitipho.
DROMO—Slave of Clinia.
BACCHIS—Meretrix.
ANTIPHILA—Maiden.
SOSTRATA—Matron.
NURSE.
PHRYGIAN DAMSEL.
-

PROLOGUE.

Lest any of you wonder why the poet
Sends me, an old man, forward, I will show it.
This day we act a drama from the Greek—
Heautontimorumenos—and seek
To make its single plot a double one :
Therefore our comedy is new, or none.
Who wrote the Grecian comedy—you know ;
That is one point I have no need to show.
But wherefore am I here, you ask again :
Pleader am I, your suffrages to gain.
Ye are our judges. We seek your applause
So I, and not the prologue, plead the cause ;
And though some tongues malevolent declare
The Grecian plots contaminated are
Whence he indites his Latin, nor doth he
Deny the charge nor will defend the plea.
He can produce authority to show
That greater bards have done so long ago.
Another charge malevolence adduces,
That he with music now your ears seduces,
Instead of his own talents. We submit
That to your judgment ; you must settle it.
Shut up your ears to slanders we entreat you,
And open them to hopes in which we greet you ;
Listen to us who weave fair novelties,
Not like the breathless slave who ranting cries,

"Give place, make room,"* and hurling folk about.
 Why should he careful be for such a lout?
 Better to quash his crudities than follow
 So bad a master; let him cease to holloa.
 And now attend and listen to the play,
 Whilst I, uninterrupted, say my say;
 Nor rack my legs and lungs upon the stage,
 As running slave, or old man in a rage,
 Or greedy parasite or sycophant
 Or pander merchantman; but rather grant
 Remission from such labours unto me.
 For they who now indite the comedy
 Demand my aid when they have somewhat dry;
 If volatile to volatiles they fly.†
 But this is declamation pure—its zest
 Lies in its moral—let me do my best.
 I am not overweening, but I fain
 Am your applauses and your praise to gain.
 Then make me an example, so that they,
 Who work to please you, on a future day
 May find a beaten track and trodden way.

* A cut at the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, where Mercury, as Sosia, comes dashing on—"Give place, make room," &c.—*Act III. sc. 4.* The slave would have been flogged for so doing.

† The *stataria* or *motoria fabula*, stationary or mobile acting: the first to the old men, the second to the slaves.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS.

(THE SELF-TORMENTOR.)

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—CHREMES AND MENEDEMUS.

Chr. Neighbour, though yet unknown, for only since
Your purchase of you farm our neighbourhood
Dates its brief space; there something is besides,
Either your worth or neighbourhood, for they
Stand next to friendship in my poor conceit,
Impels me with familiar—nay, bold speech
To admonish—that your present mode of life
Is unbecoming of your age and state.
For—faith of gods and man!—what do you do?
What do you hope, desire? Some sixty years,
As near as I can guess, are on your back;
You hold the best farm that lies round about.
Money enough, and slaves; and yet you slave
As if, forsooth, you were devoid of both.
Early and late, at dawning morn, and eve,
Ever at work, for ever fardel-laden,
No sparing, pity for yourself. You say
Your slaves are idle; be it so, but you
Would find your interest more to make them work,
And be their overseer.

Men. My neighbour, Chremes,

Does your superfluous leisure give you time
To mind, and interfere in deeds of others?

Chr. I am a man; and nought pertaining to
Humanity is alien unto me.

For my advice or curiosity,
I would myself follow a course, if right,
Or, I would warn another in the wrong.

Men. I do what pleases me, do thou the like.

Chr. But does it please to crucify yourself?

Men. It pleases me.

Chr. I know not what afflicts you,
Or what great woe may warrant such infliction.

Men. Ah, me! Ah, me!

Chr. Nay, sigh not so, but say—

Confide in me, fear not, and let me try
By sympathy or counsel to console you.

Men. Have you such wish?

Chr. Truly I have, to aid you.

Men. Then shall you know it.

Chr. Then lay by that rake,
And sit you down at ease.

Men. No!

Chr. Wherefore no?

Why not permit yourself a minute's ease?

Men. Leave me alone; I do not ask for ease.

Chr. I will not suffer this, I say.

Men. I say—forbear!

Chr. That heavy rake!

Men. It should be heavier,

To counterweigh my fault.

Chr. Well, say you on.

Men. I have one only son : what do I say ?

I had one only son. Ah, Chremè, ah !

Whether I have or not, I do not know.

Chr. Say on.

Men. I will do so. From Corinth came

An ancient dame, and poor : my son became

Enamoured of her daughter, and desired,

Beyond controlment, to have her to wife.

'Twas told me privately ; and I began

To work with all the rigour and oppression,

Regardless of the mind's infirmity,

Which parents use to do on such occasions.

Him I reproached incessantly : you fool,

Think you that I will suffer in my life

Authority deposed, that you may live

With an amica, as with wedded wife ?

You err if so you think. I tell you, Clinia,

You do mistake me much : you are my son

Whilst you do worthily ; if you transgress,

Behoves it then that I do what I ought.

This dalliance comes from too much idleness,

And, at your age, I never dreamed of love.

Well, I was poor, and off I went to Asia,

To conquer glory and acquire wealth.

So I went on ; until the poor, poor lad,

O'erwearied by resistance, gave it up.

He yielded to my age, obedience ;

He thought me wiser than he was himself.

Ah ! Chremes, he has gone to serve the king,

A soldier, into Asia.

Chr.

What dost thou say ?

Men. Clandestinely to Asia; three months since.

Chr. You both did wrongly; and yet he betrayed
A noble spirit, and a heart of gold.

Men. Those in his secret, after he was gone,
Informed me then. I wandered homeward bound,
Bent with my grief; nor knew I what to do.
I cast me down; slaves drew my slippers off,
And hurried in the supper. There I lay.
They did their very best in serving me.
Their sympathy caused me to muse myself—
What then was I? Behold how many slaves,
How many damsels, how impressed to serve
For me alone! And he, my only son,
He who should share with me these cares and home,
Him have I driven forth. And shall I live
In luxury, and he in want? I will not.
Unjustly banished; I will be the same;
And whilst he lives in toils, so I will toil
And labour, spare, and heap: revenge my boy.
I put it in effect; I sold my house,
Vases and vestments, handmaidens and men,
Excepting labourers; those who could work
And gain our means; so I raised fifteen talents.
I bought this farm, and labour night and day;
For I deem, Chremes, I alleviate
The injury done, by sharing it with him.
Nor will I taste of pleasure or repose
Until the time I share them with my boy.

Chr. Indulgent father, and an upright son.

Ah! I perceive—misunderstanding, all;
And, when it is so, everything goes cross.

You hid the depth of your paternal love ;
 He hid, in turn, his filial confidence ;
 And thence and thence all this entanglement.

Men. It is too true, and I avow my faults.

Chr. But, Menedemus, things shall all come right ;
 Here shall he reappear, all sane and sound.

Men. May the gods grant so !

Chr. Ah ! they will, they will.

Come, this is Dionysia ; come and sup—
 Come, sup with me, and let us keep the feast.

Men. No !

Chr. Why, no ? This “no” will never do ;
 Your son will blame it, absent though he is.

Men. It were unrighteous, when I have a vow
 To labour, I should flee the vow and feast.

Chr. So you resolve ?

Men. Even so.

Chr. Farewell then.

Men. Fare you well.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.—CHREMES.

Chr. Pol ! I am weeping ; he has made me weep.

But the time flies ; behoves it me to go
 And bid my neighbour Phania come to sup.
 It is a long time since he crossed my door.
 Be he at home, no need bid him to come.
 Then, home to my convives. Holloa ! how now ?
 Who issues from my house ? I wonder who.
 Some one comes forth ; I will hide here and see.

ACT I.—SCENE 3.—CLITIPHO—CHREMES.

Clit. Fear nothing, Clinia, there is nought to fear ;
 They will obey your messenger and come ;
 So cast away confounded hopes and fears.

Chr. Whom has my son got there ?

Clit. Ah ! here is one.

My father, as I wished : My father, hail !

Chr. What's this about ?

Clit. Do you know, Menedemus,
 Who lives by here ?

Chr. Yes, well ?

Clit. Has he a son ?

Chr. He has, in Asia, one.

Clit. In Asia, no !

My father, he is here.

Chr. What dost thou say ?

Clit. I met him now, as he came off the ship ;
 I brought him home. Oh ! it is very long
 That we have known each other ; we, old friends.

Chr. I am right glad to hear it. This is news
 Gives me much pleasure. Bid Menedemus now
 To join our supper. I shall be right glad
 To see his happiness.

Clit. Do nothing of the sort,
 I do beseech you.

Chr. Why, nothing of the sort ?

Clit. He is all in the clouds, and dreading all ;
 His father's anger he is most afraid of.
 Look you, he is in love, most miserably ;
 He sailed, and he returns, for sake of her.

Chr. I know it.

Clit. He has sent a varlet lad
To her in town; so I sent Syrus with him.

Chr. What does he say?

Clit. He says he is unhappy.

Chr. Unhappy! stuff! how can he be unhappy?
What hinders him to have all heart's desire—
His father, country, both in good estate;
Friends, birth, relations, riches? It is true
That those possessing these things own them not;
Those who possess them not, know well their want;
Blessings well used—curses when cast away.

Clit. But this old man, aye, was importunate
And savage with his son: he fears his father
That he will ——

Chr. He need fear him not—so, so!
I had best hold my tongue, and leave the lad
In wholesome filial fear.

Clit. What do you whisper?

Chr. I was about to say—however wrathful
May Menedemus be—it is his duty
To go and see his father; he will find him, perhaps,
More angry than he wishes: he must bear it—
It is his duty; if he hear not him,
Whom will he hear? Which, think you, is most just—
A father to submit unto his son, or son
Unto his father? Harshness! oh yes, harsh!
I know a little of a father's harshness.
Hard to forbid—this, that, and t'other thing;
Refusing money for the civic lurrements,
And forcing virtue on them. For if vice
E'er get firm hold, it holds inherently.

And lay this maxim to your heart, my son—
Let other's wreck teach you to shun the shoal.

Clit. Good faith! I will.

Chr. And I will now within;
And mind that you are here at supper time.

ACT I.—SCENE 4.—CLITIPHO.

Clit. How unjust are all fathers to their sons!

We should be born with beards; should ne'er be young;
Never have youthful passions—passionless.

They would forsooth have all resemble them.

If e'er I have a son, I will be just;

He shall confide in me, and I in him.

Not like my sire and me, whose constant prate

Is about other's wrecks. It makes me mad

When he is in his cups; and fain to brag

Of youthful days and deeds; and now, he says,

Take warning, boy, and do not thou the same.

A likely joke, to which my ears are deaf.

My ears hear well enough my mistress' words,

“Bring me,” and “give me;” nor dare I reply.

Now Clinia is far better off than I.

He loves a damsel, modest, well brought up—

No meretricious mind—the whilst my dame

Is haughty and presumptuous, full of greed,

Calling for money; and I fain to hide

That I have none—ay, none. I bear my grief

In solitude. My father knows it not.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—CLINIA—CLITIPHO.

Cli. If there were tidings good of my beloved,
I surely should have heard; for absence saps
The faith of woman, and a thousand ills—
Her age and opportunities—the dame,
Her mother—caring but for gold.

Clit. Clinia!

Cli. What now—more woe?

Clit. Take heed you are not seen
By anyone, leaving your father's house.

Cli. I will—I have presentiment of ill.

Clit. Now don't prognosticate—we soon shall know.

Cli. Good news comes swiftly—had come long ago.

Clit. Why, it comes now.

Cli. Now—when?

Clit. Well, give it time:

A girl must dress her hair—adjust herself;
You know not woman—half a year to dress:
Look out; here Dromo and here Syrus come.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.—SYRUS—DROMO—CLITIPHO—CLINIA.

Syr. Ah! say'st thou?

Dro. Verily.

Syr. But how is this?

Whilst we have chattered, they have dropped in rear.

Clit. She cometh, Clinia—dost thou hear?

Cli I hear,

And I begin to breathe and live.

Dro. I say,

Where have they got to? what detains them now?

Ah! it's that troop of girls.

Cli. Girls! how should she

Possess a troop of girls—I perish.

Clit. Wait—

I'll speak to them.

Syr. We ought not to have left

Them, and their chattels.

Cli. Chattels—do you hear!

Syr. Gold, jewels—and the night is coming on,

And they know not the way. Dromo look out—

Run back again—you stand there like a fool.

Cli. There go my hopes anew; unhappy me!

Clit. Well, what's the matter now? what dread you now?

Cli. What dread I now!—servants and jewels—clothes;—

And when I left her, she had one young girl.

Whence then this wealth?

Clit. Ah, ay, I see!

Syr. Ye gods auspicious! what a troop of girls—

Our house will never hold them. Meat and drink!

And my old master in a rage: ah, here

Are those I wished to find!

Cli. Oh Jupiter!

Where, then, is faith? whilst I fled from my home

For love of you, Antiphila, and bore

The ills of exile; you enriched yourself,

And leave me in my woes; and you the cause

That I am blamed by all, and disobeyed

My father, as I ought not to have done.

I die of shame and passion, when I think
 Of all his admonitions—all in vain.
 No admonitions tore me from your arms.
 Now to retrace my miserable steps,
 Obedient, and too late.

Syr. He heard our talk,
 And now he goes and blunders. Clinia,
 Your love and mistress are all fair and true ;
 She is unchanged—unchangeable, if all
 That we have seen and heard of her is sooth.

Clit. What have you seen? Oh say, oh tell me, tell—
 That I suspect her most injuriously!

Syr. Well, first, that you may truly know the whole,
 The dame is dead, and she was not her mother.
 Now, that I heard by chance upon the road,
 From her own lips.

Clit. Whom told she that?

Syr. Have patience, Clitipho, I must begin
 Before that I can end. We'll come to that.

Clit. Well, well, get on.

Syr. At first we found her house ;
 Next Dromo came and knocked upon the door,
 And an old woman answered. Opened doors,
 In Dromo pushed, and I pushed after him :
 The old dame drew the bolts, and took her wool.
 Now, Clinia, now, at such a time and tide,
 You learn most surely what a woman is ;
 You catch her at haphazard, and you learn
 How she lives in your absence ; her you find
 At ordinary occupations—tasks
 Which mark their inclinations and their lives.
 Well then, we found her busy at her loom,

Arrayed in mourning garb, no doubt for her,
 The old dame dead. She wore no ornament,
 Nor gold, nor gem; was very meanly clad;
 Her locks at liberty—all negligent—
 All unadorned in beauty.

Cli. Ah, Syrus; pray
 Do not delude me with fictitious good!

Syr. The old dame spun: there was one other girl—
 A little girl—unwashed, unclothed, who worked
 At the same loom as worked Antiphila.

Clit. Clinia, if this be true—and I believe it—
 You are most fortunate. A sordid damsel
 Is a sure proof of a reproachless dame,
 Where servants are not pampered, 'tis a rule
 That they receive no presents—are not bought
 To make assignments for their mistresses.

Cli. Syrus, go on; but say no more than sooth.
 O flatter not! Say what did she reply
 Learning of my return?

Syr. I told her that,
 And that you prayed her instant company.
 She dropped her shuttle, and her eyes were charged
 With gathered tears; she hurried—we could see
 That she was all impatience to behold you.

Cli. Oh happiness: I am beloved of gods!
 I know not where I am, so much I feared.

Clit. I knew all would be well, my Clinia!
 Now Syrus, of the other, what of her?

Syr. Well, we bring you your Bacchis.

Clit. Bacchis—bring—

Why zounds! you villain, do you bring her here?

Syr. To take her home with us.

Clit. My father's house?

Syr. The very one.

Clit. Oh, impudence unheard of!

Syr. Master: you cannot do things great and tall
Without some peril.

Clit. Sirrah, mind what you do:

You gain no glory, mind, at my expense;

Now if you blunder I am surely lost:

What will you do with her?

Syr. But ——

Clit. But what, I say?

Syr. Well, suffer me to speak.

Clit. I suffer you.

Syr. The thing is thus—that is—the thing is so—

Clit. You quibble, or you seek some subterfuge.

Clit. Speak, Syrus, truly; come now to the fact.

Syr. I can't do otherwise: he is unjust.

Clitipho, I can no more put up with you.

Clit. By Hercules, be quiet! Let him speak.

Clit. Well, let him speak.

Syr. You are in love; you want

To gain a mistress, and I find the means.

Money you want; you don't want any risk.

Well, you are not a fool—that is to say,

If you don't ask what is impossible;

You must take this with that, or go without.

Will you accept the peril, or renounce

The prize? I have devised things well,

All, all is safe enough. You shall possess

Your mistress safely in your father's house.

Moreover, find the money that you owe her.

Money—I'm deaf with your long bawling for.

What want you more?

Clit. I am content with this,

Provided—

Syr. Ay, provided: will you try?

Clit. Yes, yes; but tell me what you now propose.

Syr. Bacchis to counterfeit Antiphila!

Clit. Oh, excellent, in faith! but what of her?

Will she pass off as his? Methinks that one

Will be perplexing and enough for him.

Syr. I take her to your mother.

Clit. Eh, for what?

Syr. Now this is tedious, Clitipho. I know

My course of action: you must trust in me.

Clit. Ah, fables, fables! I can nothing see

Of reassuring in your rigmарole.

Syr. Wait, then—I have one more expedient

Which you shall both confess not perilous.

Clit. For heaven's sake, yes; one not perilous.

Syr. Most easily; I will go meet the dames

And send them back.

Clit. What is it that you say?

Syr. Rest you contented: they shall both go back,

And you shall go to bed and go to sleep.

Clit. Here's a dead lock!

Clit. I think that we should take—

Clit. Eh, Syrè! tell me now—look up at me—

Syr. Be off with you; to-morrow you may wish,

And wish too late.

Clit. But we consent, you see;

I don't think we shall find another chance

So good as this.

Clit. What, Syrus, ho!

Syr. Ah, cry and bawl!

I'm off—I am.

Clit. But, Hercle! you are right—

Syrus, I say—ho, Syrus! Stop and hear.

Syr. He grows red hot. Well, what?

Clit. Well what, return!

Syr. Well, here am I. Say on, what is your will?

For I can nought propose that pleases you.

Clit. Not so, my Syrè! Ah! now, leave us not!

My love and honour I confide to thee.

You know the best; only take care of falls.

Syr. Pooh, pooh: do you admonish, Clitipho!

Have I not more to fear by far than you?

Now, if this plot of mine should not succeed,

You will get off with a rough word or two;

I shan't escape so well, but bear rough stripes.

Guess then if I shall not take care of falls.

But ask of him: will he dissimulate,

Accepting Bacchis?

Clit. Truly will I so,

If needful is to do so, as we stand.

Clit. I thank you truly, Clinia.

Clit. Tell me now,

Can we trust Bacchis?

Syr. She is shrewd enough.

Clit. I am surprized—surprized that she consents,

She who rebuffs so many with her scorn.

Syr. I caught her at the tide—the very tide—

The very turn of tide: a soldier there

Besieging her: and she was making terms,

Terms of surrender; but with such address

Inflaming and rejecting him, until
 She made his passion uncontrollable,
 And then abruptly swamped it to please you.
 I say, beware! where you imprudent run.
 Your father is astute, has open eyes;
 And you, I know you too: confusing words,
 Twisting your head, groaning, and hemming, grinning—
 I say, beware!

Clit. You flatter me.

Syr. Take care.

Clit. You make me proud.

Syr. Ah, ah! here come the women.

Clit. Where; where? Zounds! stay me not.

Syr. Now, don't you see—

You must not know them now.

Clit. Stuff—but I may,

When they arrive—

Syr. I tell you, no.

Clit. I will.

Syr. You shall not.

Clit. But I will.

Syr. But I forbid it.

Clit. Only one kiss.

Syr. Now don't be such a fool.

Clit. I go—and Clinia?

Syr. No, Clinia must remain.

Clit. Thrice-happy Clinia!

Syr. Now, be off—be off.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.—BACCHIS—ANTIPHILA—CLINIA—
SYRUS.

Bac. Now, edepol, I vow, Antiphila,
 I praise and hold you very fortunate.
 Your beauty, with your manners in concurrence
 I wonder not that men run mad for you.
 May the gods prosper me! your very talk
 Betrays to me the beauty of your mind.
 Ah! when I think upon the wife's career;
 Living for one alone—I marvel not
 To find conjoined with it, such excellence.
 That is forbidden us in our careers;
 Our gallants buy our beauty, when that goes,
 Away go they—and purchase where they can—
 And therefore we must needs be mercenary.
 'Tis not so with the wife, the wedded wife.
 With love and equal age and sentiment,
 Devotion ever growing more and more,
 To such a love time does not put a bourn.

Ant. I do not know nor can dream of another,
 My heart is all concentr'd, all in one.

Cli. [*Aside.*] 'Tis that, Antiphila, attracts me home.
 Of all the woes that on the exile wait,
 None is so great as absence from his love.

Syr. No doubt, no doubt.

Cli. Syrus, I can't hold out.

Zounds! to stand here and never welcome her.

Syr. Ah! then, you can't hold out. Your father soon
 Will give you other things to think about.

Bac. Who is yon youngster who is ogling us?

Ant. Help, hold me up!

Bac. What is the matter now?

Ant. I faint, I perish.

Bac. Antiphila, how now?

Ant. Speak! is it Clinia?

Cli. All hail, my soul!

Ant. Oh, my expected Clinia! All hail!

Cli. My sweetest love!

Ant. I joy to see you safe.

Cli. And do I hold you fast, Antiphila?

How have I longed and pined—

Syr. Now get you in,

The old man in the house is waiting too.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—CHREMES—MENEDEMUS.

Chr. The morning dawns. Then why do I delay
 To beat upon his door, and tell the news—
 The son's return—and cheer the father's heart?
 The youngster does not wish it; but the grief
 Of the old man who loves so fervently—
 No! I cannot delay to soothe his grief,
 The whilst it cannot hurt the boy at all.
 I must—I must—I will aid this old man,
 The boys know one another—they are friends,
 Interchange thoughts and wishes—why not we?
 Let old men unto old men do the like.

Men. Or, I was born for woes and miseries
 Past mortal lot, or else the proverb's false
 That time soothes grief; time only adds to mine.
 Each day that's fled adds to the period of
 My boy's departure, with increasing grief,
 As the time flies.

Chr. Ah! here he comes.
 I will address him: Menedemus, hail!
 I have news for you—news that will make you glad.

Men. News of my son, O Chremes?

Chr. He is well.

Men. Where is he, I beseech you?

Chr. Well, with me,

At home, there.

Men. What, my son?

- Chr.* Is come.
- Men.* Is come ?
- Chr.* Yea, truly.
- Men.* Clinia ! is my Clinia come ?
- Chr.* I said so.
- Men.* Hence, then, lead me quick, I pray !
- Chr.* But he would rather that you should not know
Of his return ; he trembles at his deed,
He doubts the moderation of your wrath.
- Men.* Did you not tell him, Chremes, of my mind ?
- Chr.* No I did not.
- Men.* And wherefore did you not ?
- Chr.* Because you, also, now are blundering.
It is not good for him to go unpunished ;
It is not good for you to seem so weak.
- Men.* Nay, it is right, I have been harsh enough.
- Chr.* Ah ! Menedemus, you are marring all ;
You go from one extreme unto another.
From reticence to prodigality—
Two paths which lead unto one precipice.
Some little licence when this love began,
And with that woman it had soon burnt out ;
Unless, indeed, she kept that modesty
Content with little, which now is all gone
And merged in desperate extravagance.
Necessity has cast her on the world,
And now she must be purchased at her price,
And you are ready. Learn, then, what that is.
Why, her establishment is ruinous !
Ten girls in vests of gold. A satrap would
Shrink from the charges which you would incur.
- Men.* Is she with you ?

Chr. Is she with me—why yes !

I know it sensibly. I found the supper
 For her and all her troop ; another such,
 And I am ruined. Casting wine away
 With mouth fastidious : Father ! this is rough ;
 Go seek some sweeter. All my jars are pierced,
 She stove them all. My men had much ado
 To bring them up, and all this in one night.
 How would you manage that now, every day ?
 As the gods love me, but I pity you.

Men. She shall do as she will. Shall mar or make ;
 Shall spend and cast away ; do what she will,
 So long as she will come and dwell with me.

Chr. If so you will, methinks that it were well
 He should not know, that it is you who do it.

Men. How shall I act ?

Chr. Do anything but that
 Which you propose ; do it vicariously,
 Pretend that you are cheated by his slave,
 For that is their intent. I quickly saw
 Their private machinations ; 'twill soon appear,
 For Syrus is at hard work with your servant
 Earwiggling one another, and the boys
 They are in conference deep, 'Twere better lose
 A talent to them thus than grant a mina.
 We must not now mind cash, but give a lesson
 To this young fellow, and yet save ourselves,
 If so we can. If once he spy your weakness
 That you would hazard all—your peace and purse—
 To keep him here, you open then a door
 To his destruction ; his sin upon your head,
 For we can none of us withstand temptation.

He will launch out in all extravagance,
Thoughtless and reckless, and you must look on,
And see your property and see your peace
Take flight; or, if you gird up to resist,
Off, off—he quits you: that is, he will threaten.

Men. I do believe that what you say is truth.

Chr. Now in good sooth, I have not closed my eyes
The livelong night in communing to aid you.

Men. Give me your hand. I pray you, Chremes, follow
The plan you now advise me.

Chr. I will do it.

Men. But know you what I wish?

Chr. Say, what you wish.

Men. Why, since they machinate some roguery,
Hasten it on. I want to pleasure them,
I want to see my boy.

Chr. And so you shall.

I must find Syrus, and exhort him to it.
Hush! who comes from my house? I pray you go
Back to your house; let us not be seen together.
I too have business. Simus and Crito, two
Neighbours of ours, chose me for arbiter.
I will bid them defer it from to-day,
And be back in a minute.

Men. Do so, I pray you.

O faith of gods! behoves it that all men
Are blind to things pertaining to themselves,
Lynx-eyed to those of others. It happens thus
In all our own affairs, that joy and grief
Deprive us of our judgment. Chremes now
Can act for me better than I myself;
My judgment is not free. Here Chremes comes.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.—SYRUS—CHREMES.

Syr. All hurry-scurry, running here and there
For money, and to circumvent the Seniors.

Chr. [*Aside.*] Ah! I was in the right to “circumvent”—
That slave of Clinia’s is somewhat dull,

And, therefore, they’ve commissioned Syrus. Ah!

Syr. Who speaks? Ah me, he heard me speak of money.

Chr. Syrus:

Syr. Ahem!

Chr. - What are you after here?

Syr. All right. But, Chremes, wherefore up so early,
You banquetting so late?

Chr. Not overmuch.

Syr. Not overmuch! then yours is the old saw—
Youth of an eagle!

Chr. So—so!

Syr. Ah! that woman,
Of easy, merry mood; this meretrix.

Chr. Yes, I have found her so.

Syr. And exquisite—
Here! an amorous form.

Chr. So—so, so—so!

Syr. Ah, yes! not like you know the dames of old,

But fair withal. I do not, I confess,

Marvel that Clinia loves her fervently;

But there’s a certain father, a true screw,

A dried-up miser, do you know the man?

Our neighbour there: rolling in riches—ah!

Rolling in riches, and he drives his son

From house and home. Eh! do you know the man?

Chr. How know him not? a man that should be sent
To turn the mill.

Syr. Hem! who?

Chr. That slave of his—
That knave—

Syr. [*Aside.*] Syrè, I fear for thee.

Chr. That knave
That suffered this to be.

Syr. How could he help it?

Chr. How! do you ask? He should have told some tale,
Some lie, to win the money from the father,
And aided so their loves; he would have served
The old man well, and done him a best service.

Syr. You chaff me!

Chr. I do not, such is my mind.

Syr. Eh! do you praise the slave who cheats his master?

Chr. Well, that depends on time and place.

Syr. That's true.

Chr. For very often fraud spares mighty ills—

Ills without remedy. This only son

Had stayed at home now, had the slave been shrewd.

Syr. [*Aside.*] Is he joking or in earnest, I know not,

But this incites me onward in my fraud.

Chr. And where now, Syrus, is this dunce, this mule,

That cannot serve his master in his need,

Nor frame a lie to take in one old man.

Syr. Ah, 'tis a mooncalf.

Chr. Wherefore do not you

Lend him some wit.

Syr. I will so willingly,

If you will give me orders. By my word,

It is the very thing I best am fit for.

Chr. Hercle! and I esteem it.

Syr. For to cheat
Comes native to me.

Chr. Then to it.

Syr. Master mine,
You will remember that I do your bidding;
You will remember, should it ever happen,
That Clitipho, your son, who human is,
Perchance may do the like.

Chr. Well, I trust—not.

Syr. I trust—not, too, 'twas all surmise. I ne'er
Saw that in him as yet, as yet, I say.
You see the age he has, Chremes, beware!
If that should come to pass, you wont blame me.

Chr. Go to, go to, if that should come to pass
We'll see to it; now follow up this cue.

Syr. I never heard my master speak so well;
I have full liberty to cheat and lie,
To work then with impunity. They come.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—CHREMES—CLITIPHO—SYRUS.

Chr. Why, how now? Clitipho; what means then this?
What manners pray are these?

Clit. What have I done?

Chr. Your hand beneath her robe, upon her bosom;
I saw it with these eyes.

Syr. Then our game's up.

Clit. Who—mine?

Chr. Deny it not. I say it—I.
Is this the way that you insult your guest—
Not hold your hands off! 'tis the last affront

That you can do him, to caress his mistress!
 Your conduct yesterday was overbold,
 Immodest at the supper.

Syr. Ah, that it was!

Chr. Importunate to her. Now, as I live,
 May the gods love me, as I feared a scene.
 I know the touchy jealousy of youth:
 They wont put up with it—that, I can tell you.

Clit. But, father, my good friend knows well enough
 That I would ne'er do him an injury.

Chr. So be it; but they don't want company.
 You should leave them alone, for lovers have
 A hundred things to say. I know it well.
 I tell you, Clitipho, that no one would
 Unbosom all his heart to his best friend,
 For self-respect forbids it: shame forbids.
 'Twere foolishness, or 'twere effrontery.
 The same with Clinia: you ought to know
 The right of time, and place, and courtesy.

Syr. Do you mark this now, what he says.

Clit. I die!

Syr. That, Clitipho, is what I said to you:
 The proper office of a man, I said,
 Was temperance, self-control—

Clit. Be silent, then.

Syr. You hear, Sir.

Chr. Syrus, I am ashamed!

Syr. And I,

Though I am not his father, am ashamed.

Clit. Will you be silent?

Syr. I speak my sentiment.

Clit. Can't I approach them?

Chr. What stuff you ask!

You must approach them in all decency.

Syr. [*Aside*] It is all up: now will he all betray

Or ere I've got the money. Chremes, Sir,

Will you take counsel of a fool?

Chr. Say on.

Syr. Then order him away.

Clit. Where shall I go?

Syr. Go where you please, but please to go away.

Go, walk.

Clit. Walk where?

Syr. Oh! there are walks enough:

Go here, or there, or where you will, but go.

Chr. He counsels well.

Clit. May gods uproot thee, Syrus!

Chasing me hence.

Syr. Learn not to interfere.

ACT III.—SCENE 4.—SYRUS—CHREMES.

Syr. Now, by my faith! what do you think of this?

May the gods help thee, Chremes, if you fail

To admonish and chastise.

Chr. I will take care.

Syr. Master, 'tis now—now to take heed and act!

Chr. So be it.

Syr. If you please; for day by day

He flouts my counsels more.

Chr. Now, Syrus, you—

What have you done, devised on our behalf?

Have you devised a plan or have you not?

Syr. Ah! of our plot. Hist, hist, I know of one.

Chr. That's my good Syrus, say.

Syr. I will, in sooth,
As things go in a chain, and oft fall out—

Chr. What is it, Syrus?

Syr. This Bacchis is a—

Chr. So it appears.

Syr. Ah! subtle—that she is.
She tells this likely tale: a dame of Corinth,
To whom she says she lent a thousand drachmas—

Chr. What then?

Syr. Is dead, and left a child—a girl—
Now held in pledge by her, and for that debt.

Chr. Well—well!

Syr. She brought her here, and now she is
At home, and with your wife.

Chr. Well, and what more?

Syr. Bacchis of Clinia asks a thousand drachmas,
And offers to enfranchise this young girl
On touching it, but still to be a gift.

Chr. She may demand!

Syr. Yes, that is past a doubt.

Chr. What now do you propose?

Syr. What I propose:
To find out Menedemus, and to tell him
This damsel is a Carian, noble, rich.
Let him redeem her, and make profit by it.

Chr. Ah! you mistake.

Syr. How so?

Chr. I will reply
In place of Menedemus: "I refuse."

Syr. Nay, say not so.

Chr. Because there is no need.

Syr. No need!

Chr. No, none. I pray thee wait a while.
I will tell you presently: just let me see
What all this racket is before my doors.

ACT III.—SCENE 5.—SOSTRATA—NURSE—CHREMES—
SYRUS.

Sos. Unless my eyes deceive me, this same ring,
I have no doubt about it, is the one
With which my daughter was exposed.

Chr. Syrus, what is this?

Sos. Look, if it be not so.

Nur. Truly I say, now that you show it me,
It is so, and the same.

Sos. Look at it well;
Look at it well, my nurse.

Nur. Good sooth! it is.

Sos. Go you in-doors, and see if she has bathed;
Be thou my messenger. I will wait here
And meet my husband.

Syr. It is you she wants.
Go, see now what she wants. She is sorrowful;
I know not for what cause; some cause there is;
I dread what it may be.

Chr. What it may be?
With much ado to tell me some great stuff.

Sos. Hem! husband mine.

Chr. Hem! also, wife of mine.

Sos. I sought for you.

Chr. Well, say then what it is.

Sos. I pray thee, first of all, you will not think
Against your edict; I have moved in this.*

Chr. Go on—must I believe the incredible?

But though incredible, I will credit it.

Syr. Some fault in such purgation surely lies.

Sos. You well remember when I was in labour,

How oft we reasoned, and how you insisted

The child, if 'twere a girl, should be exposed.

Chr. I see: you had her nourished; is that so?

Syr. My mistress, if you did so, you did wrong;

You wronged your lord.

Sos. I did not in the least.

There was a dame Corinthian, trusty dame;

I gave the child to her to be exposed.

Chr. O Jupiter! that you should so have done.

Sos. I perish! should do what?

Chr. Eh, can you ask?

Sos. Dear Chremes, if I sinned I knew it not.

Chr. Wife, I believe it; all you say and do

Is done in inscience, for imprudently

You think and act. How many faults arise

In this one act of yours! First, disobedience—

When I commanded, you should have put to death,

Not simulated words, and did it not.

I forgive that—maternal weakness—nature—

Compassion—well, they conquered you, I grant.

What had you in your head, what in your mind,

What purpose had you—any—had you any?

Abandoning a daughter to a crone—

* Sostrata means in redeeming the girl he in his paternal power had exposed, or rather devoted to death.

To be a slave—a harlot—bought and sold.
 I know well what you meant—you only thought
 To let her live—to live—that was enough.
 What can we do with women who know not
 The just, or honest, or expedient—
 Good, better, bad or worse, 'tis all the same
 To her who only cares to please herself.

Sos. Well, I did wrong: I own it, my own Chremes,
 But I beseech you, older and more wise
 Than I, to pardon me what I have done.

Chr. I must excuse it. What is done, is done.
 I fear my much indulgence is your ruin.
 Say, Sostrata, wherefore did you do this?

Sos. Foolish and superstitious women are.
 When I abandoned her, I drew a ring
 From off my finger, saying, as I did it,
 “That if exposed and perishing, yet she
 Should be endowered with part of our wealth.”

Chr. And you did well; guarding yourself and her.
 And she survives?

Sos. Lo! now, here is the ring.

Chr. From whence?

Sos. From her, the girl, by Bacchis brought.

Syr. Ahem!

Chr. And what said she?

Sos. She bade me hold

The ring for her, whilst she was in the bath.

I took it from her heedlessly, but when

I saw—I knew it, and I ran to you.

Chr. What makes you think 'tis she; what proof have you?

Sos. None other: you yourself must ask her more—

From whence she had it, and discover her.

Syr. I am murdered : for it is most surely her.

In faith I wish it were not so.

Chr. Does she

To whom you gave the infant yet survive ?

Sos. I know not—I—

Chr. What did she say she did.

Sos. That which she was commanded.

Chr. And what was her name,

I will go search her out.

Sos. She was named Philterè.

Syr. 'Tis she ! 'tis she herself, and I'm undone.

Chr. Come, Sostrata, come in !

Sos. Oh, how beyond

My utmost hopes—how different are you

From the hard heart, O Chremes, that you had

When you bade me expose her to destruction !

Chr. We are not what we would be : necessity

Does not permit it : the times are altered now.

I should love, Sostrata, a daughter now.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—SYRUS.

Syr. Unless my mind deceives me—'tis a mess
 That we are in. I can see no escape,
 No mode to hide the fact what Bacchis is—
 To screw out money, or to take him in.
 To hope so were a folly—all I hope
 Is to save bag and baggage. Confound the thing—
 To lose the titbit from my very jaws!
 What can I do—what plot—what machinate?
 I must begin again—the motto says,
 “Nought is so lost but it may be retrieved
 By searching duly.” Well, then, to the search!
 Bah! that's no go—nor that, nor that, nor that.
 Courage! I have a plan, it ends in this,
 That I must catch and get that thousand drachmas.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—CLINIA—SYRUS.

Cli. Oh! how all things go happily: how free
 From all annoyances—how glad am I,
 I yield me to my father; nor can wish
 A happier lot than he accords to me.
Syr. I see it all: this girl is recognized,
 So far as I perceive. I am right glad,
 O Clinia, your affairs are prosperous.
Cli. My Syrus—do you know?

Syr. Know, wherefore not,
Since I was present!

Cli. Have you ever known
A greater happiness?

Syr. None.

Cli. As the gods love me,
None; but I joy most for her. Ah! Syrus,
She is deserving, worthy of all honour.

Syr. I think so truly: but now, Clinia,
Behoves to think and act for others also.
Attend to me, your friend is now beset;
We must land him in safety. The old man
Must be hoodwinked on Bacchis.

Cli. O Jupiter!

Syr. Now cease to rhapsodize.

Cli. Antiphila!

My love, my wife!

Syr. You do not listen to me.

Cli. Bear with me, Syrus, I am in delights.

Syr. Here! and that is true.

Cli. Ah! in Elysium,

A life we'll lead.

Syr. I tarry here the while.

Cli. Speak, for I hear.

Syr. Oh, no—do you go on!

Cli. I listen, faith.

Syr. The matter now on hand
Is Clitipho. We must make him, too, safe.
Now if you walk away and leave us Bacchis,
Our master here will recognize his mistress;
But if you lead her hence away—she goes
Forth as she came, as yours.

Cl. But that knocks up my marriage—knocks it up —
 You understand not, Syrus, what you say —
 How can I meet my father on this plea,
 A mistress following me!

Syr. Why not?

Cl. But how? what pretext frame?

Syr. Oh! none at all.

No pretexts: tell the truth.

Cl. What do you say?

Syr. Say that you love Antiphila to wife,
 Say that he loves—and Bacchis is the mistress.

Cl. Not a bad plot, and easy to be done,
 And then to bid my father hold his tongue,
 And not to blurt to him.

Syr. Quite contrary:

Go tell him the true tale.

Cl. Syrus, you are mad or drunk; you but betray him.
 How would that make him safe?

Syr. Ah! 'tis my cue—

My palm of victory! I hug myself
 In admiration of my own astuteness.
 Cunning is power—go and tell him the truth,
 And so deceive them both. When your old man
 Tells our old man, Bacchis is his son's mistress,
 He'll not believe it.

Cl. Ah! but you knock my marriage on the head.
 When Chremes thinks that Bacchis is my love,
 Will he grant me his daughter? But it seems
 You fight for Clitipho—nor care for me.

Syr. Confound you—do you think I want an age
 To do my work—one day will do for me—
 Just time to get the money—and no more!

Cli. Ah! but a day. Yet there is one thing more,

What if his father finds it out—

Syr.

What if—

What if—what if the heavens fall?

Cli.

I fear.

Syr. You fear! and how to extricate our necks

I fain to learn—go to, and tell the truth.

Cli. Go, go, and bring me Bacchis!

Syr.

Good, here she is.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.—BACCHIS—CLINIA—SYRUS—
DROMO—PHRYGIA.

Bac. Pol! now, but Syrus has bamboozled me,

With promise unperformed of thousand drachmas.

It happens once, but shall not happen twice,

The next time that he sues—'twill be my turn,

I will promise and not keep it: and your back

My clever Syrus shall bear my revenge.

Cli. Hear you her promises?

Syr.

Think you she jokes?

It is no joke she meditates.

Bac.

They sleep,

They sleep, but Pol! I will arouse them up.

My Phrygia, hark ye. Do you recollect

The dwelling of Charinus.

Phr.

Yes, I remember.

Bac. Next to our right hand neighbour.

Phr.

I remember.

Bac. Go in a trice: there dwells a captain, keeping

This Dionysia.

Syr.

How now? how now?

- Bac.* To him.
Tell him that I am here against my will,
A captive bound ; but I will break the bonds
And visit him.
- Syr.* Herele ! I perish : Bacchis,
Stop, stop, I do beseech you, bid her stop.
- Bac.* No, go.
- Syr.* I have the money.
- Bac.* Then I stay.
- Syr.* I will bring it directly.
- Bac.* That's all right,
And all I want.
- Syr.* But we want you to do—
- Bac.* What ?
- Syr.* To visit Menedemus in your pomp,
With all your train.
- Bac.* What trick is this, you rogue ?
- Syr.* Why, I coin money—all to give to you !
- Bac.* Think you that I am one to play upon ?
- Syr.* I do not that.
- Bac.* What business have we there ?
- Syr.* To give you what is yours.
- Bac.* Hence let us go.
- Syr.* Follow me here : Oh, Dromo !
- Dro.* Now, who cries ?
- Syr.* Syrus.
- Dro.* What now ?
- Syr.* Lead all the girls of Bacchis
Home to your house.
- Dro.* Wherefore ?
- Syr.* Nay, never ask,
But lead them there and all their rattle-traps.

When our old man shall witness their departure,
 He'll rub his hands, glad to escape their keep.
 I will make him pay more—but Dromo, hey!
 Do you be wise and not know aught about it.

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.—CHREMES—SYRUS.

Chr. As the gods love me, I 'plain Menedemus,
 He bides this storm : this woman and her troop ;
 He will not kick at first ; but bye-and-bye
 When the first gladness for his son hath passed,
 He'll kick at this expenditure, and wish
 His plaguy son in Asia back again.
 Ah! here comes Syrus very opportunely.

Syr. Why don't I tackle him ?

Chr. Syrè !

Syr. How now ?

Ah! is it you? you I was seeking for.

Chr. What have you done with the old Menedemus.

Syr. Did I not tell you so! Soon said, soon done.

Chr. Good faith ?

Syr. Good, herele !

Chr. I can't resist it, I must pat your head,
 Syrus! I must reward you for this action,
 And joyfully.

Syr. Ah! if you knew how cleverly.

Chr. Bah! you are bragging now before the fact.

Syr. No, herele, no! It is the truth.

Chr. Then, say.

Syr. Clinia has told his father, Bacchis is
 The mistress of your son; that he has led
 Her there, in fact, to deceive you—yourself.

Chr. Most excellent.

Syr. Most excellent, you think so?

Chr. I do—I do.

Syr. Ah! if you knew; but listen—

The plot that follows. Clinia will tell his father
That he has seen your daughter, and admires,
And wants her as a wife.

Chr. She—newly found?

Syr. Yes; she herself. His father to demand her.

Chr. I can make nothing of this, good nor bad.

Syr. Eh! master, you are dull.

Chr. Ah! that may be.

Syr. His father now will open wide his purse

For nuptials, wedding-clothes. Eh! do you take—

Chr. To fit them out?

Syr. Exactly so.

Chr. But I

Will neither give nor grant, nor gold, nor girl.

Syr. No: and why not?

Chr. Why not, do you ask me?

What! to a man—

Syr. Just so; nor did I say,

Or think, to give her out and out; but to

Do so dissembling.

Chr. I am no dissembler;

Look you—manage your matters by yourself

And leave me out. What! I betroth my child

Unto a man I scorn!

Syr. I quite agree.

Chr. You but deceive yourself.

Syr. Belike I do;

Nor had I meddled now in this affair

But that I was incited by yourself.

Chr. Well, that is so.

Syr. And Chremes, for the rest

I will do as you like.

Chr. You may go on,

But leave me out; devise some other way.

Syr. So be it. Let us seek one; but the money

I told you of, your daughter owes to Bacchis,

That must be paid. Nor are you one of those—

As many—to take refuge in a quibble,

“What’s that to me? Have I to do with that?”

And is that debt, to that old woman, mine;

Or could she pledge for debt a child of mine?”

Ah, Chremes! the old maxim is most true,

“Law to the letter is not equity.”

Chr. I will not do so.

Syr. Lawful to the world,

Unlawful is to you; for your good fame

Exists in your benevolence and riches.

Chr. I go to bring it straight.

Syr. Eh! do not so;

But send it by your son.

Chr. And why by him?

Syr. Because, forsooth! they think him caught by Bacchis.

Chr. What matters that?

Syr. It matters a great deal.

It will make it seem apparent; it will aid

Me in my task. Ah! here is Clitipho.

Go, I beseech you, and bring us the cash.

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.—CLITIPHO—SYRUS.

Clit. An easy matter becomes difficult,
 When prosecuted with a sullen heart.
 This walk enforced on me; the task was light,
 Yet it has wearied me beyond belief.
 Now I return, and here I stand in dread
 To be put forth again, in fact from Bacchis.
 Now gods and goddesses confound you, Syrus;
 Curse your conceptions and intentions all.
 Your machinations have no further end
 But to deceive and crucify myself.

Syr. Go to the ——, where you ought to go, I say;
 Knocking one's plots down in sheer stubbornness

Clit. I wish I had, by Jove! and served you right.

Syr. "And served me right;" how so? I am right glad
 To hear you say so, ere I render up
 The money I have got you.

Clit. I don't believe it.

You go away—you bring me Bacchis—then
 You bar me from her presence.

Syr. I am cool.

Know you where Bacchis is?

Clit. At our house.

Syr. Quite wrong.

Clit. Where then?

Syr. She is with Clinia.

Clit. I perish!

Syr. Be of good cheer: go seek her there,
 And give the promised money.

Clit. Babblers! the money: whence?

Syr. Your father.

Clit. You deceive me.

Syr. Not at all.

Clit. Happy, thrice happy I. Syrus, I love thee!

Syr. Your father comes, now don't bawl with surprise

Howe'er it come to pass; don't contradict,

Whate'er he bids you, do; and hold your tongue.

ACT IV.—SCENE 6.—CHREMES—SYRUS—CLITIPHO.

Chr. Now, where is Clitipho?

Syr. [To him.] Say, Here I am.

Clit. Father, lo! I am here.

Chr. Have you informed him?

Syr. Of the greater part.

Chr. Then take this money, and bear it to her.

Syr. Take it, you stone! take it, I say, and go.

Clit. Ah! give it me.

Syr. Then follow me and quickly,

Master; whilst we are absent for the moment,

Await the moment here.

Chr. [Alone.] There go a thousand drachmas for my daughter

For nutriment; another thousand, clothes

And ornaments; two talents for her dowry;

"Oh, how unjust and how depraved is custom!"

My leisure and affairs I must resign,

And find the money; farewell hoards of mine!

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.—MENEDEMUS—CHREMES.

Men. O my dear son! I am most fortunate;

You are retrieved from ruin!

- Chr.* Self-deception !
- Men.* Chremé ! I sought you now : I do entreat you
To save my son, myself, and mine—you can.
- Chr.* I pray you, how ?
- Men.* To-day, restored your daughter.
- Chr.* What then ?
- Men.* Grant her to Clinia for a wife.
- Chr.* I pray you, wherefore so ?
- Men.* What do you mean ?
- Chr.* Have you forgotten all about that money ;
That trick they were to play you ?
- Men.* I remember.
- Chr.* That is their object now.
- Men.* What do you say, O Chremes ?
How you knock down my hopes and happiness.
- Chr.* And Bacchis is—mistress of Clitipho,
They tell you so ?
- Men.* They tell me so indeed.
- Chr.* And you believe it ?
- Men.* I believe it all.
- Chr.* And Clinia would marry—that I should give
My child and dowry—you the gems and vesture
Due to espousals.
- Men.* It is even so,
Gifts to his mistress !
- Chr.* His mistress, even so.
- Men.* O futile joy, precursor of such ill ;
And yet, despite of all, I dare not lose him.
What answer shall I make him, of your part,
That he may not perceive and wail his loss.
- Chr.* That he may not perceive and wail his loss !
O Menedemus, you are very weak !

Men. O bear with me, the matter is begun,

Do not desert me, Chremes, ere the end.

Chr. Say that you sought me, and proposed the marriage.

Men. What else ?

Chr. That I am willing ; and admire
The bridegroom much ; and add, if so you please,
I grant my daughter.

Men. But that is all I wish.

Chr. That he may ask the needful, and that you
May get rid of it, too.

Men. That I desire.

Chr. Well, I have witnessed the expenditure.

He will absorb a lot. If I were you,
I should not let him have it all at once.

Men. Nor will I.

Chr. Go, and see what he will ask ;
You will find me within, if you have need.

Men. Good : I will take advice of you at need.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—MENEDEMUS—CHREMES.

Men. I know right well that I am not a wizard,
 Nor very quick of sight : all that I know.
 But this adjutor, monitor, admonisher,
 This Chremes is a dunce. I don't deny
 My epithets of folly—ass, stone, block,
 And lump of lead —these am I, one and all ;
 But he, tropes fail to indicate his folly.

Chr. Zounds ! wife, don't break the rest of all the gods
 With thanks reiterated for your daughter,
 Unless you deem their wit to be like yours
 With need of drumming in a hundred times.
 Where tarry Syrus now, and Clitipho ?

Men. Who tarry, Chremes, of whom do you ask ?

Chr. Ah ! Menedemus, you—I pray you tell !

What have you said to Clinia ? Is all told ?

Men. Ay, all.

Chr. And what says he ?

Men. Well, he rejoiced,

As if he were in earnest.

Chr. Ah, ah, ah !

Men. Why do you laugh ?

Chr. The subtleties of Syrus

Came in my head.

Men. How so ?

Chr. The knave, he paints

The man, to very life.

- Men.* Because my son
Rejoices, do you say so?
- Chr.* I do.
- Men.* 'Tis strange.
The thought identical—came in my mind
- Chr.* Ah, the old rogue!
- Men.* Ay, deeper than you deem,
As you will soon find out.
- Chr.* How so, I pray?
- Men.* Hear then.
- Chr.* Nay, wait, first answer me I pray.
What have you lost; for when you told your son
The bride was granted to him—Dromo straight
Was ready with demands for gems and vestments,
Damsels, and what not, dragging forth your gold.
- Men.* No; not at all.
- Chr.* How, not at all?
- Men.* In faith.
- Chr.* Neither your son?
- Men.* Quite the reverse, O Chremes.
All his impatience is to marry soon—
This very day.
- Chr.* You astonish me: and, Syrus,
Did he say nothing?
- Men.* Nothing.
- Chr.* How might that be?
- Men.* I know not in good sooth. I marvel too,
That you who know so well affairs of others,
Know not your own. Syrus has so well served
Your son, that now it is self-evident
Bacchis is none of Clinia's.
- Chr.* Why, how so?

Men. For kisses and embraces go for nought.

Chr. For nothing, when they but dissimulate.

Men. Bah!

Chr. What is it?

Men. Listen, there is a room
Apart in a recess—with couch and bedding,
Lies all apart—alone.

Chr. Well, what of that?

Men. Well, Clitipho went there.

Chr. Alone?

Men. Alone.

Chr. I tremble.

Men. Bacchis followed him.

Chr. Alone?

Men. Alone.

Chr. I die!

Men. Entered they barred the door.

Chr. Ahem!

Did Clinia suffer that?

Men. He witnessed it—

We witnessed it together.

Chr. Ah, Menedemus!

Then Bacchis is his mistress. I am slain!

Men. How so?

Chr. Ten days will eat me up, my house, and home.

Men. How so? you know he only served his friend.

Chr. He served his mistress.

Men. That remains to see.

Chr. To see—to see! Do you believe a man

Would look on patiently and see another

Bed with his mistress.

Men. Ha, ha, ha ! why not ?

He only cheated me, you know, to win her.

Chr. Zounds ! Menedemus, you are mocking me,

Oh ! I could go to buffets with myself.

The proof was plain enough ; I was a stone.

Not unavenged, I will take charge of that !

I will upset that game, and presently !

Men. Now moderate and cool—I do entreat you.

Say, am not I example great enough ?

Chr. Nay, Menedemus—I will be revenged.

Men. A sage like you should not talk of revenge.

Remember the advice you gave to others ;

Avail yourself of some of it yourself.

Chr. What shall I do ?

Men. The like that you advised me.

“ Reveal the depths of your paternal love,

And he will give you filial confidence.”

So shall he come to you in all his needs,

And you shall succour him, and he shall love you.

Chr. Ah ! he may go to the world's end for me,

Ere he reduces me to penury

By his flagitious practice. Menedemus

If I give way to him and serve his means,

I must assume that rake you carried yesterday.

Men. Neighbour beware you do yourself no ill !

You will be stern of mood : then pardon him,

And lose his gratitude.

Chr. Ah ! you feel not

My grief.

Men. Do—do then as you like. But now

Give answer unto me about your daughter,

May she espouse my son? Have you another
Alliance in your mind?

Chr. None; and the son-in-law
Contents me well.

Men. What dowry shall we say?
What! no reply?

Chr. What dowry?

Men. Yes.

Chr. Ah! ah!

Men. Chremes: fear not to utter it—if small.
It is not that we ask for.

Chr. Two talents are
The dowry, I had fixed on in my mind;
But it were wise to say—to save my son
And save myself—I give all to my daughter.

Men. Do no such thing!

Chr. Let me so simulate,
And ask him why it is I use him so.

Men. And in good sooth, I need to ask of him,
For I myself see no good reason why.

Chr. None, why? To save a soul from luxury,
From lust, I will take care of that: I will—
He shall not turn himself without my leave.

Men. Take care.

Chr. Take none, but just let me alone,
Let me to action.

Men. You mean so.

Chr. Ay, I do.

Men. So be it, then.

Chr. At present tell your son
To lead away his wife: and for my son

He shall receive his due : in words, I mean.

But Syrus—

Men. What for him?

Chr. Ah! what for him?

If I survive to do it, I will flay him,

He shall remember it : remember me :

Scoundrel ! to make a jest of me—the knave—

As the gods love me, I did not believe

That he had dared to treat a widow so.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.—CLITIPHO—MENEDEMUS—
CHREMES—SYRUS.

Clit. O Menedemus, is it even so?

What ! in so short a period, has my father

Wholly forgotten ties of blood ? of nature ?

What have I done, that every young man does not?

All do the same.

Men. Doubtless you feel it deeply,

And so do I—obduracy of heart!

I know not why I feel it—except it be

My friendship for you.

Clit. And, where is my father?

Men. Behold him.

Chr. Why, Clitipho, accuse me?

What have I done, that is not for your good?

When I beheld your follies and excesses,

Your love of pleasure, carelessness of cost,

And thoughtless loss of future, then I sought

Expedients to save you from yourself,

And save your substance. As I could not do so,

Seeing that you disdained to be my heir,
I sought your nearest relative, and gave
Them power o'er the property—so you
Will be nourished, fed, and clothed.

Clit. Ah, me!

Chr. 'Tis better far, than you to be the heir
And spend it all on Bacchis.

Syr. I am undone! what mischief have I brewed!

Clit. Would I were dead.

Chr. You must first learn to live.

When you know that, then may you wish to die.

Syr. Master! may I speak?

Chr. Speak.

Syr. Without rebuke.

Chr. Say on.

Syr. What madness and injustice, this?

I did the wrong for which you punish him.

Chr. Stuff! meddle not in this; it is not you:

No one accuses you—you need not seek

Altar or intercessor.

Syr. But what do you?

Chr. Nothing but what is right. And what I do

As good for him, ought not to trouble you.

ACT V.—SCENE 3.—SYRUS—CLITIPHO.

Syr. He is off—and gone. I was about to ask—

Clit. Ask, Syrus, what?

Syr. Where I must find my prog

Now we are chased abroad. From what I see

Your sister has to feed us.

Clit. Ah, indignity!

Or, beg for bread.

Syr. Provided we don't starve,

I see a hope—

Clit. Of what?

Syr. Of appetite—

Excellent appetite.

Clit. Zounds! do you jest

When you should be devising remedies.

Syr. My sole employ is devising remedies.

I was devising whilst I talked to him,

So far as I can see or comprehend—

Clit. What?

Syr. Matters draw near an end.

Clit. An end?

Syr. An end I say—I think you're not their son.

Clit. Syrus, how now: are you in your true wits?

Syr. Judge you of that, I speak but my idea.

Whilst you alone were their's, and their delight,

Indulgence, and full means they lavished on you:

They find their daughter, and they chase you forth.

Clit. It is very like indeed.

Syr. Can you believe

This matter could stir up much deadly wrath?

Clit. I do not think it could.

Syr. Consider well—

When sons go wrong the mother pleads for them;

They always take their part against the fathers;

We do not see your mother, now, do so.

Clit. It is very true: what shall I do, my Syrè?

Syr. Demand an explanation of the thing.

Tell your suspicions; bid them answer them.

Now, if you are their son, they will go weep
And pardon you offhand. If you are not
Their son, you will know that.

Clit. Most excellent!

I will do it.

Syr. [*Alone.*] And happily devised:
The worse his anguish, greater their remorse.
Then they embrace, and reconciliation made.
They then will make him marry, and methinks
Bear no good will to me—what signifies!
Here comes old master, I will cut and run.
I marvel, after all, they have not sold me.
To Menedemus now, for he must be
My intercessor; for I distrust my old man.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.—SOSTRATA—CHREMES.

Sos. By yea and nay, my husband, pray beware!
You will do mischief—you will grieve your son.
How such a notion got into your head,
I cannot think, my husband.

Chr. Ah—listen now!
Hark to a woman! Have I ever done
A thing without your hindrance? When I ask
What there is wrong, and how, you hold your tongue,
Nor can say why; go to—you are a fool.

Sos. I can't say why?

Chr. Oh, I am wrong, you can.
I rather say you can, then hear again
The eternal tale.

Sos. It is iniquity,
If I must hold my peace in such a matter.

Chr. I do not ask what is impossible,
So speak, and I will do.

Sos. You are resolved ?

Chr. I am resolved.

Sos. And do you not perceive
That Clitipho will think him not our son.

Chr. That he is not our son—not possible !

Sos. He will so think, my husband.

Chr. Reply, 'tis true.

Sos. Ah, I beseech you ! what is it you say ?

May that be for our foes : shall I reply
Unto our son, that he is none of mine ?

Chr. Eh ! do you fear, the saying so will make it.

Sos. Is this because our daughter is retrieved ?

Chr. Not so ; but for another better reason

It is right plain he is his mother's son :
Like manners—obstinate—as like to like ;
Endowed with all your faults, and I believe
None other than yourself now could have bare him.
Ah ! here he comes ; ah ! how demure he looks—
He looks the very hypocrite he is.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.—SOSTRATA—CHREMES—CLITIPHO.

Clit. Mother ! if ever you felt hope and joy
In calling me your son, or if your ear
Has e'er been pleased to hear me call you mother,
Have mercy on me now ; for I would know
Who are my parents—who my parents are.

Sos. My son, I do beseech thee entertain
Nor doubt nor thought but we thy parents are.

Clit. I must do so.

Sos. I am most wretched then.

What prompts such strange demand ?

Ah, may you live,

My dearest son, to close our eyes, as sure
As you are our son ; and never let your tongue
Utter again such doubt in words, I pray you.

Chr. And I reply, take you good care that I
See you cast off your faults, or fear you me !

Clit. What faults ?

Chr. Ah ! would you know them—hear them—

A babbler, lazy, idle, gluttonous,
A prodigal, debauched—go credit that,
Nor doubt the fact that you are either's son.

Sos. Are these a father's words ?

Chr. No, Clitipho.

Had you leapt from my head, caparisoned,
As did Minerva, child of Jupiter !
You should not e'en then dishonour me
By such disgraceful living.

Sos. Now ! may the gods—

Chr. I do not know the gods ; but for myself

I will do all I can to hinder him.
You want to know your father and your mother,
And you shall know them ; I am present here.
You, on the contrary, cannot produce
Virtues to please your father, nor possess
Manners to use inheritance of wealth
Won by hard labour. Did you never blush
To bring a —, but I refrain to speak

The turpid word before your mother's ear ;
But you blushed not to do the turpid deed.

Clit. I am confused, and know not what to say.

I have excuses none to offer you.

ACT V.—SCENE 6.—MENEDEMUS—CHREMES—
CLITIPHO—SOSTRATA.

Men. Now, really, Chremes, you are too severe ;
You crucify your son, and therefore I
Come as a mediator. Here he is.

Chr. Ah ! Menedemus, wherefore do you not
Lead home my daughter, and the dowry, which
We have agreed upon ?

Sos. My husband, no !
Do not so, I implore you.

Clit. Father, I
Implore you, also.

Men. Chremes ! so do I.

Chr. What, that seeing, knowing, unbeguiled, that so
I give my wealth to Bacchis ? I will not.

Men. Nor would we suffer that.

Clit. My father, I
Implore you, pardon !

Sos. Pardon him, Chremes mine.

Men. Nay, be not so obdurate.

Chr. But you see
I must renounce my project—my conviction.

Men. And most worthily.

Chr. Well, upon one condition
I will do so.

Clit. I will obey you, father.

Chr. Wedlock.

Clit. Father—

Chr. Wedlock, and nothing less.

Men. I will respond for that.

Chr. I do not hear

A response from himself.

Clit. I perish—I—

Sos. Accept, dear Clitipho.

Chr. Does he accept?

Men. Yes, he accepts.

Sos. My Clitipho, marriage,

You dread so in your dreams, is happiness

When recognized in fact.

Clit. I am consenting:

Father, I yield.

Sos. My son, my son,

And I will choose a damsel for thy wife—

Daughter of Phanocrates.

Clit. Homely girl:

Father, I cannot.

Chr. Eh! so particular;

How came you by a taste so superfine?

Sos. Another I—

Clit. Forbear! If I must wed

I must choose for myself and please myself.

Sos. I praise you, and you please me. Who is she?

Clit. Daughter of Archonides.

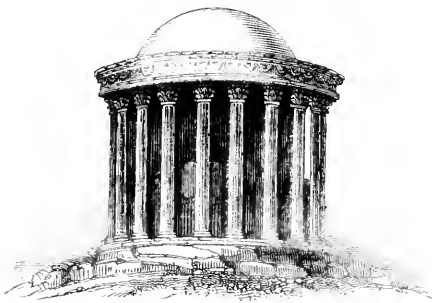
Sos. Oh, happiness!

Clit. Father, one thing remains.

Chr. And what, my son?

Clit. Pardon for Syrus—obedient unto me.

Chr. So be it. Ye, applaud us, and farewell.



Temple of Vesta.

ADELPHI.

(THE BROTHERS.)

P E R S O N S.

- MICIO—Signifying gentle.
DEMEA—Signifying plebeian.
SANNIO—A merchant of girls.
ÆSCHINUS.
SYRUS—A slave from Syria.
CTESIPHO.
SOSTRATA—Matron.
CANTHARA—Nurse.
TIBICINA.
GETA—Slave from the Getans.
HEGIO—An old friend.
DROMO—Slave.
PAMPHILA—Nurse.

Acted at Rome at the funeral games of Æmilius Paulus, B.C. 158.

P R O L O G U E.

The poet when he saw his muse traduced
By partial critics, and beheld abused
The play we now present you—pleads his cause.
You are his judges, and decide the laws
With condemnation, or conferring praise.
Synapothnescontes, amidst the plays
Of Diphilus, by Plautus was translated
As *Commorientes* ; but a maiden mated
To a young Grecian lover, who had torn
Her from a dealer, Plautus held in scorn.
Our author seized that incident to be
The subject of “The Brothers,” that which we
Now represent and offer in this play.
If that be theft or plagiarist—say.
What Plautus left unoccupied we took,
And seized, by him forsaken, the void nook.
Whatever the malevolent may deem
*Great men of the Republic aid the theme.
And work away with us with main and might,
Grievous to them, but giving me delight.
Proud to please those, the Roman commons prize,
For peace and war and state diplomacies—

* Scipio Africanus, Lælius, and Furius Publius.

And all performed with gracious modesty.
Now listen to the plot, which by and by
The old men and the young men will portray,
As we unfold the action of the play.
And let your favour on the poet light,
And your applauses urge him on to write.

ADELPHI.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—MICIO.

Mic. Storax, last night, no Æschinus came home
From where he supped, nor either did his slaves.
True is the ancient adage, when we say—
If you are absent long time, better far
The maledictions of a wife in ire,
Than thoughts of those who love most tenderly.
Your wife is jealous, if you stop away
She deems you dally, drink, divert yourself,
And seek amusement whilst she sits at home.
But I, what thoughts do not pass thro' the soul
When Æschinus is unreturned; that he,
Perchance, is frost-nipped, tumbled in a pit,
Broken his leg, or arm. Bah! How is it
A man can so involve his very heart,
And care more for another than himself?
This urchin is not mine; my brother's, he
Dissimilar in all things to myself.
I live in civic idleness and ease,
I herd with bachelors, and shun a wife;
And he pursues the system contrary,
Lives in the country; moils and toils all day,

Is married, has two children—whereof one,
The elder of the twain, I have adopted
And brought him up from childhood. Him, I love,
As if he were mine own; he knows it well,
And that I seek his love reciprocal.
I give, and I forgive—am lenient,
Exert not my authority, nor blame;
So that all actions, sons so sedulously
Hide from their fathers, should not be so here.
No falsehoods or deceits to palm on me.
Believing as I do ingenuous youth
Are more restrained by honour than by fear.
My brother now deems otherwise, he blames
This course of licence—“How now, Micio!”
He passionately says, “you ruin him
Drabbing and drinking, dressing sumptuously,
And you encouraging all this—unwise.”
He is himself too strict and too obdurate,
And widely errs, at least, I fancy so,
Who thinks that his dominion is more firm,
Founded on force than on benevolence.
I think not so myself, but reason thus—
He who is righteous by constraint and fear
Will play the hypocrite; but let alone,
He will return to what is natural.
But treat him with benevolence, and he
Will naturally act and strive to please;
Absent or present he will be the same. —
It is a father’s part to lead his son,
And not to drive him; and it is therein
That fathers differ. They who act the master
Know not the manner how to educate.

Ah! here he comes himself—'tis Demea,
 Black as a thundercloud; to objurgate
 As usual, be assured,—my brother comes.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.—MICIO AND DEMA.

Mic. O Demea, I rejoice to see you well.

Dem. Ahem! most opportunely, you I sought.

Mic. Why are you sad?

Dem. The reason I am sad,

Do you demand, when Æschinus is here?

Mic. I guessed so much, and what may he have done?

Dem. What hath he done! He who can blush at nought;

He, who fears nothing, and who thinks the laws

Do not apply to such as he. I may pass by

His by-gones; for to-day—to-day he has

Done an unheard-of action.

Mic. What is it?

Dem. Broken the doors, and entered in perforce

Another's house; has beaten nigh to death

The master and his family, and snatched

A woman thence, his mistress. All exclaim

Against a deed of such indignity.

Micio, how much reproaches have I borne

From neighbours, coming hither; all are wroth,

Nor doth he good example lack; his brother

Frugal, industrious, labouring at home;

Who never did an action similar.

Micio, these words apply to both of you—

To you and him, for you encourage him.

Mic. How stupid and unjust is such a man,

As looking round, can only see himself;
And judges from his modicum of soul!

Dem. Why do you say that?

Mic. To you, Demeca,
And your misapprehensions. It is no crime
In a young man to foin, drink, and break doors.
If you and I did not so in our youth,
It was that we were poor and could not do it;
And will you merit take for what we did
From poverty and from necessity?
Why that were hypocritical; the fact
Is, we had not the means. Were Demeca wise,
He would permit young license to his son,
Rather than let him wait until his death,
And then run wild in riot in his age.

Dem. Proh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
What do you say? 'Tis no flagitious deed
In a young man—

Mic. Now do not break my head,
But listen, will you! Your eldest son is mine
And by adoption. If he offend in folly,
I must repair it, and must bear the brunt;
He eats, he drinks, he perfumes at my cost;
He scatters money 'mid his mistresses.
When he has none, then they will shut him out;
He breaks their doors down, we must set them up;
He rends their garments, we must mend again;
Thanks to the gods, we have the means enough!
Now cease to bother me, or, if you will,
Choose we an arbiter to put you down.

Dem. Nay, rather take instruction from a father
How to control a son.

Mic. You are the physical—

I am the mental counsellor and father.

Dem. What mental counsel—

Mic. Stop, or I am off.

Dem. And do you use me thus?

Mic. And do you ever
Stun me with the same stuff.

Dem. The pain is mine.

Mic. The pain is also mine. Now, Demea,

I do entreat you, make a just division—

You one and I the other. If you care

For both, you take back your own gift and rob

Me of my own.

Dem. Ah, Micio!

Mic. Well, I think so.

Dem. So be it then; if it so pleases you,

Let him go to the dogs—or sink or swim.

I wash my hands; I will not utter word.

Mic. Demea, you now wax wroth.

Dem. No bit of it.

Deem not that I will ever ask him back;

But I have part in him—I am no stranger.

If I object— Well, well! I hold my tongue.

You wish me to take care of one: I will.

Grace to the gods, he is all that I wish

Unlike to him, as you will some day find

Hereafter—Well, well! I will hold my tongue.

ACT I.—SCENE 3.—MICIO.

It is not wholly true, nor wholly false,

This which he now objects; it troubles me,

And yet I veiled my trouble before him.
He is a nuisance. If I would appease him,
I must oppose him and o'erpower him
Nor then convince him. Were I to anger him,
I should be stolid stupid as himself,
Or just as mad. Yet true it is that Æschinus
Now wrongs me, in this matter. What meretrix
Has he not visited, and has not fee'd?
And yet he lately spoke of marrying.
I hoped the effervescence of his youth
Was yielding to satiety; I joyed,
And lo! another outbreak. I will seek
And know without delay—so to the Forum.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—SANNIO—ÆSCHINUS—PARMENO—TIBICINA.

San. Help, fellow-citizens! help, help, I pray you!

A rescue from injustice and oppression.

Æs. [*to Tib.*] Fear not; there nothing is to fear, I say.

Why do you look so frightened? Be assured,

He shall not lay a finger on you, here.

San. I will, despite of all, lay hands on her.

Æs. Brute as he is, I tell you he has had

Enough correction.

San. Now, hearken Æschinus,

A slave-merchant* am I. You know it well.

Æs. I know it.

San. Of unblemished reputation.

You will excuse yourself, and think that I

Accept apologies! But I will sue

For damages by law. You shall not pay

These blows by words. I know what you will try,—

Say you are very sorry and repent them,

That I more worthy am of better treatment,

When I have suffered these indignities.

Æs. [*to Par.*] Sharp is the word—hasten and ope the door.

San. Not so; I will not suffer it.

Æs. [*to Tib.*] Enter, I pray.

San. I say again—I will not suffer it.

Æs. Parmeno, stand here: here, close at hand—

* A privileged order, on account of the revenue.

Between us—and now fix your eyes on mine ;
And when I give the signal, break his jaws.

San. I should like to see him do it.

Æs. I say,

Let go the girl [*Parmeno hits him.*]

San. Oh! great indignity.

Æs. Do you need more—another?

San. Ah, what wrong!

Æs. [*to Par.*] I never gave the signal, Parmeno ;
But you have erred upon the right side. Now,
Will you be off!

San. Are you despotic here ;

Is this your kingdom, *Æschinus* ?

Æs. If I were king you should have your deserts.

San. What have you to do with me, I say ?

Æs. Nothing.

San. Know you who I am ?

Æs. No ; nor wish to know.

San. Say, have I aught of yours ?*

Æs. Ah! if you had,

It would be your misfortune.

San. By what right

Do you bear off a girl whom I have bought ?

Answer me that.

Æs. 'Twere better for thee not,

Nor make a turmoil here before the house,

Or I will have you dragged within the house,

And punished without stint.

San. Punished—I am free.

Æs. I will.

* Am I your debtor, or have you the power of a creditor o'er me?
(*Donatus*).

San. Dishonest man! where, then, is justice, say—

Where, then, is liberty? common, they say, to all.

Æs. Slave merchant! Now, if you have raved enough,

Listen to me.

San. You have raved more than I,

Also at my expense.

Æs. Come to the matter.

San. What matter?

Æs. Why, on your own affairs.

San. Speak with regard to justice, then.

Æs. Hark, now!

A pander talk of justice.

San. I am so—

I own it, one pernicious unto youth—

Perjured—a common nuisance. With all that

I never did you wrong.

Æs. Zounds! if you had so.

San. Well, Æschinus, return to our affairs.

Æs. With twenty minæ did you purchase her?

A plague upon you for it. You shall have

Your purchase-money back.

San. And say that I

Do not desire to sell; do you constrain me?

Æs. Nay, not at all.

San. Yet that was what I feared.

Æs. My own belief is, she cannot be sold—

That she is free. You may accept the money,

Or fight it out at law. I give you time;

Now to deliberate thereon, a while.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.—SANNIO.

San. By supreme Jupiter ! astounded, I
 No longer stand, that injuries drive mad :
 Broken my doors, and beaten me, and robbed,
 Stolen away my slave, and broke my jaws ;
 And after all these outrages, demands
 To have the girl at simply the cost price.
 And I must let him have her. Ah ! no doubt,
 This is but as it ought to be, and just.
 I wish I had the money ; nevertheless,
 That may prove Sibyl's leaves : he purchases,
 Produces witnesses, and proves the sale—
 Off goes the silver—call again to-morrow.
 I wish I had the money : nevertheless,
 That would be gross injustice. Yet must I
 Ever remember this—who plies my trade
 Must suffer injuries, and hold their tongues.
 Confound the youth, I shall get nothing sure !
 I count my chickens, and they are unhatched.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.—SYRUS—SANNIO.

Syr. Cease, let me go and find him ; I know how
 To make him willingly accept the cash,
 And say he's much obliged. Eh ! Sannio,
 Now, what is this about ? I hear it said
 That you and that my master are at ears.

San. I never saw a more unequal fight ;
 We fought till both of us were out of breath.
 He killed with beating, I with being beaten.

Syr. It was your fault.

San. And how was it my fault?

Syr. You ought to bear respect to this young man.

San. What could I do—did I not lend my jaws?

Syr. Go to, go to; I come to counsel you.

It often is a source of greatest gain

At just conjunctures to hate filthy lucre.

San. Hui! [*whistles.*]

Syr. You were so precious careful of your rights,

So resolute not to concede a jot.

O, void of wisdom, as if what you lent

Would not have been restored unto you double.

San. I do not purchase, neither sell with hope.

Syr. You are a simpleton, unfit to trade.

Why, Sannio, you know not how to cajole!

San. Perhaps so—indeed it might be better known.

Yet, Syrus, I was never so astute

As buy in hard cash, and to sell in hope.

Syr. Go to, I know your generosity.

Now, twenty minæ, what are they to you?

Taken to please my master. By the by

They tell me also you are off to Cyprus.

San. Hem!

Syr. And you have bought your venture and the cargo,

Freighted a vessel, all which bothers you.

Well, let us put this off to your return.

San. [*Aside.*] Herele, now may I perish if I budge

A foot from hence, I shall be humbugged else.

Syr. I've galled him to the very quick. He frets.

San. Accursed brutes, to catch me on the hip.

The very fact. I have bought many women

And other merchandize consigned to Cyprus.

Now if I fail this sailing, I have loss,
 And if I quit this matter I have loss.
 When I come back 'twill be past remedy.
 I shall be humbugged. Why have I delayed?
 Where have I been? et cetera. Yes! I must
 Sacrifice something, for I cannot stay,
 Neither will this thing wait for my return.

Syr. Have you east up the sum, and do you know
 Exactly now what gains you have in Cyprus?

San. Now is this conduct worthy, then, of Æschinus?
 Now, ought he force and carry off the girl?
 Now, is it not oppression?

Syr. He is riled.

I have another proposition, see
 If that may please you. Sannio, rather
 Than leave you in uncertainty and fear,
 What do you say now about going halves—
 Splitting the difference—ten minæ each?

San. Do I not touch your pity—do I not?
 Has he no blushes? he has broke my jaws,
 Raised bumps upon my head, and smitten me,
 And now he wants to rob me of my money.
 I will not budge.

Syr. Well, as that pleases you,
 Have you aught else to say, for I am off.

San. Herele! I pray thee, Syrus, lend me help.
 Well, if I must, rather than go to law,
 Let me have only back her purchase-money.
 Syrus, I grant I never yet bestowed
 Bounty upon you; but be well assured
 I shall remember you for service done.

Syr. I will do my best. Ah! I see Ctesipho
Beaming with love.

San. Will you do as I ask?

Syr. Wait—wait a minute.

ACT II.—SCENE 4.—CTESIPHO—SYRUS—SANNIO.

Cte. Welcome to men in need are generous hands ;
But benefits are doubly pleasing when
Falling from them we love. O brother, brother,
How can I render thanks and love enough.
Every encomium would fall short of sooth,
Which I am fain to render unto thee,
As the most generous and best of men.

Syr. O Ctesipho.

Cte. O, Syrus, where is Æschinus?

Syr. Waiting here for you.

Cte. Ah!

Syr. What's the matter?

Cte. The matter, Syrus; by his gift I live.

Syr. He is beneficent!

Cte. He ne'er consulted

His interests or leisure when behoved

To succour me: the maledictions, fame,

My passion, and my faults, assuming all—

All on himself. Hark, for the doorway creaks.

Syr. Stay—it is he.

ACT II.—SCENE 5.—ÆSCHINUS—SANNIO—CTESIPHO—
SYRUS.

Æs. Where is he? sacrilegious beast!

San. He seeks me.

Has he the cash? I perish, he hath none!

Æs. Ah! opportunely: it was you I sought for.

What do you, Ctesipho? for all goes right:

Look then not glum.

Cte. I have ceased, Æschinus,

To look so since I have you for a brother.

O my dear brother, O my Æschinus,

I hardly dare to thank you to your face,

Lest you should think my tropes were flattery—

Not from the heart.

Æs. Away—you trifle—

As if we knew not one another long.

I only grieve I was informed so late,

Of love, and wants, and wishes, and came late

To lend an aiding hand in happy time.

Cte. I was ashamed.

Æs. We call that foolishness,

Not shame, my Ctesipho! What, for a freak

To fly the country! Fie! the gods forbid

That we be cursed by such simplicity.

Cte. I was mistaken.

Æs. What says Sannio?

Eh, Syrus!

Syr. Very gracious.

Æs. I will away

Unto the forum and defray his debt.

Go in unto her—Ctesipho—within.

San. Stop! Syrus.

Syr. [to *Æs.*] Let us depart at once, for he

Is most impatient to be off to Cyprus.

San. Not a bit; I can wait here for ever.

Syr. Fear nothing—he will pay.

San. Will he pay all?

Syr. All, all! be quiet now and follow us.

San. I follow.

Cte. Heus! Syrus, Syrus.

Syr. What now?

Cte. Hercle! I pray you, pay this villain knave,

And quickly, too, lest he kick up a riot,

And that should reach unto my father's ear,

And I be crushed for ever.

Syr. Ah! never fear,

Pluck up your spirit—nevertheless, I say,

Get you indoors—and look you—have prepared

The couches for the supper—when we come

Home from the forum, we shall be sharp set.

Cte. And glad am I to hear it—let this day

That promises so happily, be merry.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—^{Matron}SOSTRATA—^{Nurse}CANTHARA.

Sos. Nurse, I beseech you—how do matters go?

Can. Go! edepol! right well; but penalties
Are only just commencing; whilst you quake
And tremble now—as if you never knew
Yourself now—pains of labour.

Sos. I am perplexed,
Nurse—all alone—we are but two. Geta
Is absent, too; no one have I to call
The midwife, nor to send to Æschinus.

Can. Pol! he will soon be here—for day by day
He never intermits—he ever comes.

Sos. My only comfort in much misery.

Can. Now in good sooth this accident could not
Have happened under happier auspices,
Though hard to suffer wrong—yet Æschinus
Is handsome, generous, rich, of family.

Sos. Pol! that is true—may the gods grant it so.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.—GETA—SOSTRATA—CANTHARA.

Get. Things are so wrong, that counsel were in vain,
And health of no avail and help unaiding,
To mistress and her daughter and to me,
So many ills fall souse upon our heads.
I do not see how we may thence emerge,
Force, want, injustice, solitude, and shame.

Oh! iron age—oh! wickedness—oh! man—
Vile, sacrilegious, villainous, impure!

Sos. I tremble, what is it—troubling Geta so?

Why is he running hither in such haste?

Get. Nor faith, nor law, nor pity—pitiless;
Although my mistress draws towards the birth:
She, whom he treated so indignantly.

Sos. I cannot catch the drift of what he says.

Can. Sostrata, I beseech you—hide ourselves.

Get. I am unhappy—scarcely in my mind,
In grief and wrath—my soaring wish just now
To cross him in his path and fulminate
My wrath, whilst it is vivid, at his head,
And all his race—I would extinguish first
The old man's soul—him from whose loins he sprung,
And next that villain knave and accessory—
Syrus, and rend him piecemeal limb by limb—
To raise him up aloft—to dash him down—
To break his skull and smear the street with brains,
And from the master spirit rend the eyes,
Then cast him from a rock—and all the rest
To seize, to maul, to pound, to prosternate.
Instead of which I must go tell my mistress.

Sos. Let me call, Geta!

Get. Nay, never stay me now,
Whoe'er ye be.

Sos. But I am Sostrata.

Get. Where is she? Sostrata I wished to see.

Ah! mistress, very opportunely you
Meet me inopportunely.

Sos. Why are you
So troubled?

Get. Ah, me! ah, me!

Sos. And whither hastening,

Geta! take courage man.

Get. We utterly—

Sos. How utterly? and why?

Get. Lost utterly—we are.

Sos. But speak—I ask you, now.

Get. Now?

Sos. Ay! now, I say.

Get. Æschinus—

Sos. What doth he?

Get. Abandons us,

An alien evermore.

Sos. Ah, I perish! why—

Get. Love for another one.

Sos. Ah, misery mine!

Get. Ay! undisguised, and openly—he raids
His mistress, from the slave dealer, by day.

Sos. Ah! is this truth?

Get. Most true—I saw it—I,
With these my eyes.

Sos. Ah! I am lost indeed,

Who would believe it? Upon whom rely?
Our Æschinus! our life, our only hope,
Our strong support, defence, our comfort, wealth,
Who swore he could not live a single day
Without my child—who promised at the birth
To bear the infant to his father's bosom,
Beseeching him to grant her for his wife.

Get. Mistress—eschew these tears, and let us think
How to employ our time in usefulness,
Should we submit, or seek forensic help.

Sos. Ah, ah! my man, are you in your right wits?

How can we publish to the world such tale?

Get. I am unwilling so, for truly he

Is alienated in his love; the facts

Proclaim the fact indisputably clear.

If we assert, straightway will he deny—

Away go reputation and our honour.

And were it otherwise, he loves another

To grieve your daughter—turn which way you will

Our welfare seems to be in secrecy.

Sos. No, no, I say again, no secrecy.

Get. What will you do?

Sos. Will plead.

Get. My Sostrata—

Dear mistress—now consider.

Sos. Things cannot

Be worse than now they are, for, first of all,

She has no dowry—secondly, she lacks

That which itself is dowry—maidenhood.

If he deny, we must produce our proofs:

The ring he gave her. Lastly, let me say,

We sought not this misfortune—that no blame

Attaches unto us—nor avarice nor pride—

Unworthy motives. I will plead it, Geta.

Get. I must submit to better arguments.

Sos. Go, quickly as you can to Hegio.

He is related to us—tell him all,

He was the friend of Simulus of old,

He always loved us well.

Get. And he, moreover,

The sole who cares for us.

Sos. Haste, haste, and you
Dear Canthara—go seek the midwife straight,
Let her, at least, be ready at our need.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—DEMEA.

Lost, lost! I hear that Ctesipho, my son,
Accompanied with Æschinus, when he
Bore off that girl. Misfortune lours upon me ;
For he, on whom I trusted, as a staff
Turns out a good for nought. Where shall I seek,
At taverns for him, or at worse. Ah! Syrus—
He can tell surely—hercle! will he tell?
He is one of the herd, and if he sees
Me anxious—carnifex! he will not speak,
I must look jauntily.

ACT III.—SCENE 4.—SYRUS—DEMEA.

Syr. We have divulged the tale, from first to last,
Told it in sequent order—and the senior
Chuckles outright.

Dem. Proh Jupiter, the fool!

Syr. Applauds his son—to me, who gave the counsel—
He gave me thanks.

Dem. Zounds!

Syr. Counted the money down,
And cast down, for the penny, a half mina.
I have dispensed it after my own heart.

Dem. Hem! if you want your business done—behold
The man to do it.

Syr. Ah! Demea, pardon;
I did not see you. How go matters, sir?

Dem. How matters go! I am in admiration,
Beholding how you act.

Syr. Well, clownishly;
Nothing to brag or boast of—Dromo, eh!
Gut me these fish—this mighty conger now
Must purge itself in water. I will return
And see about the cooking, hurry not.

Dem. Flagitious deeds.

Syr. Ah! I approve them not—
I rail against them much. Stephanio,
Unsalt and rub these well.

Dem. Faith of the gods!
Doth he then hold it righteous to debauch,
And look for praises for my ruined son?
I am aghast; methinks I see the day
When he, for want, will flee and be a soldier.

Syr. Demea, methinks that constitutes a sage;
Not merely to perceive things at your nose,
But see far off the things invisible.

Dem. This Psaltrian then is with you?

Syr. Ay, within.

Dem. And to inhabit there?

Syr. Well, I believe so;
He is crazy, sure.

Dem. Now, is this credible?

Syr. A foolish license—sufferance depraved—
Paternal.

Dem. I blush and grieve alike
To see my brother's folly.

Syr. The difference
 Is wide and deep between you, Demea.
 I do not say so for to flatter you,
 But you are wise now—wise to the backbone.
 He dreams, he is a dreamer. Would you allow
 Such goings on, I ask?

Dem. I—I allow!
 Should I not nose and catch him in the intent
 Months ere it came to pass?

Syr. No need to teach
 Me—of your vigilance.

Dem. If he would bide
 Just as he is now, I should be content.

Syr. Ah! as we wish them, oftentimes they prove.

Dem. Have you seen him to-day?

Syr. Seen who! your son?
 [*Aside.*] Where shall I send him to? [*Aloud.*] He is at home,
 Ploughing the glebe, methinks.

Dem. But are you sure?

Syr. I walked with him half-way.

Dem. Why, that is good!
 I feared that he was here.

Syr. He went in anger.

Dem. How so?

Syr. He quarrelled with his brother
 About this Psaltrian.

Dem. In faith?

Syr. In good faith!
 Wherefore disguise? We counted out the cash;
 He came upon us unawares, and cried,
 O, Æschinus, for shame! is it possible
 You do such deeds unworthy of your name!

Dem. Ah! I could weep for joy.

Syr. It is not money

You cast away, it is your name and fame.

Dem. Ah! may he thrive and grace his ancestry.

Syr. He does so.

Dem. Syrus, I say, he is replete

With such good maxims.

Syr. Could it be otherwise?

He who has ever lived at home—to learn.

Dem. I taught him sedulously—never ceased;

Accustomed him to virtue—bade him mark

Man in his courses, as a mirror's face—

To follow or to shun. Do this, said I—

Syr. Good!

Dem. Do this, and that avoid—

Syr. Good, good!

Dem. Such thing is laudable—

Syr. No doubt, no doubt!

Dem. That is detestable—

Syr. Why that is excellent.

Dem. Afterwards—

Syr. Hercle! I have no leisure

Longer to listen; I have other fish,

A dish of fish, to fry. I must take care

They are not spoiled in cooking, Demca;

A fault as heinous now in one of us,

As to omit good counsel is in you.

I also preach and parley with my man—

Too salt, too burnt, too sodden, or all right;

Remember now, and recollect next time.

I teach them sedulously, never cease;

Accustom them to virtue, I can teach

To regard dishes as a mirror's face,
 And warn them what to follow, what to shun.
 I feel that this is insignificant ;
 But what of that, if it be my vocation.
 Do you desire aught else ?

Dem. Some wisdom for you.

Syr. You are bound for the fields ?

Dem. Immediately.

Syr. Why should you stay here in the naughty town,
 Where no one either needs or heeds good counsel.

Dem. I need not stay, since he for whom I came
 Has hence returned, he is my care and joy ;
 I love but him ; since that my brother plots
 That Æschinus, the other, should please him.
 But who comes here afar ? 'tis Hegio,
 Him of our ward ; I have known him from a boy,
 One of my very friends—the right true stuff.
 Ah ! how the ancient citizens grow scarce.
 Word better than his bond ; a man, I trow,
 Of antique faith and virtue ; who can yet
 Blush at the voice of scandal. I must stop
 And greet, and have a bit of chat with him.

ACT III.—SCENE 5.—HEGIO—GETA—DEMEA—PAMPHILA.

Heg. By the immortal gods, a shameful deed !

Geta, can this be true ?

Get. It is too true.

Heg. In such a worthy house to do such wrong.

Ah ! Æschinus, your father taught you not
 To do such deeds.

Dem. He is talking of the Psaltrian.

It irks him now, although he is a stranger ;
 It irks his father not ; would he were here
 To hear his speech of ruth.

Heg. If they brazen it,
 They may find it a worse matter than they think.

Get. You, Hegio, are our only hope and trust ;
 You are our only patron—only father.
 Our master, who is dead, commended us
 To your protection, without which we are nothing.

Heg. You need not press me, I cannot desert you ;
 I hold it as an act of piety.

Dem. I will accost him. Health and happy day
 To Hegio !

Heg. I sought for you yourself.
 Hail, Demea !

Dem. How so ?

Heg. Your eldest son,
 Adopted by your brother—Æschinus
 Has done a deed, unfitting to his rank
 And to his honour also, most unworthy.

Dem. And what has he done ?

Heg. Do you remember
 One Simulus, our neighbour and old friend ?

Dem. What then ?

Heg. He hath abused his daughter.

Dem. Hem !

Heg. Demea, there is matter yet behind
 Of graver import.

Dem. What of graver import ?

Heg. Much graver. One, though wrong exceedingly,
 Was yet excusable—by night—wine, love
 And youth concurring all—a man may err.

When he discovered the wrong he had done,
 He went in tears and suppliant to her mother,
 And pledged his faith, and promised to espouse her.
 They trusted, pardoned him, and sued him not.
 The girl conceived, the tenth month hath come round,
 And he hath bought a Psaltrian to his taste,
 That he may live with one and quit the other.

Dem. Are you quite certain ?

Heg. The mother and the girl
 The fact—speak open mouthed, and, Geta, here—
 Honest, as servants go, hard working, who
 Supports the family by industry—
 Here take him, bind him, make him tell the truth.

Get. Here! make haste to torture me, to know
 That this is truth ; or ask it him himself,
 He will deny it not.

Dem. I blush—nor know
 I what I ought to do, or what respond.

[*Pamphila within.*] Juno Lucina, help and aid, I pray you!

Heg. Hem ! Is she in labour pangs ?

Get. Yea ! doubtless, Hegio.

Heg. Demea, this damsel now demands your justice ;
 Grant her in generosity, what law
 May grant in rigour, and, I do beseech you,
 Act with the probity becomes your name.
 If you deem otherwise, I bid you know
 That I stand here defender of this girl,
 In memory of my departed friend.
 He was my kinsman—we were boys together :
 In peace and war, we ever were allied ;
 We bore our poverty and woes together ;
 Therefore, I will not slur her rights, nor sleep.

I will plead for her rights, and die before
I will abandon them. Do you demur?

Dem. All that I, Hegio, can do to-day
Is to go find my brother.

Heg. Demca,
Remember this! proportioned to your rank,
Your wealth, position, happiness; whate'er
The points wherein you are deemed fortunate;
In like proportion are you bound to be
Honest and true in matters like to this.

Dem. Go, go, I hope to do the thing that's right.

Heg. And that is worthy of you. Geta, go
And lead me to your mistress, Sostrata.

ACT III.—SCENE 6.—DEMEA.

My mind misgave me there was something wrong—
I would this may be all; such license leads
To deeds like these which plunge in seas of wrong.
I go to seek my brother and to chide.

ACT III.—SCENE 7.—HEGIO.

Be of good comfort, Sostrata; console
The afflicted damsel. I will go and find
Micio, now in the Forum, and relate
All that has happened. If he do his duty
Then all is well, and if he do it not,
Behoves it then to me to up and act.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—CTESIPHO—SYRUS.

Cte. My father off—gone home ?

Syr. Long time ago.

Cte. Nay, but good sooth ?

Syr. By this time he is there,
And hard at work.

Cte. Pray fates that it be so,
And that he labour, that, except his health,
He may repair his frame three days in bed.

Syr. Just so ; and something else, and better perhaps.

Cte. Fain would I finish, as it hath begun,
This festal day, and fain that this my joy
Should meet no cross. One reason that I hate
That rustic home is, that it is so near.
If it were further off, the night would come,
And distance bar return. He finds me not,
And straightway he returns, and when we greet
For the first time to-day, and he asks where
I have bestowed myself, what shall I say ?

Syr. Can you not feign a cause ?

Cte. Nay, I cannot.

Syr. Poor boy ! what nothing ! Client, friend, or host—
Nought plausible.

Cte. We have all such ; what then ?

Syr. Aid and assistance asked and given at need.

Cte. That were untruth, and may not be.

Syr. But must.

Cte. Well, that will do for daytime; what for night?

Prompt me to that, my Syrus.

Syr. Ah, forsooth! ;

I would it were the fashion to lend aid
To friends by night. Ah! well, well! let it be.

I know the way to lull him into rest

When rough as Adria.

Cte. How?

Syr. By praising you.

He listens to your praises half bewitched.

You are my genius, and I chant your praise.

Cte. Mine?

Syr. Yours! virtues and attributes; and he

Weeps like a baby in excess of joy.

Hem! here he is.

Cte. Who?

Syr. Wolf in the fable.

Cte. My father?

Syr. Ay, himself.

Cte. Syrus, what must we do?

Syr. You cut and run in-doors—leave me alone.

Cte. If he asks for me, say you have not seen,

And do not know—

Syr. I say, will you be off.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—DEMEA—CTESIPHO—SYRUS.

Dem. I am of men the most unfortunate;

I cannot find my brother: and a man

Returning from the farm, assures me that

Ctesipho is not there. I am all astray.

Cte. Syrus.

Syr. Well.

Cte. Does he seek me?

Syr. Ay.

Cte. I am

Undone.

Syr. Pshaw! keep up a good heart.

Dem. Child am I of misfortune. Methinks I am

Doomed to misfortune from my birth and star.

Evil descends on my head, first of all

It lights on me. I feel it—bear the news

Round to my neighbours, who make light of it.

My shoulders bear the weight.

Syr. Exceeding guy!

He thinks he only knows; he is the sole

Who nothing knows.

Dem. I seek my brother now.

Cte. Syrus, take care he does not pounce in here.

Syr. Lie still and trust to me.

Cte. I do not dare

To trust in my own strength. I will go seek

Some secret cell and bar ourselves within.

Syr. Do so; but for all that he enters not.

Dem. The villain, Syrus—lo!

Syr. [*Aloud.*] Herele! unbearable!

What state of things is this; I fain would know

How many masters have I—Tell me that!

Dem. What is he growling—grumbling at? Eh! you,

Hark ye my man. Is my brother there within?

Syr. Hark ye, my man! What do you mean by that?

I say, I cannot bear it.

Dem. What is the matter?

Syr. What dost thou ask? Why, Ctesipho has thrashed
Me and the Psaltrian.

Dem. What do you say?

Syr. Nay, look you, he has cut right through the lip.

Dem. And wherefore?

Syr. He says it was I who gave
Counsel to purchase her.

Dem. You said that he
Had gone unto the farm.

Syr. And so he had,
And has come back again—come back enraged.
Doth he not blush to beat a man so old!
I dandled him when he was three days old.
Look you the size of that.

Dem. Ah! Ctesipho;
I praise you heartily; you follow me;
A man in judgment, he.

Syr. You praise him, you!
If he be wise, he will not smite so hard.

Dem. He has done well.

Syr. Done well to strike a woman,
And an old man, a slave like me, who dare not
Retaliate—he done well!

Dem. He could not do
A better deed, I say: he thinks you are
'The head and front of this most vile proceeding.
Say, is my brother in?

Syr. No.

Dem. Do you know where?

Syr. Yes, I know where, and do not mean to say.

Dem. Hem! What is this?

Syr. You see.

Dem. I will tell you what—

I will break your head.

Syr. But I don't know the name ;

I know the place, but do not know the man.

Dem. Tell me the place.

Syr. You know the portico

Before the market-place—down here behind.

Dem. I do.

Syr. Well! pass the portico, then cross

The market-place, and when you get across,

There are some steps—a short declivity—

Jump down it, after that there is a chapel,

And then a narrow lane.

Dem. A narrow lane!

Syr. Ay! with a tree—a wild fig—with big trunk.

Dem. I know it.

Syr. Well, then, go on.

Dem. That can I not ;

It is no thoroughfare.

Syr. Ah! that is true.

Oh, what an ass! Ah! what a beast am I!

Come back again unto the portico :

We must start off afresh a shorter way.

Know you the dwelling of rich Cratinus ?

Dem. Yes.

Syr. Well! pass his dwelling-house, and afterwards

Turn to the left hand, and then go straight on.

When you come to Diana, take the right ;

Then on unto the fountain and a baker's,

And opposite a workshop—carpenter's ;

Well! he is there.

Dem. What doth he there ?

Syr. He orders

Legs for a table, turned with feet of oak,
To eat off out of doors.

Dem. Or say, to drink—

You are given more to drink; well! I am off.

Syr. Right, you do right. I'll exercise your legs

To-day, I will, my busybody.

Where's Æschinus?

He should be here—confound him—dinner spoils!

There's Ctesipho all love. I must look out

And take care of myself—to eat the fat

And drink the sweet—Ah! and to empty pots

And cans, and to be merry whilst we may.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.—MICIO—HEGIO.

Mic. Now, by my word of honour, Hegio,

I am delighted. I will make all straight;

I will repair all injury we've done.

Although, perchance, you deemed me one of those

Who, having done an injury, take affront

And quarrel rather than make reparation.

I cannot lay a claim to thanks for this,

Nor need you thank me, Hegio, as you do.

Heg. Nay, not for that: I never deemed you, Micio,

Other than what you are; but I entreat you

Come, calm the mother of the maiden's heart.

Tell her that our suspicions were ill-founded,

And that the Psaltrian was not bought for him,

But for his brother.

Mic. If you think it right,

Hence let us go.

Heg. You will do all a kindness,
 Relieving the poor soul in doubt and dread,
 Whose spirits need it too; you will be glad
 When you have done it. If you think not so,
 I will go there alone and tell the news.

Mic. Nay, I will go myself.

Heg. You will do best;
 For the unfortunate are jealous, too,
 And doubtful of the world; they ever dread
 It, contumelious upon poverty.
 And the best way to calm their throbbing hearts
 And justify her husband, is to go.

Mic. Ah! that is true.

Heg. Come, let us go together.

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.—ÆSCHINUS.

Æs. I am half driven wild: a thunderbolt,
 To fall from heaven, thus at unawares,
 Not dreaming of such thing—I am at sea.
 My members all are quivering with fear;
 My mind is all bewildered with its dread;
 My soul is all in doubt and cannot think.
 How shall I clear myself of all this cloud
 Of treasons and of thoughts unmerited,
 For Sostrata believes this Psaltrian
 Purchased for me? The old dame tells me so.
 I met her on the way—she sought the midwife:
 I asked her of the health of Pamphila—
 If she were in the pangs—when she began
 Exclaiming, Ai! Ai! Æschinus—I pray
 Mock us no more, with words and broken faith.

How now? I asked, amazed. Away! she cried.
 Go to your mistress—her, who pleases you!
 Then I perceived the fact, but held my peace.
 I kept my brother's secret from her ears.
 What shall I do? Shall I go and proclaim
 His secret that this Psaltrian is his own,
 Which he entreats me not to do? Away.
 Notions of their connivance and consonance!
 For they would disbelieve me and my tale.
 'Twas I abducted her; I paid the price;
 I led her home. Well, it was all my fault,
 I ought to have told my father, have besought him,
 And gained his leave to wed with Pamphila.
 Still, still am I asleep. Up, Æschinus!
 Go, justify yourself; knock at their door.
 I cannot, panic fears lay hold of me
 Before I knock. Open; 'tis Æschinus.
 Some one comes forth. I must go hide myself.

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.—MICIO—ÆSCHINUS.

Mic. Do what I tell you, Sostrata, for me
 I go find Æschinus to tell him all.
 Who knocks upon the gate?

Æs. My father—Ah!

Mic. Æschinus.

Æs. Ah! what can he do here?

Mic. Did you knock, Æschinus? He answers not.
 Suppose I banter him a bit—all fair;
 For wherefore did he not confide in me?
 You answer not.

Æs. I knocked not that I know of.

Mic. Just so; for what, by possibility, could you
Have to do here? He blushes red: good sign.

Æs. And what have you, my father, to do here?

Mic. Nought for myself, good sooth, but for a friend,
Retained to lend my aid.

Æs. Father, what aid?

Mic. Well, listen. Here do certain women lodge,
Not over-rich; of course you know them not.
It is not long they have resided here.

Æs. What next, I pray you?

Mic. There is a maiden dwells
Here with her mother.

Æs. Oh! continue, pray!

Mic. Orphaned as to the father. As my friend
Is next of kin, the law obliges him
To wed the maiden.

Æs. I am undone.

Mic. Eh! what?

Æs. Nothing; go on.

Mic. He comes to lead her off,
He of Miletus is.

Æs. What, to lead her off?

Mic. Ay.

Æs. What, to Miletus?

Mic. Ay.

Æs. I am undone.

What do the women say—what do they say?

Mic. What should they say! They can say nought at all.
Only the mother owns there is a child,
And by some man, and whom she will not say,
Claiming a right for him, and that her daughter
Cannot be his.

Æs. And doth it not seem so?

Is not that law?

Mic. No.

Æs. Will he lead her home,

I pray you?

Mic. Why should he not lead her home?

Æs. But you have done a deed—inhuman,
Savage, brutal—most unworthy; I say
it, beyond contradiction, base.

Mic. How so?

Æs. Ah! can you ask? Imagine, pray!

The state of that man's torture, who hath lived

A life of joy, who dotes upon her charms.

What will become of him? Ah! what a lot!

To see his wife borne off before his eyes!

It is an action infamous—my father.

Mic. But wherefore so? Who gave the girl away?

Or who consented? Wherefore when he wedded

Did he take one belonging to another?

Æs. Belonging to another! a maid marriageable—

To wait, expecting next of kin unknown!

This was the plea of justice to have urged,

And you ought to have urged it.

Mic. Not a bit.

How could I plead against the side of him

For whom I went the advocate? But, *Æschinus*,

What is all this to you and me? Or why

Should we be— Wherefore do you weep?

Æs. Father, I pray you, hear.

Mic. My son, I have

Heard and know all. I love you well, my *Æschinus*.

And therefore intermeddle where I love.

Æs. My father, may your love for me be still
 Equal to my deserts and my repentance ;
 For I am criminal, I grieve to say,
 And blush to stand before you.

Mic. I believe you ;
 I know you have a fair, ingenuous mind,
 But reckless, negligent. Where do you deem
 You dwell? In Athens? You have wronged a maiden,
 Forbidden by the law ; there the first breach,
 And, though a fault, yet not a turpid one ;
 One which hath happened unto worthy men.
 But afterwards—what did you afterwards ?
 Precautions for the future—did you take
 A step towards reparation of your fault ?
 Did you acquaint me ? Or, if shame forbad,
 Did you find others to do so ? And thus,
 Ten months elapsing, and the wife and child
 Betrayed—betrayed by your irresolution—
 What, did you think that you might go to sleep,
 And let the gods take care, and from the skies
 Drop her in your cubiculum and home ?
 I grieve to find you so improvident ;
 Be of good cheer, for you shall lead her home.

Æs. Ah!

Mic. Be of good cheer, I say.

Æs. Ah ! mock me not,
 Dear father, I entreat you.

Mic. I mock you, I !

Æs. I know not ; I am troubled in the spirit ;

My soul is all alive to fear, not hope.

Mic. Go home ; beseech the gods to bring you home
 Your wife. Away !

Æs. My wife, lead home my wife?

Mic. Ay, now.

Æs. Now?

Mic. Well, soon as we may.

Æs. Father,

May the gods hate me, if I love you not

More than the light of day.

Mic. What more than *her*!

Æs. As well as her.

Mic. Well, that is saying much.

Æs. But where is that Milesian?

Mic. He embarked,

And has gone to the bottom of the sea.

Away with you!

Æs. Father, do you beseech

Our gods for me; you better are than I;

Your prayers will be the more acceptable.

Mic. I must go in, for I have what to do;

If you are wise, go do what I have said.

Æs. [*Alone.*] Ah! this is to be a father—this a son,

Or friend, or brother; what could he be more?

Kind and beneficent. Ah! ought I not

To cherish him within my inmost heart?

Ah! I will take good heed, and walk a path

Of circumspection, if to grieve him not.

I must go in myself, and hurry too,

Nor be the cause of my own more delay.

ACT IV.—SCENE 6.—DENEIA.

I have walked till I am weary. May Jupiter
Confound that villain Syrus and directions—

The gate, the fountain—ne'er a baker's there,
 Nor carpenter's—nor brother, could I find;
 So here I am to wait for his return.

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.—MICIO—DEMEA.

Mic. I go to tell them now that we are ready.

Dem. Why, here you are! I sought you up and down.

Mic. And wherefore so?

Dem. Offences more and more—

Your excellent young man!

Mic. Well, what?

Dem. Why, felonies.

Mic. No, no.

Dem. No, no; you know him not.

Mic. I know him well.

Dem. You nothing know at all;

You deem some matter with the Psaltrian.

This is a crime against a citizen—

A virgin.

Mic. Well, I know.

Dem. And suffer it!

You know it and you suffer it!

Mic. I do.

Dem. Does it not drive you wild, nor make you mad?

Mic. No, I would rather—

Dem. But a boy is born—

Mic. May the gods bless him!

Dem. She has not a stiver.

Mic. Ay! so they say.

Dem. A wife without a dowry.

Mic. It is so.

Dem. Now, what is to be done next?

Mic. What to be done! We must take the bride home.

Dem. O Jupiter! Is that what you will do!

Mic. Nay, what more can I do?

Dem. What more can do!

Why, grieve—or make a semblance that you grieve!

Mic. I have betrothed the damsel, and to-day
We celebrate th' espousals. They are happy,
Happy exceedingly. I have done that.

Dem. Apparently, you like this matter, Micio.

Mic. I like it not; would it had never been!

What is past help, is past all remedy.
The life of man is as a game of dice:
If you cannot throw siees, you must be
Content with what turns up, and try and eke
Out ill luck by *good* play, and so correct it.

Dem. Corrector! by your play—some twenty minae
Are lost upon the east—this Psaltrian
Has cost so much and now must be resold,
And if no buyer, then the price is lost.

Mic. Ah! but good sooth I do not mean to sell her.

Dem. What do you mean to do?

Mic. To take her home.

Dem. Faith of the gods! how so—a wife and mistress
Together in one house?

Mic. And wherefore not?

Dem. Now by my word I do not think you sane.

Mic. In truth I am.

Dem. As the gods love me now,
If you are not half-witted—you must mean
To keep her as your minstrel.

- Mic.* Wherefore not?
- Dem.* And then the bride may listen to her lays.
- Mic.* Ah! so she may.
- Dem.* You dance a fling with them.
- Mic.* Just so.
- Dem.* Just so!
- Mic.* And you shall dance and sing,
You shall be one of us.
- Dem.* Fie! are you not ashamed!
- Mic.* I do entreat you, brother, to cast off
This black and moody temper. Now look gay,
And smile upon the nuptials of your son.
I must go see the bride and then return.
- Dem.* [*Alone.*] O Jupiter! what life—what manners—
madness!
Wife without dower—and a Psaltrian there—
A house of sheer expense and luxury—
A dotard senior! Ah! if the goddess Health
Should stoop to earth to save them, 'twere in vain!

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—SYRUS.—DEMEA.

Syr. Edepol, Syre—you have taken care
Of number one—yourself, and not done badly.
I have stuffed full of everything within—
Now I come forth to breathe a bit without.

Dem. Look at him there—a pattern for instruction.

Syr. Ah! here is our old man—our own old man.

I say—what makes you glum?

Dem. You, villain! dog!

Syr. Ah! are you talking proverbs—words of wisdom.

Dem. If you were mine!

Syr. You would be rich, indeed,

Ah! Demea, that would 'stablish your affairs.

Dem. I would make you an example to the rest.

Syr. And why—my tidy one?

Dem. Why! because you're drunk—

Because midst turmoil and midst trouble you

Joy and are merry, all good fun to you.

Syr. Plague on it, wherefore came I forth, I trow.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.—DROMO—SYRUS—DEMEA.

Dro. Ctesipho, Syrus, calls aloud for you.

Syr. [*To Dromo.*] Be off.

Dem. What did he say of Ctesipho.

Syr. Nothing.

Dem. Why did he name him then?

Syr. Not him—

Another parasite—young good for nought—
He named.

Dem. Ah! I will see.

Syr. Stop, stop—where are
You bound?

Dem. Ah! let me go.

Syr. I won't, I tell you.

Dem. Let go your hold—or I will break your head.

Syr. There he goes in—and edepol, a guest
Not over-welcome—least of all to Ctesipho.
What must I do the while of all this row?
I will creep in a corner and go sleep
Off the effects of wine—ay, that will I!

ACT V.—SCENE 3.—MICIO—DEMEA.

Mic. We are all ready, Sostrata, whene'er

You please—holloa! who kicks so loud at doors?

Dem. What shall I do—where go—where cry aloud,
Or where complain? O Heaven! O earth and seas!

Mic. He has discovered it—he bellows out—
Now they implead—I must unto the rescue.

Dem. Behold him, lo! corruptor of our youth.

Mic. Calm, calm yourself, anger now makes you mad.

Dem. Now I am calm enough, and let me speak,
I will not objurgate—but to the point.
It was agreed between us—you proposed it—
You should not interfere with mine, nor I with yours,
Was that not so?

Mic. It was so—I avow it.

Dem. Then what doth he now, feasting here with you—
Why do you purchase him a slave girl, Micio?

Why deal you not with me as I with you?

I interfere not, neither so should you.

Mic. This is unjust now, Demea, faith it is:

You know the good old proverb that declares,
That all things should be common between friends.

Dem. Sarcastically spoken—do you run

To sarcasm now for aid!

Mic. Hark ye, brother, mine;

If you are vexed at their extravagance,
Remember that you formerly regarded,
According to their narrow means, their fortunes,
And thought that they were limited to yours.
You thought that I would marry—think so still.
Go on the old routine—to pare and spare—
Close bind, close find; and all to leave them more.
To spare is then your cue—to spend be mine,
Since mine comes unexpectedly on you.
Your funds decrease not, do not then refuse
Good fortune that falls on you unawares.
Now turn this over, Demea, in your mind,
And save ourselves and them anxiety.

Dem. I care not for the money, but their manners.

Mic. Peace! I am coming on to that. There are
Points about men, by which you can discover
How, when two men run in the self-same road,
You may predict to one impunity
And danger to the other. Granted the facts
To be the same—the men are different.
Now to these sons of ours—I can see
Sufficient reason to confide in them,
And they will go all right. Good sense: they have
Intelligence—they have the gift to blush—

They are affectionate—love one the other—
And have good temper. Men to be reclaimed.
You fear lest they be reckless of their weal.
Ah! Demea, Demea, in age we grow more wise,
In all things else save in amassing wealth.
That is the vice of age—then be contented,
For age is sure to make them covetous.

Dem. Cease to persuade me by such sophistry.

Ah! Micio—you will ruin them, I fear.

Mic. Rest you contented: that will never be,
Join then our feast to-day and smile again.

Dem. So be it then to smile and feast to-day,
To-morrow at the rising of the dawn,
I and my son are off unto the farm.

Mic. At midnight if you will—be happy now.

Dem. And that same Psaltrian must go with me.

Mic. Good tactics: and take care and keep her safe,
So will you surely keep your son at home.

Dem. I will be careful—kitchen and the mill
Will make her white and black with meal and smoke,
And sprinkle her with ashes—to the fields
At mid-day to reap stubble—till her face
Is black as charcoal.

Mic. Excellent! in faith,
Both wise and equitable. Then force your son,
Whether he will or no, to couch with her.

Dem. Ah! can'st thou joke upon it—light of mood,
I feel—

Mic. Ah! there you go again.

Dem. I've done.

Mic. Then come within, and join the sport begun.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.—DEMEA.

Never did mortal wight devise a plan
To guide his steps aright, but fortune's freaks,
Or age, or something else would interfere
And mar his project—and would teach him this
That he knows nothing that he thought he knew.
All chosen plans he must repudiate—
And, even so, it happens to myself;
For standing now on life's extremest verge
Do I renounce my life of abstinence:
For now I see that nought is preferable
To fellow-man, than courtesy and kindness.
My brother and myself may prove that rule;
For he has passed a life of merriment,
Courteous and kind, and loving and beloved;
Whilst caring for himself—beloved of all.
I, rustic, rough, and frugal, took a wife,
With matrimonial miseries; and children—
Paternal cares; and laying up a store,
Toiling for them, I fall upon old age;
And in old age what is my harvest home?
Hatred from those for whom I toiled and moiled.
My brother reaps the harvest of their love:
They love him and consort him, and fly me;
They ask his counsel, and they cherish it;
And I look on deserted by them both;
They pray for him to live—for me to die;
Their education at my charge and cost,
He, without any cost, secures as his.
I sow the seed, and he reaps all the fruit.

Well! it is come to this—he challenges,
 And I must arm—with smiles and benefits.
 I will be loved and I will be esteemed,
 My children shall esteem me; I will buy
 And bid for it. If I exhaust my means,
 It signifies to me no jot, for I
 Am in my old age with no time to lose.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.—SYRUS—DEMEA.

Syr. Demea—your brother prays you not to go.
Dem. Who calls me? O, our Syrus—Syrus, hail!
 How do things go, all right?

Syr. All right.

Dem. [*Aside.*] All right.

Three words are uttered all against the grain,
 As, “O, our Syrus!—how go things?—all right?”
 You are an honest fellow—I am glad
 To have the means to serve you.

Syr. Many thanks.

Dem. I will indeed, and, Syrus, this is true—
 I will do something for your benefit.

ACT V.—SCENE 6.—GETA—DEMEA.

Get. Mistress, I go to find them, that they may
 Bear home the bride. Ah! behold! Demea.
 Health, Demea.

Dem. Say, who calls.

Get. Why, Geta.

Dem. Geta, you proved to-day an honest man.
 You had your master’s interest at heart,

A thing that I approve; to love your lord :
 And in return—soon as occasion serves
 I will reward you, Geta.

Get. You are very good
 To hold these sentiments.

Dem. [*Aside.*] Thus I make my court
 By affability, which answers well :
 And first I win the Commons to my cause.

ACT V.—SCENE 7.—ÆSCHINUS—DEMEA—SYRUS—GETA.

Æs. Murdered am I by form and ceremony.
 Why can't a man be married without this?
 To waste a day in silly preparations.

Dem. What is the matter, Æschinus.

Æs. My father !
 Ah! are you there, my father ?

Dem. Hush, I am—
 Your father in the body and the soul,
 And love you more than eyes the light of day.
 Why do you not lead home the wife ?

Æs. I would fain
 They wait the tibicina to precede,
 And sing the hymenæals.

Dem. Will you take
 An old man's counsel ?

Æs. What is it, my father ?

Dem. March them all off—the hymenæal crowd,
 Torches, and the musicians : and knock down
 That garden wall—down with it to the ground.
 Carry her over, make it all one home,
 Bring mother, bride, and servants all to us.

Æs. And it would please well dear father.

Dem.

See to it.

Thus I grow affable. My brother's house
Is pervious to all—they will burst in,
And eat and drink—and what is that to me?
He pays the cost, and I am affable,
They bow and give me thanks. Bid Babylo
He fork out twenty minæ. Syrus, Eh!
Why do you stand and stare? set off about it.

Syr. Anon!

Dem. Down with that wall—demolish—and,
Geta, be off, and lead her thro' the gap.

Get. Gods bless you, Demea, for your benefits,
Since so benevolent to us and ours.

Dem. You well deserve it all—you, too, my lad.

Æs. I think so also.

Dem.

This mode is better far
Than bear a young wife in her parturition
Thro' public ways.

Æs.

And nothing can be better,
Dear father!

Dem.

Ah! ah! dear father; here is Micio.

ACT V.—SCENE 8.—MICIO—DEMEA—ÆSCHINUS.

Mic. My brother ordered it! Where is he then?

You ordered this thing—Demea!

Dem.

I did.

In this thing, and all others, I desire
To aid, to help, to cherish, and attach
Their home to ours.

Æs. Consent to it my father.

Mic. Oh! I do not object.

Dem. But we are bound,

I say, to do so : first, she is the mother
Of my son's wife.

Mic. And then?

Dem. Modest and wise.

Mic. Ay, so all say.

Dem. And aged.

Mic. It is so.

Dem. Past child-bearing, and lone in widowhood.

Mic. What then?

Dem. That you should marry her, and you

[*To Æs.*] Should make him do so.

Mic. What! I marry her!

Dem. You.

Mic. I!

Dem. Yourself I say.

Mic. Go! you are mad.

Dem. Now, if you are a man, *Æschinus*, make him.

Æs. My father.

Mic. And you, too, ass—go to—and heed him not.

Dem. You struggle in the net, it must be so.

Mic. You are crazy.

Æs. Let me beseech you, father.

Mic. Are you mad, too—away!

Dem. Brother I beseech you

Do not refuse your son.

Mic. You all are mad,

For I am sixty-five, and she decrepit—

You all are mad!

Æs. Father, I promised her.

Mic. Promised! Go compromise yourself!

Dem. But what will you reply—when we demand
Something of moment?

Mic. Which this is not at all.

Dem. Now pardon him.

Æs. And grant us this small grace.

Mic. Leave off, I say.

Æs. Nay, not till you consent.

Mic. This is abduction.

Dem. Do not say so, Micio.

Mic. Absurd in the extreme doth it appear,

I say, to me—depraved and stupid—

But if you still insist—why, be it so.

Æs. Ah, thou dost well and rightly, I esteem you.

Dem. [*Aside.*] At him again—whilst in this yielding mood.

[*Aloud.*] Our neighbour Hegio, Micio, is our kinsman,

He is a very poor and worthy man,

We ought to do some act of kindness to him.

Mic. Do what, what act?

Dem. You have a small estate

Here in the suburbs. Grant it him in fee.

Mic. Small—do you call it!

Dem. Well, it is not large.

Grant it in fee: for he has been a father

Unto the bride—he is upright and honest,

He is our kinsman, and he well deserves it.

For I take up the proverb, Micio,

You lately dropped. “It is the vice of age

To be enthralled with cares of property”—

It is a proverb true—and it behoves

That we, in sailing, should steer clear of it.

Mic. Do what you will, I yield. Do what you please.

Æs. My father, thanks.

Dem. And now I recognize

We—brothers are, in body and in soul.

Mic. I am contented.

Dem. Stabbed with his own sword!

ACT V.—SCENE 9.—SYRUS—DEMEA—MICIO—ÆSCHINUS.

Syr. It is knocked down, as you commanded, Demea.

Dem. A trusty man, and edepol! I think

We ought to grant to Syrus—liberty.

Mic. Freedom to him—and wherefore?

Dem. Many reasons.

Syr. Oh! our Demea, you are good and just;

You know how I have tended both your boys—

Have tended and admonished them, and taught them

All the good precepts that I knew myself.

Dem. Do I not see and know it—is the thing

Not self-apparent? Thou hast taught them first

To love, and found them mistresses to feast.

Accomplishments, I say, that lie beyond

The usual bounds of mediocrity.

Syr. O worthy gentleman!

Dem. Besides—to-day—

To-day he bought that psaltrian; it was he

Who managed all, and it is only just

That he should have his recompense, and so

Encourage others in the path of duty.

And Æschinus desires it.

Mic. [*To Æs.*]

Do you so?

Æs. And heartily.

Mic. Syrus—come hither—there—

Be free. [*He gives the stroke of manumission.*]

Syr. My grateful thanks, indeed, to all,

But, Demea, most to thee.

Dem. I am rejoiced.

Æs. And I.

Syr. And also I; but still I wish

My manumission were complete—my wife—

My Phrygian wife—to share my freedom with me.

Dem. A most deserving woman.

Syr. And the first

That gave the teat unto your grandson, Demea.

Dem. That is sufficient—that is cause enough,

Herele, she must be freed.

Mic. Freed—and for what!

Dem. For that—and I will pay her purchase sum.

See, pay her worth.

Syr. May the gods bless you, Demea,

And grant you all your wishes.

Mic. Syrus, eh!

This day has been a lucky day to you.

Dem. Micio, it will be so, if you perform

Your duty by him, and bestow wherewith

To start him off in life; a man like him

Will soon restore it.

Mic. Not a rotten nut.

Æs. The man is trusty.

Syr. I promise to restore it.

Æs. Come, father!

Mic. Well! I'll think of it—I'll think.

Dem. So! that is done.

Syr. My best friend.

Æs. Father, thanks.

Mic. But brother how is this—and whence this change
From niggardness to prodigality?

Tell me the reason of this altered mind.

Dem. And I will tell you, brother, and lay bare

The secret of my children's love to you.

They love your easy and condoning ways;

It is not they are either great or good—

It is not they are noble, or are just;

It is assent, indulgence, money, means,

That wins you their compliance, Micio.

Now, Æschinus, if my more rugged mode

Of life be hateful to you, and if I

Refuse condonance with your faulty deeds—

I wash my hands. Go on, and spend nor spare,

Follow your passions, and I give you up.

If, on the contrary, you choose to hear

Advice which age can proffer unto youth,

And to restrain its headlong, headstrong sway:

If you will suffer me to reprehend,

And, in due time, advise and rightly rule—

Then follow me, and I will do my best.

Æs. Father, I, for the future, yield to you,

Nor shall you henceforth find me blameable.

But now what of my brother—what of him?

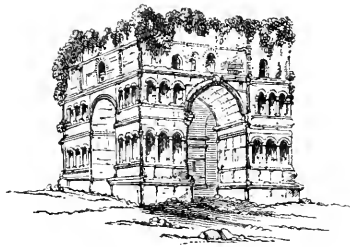
Dem. What's done cannot be undone, he must have

Her he has chosen—may it be the last

Folly he may commit.

Æs. All right.

[*To the audience.*] Applaud.



TEMPLE OF JANUS.

PHORMIO.

PERSONS.

PHORMIO—A Parasite.

DEMIPHO—Father of Antipho.

CHREMES—Brother of Demipho.

ANTIPHO.

PHÆDRIA—Son of Chremes.

PHANIUM—Daughter of Chremes.

GETA—Slave to Demipho.

DAVUS—Slave.

DORIO—Slave Merchant.

SOPHRONA—Nurse.

HEGIO
CRATINUS } Advocates.
CRITO }

DORCIUM—A Maiden.

PROLOGUE.

When the old poet * could not force the young †
To leave off writing plays and hold his tongue,
He set to work to ban by maledictions ;
And said his comedies were nought but fictions
Of meagre subject and oration trite ;
Because he never drew a crazy wight
Who dreamt he saw a deer which, chased by hounds, ‡
Sobbed and shed tears on his domestic bounds.
Now if that author would but understand
How much the actors helped him out of hand,
He would acknowledge that the author's credit
Depended on his friends and actors' merit,
And would have curbed the roughness of his tongue.
For if there be this audience among
Who think us aided by such hostile act
To write our prologue, we deny the fact ;
The palm of your applause is free to all
Who may excel in art theatrical.

* Lavinjus, his predecessor poet.

† Terence.

‡ A scene in a play by Lavinius. Terence often showing up his blundering. He made Mercurius, as Losia, act indecorously for a slave ; in Heauton. Prologue. In making the defendant open the case and produce his own title deeds in the Eur. Prologue ; and in making the deer seek protection with sobs and tears, as above.

But he would drive him hence to pine and starve.
We therefore seize upon the knife to carve ;
And had our rival been but generous,
He should have shared a couch and fed with us.
It is his own fault—he must not look grim
In taking what he gave—good-bye to him.
But our request is that you lend us ears.
We bring a new piece on the stage, it bears
This name—Epidicazomenos *—in Greek,
In Latin, Phormio, because we seek
A parasite to bear the brunt, and show
The plot which he unravels as we go.
Lend us your ears, be favourably inclined,
Nor let that last occasion come to mind †
When tumult drove us hence, and in a rage
Chased actors and the poet from the stage ;
Restored to which by your benignity,
We try to-day your equanimity.

* The claimant for the heiress.

† When the Heeyra was hissed off the stage.

PHORMIO.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—DAVUS.

Geta, my best of friends and countryman,
Found me out yesterday. It seems that I
Owed him some money; and he came to pray
Me to repay him. Well, I got it him.
I hear his master is married, and no doubt
He wants it as a present for the wife.
Custom iniquitous—that we the poor
Must ever see the rich! all, he has screwed;
His little savings swallowed at one gulp
By bowels void of pity—head of thought
How he slaved to obtain them! It ends not here:
Another sop when she is brought to bed;
Another one when the first birthday comes;
Another at each feast: we see the boy,
The mother bears it off.—Here Geta is!

ACT I.—SCENE 2.—GETA—DAVUS.

Get. Now if one red-haired seek me—

Dav.

He is here!

Spare yourself toil.

Get. Eh! Davus; you, I sought.

Dav. Well! here it is—good weight and number—count.

Get. I love thee; thou art just; I give thee thanks.

Dav. You are in the right: the manners of to-day

Make it superfluous to pay one's debts.

But, notwithstanding, you methinks look sad.

Get. And reason, too. I stand in peril, man!

Dav. Upon what score?

Get. But can you keep a secret?

Dav. Go to, I am no babbler. Can you doubt

A debtor who has paid you in full weight—

What should I gain by babbling now?

Get. Then, listen!

Dav. Oh! don't be in a hurry.

Get. Know you Chremes,

Brother of our old master?

Dav. Wherefore not?

Get. And Phædria his son?

Dav. As well as you.

Get. Well! they are off, the old ones—both together—

Chremes to Lemnos, and our own good man

Unto Cilicia—to an old acquaintance—

Allured by hopes of mountains made of gold!

Dav. What he, so rich already, covetous!

Get. Nay, 'tis his nature.

Dav. Would I were a king.

Get. The two old boys are off, and leave me here

The governor of their sons.

Dav. Unhappy Geta!

Hard governments—rebellious provinces!

Get. All will come right in time, I trust in that.

My *genius* is offended through some fault:

I parleyed with them firstly : useless words !
 But what of that : fidelity, I trow,
 Is loss of labour !

Dav. "Kicking against pricks :"

That motto often comes before my mind.

Get. And therefore I resolved to kick no more,

But let them have their way.

Dav. As in the Forum.

Get. Now Antipho went right. But Phædria,
 The day his father went, must needs go seek
 A Citharistrian, and run mad for her.
 A dealer owns her, vilest of his tribe.
 We, empty pouches : the old fathers had
 Taken especial care of that : and wanting means,
 He fed his eyes ; he followed her about
 As she went to her lessons and returned.
 For lack of better work, we followed him.
 Now opposite the master's was a barber's :
 We waited there. It happened, as we waited,
 A boy came by in tears : we pitied him,
 And he replied with fervour—"Never, never
 Has poverty been burthensome till now.
 A maiden weeps upon her mother's corpse,
 She hath nor kith nor kin. A hired crone
 Performs the rites ; and she herself so fair—
 So exquisitely beautiful." Then Antipho,
 For we were touched in heart, proposed to go
 And visit her ; and he consenting, led,
 And so we went ; and there she was indeed,
 Divinely beautiful,—'twas beauty unadorned,
 With naked feet, dishevelled hair, and grief ;
 Tears and uncomely garb—becoming her.

Now he in love with his Fidicina,
Said, she was pretty ; but our Antipho,
Poor Antipho !

Dav. He fell in love with her.

Get. O'er head and ears—deep as the Hellespont !
He finds out the old woman, and entreats
To be allowed to see her. She refused :
She rated him with words. She was, she said,
An Attican, well born and bred : if he
Wished to espouse her, let him legally
Seek proper means : if he had other thoughts,
He was mistaken. And the poor boy longs
To wed the maiden ; but he dreads his father.

Dav. Perhaps, if present, he would have consented.

Get. What ! he consented—to a stranger girl,
Without a dower—quite the contrary !

Dav. What have you done !

Get. There is a certain Phormio,
A loud and boisterous parasite—may gods
Confound him.

Dav. What did he ?

Get. Well ! he advised :
It was the law, he said, that orphans should
Marry the next of kin : the self same law
Ordaining the same kin to marry them.
“ I will make oath you are her next of kin ;
And, as your father's delegate and friend,
Assign her to you. Now to Judgment Hall—
Father and mother, genealogy—
I will invent all that. All must go straight
If you oppose no obstacles ; you wed,
Back comes the father—he imploding me ;

I do not care a doit—the girl is yours,
Espoused for ever.”

Dav. Audacious roguery!

Get. 'Twas said and done; they went—we were condemned—
They wedded.

Dav. What!

Get. They wedded on the spot!

Dav. O Geta, what on earth will fall to you!

Get. I know not. I shall take it easily,
Nor rack my soul about it.

Dav. Now credit me,
But I admire your courage.

Get. Well! I trust
In my resources.

Dav. Good.

Get. I shall go seek
An intercessor, who with humble breath
Will come and plead—“O pardon! I beseech you—
Have mercy and compassion—if again
He dares offend, et cetera;” going out
He whispers in the ear, “Half-murder him.”

Dav. So, like a pedagogue, he walks abroad
And leads a Citharistrian!

Get. Somewhat like.

Dav. He has not much to give her.

Get. Heaps of words.

Dav. Comes Chremes back?

Get. Not yet.

Dav. And Demipho?

Get. I know not; but they say his letter lies

Now at the port, and now I go to get it.

Dav. Have you more news, my Geta?

Get.

None—Farewell!

All happiness.—Holloa! you urchin—boy,
Come here—take this to Dorcium: off now—bolt!

ACT I.—SCENE 3.—ANTIPHO—PHÆDRIA.

Ant. 'Tis useless, Phædria, consulting me,
I am in fear immortal, and I dread
Return of him who cares the most for me.
I have done stupidly—for otherwise
I had expected him impatiently.

Phæ. Now what is this about?

Ant. Ah! you know well—
You witness were of my unhappy deed.
Why, why did Phormio so counsel me?
Headlong in evil have I plunged: my passion
Would have evaporated in few days:
My care will eat my heart up many days.

Phæ. I hear you.

Ant. And now daily I expect
Him home again, and loss of her I love.

Phæ. Most men bewail lacking the thing they love,
And you bewail to hold yours in possession.
Hercle! I would that I stood in your place.
As the gods love me, nothing I desire
More or so much, as to win her I love,
And then to die, if die I must, with joy.
Me obstacles oppose, and knock me down.
Behold me, and go! joy in your success.
Why you have wit, and beauty, and good birth—
And without trouble, and without expense—
All that the heart can wish, a girl above

The breath of scandal. You are fortunate!
 Her worth is as the daylight, palpable;
 Success o'erwhelms you. On the other side,
 I have a greedy dealer; but I wot
 One never is contented with one's lot.

Ant. And Phædria, I deem you fortunate:
 You may advance, retreat, do what you will—
 You do not stand committed to the chain.
 I in the quagmire am, and floundering:
 I neither can possess her; neither can
 I e'er consent to lose her. Geta comes,
 And comes in haste: I trembling at the sight,
 Dreading all news that he can bring to me.

ACT I.—SCENE 4.—GETA — ANTIPHO — PHÆDRIA.

Get. I am undone, annihilated, crushed!
 Ah, Geta! You must seek good counsel straight.
 Evils impend o'er your unhappy head;
 I know not what to do, nor what to think.
 Nor how to extricate—for—keep it secret,
 That is downright impossible—downright.

Ant. What threatens now?

Get. And not a moment's space
 To think, for here my master comes ashore.

Ant. What evil is this?

Get. Suppose now, he knows all,
 How shall I meet his wrath—What shall I say?
 When every word will but enrage him more—
 Or silence, worse—excuses, worst of all.
 It is not me alone; there is Antipho.
 Ah! my soul bleeds for him: I pity him,

And solely for his sake do I stay here ;
 Else had I run away—ay, long ago ;
 And on our savage senior been revenged—
 I would have girded loins, and cut and run.

Ant. What doth he say of girding loins and running?

Get. But where is Antipho? Zounds! I want Antipho.

Phæ. He calls for you.

Ant. Some woe is imminent.

Phæ. You are all right.

Get. I shall find him at home.

Phæ. Eh! call him back.

Ant. Stop! Geta!

Get. Words imperious,

Whoe'er—

Ant. Geta!

Get. Ah! ah! the man I want.

Ant. Geta, what news? Pronounce it in one word.

Get. I will.

Ant. Say on.

Get. From the Piræus—

Ant. Ah!

Get. There, lo! you now—

Ant. I perish!

Phæ. Hem!

Ant. Ah! me—

How now?

Phæ. How now!

Get. His father, sir, your uncle,

Arrived at the Piræus.

Ant. All is lost—

There is no remedy! O Phanium, Phanium,

We shall be parted, and I wish to die!

Get. Ah! well then, things are at the worst ; so now

Pluck up your courage—Fortune aids the bold.

Ant. I know not where I am.

Get. Be present, then ;

For if your father sees you in this fright,

He will suspect you culpable.

Phœ. He will.

Ant. I cannot help it.

Get. How would you manage then

In a case, difficult ?

Ant. E'en worse than now.

Get. O Phœdria! Now will he ruin all—

We lose our labour and our time—I'm off.

Phœ. And so am I.

Ant. But if I simulate security,

Will that suffice ?

Get. You cannot.

Ant. Let me try—

Behold! Will that do ?

Get. No.

Ant. Will this ?

Get. Why—better.

Ant. This ?

Get. Ay, that would do. Can you command it,

Responding word for word, unshrinkingly—

When he shall browbeat ?

Ant. Yes.

Get. Go answer him :

You were enforced by law ; that judgment was

Pronounced against you. Do you understand ?

Here comes some old man—

- Ant.* It is he—himself—
I dare not meet him!
- Get.* Eh! what! stop Antipho!
Stop—stop—I say!
- Ant.* I know, I recognize
My fault; take care of Phanium for me,
Good-bye my life.
- Phæ.* Now, what shall we do, Geta?
- Get.* Well! you must stand the verbal strife, and I
The whip and scourging. Phædria, I advise
That we should do the like, as even now
We counselled Antipho.
- Phæ.* Confound advice—
Say, what is to be done.
- Get.* Go! brazen it;
Declare her rights were incontestable—
Indisputable—that law was on her side,
And folly to oppose it.
- Phæ.* I will do so.
- Get.* Add what comes in your mind—perplexing, subtle—
Confuse him if you can.
- Phæ.* I will do so.
- Get.* I will stand by, as force subsidiary,
To help at need.

ACT I.—SCENE 5.—DEMIPHO—GETA—PHORMIO.

- Dem.* What! married! Antipho, without consent
And braving my authority: authority—
Displeasure, reverence. Graceless and impudent—
Outrageous action! Geta! Monitor!

Get. [*Aside.*] Ay, I am there.

Dem. What will they tell me—what!

Reasons, excuses—

Get. We have them all ready;

Dem. Go on—If obligation, by decree of law,

On him unwilling—I will yield consent.

Get. Good.

Dem. But if he yielded, unopposing, and

Suffering default—

Phæ. That would be hard indeed!

Get. I will accost him now.

Dem. I am at sea;

Nor know I how, in ignorance, to act.

And far too angry for my soul to think.

Such is the state of man : prosperity

Should make him careful and most sedulous

To ward attacks of fortune : and returning

Home from abroad, then let him be prepared

For evils—peril—loss—a wife deceased—

A daughter sick—these, common are to all.

Let him expect them : if they happen not,

He may regard all as a gain for good.

Get. O Phædria, faith ! it is incredible

How much in wisdom I surpass my master !

Never on me fall evils unforeseen—

I have anticipated this his return ;

And, with it, grinding at the mill and stripes,

Fetters and overseers—all these foreseen—

And nothing unexpected unawares.

So if they happen not, I hold it gain.

Accost the old chap—gently at the first.

Dem. Ah! Phædria there—my nephew!

Phæ. Uncle, hail!

Dem. And hail, my nephew! Where is Antipho?

Phæ. Welcome, returned—

Dem. Yes, yes! but answer me.

Phæ. Right well, and here at home. Has business
Prospered well?

D m. I would so.

Phæ. Would, uncle, what?

Dem. No humbug! Phædria. A famous marriage
Has come off in my absence.

Phæ. On that account
Deem you of cause for anger?

Get. Ah! the rogue,
Excellent actor!

Dem. Cause for anger; ay—
Would he were present here to know and learn
His father, unto him most lenient,
Is now a parent most inexorable.

Phæ. And yet, my uncle, he hath nothing done
Deserving punishment.

Dem. Hark to him now!
All—all alike! Birds of the self-same feather—
Know one, know all.

Phæ. Nay, not at all, my uncle.

Dem. When one has played the fool, the other stands
Forth to defend him; and, in his own turn,
Expects defence at need and finds it too.

Get. The man now speaks more truly than he deems.

Dem. For were it not so, Phædria, you could not
Defend him thus.

Phœ.

Uncle! if Antipho

Has done some wrong, careless of fame and duty,

Be well assured that I would not defend him.

Let him be punished. But if some miscreant,

Preying on inexperience and on youth,

Has laid some snare, unhappily successful,

Is it our fault? Or is it not the judges',

Who oftentimes, through envy, rob the rich;

Bestowing it, through pity, on the poor?

Get. His words almost deceive *me*. Ah! the rogue!*Dem.* But how can any judge do otherwise,

Where there is no defence made; Antipho

Made no defence—judgment was by default.

Phœ. Alas! too oft, the fault of modesty

Of youth ingenuous—of good birth—so oft

Before the judges suddenly are dumb,

Oblivious of their argument are mute.

Get. Most excellent advocate, I am contented with him.

Hail! master. Happiness for safe return!

Dem. Oh, oh! good keeper, hail! Custodier

Of house and home, and guardian of my son!

Get. Too long we suffer undeserved rebuke—

We are not faulty, we have done no wrong—

I, least of all. The law does not allow

A slave to plead, nor to give evidence.

The courts of law were barred in this to me.

Dem. Agreed; I make allowance for all that—

Ingenuous modesty—and you a slave;

But wherefore did he wed her? for no law

Compels to wedlock—only to pay dower,

And wed her to another; but he chose

To take her dowerless and wed himself.

Get. Ah! that was not the reason; 'twas the lack
Of money.

Dem. Why, then, not take some?

Get. Take some!

Take what, or whence? To take some is soon said.

Dem. Well, borrow, then, on usury.

Get. Better yet!

And who would lend to us the whilst you live?

Dem. No, no! this roguery shall not succeed,

I will not suffer it; she shall not stay;

He shall have his deserts. Now, for the man.

Who is he? and where dwells he?

Get. Phormio.

Dem. Her patron—where is he?

Get. I will go seek him.

Dem. Antipho, where is he?

Get. He is gone forth.

Dem. Phædria, go thou and seek him, bring him here.

Phæ. I go directly.

Get. Ay, to Pamphila.

Dem. I will salute my household gods: and hence

Unto the Forum: get some advocate:

When Phormio comes—so I shall be prepared.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PHORMIO—GETA.

Pho. How, fled! Afraid to face his father, eh!

Get. Just so.

Pho. Abandoning his Phanium?

Get. Ay, ay.

Pho. And the old dad irate?

Get. Outrageously!

Pho. Ah! Phormio, Phormio—you are in for it:

“As thou dost sow, so must thou reap,” tis said;

Well, then, tuck up.

Get. Phormio.

Pho. If he demand—

Get. We trust in you.

Pho. I have it—he demands

Her restitution.

Get. May it come to that?

Pho. I think so.

Get. I will back you.

Pho. Come away.

Where is the old man? I have arguments

All ready on my tongue.

Get. What arguments?

Pho. That Phanium is his wife: that Antipho

Is all deserving: let him wreak his wrath,

There upon me. So be it.

Get. Heroic man!

Invaluable friend! But, Phormio,

Suppose this end in sending you to jail?

Pho. Ah! fear not that: past is the peril, when
 Clearly I see my way. How many men,
 Think you, that I have beaten unto death,
 Strangers and citizens? Ah! we old hands
 Work pretty safely. Geta, answer me,
 Or have you ever heard, or ever known,
 Me suffer condemnation—restitution?

Get. And how comes that?

Pho. Because men spread no nets
 For merlins nor for goshawks—birds of prey,
 And dangerous to meddle with—but polts,
 Fat and resistless, which repay the pains.
 So are the rich in danger—bags to bleed;
 I possess nothing—and they know it well.
 Ah! but the jail: I am a cormorant—
 They know that also: neither do they choose
 To render me such benefit for ills.

Get. We shall be ever grateful unto you.

Pho. Nay, 'tis the contrary; we can ne'er enough
 Be grateful to the benefits kings do.
 Let off shot free; free unguents and free bath—
 With nought to think about, all—fancy free.
 Your master, meantime, bothering his brains.
 We laugh, he grumbles; we enjoy ourselves;
 Served first in meat, and drink, and dubious food.

Get. How, dubious food?

Pho. Impossible to choose;
 Variety, all excellent, all costly.
 Is it not plain you have a present god?
 Is it not plain we ought to worship him?

Get. Here is the old man: be upon your guard:
 The onset tells; the after-fight is play.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.—DEMIPHO—GETA—PHORMIO.

Dem. Did ever any one or see or know
Such wrong—such contumelious injury—
As I sustain? Come, aid me, I beseech you!

Get. He is in a rage.

Pho. Hist, Hist; I'll tackle him.

Faith of immortal gods! Does Demipho
Deny that Phanium is his kinswoman?
Does Demipho deny his kinswoman? Ah!

Get. He does deny it.

Dem. 'Tis doubtless he, the man. Eh! follow me.

Pho. Denies he knows her father, who he was!

Get. Assuredly denies it.

Pho. What, knows not Stilpho!

Get. Assuredly.

Pho. It is because the maid
Is poor and orphan'd he denies to know her,
Will own her not. Behold, now, avarice!

Get. Do you accuse my lord of avarice?

There you are wrong.

Dem. Audacity! 'Tis like
He will begin the plea—accusing me.

Pho. For Antipho—I cannot blame the boy—
He knew her not; the man was very old,
Poor, and a rustic, wedded to his spot
Of rented land. He oftentimes complained
How Demipho, his kinsman, oft expressed
Contempt for him, how undeservedly.
I never knew a man of greater worth.
He rented of my father, so I knew him.

Get. What, that to us! I should much like to know.

Pho. Go, and be crucified! But that I knew
 Him faultless, good, think you, I ask, that I
 Had drawn hostility on me and mine
 From one so powerful as yours, for her?

Get. Why, miscreant! continuing to defame
 My absent master.

Pho. Well he merits it.

Get. Ah! Ah! you will.

Dem. [*Calls.*] Geta!

Get. Calumniator—

Robber!

Dem. [*Calls.*] Geta!

Pho. [*To Geta.*] Reply.

Get. Ah! who is this?

Dem. Be silent, sirrah.

Get. He ceases not to say
 The vilest calumnies against you—all
 Fitting himself.

Dem. Be silent, sirrah. Friend,
 With your permission, and with pardon craved,
 And, if it pleases you, reply to me:
 Who was this friend of yours, where did he dwell,
 And in what manner claimed he me as kinsman?

Pho. You ask me as though you were ignorant.

Dem. Not ignorant—what I—

Pho. You are not ignorant.

Dem. But I deny it; and what you affirm

Behoves it you to prove.

Pho. What, know you not

Your cousin-german!

Dem. Zounds!—his name—his name—

Pho. His name—ay, doubtless—

Dem. Ah! you know it not!

Pho. Bother it—I forget it.

Dem. Now, then, now!

Pho. [*To Geta.*] Geta, if you remember, tell it me.

O, stuff of nonsense! you pretend not know.

To trap me by a question.

Dem. Trap you, I!

Get. [*To Phormio.*] Stilpho.

Pho. What signifies. 'Tis Stilpho.

Dem. Who?

Pho. Stilpho, I tell you; as you know right well.

Dem. I never had a relative so named.

Pho. Astounding! Are you quite devoid of shame?

Had he but left ten talents—

Dem. Gods, confound you!

Pho. You had been sharp enough with memory,

Citing grandfather and great-grandfathers.

Dem. Just so: do you the same, and cite me now

Their genealogies. This damsel, now—

Get. Zooks! that's a poser! Phormio, look out.

Pho. I did so, fully, at the proper time.

Why did not Antipho deny it then?

Dem. Reminding me of Antipho—the fool—

Folly beyond belief!

Pho. But you are wise:

Go to the magistrate, and try again

The cause upon appeal: for I perceive

That here you reign omnipotent, with right

To adjudicate the selfsame matter twice.

Dem. The injury is done, and sooner than contend

And hear thee more, I am content to pay,
 As though she were my relative indeed.
 Hold! here are fifteen minæ, which the law
 Assigns as dower.

Pho. Ha! ha! ha!—excellent!

Dem. How, now!—Do I demand a thing unjust?
 I but avail myself of public rights.

Pho. How so, I pray you? Treat a freeborn maid
 Like to a harlot, giving her her hire!
 The law ordains—the orphan-citizen
 To wed their next of kin, to save from want,
 To save from shame. Lo! what the law awards,
 What you refuse.

Dem. Ay, wed their next of kin,
 Which we are not.

Pho. Stuff!—do not debate it more—
 The thing is done.

Dem. I not debate it more.
 Ay, till it is undone.

Pho. O, stuff of nonsense!

Dem. I will—I will.

Pho. In one word, Demipho,
 Your son, and not yourself, must plead in this:
 'Twas he who stood condemned in this—not you.
 You are not at an age to wed a girl.

Dem. What I say, he says—he must say the same:
 Or I will chase them, bag and baggage, forth.

Get. He's savage.

Pho. Nonsense, you would not do so.

Dem. Avaunt! thou enemy—avaunt! I say.

Pho. Browbeat and frightened, in his own despite.

Get. A very good beginning.

Pho. Hark you now :

'Twere better to submit with a good grace—

'Twere better also we continue friends.

Dem. The gods forbid it!—rather let me wish

That I had never cast my eyes upon you.

Pho. If you accept her for your daughter, she

Will be the consolation of your age—

You stricken are in years.

Dem. She pleases you—

Pray take her to yourself.

Pho. Nay, calm yourself.

Dem. Mark you my words—for what I say, I do :

Take off this woman, or I'll cast her forth !

I have said it, Phormio.

Pho. Mark you my words : if you entreat her ill,

I will find means to make you pay for it.

I have said it, Demipho.

[*And to Geta.*] I shall be found at home.

Get. Good.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.—DEMIPHO—GETA—HEGIO—CRATINUS—
CRITO—(ADVOCATES.)

Dem. Oh! in what care and what solicitude

Has my son cast me!—shackling himself and me

In this cursed marriage. Nor do I wish

To see him yet, until I know his mind.

Go seek him, Geta, if he be at home.

Get. I go.

Dem. You see the mess wherein we stand—

What say you to it, Hegio?

Heg.

Demand

It, if you please, of Cratinus.

Dem.

Say, Cratinus.

Cra. Do you mean me?*Dem.*

Yes—you.

Cra.

It is my wish

That you shall do the very thing that's right.

I think it is but just and reasonable

All wrong your son has done you in your absence

Should be restored in full. Such is the law.

I have said.

Dem.

Now, Hegio, what say you?

Heg. Cratinus has said well. Yet it is said—

“So many men, so many sentences”—

Each one according to his light. Now, I

Hold on the contrary: a judgment given

Cannot be so reversed; and, further, I

Deem it disgraceful to urge such a suit.

Dem. Speak, Crito.*Cri.*

I think that the subject needs

Deliberation; for it is not small.

Heg. Do you require us more?*Dem.*

I thank you—no.

I am perplexed worse than I was before.

Get. They say he has not returned.*Dem.*

My brother comes—

He is expected; and he shall advise me.

I will hence to the port and ask about him.

Get. And I to Antipho, to tell him all.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—ANTIPHO—GETA.

Ant. It needs must be admitted, Antipho,
 That you lack courage, and are blamable.
 Why did you flee and leave the thing to others?
 Could you not best conduct your own affairs?
 There is one thing, my boy, that you must do:
 Remember your beloved one in the house;
 Let not the faith she lent your promises
 Return to her unbidden—let her not
 Grieve with the thought that you are treacherous.

Get. Master! and truly we have grieved, and long,
 Your absence, and condemned you.

Ant. I sought you.

Get. And yet we never doubted of your cause.

Ant. Tell me, I pray you, how stand my affairs—
 What is my destiny—my father—what?

Get. Why, no.

Ant. Is there then hope?

Get. I know not.

Ant. Ah!

Get. But Phædria, as I know, pleads well for you.

Ant. He always does so.

Get. And Phormio, also,
 Has shown himself a man—careless of thunders.

Ant. What has Phormio done?

Get. Confuted has

Your irate father, with good arguments.

Ant. Good Phormio!

Get. And I too, what I could.

Ant. Good Geta! and I love you.

Get. Things stand now

Thus in abeyance, silently. Your father

Waits for your uncle to confer with him.

Ant. With him?

Get. He will take his advice, he says.

Ant. How dreadful to me, now, seems his return!

My happiness depending on his word.

Get. Lo! here is Phædria.

Ant. Ah! where?

Get. Behold

Him issuing from—from his palæstra, there.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.—PHÆDRIA—DORIO—ANTIPHO.

Phæ. Dorio, hear me, pray!

Dor. I will not hear.

Phæ. One moment.

Dor. Let me go.

Phæ. Listen to me.

Dor. Your thousand-time-told tale is wearisome.

Phæ. My present tale is new, and happier.

Dor. Then tell it.

Phæ. Can't you wait three days? do not go.

Dor. I guessed as much that you have nothing new.

Phæ. What! you will not believe.

Dor. Just divination!

Phæ. My word.

Dor. Trash! trash!

Phæ. You said yourself

That you would do this for good usury.

Dor. Words—words!

Phæ. By Hercules! upon my word
You never shall repent.

Dor. Phantoms and dreams!

Phæ. Try—but three days.

Dor. Ever the self-same song.

Phæ. And be my father, uncle, and my friend.

Dor. Bah! bah! bah! bah!

Phæ. Inexorable man,—

Is it in nature that hearts are so hard,
Nor prayer nor pity can lay hold of them?

Dor. And are there, Phædria, men such simpletons
To think to purchase and to pay with words?

Ant. It is pitiful.

Phæ. Ah! he is in the right.

Get. How truly both of them perform their parts.

Phæ. And Antipho, whilst he holds his desire,
And I must pine for mine.

Ant. What is it, Phædria?

Phæ. O happy Antipho!

Ant. What, I!

Phæ. Yes, you:

You have at home, and in possession, her
Whom you adore: you have not got to deal
With merchantmen.

Ant. Ah! Phædria, at home
I hold the wolf, as some say, by the ear,
And dare not keep my hold, nor let him go.

Dor. And even so I stand myself with him.

Ant. Courage, then, Dorio! and hold him fast.
What has he done?

Phæ. He has sold Pamphila—

Inhuman monster!

Get. What! sold Pamphila?

Ant. Sold, do you say?

Phæ. Ay, sold!

Dor. A dreadful fact,

To have sold her I purchased with my brass.

Phæ. He will not wait three days. I have besought him

But for three days' delay—the whilst I gather

Loans that are promised me from many friends.

If, after three days' space, I ask for more,

Believe me not.

Dor. You bother me.

Ant. Dorio,

Three days—no more. He will repay you well,

Requiting double.

Dor. These are only words.

Ant. Will you deprive us, then, of Pamphila?

And will you separate two lovers thus?

Dor. Nor I, nor thou—

Get. May the gods pay thee off,

After your own deservings.

Dor. Look you, now:

This long time, to my injury and loss,

You weep and promise, but do not perform.

To-day I find a tearless purchaser,

Who pays his way. You must give way to him.

Ant. And yet, methinks, if I remember right,

You named a day hereafter for the purchase,

Pre-emption granting Phædria.

Phæ. It was so.

Dor. Do I deny that?

Ant. Is the day passed by?

Dor. No; but the purchaser has come before.

Ant. Do you not redden at a broken word?

Dor. No—not with payment.

Get. Ah! dunghill knave!

Phæ. Ah! Dorio, is it right to use me thus?

Dor. Such as I am—make use of me, or not.

Ant. Ah! to deceive him so.

Dor. No, Antipho,

He deceives me: he knew me what I was.

I knew not him. I trusted to his word,

And he deceived me. I never tried to seem

Other than what I am. This will I do.

The soldier pays to-morrow: if to-day,

You bring the money—you shall have the girl;

That is my law and custom. I will sell

To the first purchaser with cash! Farewell.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—PHÆDRIA—ANTIPHO—GETA.

Phæ. What shall I do? nor can I raise the money

Thus in a moment's space, for none at all,

In sooth, have I. I trusted in three days

To find the means.

Ant. Come, Geta, lend a hand;

You have fought well for me—now fight for him,

And let us strive to aid him in his need,

And to return the benefits we owe him.

Get. Well, that would be right enough.

Ant. Up then, and aid,

For you alone can save us at this pinch.

Get. What can I do?

Ant. What do! why, get the money.

Get. I would do so; but how? Inform me that.

Ant. My father here.

Get. I know it: and what then?

Ant. A word's enough unto the wise.

Get. I know.

Ant. Of course.

Get. Hercle, you reason well; and I
Ought to be thankful. I have not got through
The quagmire of your marriage, and now I
Must run a rig for him, and risk the cross.

Ant. Too true.

Phæ. Do you regard me, Geta, then,
But as an alien?

Get. Quite the contrary.
And do you count as nought the old man's rage—
Shall we go irritate him more, and close
The door for ever to our franchisement?

Phæ. A soldier carries off before my eyes
My Pamphila, to die in foreign clime.
Then, farewell! Antipho, farewell! we greet
In word and action now for the last time.

Ant. Why so, and wherefore?

Phæ. Wheresoever they
Shall bear her, I will follow, or will die.

Get. May gods protect you! but don't hurry so.

Ant. Can you assist him?

Get. If—and what—and how—

Ant. O Geta, try: I supplicate—entreat you,
Arrest these cursed matters that afflict us.

Get. Arrest—well! that is feasible; but then
I put myself in peril.

- Ant.* Never fear ;
We will divide the peril and the gain.
- Get.* How much do you require ?
- Ant.* Thirty minæ.
- Get.* Thirty ! she's very dear. O Phædria.
- Phæ.* Dear ! she's dirt cheap.
- Get.* Well, well ; I'll find the means.
- Phæ.* Good fellow !
- Get.* Well ! be off then, and away.
- Phæ.* I want them now.
- Get.* Go, go—and you shall have them.
But send me Phormio here ; I must have him.
- Phæ.* Bid him meet me at home.
- Ant.* He is there. Ah ! he is the staunchest friend—
The boldest advocate.
- Get.* Away, then, to him.
- Ant.* Can I be of assistance ?
- Get.* None—away !
Go and console your mistress—weeping now—
Half dead at your long absence ; go to her.
- Ant.* With all my heart and soul.
- Phæ.* What will you do ?
- Get.* I tell that on the march—
Now cut along.
-

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—DEMIPHO—CHREMES.

Dem. Brother, have things gone well : returned from Lemnos,
Say, do you bring your daughter ?

Chr. No.

Dem. How so ?

Chr. Her mother was impatient at my absence.

My child was nubile ; therefore they set sail
With household, and came hither, seeking me,—
So they report of her.

Dem. Then why did you
Delay return ?

Chr. Zounds ! I fell sick.

Dem. Of what ?

Chr. Old age—the worst of sicknesses. I learn
From mariners, who bore them, they are here.

Dem. Know you the escapade my son has played ?

Chr. It knocks all my intentions on the head !

For if I give her to another man,
I must make declaration who she is.
You, I can trust—trust as I can myself ;
A stranger now would hold me at his mercy,
And if I quarrelled with him might betray me ;
And if my wife should know it, I may flee.
I stand alone, with nobody to help me.

Dem. It is so—and I am the more concerned :

I will not leave a single stone unturned,
Until we bring to pass—that I have promised.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—GETA.

Get. I never came across a cleverer man
 Than Phormio. I found him out, and said
 We wanted money: asked how to obtain it.
 I asked, he answered; neither did he brag,
 But lauded me. He seeks now the old man,
 He renders the gods thanks, permitting him
 To testify that he loves Phædria, too,
 As well as Antipho. Straightway he goes
 To meet our old man. Ah! here he is himself.
 Who comes with him? Pol! it is Phædria's father.
 Why am I scared with fright? Is it because
 He holds two gudgeons in the lieu of one?
 Now we can choose in an alternative,
 And if I lose my venture with the one,
 Then for the other: so about it straight.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.—ANTIPHO—GETA—CHREMES—DEMIPHO.

Ant. I waiting am for Geta; and behold
 My uncle with my father. How I dread
 Their conference, and its results to me.
Get. I'll board them straight. Chremes, our master, hail!
Chr. Hail! Geta.
Get. Your safe return is gladness.
Chr. I hope so.
Get. Is all well?
Chr. Not so. Returning,
 I hear some bad news.
Get. What, of Antipho?
Chr. It is so, even so!

Get. He has told you all.

Ah! Chremes, what misfortune to our house.

Chr. We talked of it e'en now.

Get. And, hercle! I
Talked of it with myself, and have discovered,
Methinks, a remedy.

Dem. Geta, what remedy?

Get. When I last quitted you it so fell out,
I hit on Phormio.

Chr. What Phormio?

Get. He who imbroiled us with this——

Chr. Ah! I know.

Get. It came into my mind to question him.

I drew him first aside, then said to him,
Why, Phormio, do you not devise some means
To compromise this matter? Master now
Is liberal, and hates a court of law;
Whilst every friend and neighbour, one and all,
Are urging him to chase the woman forth.

Ant. What does the fellow say—what does he mean?

Get. You say, “if so, the law will punish him.”

“But, that's the question. Many learned heads,
And eloquence in plenty, on my soul,
Will make you sweat. But let us grant, you win
The cause—what then? a matter 'tis of money,
Not life or death;” and when I saw him waver
I said, We are alone, speak plainly out,
What must we give you now to take her off,
To rid us of this baggage—suit and all?

Ant. Have the gods turned his head?

Get. For I know well

If you are just and reasonable, you

Will find my master just; and in three words
The matter may be settled.

Chr. Very good;

It leads us to the matter on our hand.

Ant. I perish—slain.

Chr. Go on.

Get. He made a row,

And strode about—

Chr. Ay, ay! What did he ask?

Get. What? Oh! too much, and more than he will get.

Dem. Yes; but how much?

Get. He said, if we would give

The larger talent.

Chr. Curse him; may he choke,

Unblushing beast.

Get. The very thing I said.

I said: a dowry for his daughter, only child,

Could not be more; and small avail to him

To have no daughter, since this one, ready made,

Comes for a dower. To cut my story short,

And leave out his impertinencies, lo!

This was the end: "Once on a time," quoth he,

"I had myself resolved to wed with her—

Child of my nearest friend. I pitied her,

And thought it right; for it came in my mind

How poverty is brought to servitude,

Purchased by wealth. But to tell you the fact—

Frankly and openly to tell the truth,

I want a wife with dowry, for my debts.

If Demipho consents to dowry her

At what I want, then will I marry her.

I love her more than any other woman."

Ant. Oh! is this malice or stupidity

Prepense or thoughtless, I should like to know.

Dem. But if, forsooth, he owes his soul and body.

Get. "I have a field in pledge, pledged for ten minæ"—

Dem. Well, well! then, let him wed her; I will give them—

Get. "A house for ten——"

Dem. Enough, enough; no more.

Chr. I will redeem it; I will pay ten minæ.

Get. "A slave to wait upon my wife—and some

Trifle of furniture—the wedding feast—

Put all together, make ten minæ more."

Dem. Rather six hundred suits of law. I say

I will give nothing—Does the fellow think

I am his zany?

Chr. I will give them; hold!

And let him wed her, whom you wish, you know.

Ant. Geta, your lies have ruined me downright.

Chr. This is my matter, and I ought to pay it.

Get. But let me know, he said, without delay,

That I may know my course with her and him.

The matter is on hand to-day—conclusive.

Chr. He shall receive it. Let him ransom her,

And let him marry her.

Dem. And break his heart

Or head.

Chr. Now, happily, I have with me

The money ready—product of the lands

My wife possessed at Lemnos; I will use

Them now at need, and settle it with her.

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.—ANTIPHO—GETA.

Ant. Geta!

Get. Ah!

Ant. What hast thou done?

Get. Done the old men,

And got the cash.

Ant. Enough?

Get. That I know not,

But what you asked.

Ant. Nay, answer me; in terms

Directly to my question.

Get. What do you ask?

Ant. What do I ask! I tell you I'm undone—

That you have ruined all. Gods, goddesses,

The gods above, below—confound and make

Example of you! And you the only man

To serve one at his need! Why touch upon

The subject of my wife, and given hopes

Unto my father to get rid of her?

And Phormio— if he receive the dowry,

Will marry her.

Get. He will not marry her.

Ant. What! will he go to jail—for love of us—

Keeping the money?

Get. There is nought, Antipho,

Which cannot be perplexed in its narrating,

When men will view things other than they are.

Now hear the other side. If Phormio takes

The money, he must take the girl—agreed;

But all this takes some time, to call the guests,

To offer sacrifice. Meantime we get
 The money we are promised, and Phormio
 Will give her back to us.

Ant. I understand not.

Get. Not understand! Excuses by the thousand—
 A neighbour's black dog entered by my door;
 A snake fell off the roof into the court;
 Or a hen crowed; or else the soothsayer,
 Or the haruspex vetoes till the spring—
 All lawful good impediments, d'ye see?

Ant. Will these pass?

Get. These will and shall do so.
 Here comes the money, and the man; be off,
 And bear the news to Phædria.

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.—CHREMES—DEMIPHO—GETA.

Dem. Rest you contented. I will take good care
 That there shall be no roguery in this.
 This money does not go forth from my hands
 But before witnesses: to whom and why.

Get. How wise he is, when all is done and over.

Chr. Do so, but hurry, if he change his mind,
 Or if this other one betrothed, appear,
 It all may end in nothing.

Get. It may so.

Dem. Then let us lose no time.

Get. Behold me ready.

Chr. When you have done so, pass on to my wife
 And let her catch the girl ere she go forth,
 And let her tell her she is Phormio's bride,
 Nor to be angry, for he suits her best;

Tell, that they are akin and know each other,
That we have done our duty, and have given
The dowry he demanded.

Dem. Now what signifies
That rigmarole?

Chr. Much, Demipho, I say.

Dem. Say, is it not enough to do our duty
But all the world must know and praise it too?

Chr. Let it be seen and known as voluntary,
Not that we chased her forth.

Dem. I can do that
Without your wife to aid.

Chr. A woman best
Manages women.

Dem. I will make the request.

Chr. And I go find the while these Lemnian dames.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—SOPHRONA—CHREMES.

Sop. I know not what to do, or where to find
 A friend or counsellor to ask for aid,
 And to confide a secret of such weight.
 I am afraid my mistress will be wrathful—
 Indignant at unworthy injuries ;
 The father of the youth inexorable.

Chr. Who is this—this old lady—coming forth
 Out of my brother's house ?

Sop. Ah ! poverty
 Has pushed me into this ; although I knew
 Such marriages were insecure, I counselled
 Advising this : good sooth ! in need of bread.

Chr. By Pollux ! if my eyes do not deceive me,
 It is our nurse.

Sop. Neither have we discovered
 Who is his father.

Chr. Shall I hear more, or
 Shall I confront her ?

Sop. Could we discover that
 We should be heart-whole.

Chr. Eh ! Sophrona—nurse !

Sop. Who challenges by name ?

Chr. Nurse, look at me.

Sop. I do beseech you—art thou Stilpho ? say.

Chr. No.

Sop. Do you deny it ?

Chr. Sophrona, come you here

Away now from that door, and take good care
Never again to call me by that name.

Sop. Are you not he, whom they declared you are?

Chr. Hist!

Sop. Fear you these doors?

Chr. Ay, for I have therein

A fearful wife. Therefore I took the name
That you should not by inadvertency
Betray me, and disclose our mystery.

Sop. Pol! that is wherefore we have asked in vain.

Chr. But tell thou me, what is it you do here—

Here, in this house: where are your mistresses?

Sop. Ah me! ah me!

Chr. Say, are they both alive?

Sop. Your daughter lives. Your wife, alas! alas!

Has fallen the prey of misery and death.

Chr. Unhappiness!

Sop. And I alone and old,

Poor and unknown and friendless, have conjoined

In wedlock's tie your daughter to a youth

Inhabiting this house.

Chr. To Antipho?

Sop. 'Tis he—himself.

Chr. What, married to two wives!

Sop. What, what! Ah! nay; he married is to one.

Chr. Where is the other then—his kinswoman?

Sop. 'Tis she herself.

Chr. What do you say—'tis she!

Sop. It was done so expressly; her lover so

Obtained her without dowry.

Chr. Faith of immortal gods! how rashness oft

And inadvertency can serve us well,

Beyond one's utmost hopes. I find my child
 Wedded to him to whom I destined her,
 And this poor woman inadvertently
 Performs a task, we have essayed in vain.

Sop. Let us take counsel now. The sire returns,
 As they report, most wrathful 'gainst the marriage.

Chr. All is quite right, fear not; but I entreat,
 Implore, let no one know she is my child.

Sop. None shall for me.

Chr. Then follow me within.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.—DEMIPHO—GETA.

Dem. By human faults does wickedness succeed
 The whilst men vaunt and boast their righteousness.
 Lose not in travelling the sight of home,
 Says the old proverb. Was it not enough
 To suffer wrong and injury, but we must
 Offer him money for subsistence and
 More villainies?

Get. It is most truly said.

Dem. They win the prize who swear that black is white.

Get. They do.

Dem. We have done very foolishly.

Get. Except he means to take the damsel off.

Dem. Is that in question?

Get. Hercle! he is a man
 Who might forswear.

Dem. How then—forswear?

Get. I do not know. I spoke the thought at hazard.

Dem. I shall do as my brother has advised,

To set his wife to parley with the woman.

Go you and intimate to her, we want her.

Get. [*Alone.*] Money is found for Phædria. No thunders yet,
They sleep in silence : we have taken measures,
The wife of Antipho remains at home.
What more is there to do and to be done ?
Ah ! Geta, you are ever in some scrape ;
You change your bail, you but delay the day ;
I bear the stripes, nor see I sure redemption.
To Phanium now, to set her soul at rest
Nor suffer it to quell at Phormio.

ACT V.—SCENE 3.—DEMIPHO—NAUSISTRATA—CHREMES.

Dem. Hence, dear Nausistrata, we pray you use
Your ordinary tact, and let her know
We wish her welfare ; try what you can do
To cause her to depart.

Nau. I'll do my best.

Dem. Now aid me with your wit, as heretofore
You have done with your wealth.

Nau. Pol ! not so much
As I could wish. It is my husband's fault
If he keeps me deceived.

Dem. How so ?

Nau. Because
He has no right to my paternal lands,
Which, whilst my father lived and managed them,
Produced two talents yearly. Oh ! difference
'Twixt man and man !

Dem. Two talents !

Nau. Ay, no less—
When money was worth more.

Dem. Hem!

Nau. Tell me true,
What think you of it? I would I were a man
I would—

Dem. No doubt.

Nau. Soon show the compact which—

Dem. I pray you now—reserve your forces now
To war with this young woman in the house.

Nau. I will do so. Lo! here my husband comes.

Chr. Hem! Demipho. Say, have they got the money?

Dem. I have ta'en care of that.

Chr. I wish it were not given.
Zounds! there's my wife. I fear I've said too much.

Dem. Why, Chremes?

Chr. Nothing.

Dem. Say, have you told the girl
Nausistrata is coming?

Chr. I have.

Dem. Well!

And what said she?

Chr. She will not hear of it.

Dem. How, will not? Eh!

Chr. Both of them are in love.

Dem. Well, what of that!

Chr. Much—and I have discovered
She is our kinswoman.

Dem. Go, go! you are mad.

Chr. Good faith! good faith! Now bear in memory
That which I told you.

Dem. Tell me, are you sane?

Nau. Eh! I beseech you heartily, take care—

Wrong not a kinswoman.

Dem. Pooh! she is none.

Chr. Her father bore another name—and so

We were deceived.

Dem. Does she not know her father?

Chr. Ay! doubtless.

Dem. Wherefore, then, another name?

Chr. Ah! you are dull and stupid—understand—

Dem. How can I understand?

Chr. Then you go on.

Nau. Now, what does all this mean, I marvel much?

Dem. Well, I know not.

Chr. Then know, if you insist:

By Jupiter! there is none nearer her

Than you are and myself.

Dem. Faith of the gods!

Let us go seek her—all of us, and clear

This mystery up.

Chr. Ah!

Dem. What's the matter now?

Chr. What, will you not believe my word?

Dem. Believe!

Will you I shall not ask; inquire—so be it.

But this child of our friend—then what of her?

Chr. Nothing.

Dem. We paid her off.

Chr. Why not?

Dem. The other stops.

Chr. Just so.

Dem. You may go now, Nausistrata.

Nau. Pol! it is better for us, one and all,
That the child should remain. Don't send her off;
She is of gentle blood, it seems to me. [*She goes out.*]

Dem. What does she say?

Chr. Has she shut to the door?

Dem. She has.

Chr. O Jupiter, the gods are placable:

My daughter and your son are man and wife!

Dem. What contract—how?

Chr. Come in.

Dem. I am with you.

Chr. Take care and keep it secret e'en from them.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.—ANTIPHO.

Ant. Though my affairs go badly, I rejoice
That Phædria's speed well. Ah! it is wise
To entertain no wishes, other than
May reach one in bad fortune. Now, Phædria's
Have fled and vanished by the force of money.
I find no remedy for my disease.
Whilst it is in abeyance I'm in care,
And when it is discovered I'm in dread.
But Phanium lures me ever to this home.
Geta, where art thou, Geta? I must learn
From thee what time to meet my father's face.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.—PHORMIO—ANTIPHO.

Pho. I had the money—I have paid the merchant—
I have the girl; or Phædria has got her,
Whom he can marry. She, thus manumitted,

One thing remains—a week to feast and drink
At cost of the old men. I must have that.

Ant. Phormio, how now?

Pho. What?

Ant. What must Phædria do?

How can he now reap fruits in his possession?

Pho. Why, do as you did.

Ant. What?

Pho. Why, flee away—

Avoid his father: and you must do as he,

And fight his battle with his father—so—

He comes to me to supper, and I feign

To go to Sunium, to market there

The girl that Geta told them I should buy.

So they will rest in peace, nor dream that I

Have filched their money bags. Who comes?

Ant. 'Tis Geta.

ACT V.—SCENE 6.—GETA—ANTIPHO—PHORMIO.

Get. Fortuna! Fors Fortuna! what a gush
Of benefits have you bestowed this day
Upon my master, Antipho!

Ant. Eh! what?

Get. And eased his friends from fear: why dally I—
Why not snatch up my cloak to find him out,
And tell him the good news?

Ant. [*To Pho.*] Do you comprehend him—

Pho. Do you?

Ant. Not I.

Pho. Nor I.

Get. I will to Dorio's—they are there, no doubt.

Ant. Hola! Geta.

Get. Hola thyself—lo! now
Called back, e'en as I cut away; 'tis odd.

Ant. Geta.

Get. Hark to him—and I am stone-deaf.

Ant. Geta, I say.

Get. Some scurvy messenger
Is calling me. May you be whipped—away!

Ant. Whipped you shall be, unless you stop directly.

Get. Some boon companion chaffing: let me see—
Ah!—is it he, or not—'tis he himself.

Pho. At him at once.

Ant. Now what is this about?

Get. O man of men, who dwell upon the earth,
Favoured, most favoured by the gods above;
Who love you, Antipho, and none but you.

Ant. So it be. Now, what is it? speak away.

Get. Are you content to wallow in delights?

Ant. You torture me.

Pho. Come, come; quit promises.

Go on to facts.

Get. Ah! you here, Phormio.

Pho. I am—therefore go on.

Get. Well, listen then:

When we gave you the money on the forum
We went straight home. As soon as we got there,
The master sent me off unto your wife.

Ant. Well! why? why? why?

Get. Ah! that I will not tell you,
For truly it has nought to do with it.
When I approached the bower, lo! the boy
Midas, behind me caught my cloak: I turned

And asked him why he did so. He replied,
 It was forbidden all to enter now,
 For Chremes and Sophrona both were there
 In conference. When I heard this and that
 I went on tiptoe : crouching at the door,
 I held my breath and opened all my ear ;
 I listened and I heard—I strained to hear.

Ant. What, Geta ?

O, wonderful ! twice three times

Wonderful !—I almost screamed for joy.

Pho. What was it ?

Get. What do you think ?

Ant. We know not.

Get. Ah ! more than wonderful ; 'twas wonderfullest.

Your uncle is the father of your Phanium.

Ant. What do you say ?

Get. Her mother was his concubine

In Lemnos.

Pho. Stuff and nonsense. Do you say

She knew not her own father ?

Get. Ay, Phormio.

We know but part—not all ; think you that I

Could hear each syllable outside the door ?

Pho. I have heard something like it : similar—

Get. Let me go on with probabilities :

Your uncle went out, and returned again

Accompanied by your father. Both declared

That they consented you should have your wife,

And ordered me to seek and take you there.

Ant. Why do you not, then, Geta, swoop me off ?

Get. Come on, then !

Ant. O my Phormio, farewell !

Pho. And farewell, Antipho! Rejoiced am I,
 As the gods love me now, this fortune falls
 Where least it was expected. Phædria,
 This is a chance for you; for we will dupe
 The old ones, and get money for our need,
 Nor importune our friends. Ah! good at need,
 This money falls despite of them, and ne'er
 Shall they behold it more. Another robe,
 And face, and manner I will now assume.
 Now will I lurk in ambush, and pounce out
 Upon them as they pass. Eh! excellent—
 No more of Sunium, or slave-market there.

ACT V.—SCENE 7.—DEMIPHO—PHORMIO—CHREMES.

Dem. To the great gods do I return my thanks,
 Affairs have issued all so prosperously.
 Now need we only to find Phormio,
 And to retrieve from him our thirty minæ
 Ere they be spent.

Pho. I must discover straight
 If Demipho be home.

Dem. We, Phormio, too,
 We are in search of you.

Pho. No doubt—no doubt;
 On the same quest.

Dem. By Hercules!

Pho. I thought it:

Why take that trouble? 'twas ridiculous.
 Think you that I am not a man of word?
 Lo! now—however poor I am and may be,
 I have and ever will keep my good name.

Chr. [*Abstractedly.*] Is she not exquisite, as I reported?

Dem. She is assuredly.

Pho. 'Twas therefore I

Now sought you, Demipho. Behold me ready,

Desirous to take her to wife, directly.

I have postponed all other minor things,

Knowing how strongly you had this at heart.

Dem. My brother here has altered his intention :

He dreads the rumour out of doors. He says

That, when a virgin, you refrained to take her ;

Now she is married we must not expel her.

It were a deed disgraceful. Every plea

That you adduced before we echo now.

Pho. You treat me without ceremony.

Dem. How? How?

Pho. How, do you ask! Have I not lost the other—

How can I ask again her I rejected!

Chr. [*To Dem.*] Besides that, Antipho will not resign her,

Nor she herself consent. Inform him so.

Dem. Besides, my son is resolute, nor will

Resign the wife, unless the law compel him.

So now unto the forum—to retrieve

The money, Phormio.

Pho. What! take again

The money I have paid my creditors!

Dem. Why did you so?

Pho. Give me the maid you promised :

Lo! I am ready to take her for wife.

If you retain the wife, release the dower—

You, Demipho—because you have deceived me,

Rob me as well. It was at your behest—

At your requirement, I refused the other

And lost her dowry—equal sum to yours.

Dem. Go down to Stygian—with your boasts and brags—

You runaway! Think you that we know not

Your antecedents!

Pho. I am getting savage.

Dem. Dare you to wed the girl, were we to give her!

Pho. Try and prove me.

Dem. That Antipho may live

With her in your house—is that your design?

Pho. What are you babbling of!

Dem. Give me my money.

Pho. Give me my wife.

Dem. Off to the magistrate.

Pho. Off to the magistrate! If you proceed—

If you will carry on this odious strife—

Dem. What then?

Pho. You think that I can patronize

Only the orphan dowerless—I will show

That I can patronize the dowered wife.

Chr. What's that to me?

Pho. Nothing. I know a wife

Whose husband had—

Chr. Eh!

Dem. What's the matter now?

Pho. A concubine in Lemnos—

Chr. Annihilated!

Pho. Whose daughter reared in secrecy—

Chr. I am slain!

Pho. I can relate it all—eh! through and out.

Chr. Do not, I pray you!

- Pho.* Oh!—is it you, then ?
- Dem.* He fools us.
- Chr.* We release you—go away.
- Pho.* No bit of it.
- Chr.* What want you more? The money ?
We condone it.
- Pho.* I hear—I hear. Wherefore
Do you entreat me thus? Wherefore cajole me
Like to an urchin lad? I will—I won't;
Again I will, again I won't—you yield,
Resume again, pronounce and unpronounce,
What was is not, and done must be undone.
- Chr.* How learnt he all of this ?
- Dem.* I know not, I ;
I never mentioned it to mortal man.
- Chr.* As the gods love me this is wizarddom.
- Pho.* I puzzle and perplex them.
- Dem.* Zounds! this fellow
Will jeer us and walk off. I'd rather die.
'Twere better pluck up courage to resist.
The thing is known and bruted far and wide—
You cannot hide it from your wife. Believe me,
Chremes—make virtue of necessity
And tell her all, or e'er she learn from others ;
And then avenge ourselves on this accursed—
- Pho.* I must look out for squalls—they heave ahead
Like gladiators, combatting to death.
- Chr.* She'll not be pacified.
- Dem.* O, fear you not ;
You shall return to grace. Besides you know
The Lemnian woman's dead.
- Pho.* Conspirators! .

And not such bad ones. Herele! Demipho.
 You would absolve your brother at my cost;
 And, Chremes—you, a stranger, and imagining
 To put a gross affront upon a woman,
 One of high rank, and wash it out with tears!
 But I will kindle such a bale of fire,
 Shall blaze, altho' you melt away in flood.

Dem. May the good gods and goddesses confound you!
 Does such audacity impel a man,
 And shall we not expose it—banish it
 To desert isle?

Chr. I am perplexed—nor know
 I what to do.

Dem. I know. The Court of law.

Pho. The Court of law—so be it—why not here!

Dem. Stop him, till I call help.

Chr. I cannot single-handed.

Pho. I have one suit with you.

Chr. So be it—so.

Pho. Another one with Chremes.

Dem. Haul him off.

Pho. Now then for action. Ah! Nausistrata.

Chr. Gag him—his mouth—

Dem. Scoundrel! how strong he is!

Pho. Nausistrata, Eh! Eh!

Chr. Wilt thou hold thy peace!

Pho. No—no.

Dem. Then hit him in the ribs—the wind—

Pho. Thrust out my eyes—I'll be revenged on you.

ACT V.—SCENE 8.—NAUSISTRATA—CHREMES—PHORMIO—
DEMIPHO.

Nau. Who calls me ?

Chr. Hem !

Nau. Husband, what is it, pray ?

Pho. Will you reply—why not !

Nau. Who is this man—

Reply !

Pho. He cannot answer, here ! look at him,

He knows not where he is.

Chr. Believe him not.

Pho. As cold as marble stone—Oh ! touch and try.

Chr. It is nothing.

Nau. Nothing—who is this man ?

Pho. Hear, then, and know.

Chr. Believe him not at all.

Nau. I have heard nothing yet.

Pho. He is in fear—

Out of his wits.

Nau. Husband, what is the matter ?

Chr. Out of my wits !

Pho. Go on, then, tell your tale—

Tell it yourself.

Dem. Villain ! at your requirement !

Pho. Ah ! take your brother's part.

Nau. Husband ! my husband !

What is all this about ?

Chr. But—

Nau. But what ?

Chr. Nothing important, wife.

Pho. Ah! not to you.

Important, though, to her. At Lemnos—

Chr. Stop!—

Dem. Be silent.

Pho. Secret—

Chr. Ah!

Pho. He took a wife.

Nau. My husband, contradict it—gods forbid!

Pho. 'Tis even so.

Nau. I am undone.

Pho. A girl—

Without your pains and peril—then was born.

Nau. By the immortal gods! unworthy deed,
And infamous!

Pho. And true.

Nau. Oh! never, never,

Before to-day, was deed so infamous!

Now, Demipho, my question is to thee.

I blush beholding him. Was it for this

You made your voyages and stays at Lemnos?

For this—bad crops and murrains evermore

Ate up my dowry.

Dem. I, dear Nausistrata,

Own and admit my fault, which yet, I hope,

You will call pardonable.

Pho. She hears you not.

Dem. For it was neither negligence nor hate

Induced the deed. Some fifteen years ago,

After a feast, he met her on the road,

Compressed, and had, indeed, a daughter by her;

But never wooed her more. And she is dead;

And, therefore, I beseech you in this matter,

Bear it with equanimity and patience,
Such as are native to you.

Nau. Equanimity!

Patience! I—All bonds are burst betwixt us.
What could I hope!—would age—access of years,
Bring him access of wisdom! He was old
When this occurred; and, Demipho, am I
Youthful as I was then? Why do you, then,
Counsel me “equanimity and patience”?

Pho. Whoe'er would see the exequies of Chremes,
Let him make haste, the funeral rites appear.
So let it happen to the foes of Phormio;
So let them fall like Chremes. Let him make
A peace, if possible; my wrath is stilled.
His wife from henceforth will assail his ears.

Nau. Perchance it was my fault. Ah! Demipho,
Can one recount my benefits to him?

Dem. I know them well.

Nau. And did I merit this?

Dem. Nay, not at all; but it will nought avail
Now to complain: and he avows his fault,
I pray you, pardon him.

Pho. But, before that
I have a word to say for Phædræ.
Before Nausistrata—you make reply.
Give me a hearing.

Nau. Speak.

Pho. I thirty minæ
Got, somehow, from them for your son, and he
Purchased his mistress from the broker.

Chr. Eh!

Nau. Eh! he so young, and you so old a man;

He with one mistress, and you with two wives ;
And dare you to condemn him—Answer me !

Dem. He shall obey your will.

Nau. This is my will—

Nor pardon, neither acquiescence, till
I have beheld my son ; for he shall be
The arbiter of this—he shall decide.
What he says I will do.

Pho. Nausistrata,

Ah ! wise and prudent, thou.

Nau. Are you contented ?

Pho. Thoroughly, most thoroughly : more than I can say.

Nau. What is your name ?

Pho. Phormio—the friend

Hercle ! of all your family—and most
Of Phædria.

Nau. Phormio, depend upon me ;

As your good mistress, you may count on me
In all your needs.

Pho. Benignant lady ! thanks.

Nau. Pol ! thou deservest well.

Pho. Nausistrata,

Would you do me a pleasure, and, at once,
Enrage your husband much ?

Nau. Most willingly.

Pho. Invite me, then, to supper.

Nau. Pol ! I do.

Dem. Let us go in.

Nau. But where is Phædria,

Our arbiter ?

Pho. Ah ! he will present be,

I promise that. Applaud, and fare ye well.

EUNUCHUS.

P E R S O N S.

PHÆDRIA.

PARMENO—Slave of Phædria.

THAIS.

ANTIPHO.

CHÆREA—Brother to Phædria.

GNATHO—Parasite.

THRASO—A Soldier.

PYTHIAS—Maiden of Thais.

CHREMES—Brother to Pamphila.

DORIAS—Maid to Thais.

DORUS.—Eunuchus.

SANGA—Slave of Thraso.

SOPHRONA—Nurse.

LACHES—Father of Phædria and Chærea.

PAMPHILA.

SIMALIO	} Slaves of Thraso.
DONAX	
SYRISCUS	

PROLOGUE.

Is there an author studious to indite
What may please all and do to none despite,
Your author is the man. But if another,*
Finding himself used roughly, cannot smother
His peevishness, then let that man be told
That he was the aggressor and too bold,
And that the plays he travestied from Greek
Into the Latin were but poor and weak.
He was the man translated from Menander
“The Phantom” and “The Treasure;” † like a gander
Making defendant read the deed’s recital,
Before the plaintiff pleads to prove his title
By which he claimed the treasure in the tomb.
Now let him not deceive himself, his doom
Depends on what he does, not what he says.
If he go on in his infernal ways,
I will have at him; he shall not escape,
But truss him as a viper by the nape.
Now when the Ædiles bought Menander’s play,
“Eunuchus,” which we offer you to-day,

* Lavinius, his predecessor poet.

† “The Phantom” is based on a youth mistaking a maiden sacrificing, for a spirit or goddess—“The Treasure” is somewhat like to our *Heir of Lyme*, but the treasure in the tomb and letter of advice have passed with the tomb by sale to a miser, who, though defendant, opens the pleading by producing his deed of purchase.

He asked permission to examine it.
And when the magistrates were met to sit,
He bellowed out, a thief, and not a poet,
Presents this drama, by this fact we show it,
The "Colax," parasite and soldier, caught us,
The property of Nævius and Plautus.*
We poets sometimes with imprudence glide
Down the same flowing current side by side ;
You must decide if this be robbery.
Menander wrote the Colax, wherein he
Portrayed the soldier and the parasite,
The characters we represent to-night
In the Eunuchus, from Menander's Greek ;
That is as true as I am here to speak ;
And to deny, in tone that is most flat in,
That they have been translated from the Latin.
If it be not permitted to repeat
A character which one may elsewhere meet,
How can we ever lawfully portray
A faithful servant or a runaway,
A matron or a meretricious dame,
A parasite, a warrior of name,
Maidens and boys and old men, or to seek
Some tale of love or hatred, not in Greek ?
Ah, there is nothing new beneath the sun,
Whatever is, or may be, has been done ;
Bear and forbear awhile with nothing new,
And what the Ancients did now let us do.
So sit at ease and listen to our play,
And hear what the Eunuchus has to say.

* Probably translated.

EUNUCHUS.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—PHÆDRIA AND PARMENO.

Phæ. What shall I do—shall I not go to her,
Now that she bids me of her own accord?
Or, rather, shall I brace my spirit up,
And bear no longer meretricious wiles?
She shut me out, she calls me back again;
Shall I return? No, not though she entreat me.

Par. Hercle! if so you can, nought better were,
Nought worthier; but if you hoist your sails,
And let them drop again—if you return,
Conquered by passion, she expecting not,
With broken truce, unable to bear absence,
Showing you doat, and cannot live without her,
It is all up—you perish—she will fool
You merrily, when she has vanquished you.
Therefore, let us take counsel whilst we may.
Master, these matters neither counsel nor
Experience permit,—they are not ruled
By counsel. In love are many consequents
Of evil import—injuries, suspicions,
Hates, jealousies, and war—and peace again.
Now, if you try to make unstable counsel

Stable by reason's rules, you only add
 To madness, and are reasonably mad.
 So, what you now deliberate in rage—
 As, shall I go to her? who him? who me?
 Who not? I'd rather die; nay, she shall know
 What stuff I am; and all this manly bluster
 Melts and dissolves before one little tear,
 Unreal, squeezed out of eye with effort strong,
 And rubbing it: then you accuse yourself,
 And cry for pardon.

Phæ. Oh! unworthy weakness;
 Ah! she is false, and I am miserable;
 I wearied am, the whilst I burn with love;
 Seeing and feeling fall a willing prey;
 Nor know I what to do.

Par. This is to do—
 Redeem yourself, a captive, as you can,
 At any cost: at small, if possible,
 And save yourself.

Phæ. And do you so advise?

Par. If you are wise: and add not unto love
 Ills needless to be borne; meantime to bear
 The needful patiently. Ah! here she comes—
 The bitter hail-storm that consumes our crops.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.—THAIS—PHÆDRIA—PARMENO.

Tha. Unhappy me! I fear lest Phædria
 Has taken unto heart more than he ought
 His yesterday's repulsion.

Phæ. Parmeno,
 I shake and tremble on beholding her!

Par. Be of good cheer; approach yon blazing fire :
You will be warm enough.

Tha. Who is't that speaks ?
My Phædria, and art thou here !, But why
Stand here and enter not ?

Par. Ah ! not one word
Of yesterday's exclusion.

Tha. Silent, my Phædria ?

Phæ. Truly, your doors are ever open to me,
And I with you stand first.

Tha. Dismiss such taunt.

Phæ. Dismiss—O Thais, Thais ; would to heaven—
Or that your heart responsively met mine,
Or that you grieved to grieve me as I grieve,
Or that my heart was stony hard as yours !

Tha. Nay, I beseech, my soul, my Phædria,
Do—do not doubt. It is not that I love
It is not that I cherish aught but you ;
But that affairs—affairs of weight—compelled me.

Par. No doubt, no doubt, poor child ! For very love
You shut him out of doors.

Tha. Fie ! Parmeno,
Do you condemn me ? Hear me, Phædria,
Why I besought you now to visit me.

Phæ. I hear.

Tha. But, tell me, ere I tell my tale,
Can he keep counsel ?

Par. I—excellently well.
But on condition : what is true, I hold
Firm as my faith and secret : what is false,
Vain, or fictitious, that I blurt abroad :

Falsehood, like water, flows through all my chinks.
 Speak truth, and I am trusty.

Tha. A Samian

My mother was, but dwelt at Rhodes.

Par. And I

Can keep that secret.

Tha. There a merchantman

Gave her a child he took in Attica.

Phæ. A citizen?

Tha. We think so; but we know not. The young girl

Could tell the names of father and of mother,

But not their dwelling-place, nor knew her age.

The merchant purchased her—or so he said—

From pirate boats at Sunium, captured there.

My mother took her and instructed her,

As though she were a daughter: many thought,

Indeed, she was my sister. For myself,

I quitted Rhodes with him. He loved me well,

And gave me everything that he possessed,

I ne'er knew man, save him.

Par. I overflow—

Two chinks of falsehood.

Tha. And what may they be?

Par. "All you possess," and "he your only lover"—

For one did not content you; and for wealth,

Much was my master's.

Tha. Both of which are true.

And now let me proceed. He went to war,

Draughted to Caria: then met I you.

Since when you know how dearly I have loved you,

And gladly have confided all to you.

Phæ. Neither will Parmeno be secret here.

Par. No, that flows forth.

Tha. Now, listen, Phædria.

My mother died at Rhodes. Her brother, who
Is parsimonious, seeing in the child
One fair, well-formed and featured—playing, too,
Upon the strings—resolved to sell her, and
Fortune, then kind, sent my same captain there
To purchase her for me, by accident ;
He did not know his purchase. He came here,
And, when he heard of you, he took offence ;
Refused the promised gift. For jealousy
Laid hold of him, to see himself supplanted ;
And I, accepting her, rejecting him.
And, to conclude, I fear he loves the maiden.

Phæ. Nought further passed ?

Tha. Nought, for I questioned him.

And now, dear Phædria, she is my sister—
At least was deemed so—and I wish, indeed,
To render her to freedom and her friends ;
Therefore to purchase her. I am alone—
Nor friend, nor parent : whom I might regain
Through her, by deed of benefit like this.
Therefore, I pray you, help me. Suffer him,
For a few days, to dwell in preference,
I do entreat you. Do you not reply ?

Phæ. Reply—Iniquitous ! to words like these.

Par. Right excellent ! I praise you ; riled at last.

Phæ. In faith, I cannot see at what this drives.

A girl was kidnapped ; by your mother bred
As her own child, and passing for your sister.
Now you would purchase her, to yield her up

To friends unknown. It simply ends in this—
 You thrust me forth to make a way for him.
 Wherefore? Because you love him better, and
 You fear the maiden may lure him away!

Tha. I dread not that.

Phæ. What is it that you dread?
 Is he the sole one who presents you gifts?
 Or is my hand asleep? When you desired
 An Æthiop maiden, did I not, quitting all,
 Search till I found one? When you wished an eunuch,
 Which queens alone possess, I found one, too.
 But yesterday I paid down twenty minæ,
 And am to-day thrust forth. I wearied not,
 I pined for you, and you care nought for me.

Tha. Then, I renounce her, Phædria. I desired,
 With passion, to obtain her; and I might,
 With small renunciation on your part, do so.
 Rather than have you wrathful, I obey you.

Phæ. Would that were true! Oh! that those words were
 sooth!—

“Rather than have you wrathful.” What is there
 I could not suffer—what could not endure.

Par. He yields. One word—no more; so quickly conquered.

Tha. I speak not sooth? What is there, I beseech you,
 In earnest or in frolic, I refused you?

Yet you will not accord me two day's space!

Phæ. If but two days—I fear they would be twenty.

Tha. In truth, two days, or—

Phæ. Or—or what?—say on.

Tha. No more. Your fears are groundless—very vain.

Phæ. But I must yet concede the thing you wish.

Tha. Thanks, Phædria; I love you, and I thank you.

Phœ. Into the country I; and kill the time,
And weep and sigh, for Thais wills it so.
You, Parmeno, remain, and lead them hither.

Par. Ay, ay.

Phœ. Thais, farewell! And, for two days, farewell!

Tha. My Phædria, and thou. Would'st nothing more?

Phœ. Ah! Thais; when the soldier's by your side,
Think of me absent; day and night desire me; ✓
Dream of me, and expect me; think of me;
Hope and anticipate; be all mine own,
And let your soul be mine, as mine is yours.

ACT I.—SCENE 3.—THAIS.

Unhappy I! He judges me by others,
Nor credits my true speech. Pol, but I know
I have spoke nought but truth; I love him more
Than I love any other. What I have done
Has been for the poor maiden; and I think
I have found out her brother: a citizen
Of birth and good repute. He comes to-day,
And I go in, preparing to receive him.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PHÆDRIA—PARMENO.

Phæ. Do as I bade you do; conduct them there.

Par. It shall be done.

Phæ. And quickly.

Par. Quickly done.

Phæ. Early?

Par. Ay, ay.

Phæ. Do you quite understand?

Par. I think so. It is difficult, no doubt.

Ah! master mine, I wish you were as sure

To find a treasure, as to lose those slaves.

Phæ. Ah! I lose that—that unto me is dearer—

Lost my repose: I mind not other loss.

Par. Nor then will I: I will perform that bidding.

Have you aught else to bid me?

Phæ. Grace with the gift of words, my gift of price,

And do your best to chase him from her house.

Par. I should have done those of my own accord.

Phæ. Into the country I—there to abide.

Par. Good.

Phæ. But, hearken!—

Par. What?

Phæ. Do you believe that I

Can do so for so long?

Par. Well, I do not.

Either you will return directly, or—

After a sleepless night—at peep of dawn.

Phæ. But I will work, and, wearying myself,
Will sleep in spite.

Par. Wearied you'll watch again,
And watch in wearying.

Phæ. Ah! say not so,
My Parmeno. Here! I must cast off
This softness of the soul. What, can I not
Command myself for three days, if I will!

Par. Three days of absence—Eh! consider.

Phæ. And I have.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.—PARMENO.

Good gods! what a disease. Is it possible
That love can so pervert the mind of man,
It is not to be recognized. His soul was firm—
None firmer; steady, strongly self-reliant.
But who is this? Ah! Gnatho, parasite
Unto our soldier. And he leads a girl,
A gift to Thais. Papæ! she is gentle.
I shall have small thanks for my wrinkled eunuch.
Thais is not so comely as this maid.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.—GNATHO—PARMENO—PAMPHILA—
ANCILLA.

Gna. Immortal gods! How man surpasseth man!
And how intelligence surpasses folly!
That sentiment was upmost in my mind,
Encountering an acquaintance—an old neighbour,
Honest, not covetous, with wasted wealth.

I marked him squalid, pale, and miserable.

“Hola! How now?” quoth I. “Ruined!” quoth he,
“Of property and of my prosperous friends.”

I cast my eyes on him from top to toe—

“Most despicable man! are you so fallen

As to retain no hopes?—have you lost all

Your money and your soul? For, like to you,

I, too, lost all; but cast your eyes on me:

Colour and smoothness—raiment—lustyhood—

What have I lost that I do not retain?

What lacking, do I lack?”—He made reply:

“I could not suffer poverty, nor slavery,

Nor play the mime.”—“Nor was occasion, friend;

That mode of getting bread is very old—

Old as our grandfathers. I first found out

A better mode to set the snares for woodcocks.

There is a human race believes itself

Superior to its fellows. Shallow race!

To them I cringe, but not to make them smile,

Though I smile at them, and admire their wit.

What they assert, I praise—and if again

They contradict that praise, I praise again;

Deny what they deny, or yield assent

To aught which they assert. If you do so,

You have discovered a short road to wealth.”

Par. Herele! a learned man, a sort of man

Who makes a madman of a fool.

Gna. And, talking thus, we run upon the market;

And, running to me, in the lust of gain,

Delighted stall-holders of meat and fish,

Hunters and fowlers, and confectioners,

Remembering days of my prosperity,
 And custom since, they hasten to salute me,
 Delighted to behold, invite to supper.
 When my good man in difficulties sees
 Me gain a livelihood so merrily,
 He craves to follow me, I bid him follow;
 For, as the sects of the philosophers
 Adopt the appellations of their founders,
 I fain would found a parasitic school—
 Gnathonian.

Par. O blessed gift of ease
 To live on others!

Gna. But behoves me now
 To leave this damsel at the home of Thais,
 And ask her to our supper. Ah! Parmeno,
 Our rival's servant, standing by her door,
 And moody—that is right; the atmosphere
 No doubt is cold. Now must I play the rogue.

Par. They think to purchase Thais by their gifts.

Gna. Health unto Parmeno, from his best friend—
 From Gnatho; and how now?

Par. Well, I am here.

Gna. I see it. Do not you see something, too,
 You do not like?

Par. Thee?

Gna. Well, me—and something else.

Par. Why do you ask?

Gna. Because you look so sadly.

Par. Eh! not the least.

Gna. That's right. Eh! Parmeno,

What of this purchase?

Par. Hercle! not so bad.

Gna. I rile the man.

Par. He is wrong.

Gna. Thais, methinks,

Will like this gift?

Par. He thinks to buy us out.

All mortal things are subject unto fortune.

Gna. For six months, Parmeno, I grant you rest—

Nor hurry by the day, nor watch by night.

Do you not thank me?

Par. Papæ! truly—thanks.

Gna. I love to serve a friend.

Par. Benevolent!

Gna. But let me not detain you if you're busy.

Par. O, not at all.

Gna. Then I will be beholden

To you, for introduction unto Thais.

Par. Her doors will not be shut against your charge.

Gna. Shall I send some one to you out of doors?

Par. [*Alone.*] Patience! I say—it is but for two days—

For two days' space you may with little finger

Open that doorway—after that your heels

Shall not prevail, and you will kick in vain.

Gna. [*Returning.*] What, Parmeno, still here upon the guard:

Have you some dread some messenger may pass

In privacy to Thais from the soldier!

Par. Said cheerily, and quaintly; just the phrase

To please a soldier. Ah! ah! our younger son—

What doth he do away from the Piræus?

He was on guard there: he is steady, too,

And rushing here in haste, regarding round.

ACT II.—SCENE 4.—CHÆREA—PARMENO.

Chæ. Murder! lost sight of her! I neither know
 Where she has gone to, whither I have followed,
 Nor in what path pursue, nor whom to ask,
 But this I know, that such resplendent beauty
 Cannot be hidden. A celestial face!
 I wipe from off the mirror of my soul
 All other women, and will worship her.

Par. Behold! another votary of love.
 Master, unfortunate old man, if this
 Runs riot in his madness—all as yet
 Has been but twaddling in the scenes of love.

Chæ. May gods and goddesses curse that old wretch
 Who held me in his prate, and curse myself
 For suffering it! Ah! salvè, Parmeno.

Par. Why are you moody? whither in such haste?
 Whence come you?

Chæ. I do not know at all,
 Nor whence, nor where; for I am off my head.

Par. Why, I beseech you?

Chæ. For I love—

Par. Ahem!

Chæ. Now, Parmeno! now show yourself a man.
 Now, Parmeno, accord me promised aid:
 You ofttime said to me—when, Chærea,
 You need my aid, depend on me to give it,
 And fileh for you all in your father's house.

Par. Go to—you dream!

Chæ. Hercle! it is no dream.
 I have discovered her you spoke about,
 So lend assistance; she is worthy of it.

She is not like our girls, with falling shoulders
 And pent-up bosom—slender as a reed.
 If they are plump, they are called pugilists,
 And put upon short commons; artificially
 They bend like canes, and men admire them.

Par. And what is yours like?

Chæ. Ah! superlative!

Par. Papæ!

Chæ. Ah! fair and firm, with health superfluous.

Par. How old?

Chæ. Sixteen.

Par. The very spring of youth.

Chæ. Ah! Parmeno; by force, or fraud, or prayer,
 Win her for me—I reckon not of the cost.

Par. Then who and where is she?

Chæ. Ah! that I know not.

Par. From whence?

Chæ. I know no more.

Par. Where does she dwell?

Chæ. I do not know.

Par. Where did you meet her, then?

Chæ. Here in the street.

Par. Wherefore not follow her?

Chæ. 'Tis that enrages me. I am unlucky;
 And all my lucky chances fall out ill.
 It drives me to distraction.

Par. What occurred?

Chæ. Coeval with my father, Archidemidas,
 Do you know him?

Par. Do I not—

Chæ. Caught hold of me
 When I was in full chase.

Par. That was unlucky.

Chæ. 'Twas misery and not mishap. O Parmeno,
This six or seven months I have not seen
Aught equal to her; neither can I live
Without her; and I think it ominous.
What do you think?

Par. 'Tis very probable.

Chæ. He ran to me from far, all bent and doubled,
With open mouth, and panting. Charea, oh!
I want you—so I stopped—do you know why?
I know not—say. To-morrow is my plea:
I want your father's aid as advocate.
So he went on one hour. At the last
I got away, and saw the damsel last
Here in this place.

Par. [*Aside.*] Her they have given to Thais.

Chæ. Yet here I find her not.

Par. But who had charge
Of her?

Chæ. A parasite and maiden.

Par. Ah!

It is herself. Cease to be troubled so.

Chæ. You mind me not.

Par. I mind you very well.

Chæ. But know you where she is—tell me, I pray you?

Par. I know, have seen, and know where she is now.

She is here with Thais; and a gift to her.

Chæ. And who so rich as to bestow such gift?

Par. The soldier Thraso, rival to Phædria.

Chæ. Hard lot for Phædria.

Par. That is very true.

If you beheld his gift opposing this,
You would confess so.

Chæ. What gift?

Par. Eh—an eunuch.

Chæ. That wretch he purchased yesterday?

Par. The same.

Chæ. He will be kicked out with his semi-male.

I never knew that Thais was our neighbour.

Par. But latterly.

Chæ. I never saw her. Tell me

Is she as beautiful as rumour speaks her?

Par. She is very beautiful.

Chæ. But not like mine?

Par. Oh! quite another thing.

Chæ. Ah! Parmeno,

Contrive that I may have her in possession.

Par. I will do my best, and aid you all I can.

Do you want nothing more?

Chæ. Where go you now?

Par. Home first, and thence to leave the slaves with Thais,
As Phædria commanded.

Chæ. Eunuch, thrice happy!

Par. And wherefore so?

Chæ. Ah! do you ask? to wait

Attendant upon her, to behold her face,

To see, to touch, to live in the same house:

To eat with her, to sleep in her own room.

Par. Then why not you?

Chæ. How? Parmeno. Reply.

Par. Assume his vestments.

Chæ. Vestments, and what then?

Par. Assume his place.

Chæ. I comprehend.

Par. Assert

That you are he.

Chæ. I will.

Par. Possess his reign—

To eat, to view, to touch, to laugh with her,
To couch in the same room. You may do so ;
None of these women know you ; for your chin
You may pass safely for him whom you seem.

Chæ. Well thought and well advised ! I never heard
A better thing devised. On—on, and in !

Array me—clothe me—lead me thither straight !

Par. What do you do ? I did but speak in jest.

Chæ. Yes ; now you do.

Par. I am undone and ruined,

For what do you propose ? I pray you quit
Your purpose, or quit me. Farewell ! I say.

Chæ. Off, let us go.

Par. You will ?

Chæ. Ay, resolute !

Par. Beware ! the path is perilous.

Chæ. Away !

Par. You will get quit ; my back must bear the beans.

Chæ. Ah !

Par. 'Tis a flagitious deed !

Chæ. Flagitious deed !

Is it flagitious to burst wide the doors
Of such a one as preys upon our youth,
Taunt us, enrage us by all wiles and guiles ;
To treat them as they treat us constantly ?
Or should I rather treat my father so,

And suffer blame from all the world? the while
The world will vaunt my very name for this.

Par. Nay! if you will, you will. About it then,

But do not cast the blame on me, I pray.

Chæ. I will not.

Par. Now command me!

Chæ. I command you,

I order and compel you: nor will I

Ever deny it was my act and deed.

Par. About it then. Gods grant us good success!



Europa Sidonia.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—THRASO—GNATHO—PARMENO.

Thr. Thais, no doubt, returns me gracious thanks ?

Gna. Ay, mighty !

Thr. And tell me, was she merry ?

Gna. The giver, not the gift, has touched her most ;
She is triumphant.

Par. It is about the time

I should present our slaves. The soldier ! Ah !

Thr. Fortune was kind to me ; whate'er I do

Is gracefully accepted, as bestowed.

Gna. I ever noted it.

Thr. Why the king himself

Would thank me hugely, and would snub another.

Gna. Ah ! eloquence will walk off with the praise

Which others gain with toil ; that gift you have

In an extreme degree !

Thr. Good !

Gna. Then the king

Regarded you with—

Thr. He did so.

Gna. Honour

Thr. Entrusting me with the sole conduct of

The army and his counsels.

Gna. Wonderful !

Thr. And when the king was sick of business,

Wearied with being bothered, when he would

Repose, you know—as—understand ?

Gna. Right well.

To chase the courtier nuisance from his mind.

Thr. Ay, and then bade me sup with only him!

Gna. Ah! you describe a jewel of a king.

Thr. One who is overchoice in his selection.

Gna. Hating the whole world, loving only you!

Thr. And envious courtiers, grinding of their teeth—

I snapped my fingers at them—animals!

But one, who ruled the Indian elephants,

Chafed out of bound. “Tell me, I pray you, Strato,”

I asked, addressing him, “Are you so fierce,

Because you govern beasts?”

Gna. Thrice excellent!

Mehercle! Sapient, papæ! too. Why that

Twisted and cut his windpipe! What said he?

Thr. He was dumb.

Gna. Dumbfoundered? Ah!

Par. [*Aside.*] Faith of the gods!

Here's a soul lost—lost utterly. Ah! villain.

Thr. But, Gnatho, I have never told you, how

I treated once a Rhodian at a feast.

Gna. Never—[*Aside.*] A thousand times—I beg and pray

You to recount it.

Thr. 'Twas one night at a feast,

The youngster Rhodian, whom I told you of;

I had my mistress with me; he began

To play the fool and chaff. “Oh, oh!” quoth I,

“A hare yourself, and hunting after game.”

Gna. Ah, ah, ah!

Thr. Eh, eh?

Gna. Clever, famous,

Marvellously good! I never heard a better.

But tell me, pray, was that same saying yours?

I thought it ancient.

Thr. One you had heard before ?

Gna. Often, and much admired.

Thr. Mine, I assure you.

Gna. I grieve for that young Rhodian—gently born—

Par. The gods confound you !

Gna. How did he endure it ?

Thr. Smashed up ! and all the others laughed to death.

Since then, they 'ware of me.

Gna. Good reason why.

Thr. But tell me, ought I to explain to Thais,

I care not for the girl—allay suspicions ?

Gna. The contrary, arouse them.

Thr. Wherefore so ?

Gna. Wherefore ! Because when she names Phædria,

And praises him—but to do you despite—

Thr. I have it.

Gna. You have her on the hip—aha !

She will name Phædria, you immediately

Name Pamphila ; so if she says invite

To supper Phædria, shout out for Pamphila

To sing unto us. She praises forsooth him,

Then vaunt her beauties forth ; whate'er she doth,

Do thou the like—until she bite her lips.

Thr. Ah ! if she loved me, Gnatho, that would do.

Gna. She loves your gifts : nor can there be a doubt

She loves yourself—expects you. Have no fears,

She will not chafe with you, lest you should go

And carry off your presents in your hand.

Thr. And that is true, indeed ; I overlooked that.

Gna. You thought not of it ; did not overlook it.

Had you but thought a moment, it had come.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.—THAIS—THRASO—PARMENO—GNATHO
—PYTHIAS.

Tha. I heard my hero's voice, and here he is—
Salvè, my Thraso!

Thr. Salvè, Thais mine!

My joy of joys! and how goes all with you?

Love you me, for the player on the harp?

Par. Hark to him! hark how cheerily he greets!

Tha. I love you for yourself!

Gna. To supper then.

Par. Hark to another of them.

Tha. I am ready.

Par. I will accost them as if just from home.

[*Aloud.*] Departing, Thais, whither are you bound?

Tha. Ah! Parmeno, at happy time. I go—

Par. Where?

Tha. Oh! hist, do you not see the soldier?

Par. I see and I enrage. When, if you please,

May I present the presents Phædria sends?

Thr. Come on; what stops the way?

Par. Hercle! I pray,

Permit us to present the gifts to Thais,

And grant a moment's time for conversation.

Thr. Incomparable gifts, eclipsing ours!

Par. They answer for themselves. Hey! bring them here,

Advance and quickly; from far Æthiopia

This damsel comes.

Thr. And worth about three minæ.

Gna. About that.

Par. Come hither Dorus, forward here you have

An eunuch in the flower of his youth.

Tha. As the gods love me, an ingenuous face!

Par. What say'st thou, Gnatho? something to despise.

What thou, O Thraso? Nothing. That is praise.

Make your essay in letters or in speech,

An orator and musician, instructed full

In liberal lore.

Thr. I try him? nay not I.

He may pass muster.

Par. The giver of these gifts

Demands not you should live for him alone,

For him expelling others; neither vaunts

His battles and his wounds; neither besieges

You, as some one does, importunately;

He is contented to abide your will,

And when you suffer him, he is rejoiced.

Thr. Servant of an impoverished master this

In purse and will.

Gna. No doubt none other one

Could suffer that, if he could purchase better.

Par. Peace! viler than the vilest of mankind;

Say what you would not do to cram your maw!

Thr. Let us be off, I say.

Tha. I will go in,

Dispose of these, and straight be back again.

Thr. I go; wait you for her.

Par. It doth not suit

The grandeur of a General, to walk

Beside his mistress in the public ways.

Thr. What shall I say to thee? like man, like master!

Gna. Ha, ha, ha!

Thr. What are you grinning at? I say.

Gna. At what you said to the young Rhodian
It flashed across my mind—I could not help it.
Here Thais comes.

Thr. Go and get all prepared.

Gna. It shall be done.

Tha. [*to Pythias.*] Mind, Pythias, what I say.
Should Chremes haply come—first bid him stay.
If stay he cannot—bid him come again.
If he will not do that, bring him to me.

Pyth. It shall be done.

Tha. And, Pythias, have a care
Of the young damsel. Keep yourself at home.

Thr. Let us be going.

Tha. Follow me—you others.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—CHREMES—PYTHIAS.

Chr. The more I think of it, the more appears
Thais—some day—will do me some ill turn.
She lays her meshes for me—she invites me
To visit her—to see her. All will ask
What I do here. I do not know the woman.
I came, and she sought pretexts to detain me—
A sacrifice: and afterwards, discourse
Of moment great—and I had my suspicions
Of trickery. She sat herself beside me
And asked me of my parents—were they dead?
I answered, long ago. Then wished to know
If I had once a house at Sunium,
And how far from the sea. I think she wants
To purchase it and wheedle it from me.
Whether I had a sister, who was lost:

Her age—her dress—and, lastly, who was with her—
Could any recognize her. Why all this?
Methinks that she is bold enough to dare
Pass off herself as this lost child. But if
My sister lives—she is but sixteen years
No more—Thais is old as I. Again
She sends for me to see me; and again—
But for the last time—I obey. Holloa!

Pyth. What is it?

Chr. Chremes, it is I.

Pyth. Ah! well—

You're a fine fellow.

Chr. Lo! my fears were just—

This is some trick.

Pyth. Thais begs and prays

You will return to-morrow.

Chr. No; I go

Into the country.

Pyth. Do not, I entreat you.

Chr. I can't, I tell you.

Pyth. Will you wait awhile

Till she return?

Chr. Still less and less, I trow.

Pyth. Why so, my Chremes?

Chr. Baggage! hence away.

Pyth. But if you cannot wait, nor come again,

Say will you kindly follow where she is?

Chr. With all my heart.

Pyth. Eh! Dorias—quickly

Lead him unto the soldier's.

ACT III.—SCENE 4.—ANTIPHO—CHÆREA.

Ant. Some friends at the Piræus yesterday
 Agreed to meet to-day, and dine together,
 And Chærea was commissioned to provide.
 We gave our rings in pledge, named time and place.
 The time has passed and nothing is prepared,
 And he is absent, and I am perplexed.
 They bid me find him out, and therefore I
 Seek him at home. Why, here he is himself,
 And coming forth from Thais. What on earth!
 Why, how is he equipped! What can this mean!
 I will withdraw awhile and look about.

Chæ. Is the coast clear? It is—doth any follow
 Out of the house? Nay, none. May I shout out
 My triumph and my joy. Proh Jupiter!
 Now is the time that you may strike me down,
 Nor let the leaven of the after time
 Corrupt and mingle this. Should any one
 Now see me, follow me, and pester me
 With questions wherefore I am mad with joy;
 Or ask me whence I come or where I go;
 Wherefore I wear this garb, and what I seek,
 And whether I am in my wits or no.

Ant. I will address him: he shall have the wish
 Ejaculated acted. Chærea, why—how now—
 Whence comes this joy and triumph? Why are you
 Garbed in such sort, and wherefore mad with joy?
 Ah! whether are you in your wits or no?
 Why gaze you at me? Wherefore answer not?

Chæ. O festal day of man! Salvè! my friend,
 You are the person upmost in my thoughts!

Ant. And wherefore so, I pray you?

Chæ. I pray you

To listen. Know you my brother's mistress?

Ant. Thais?

Chæ. Herself. To-day was sent to her

A girl of a—I won't describe her beauty.

You know I am fastidious in beauty!

Nor without judgment in its attributes;

But her's astonished me.

Ant. Ah! is it so?

Chæ. You will confess so much when you have seen her.

I fell in love, fortune befriending me.

It chanced that Phædria bought, to give to Thais,

A certain eunuch, to be sent to her.

Then Parmeno gave counsel which I followed—

Ant. What!

Chæ. I will proceed—to change my vestment

With him, to take his place, and represent him.

Ant. An eunuch's!

Chæ. Even so.

Ant. And wherefore so;

What profit could accrue from such a deed?

Chæ. What profit! none—to be with her I loved?

So it fell out. Presented unto Thais,

She led me to the damsel, and committed

Her to my care.

Ant. Ah! truly, a safe guardian.

Chæ. She bade me not to let another man

Have access to her: bade me not to quit her,

To guard her in the chamber far remote;

And I held down my head, and bowed assent.

Ant. Poor boy, poor boy!

Chæ. I sup in town, she said.

She took her damsels with her, leaving me
 Some novices, who then prepared her bath.
 I bade them hurry. She in the conclave sat
 Meantime, and gazed on a depicted tale
 Of Jupiter and Danaë; how once
 The god descended in a golden shower
 Into her bosom. I looked at it too,
 And joyed to see the metamorphosed god
 Fall through the pluvium of another's house,
 To teach a mortal humble as am I
 The thing I had to do. It pleased me well.
 Meantime the damsels led her to the bath.
 She went and she returned, then languid lay
 Upon the couch the whilst the maidens bathed.
 I stood expecting what my duties were,
 When one, "Eh! Dorus, take this fan, and breathe
 Upon her gently." I took it moodily.

Ant. A wondrous spectacle of impudence,
 Handling a fan with limbs so asinine.

Chæ. Away they ran to bathe, all joy and riot,
 As maidens wont to do, the mistress absent.
 She slumbered, and I gazed down silently
 Beneath the fan. I looked—we were alone;
 I thrust the bolt——

Ant. What then?

Chæ. Idiot! what then!

Ant. Well, I confess it.

Chæ. Occasion brief, unhopèd for,
 To pass away—desired and obtained.

I was not that, that I appeared to be.

Ant. Well done! and now what of the rings and supper.

Chæ. All is prepared.

Ant. Why, good again! and where?

Chæ. At our freedman's—at Discus.

Ant. Far away.

Chæ. Ah! we will run.

Ant. But change your garb.

Chæ. Ah! change—

I cannot do so, and I am undone.

I am shut out from home: I fear my brother—

I fear my father should he be returned.

Ant. Come home with me.

Chæ. I will, and readily;

Moreover, I would take advice of you

How I may hold my capture.

Ant. Willingly.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—DORIAS.

As the gods love me well, I am afraid
That there will be an outbreak with this soldier
And our Thais. When I led Chremes there,
The brother of our maiden, Thais asked
Admission for him; then the soldier flared,
Commencing by refusal. Nevertheless,
Thais insisted,—seating him by her
And waiting opportunity to speak—
And Thraso ended by inviting him.
My mistress meantime fain to talk with him;
Our captain thought he smelt a rival there,
And bellowed forth in rage, “Eh! boy, go bring
Pamphila here, for she will cheer us up.”
Thais as loudly said, “Do no such thing;
What, bring her to a festal!” He insisted,
And then they quarrelled. She has taken off
These ornaments of gold for me to bear,
A proof that she will follow speedily.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—PHÆDRIA.

Departing for the country, I began,
Among the lanes, to meditate upon
This thing and that, and to view everything
With miserable view. Shortly to speak:
I passed our house unwillingly—returned,
With sickness at my heart. I reached our gate

Upon the road, and there I stood to dream :
 Two days alone—two days to dwell without her.
 But if I be forbidden to approach her,
 I am not to behold her with my eyes ;
 To gaze is not forbidden me. In love,
 The smallest boon is better far than none.
 But what is this—our Pythias in trouble !

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.—PYTHIAS—PHÆDRIA—DORIAS.

Pyth. Where shall I find the villain—Ah ! ah me !

Where seek for him—O most flagitious deed !

Phæ. I die ! nor know I what to fear.

Pyth. The scoundrel

The villain has abused her unawares ;

Has rent her garments, and torn out her hair.

Phæ. Hem !

Pyth. Ah ! if I come across him, ravisher !

I'll set my finger nails in eyes and cheeks.

Phæ. Some great calamity has fallen here :

What is it Pythias ; what afflicts you so ?

Whom seek you now ?

Pyth. Whom—Phædria do I seek—

Go, where you ought to go—you and your gifts !

Phæ. What is the wrong ?

Pyth. What is the wrong do y' ask—

The eunuch whom you gave us has abused

The virgin whom the soldier sent a gift !

Phæ. What ?

Pyth. I am undone !

Phæ. Tipsy, not undone.

Pyth. I wish my enemies were both as I.

Phæ. Pythias, you rave—for how could he do this?

Pyth. I know not, I—but that the thing is so

Facts, and the maiden's sorrow, indicate;

She dares not answer to our questions. He,

Scoundrel, is fled—perhaps a thief as well!

Phæ. Impossible!—weak in his frame and spirit.

If he be fled, it must be to our house.

Pyth. I pray thee see then.

Phæ. That will I presently.

Dor. Undone! undone! I pray you, did ere one

Hear ever of a such flagitious deed!

Pyth. Pol! I have heard it said they are lascivious—

Crazy for womankind. I had forgotten it,

Else I had never given him the child to ward.

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.—PHÆDRIA—DORUS—PYTHIAS—DORIAS.

Phæ. Come forth, you scoundrel, come! you fugitive!

A pretty purchase, you!

Dorus. Ah! I beseech you.

Phæ. Behold him, hangman! with his jaws awry.

Why, sirrah, are you here—what garb is this?

Speak, scoundrel! Pythias, one moment more

And he had fled. I caught him, baggage packed.

Pyth. Ah! have you got him?

Phæ. Ah! I have.

Pyth. Good, good.

Dorias. Pol! and I am glad, too.

Pyth. And where is he?

Phæ. Where is he—there!

Pyth. There! Where? I do beseech you.

Phæ. He.

Pyth. He! that man?

Phæ. Ay—to-day presented you.

Pyth. I tell you, Phædria, these eyes of mine
Ne'er beheld him before.

Phæ. Ne'er beheld him before!

Pyth. I do beseech you tell me—do you think
This man was led to us?

Phæ. What other else—
I have none other.

Pyth. This was not the man,
Nor can compare with ours. He was proud
Of bearing, features of nobility.

Phæ. Garments—they were garments of divers colours,
Which set him off; he shows now shabbily.

Pyth. Peace! I beseech you; there is no mistaking:
The youth you sent was pleasing to the sight:
This, Phædria, is old, decrepit, tawny.

Phæ. This is mysterious! Fellow, answer me;
First, tell me truly did I purchase *you*?

Dorus. You purchased me.

Pyth. Now bid him answer me.

Phæ. Ask him.

Pyth. [*To Dorus.*] Were you sent home to us to-day?
He shakes his head. It was another came—
A boy of sixteen years with Parmeno.

Phæ. And now reply to me. Where did you get
That vestment which you wear? You answer not.

Dorus. Chærea is come!

Phæ. My brother?

Dorus. Even so.

Phæ. When?

Dorus. But this day.

- Phæ.* How long ago?
- Dorus.* Just now.
- Phæ.* With whom?
- Dorus.* With Parmeno.
- Phæ.* Knew you him before?
- Dorus.* No; nor did I ever hear say who he was.
- Phæ.* How did you know, then, that he was my brother?
- Dorus.* Parmeno named him; we exchanged our clothes.
- Phæ.* I am struck down!
- Dorus.* He dressed himself in mine,
And they went forth together.
- Pyth.* Ay, I am tipsy, I;
And not undone. Ay, it is sure enough
The virgin is abused.
- Phæ.* Be silent, beast!—
Do you believe that fellow?
- Pyth.* Have I not reason, I!
The facts speak for themselves.
- Phæ.* Fellow! come here.
Repeat me now again what you have said:
That Chærea took your clothes.
- Dorus.* He took my clothes.
- Phæ.* And dressed himself in them?
- Dorus.* And dressed in them.
- Phæ.* And led hence in your stead?
- Dorus.* Led in my stead.
- Phæ.* Great Jupiter! audacity of man!
- Pyth.* And I unhappy! What! you don't believe
That we have suffered this indignity?
- Phæ.* I do not marvel you believe his words—
I know not what to do. Now hark you, sirrah,
[*Aside to Dorus.*] Deny all you have said.

[*Aloud.*] How shall I wrench
The truth from you. Have you seen Chærea?

Dorus. No.

Phæ. Without the scourge he will not tell the truth.

Follow me, sirrah! Now vouch, now deny—

[*Aside.*] Pray mercy.

Dorus. I entreat you, Phædria.

Phæ. Enter, I say.

Dorus. [*As if smitten.*] Hohi! Ohee!

Phæ. None other way

Than beating, to extract the truth from him.

[*Aside.*] If he speaks truth, I perish. Scoundrel! knave!

To practise roguery at our expense.

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.—PYTHIAS—DORIAS.

Pyth. As sure as I'm alive, this is a trick

Of Parmeno's.

Dorias. It is—it is.

Pyth. Pol! I will find a way

To pay him off before the day be passed.

Dorias. About the virgin?

Pyth. Ay, what about her—

Shall I divulge the deed or hold my peace?

Dorias. Pol! Pythias, if you're wise, you will know nought

About the matter, Dorus, or the maid;

You won't get into trouble, nor displease

Our mistress Thais—say only he is fled.

Pyth. I will do so.

Dorias. And look when Chremes comes,

Thais will come anon.

Pyth. How do you know?

Dorias. They had begun to squabble when I left.

Pyth. Bear in the gold then, I will meet him here.

ACT IV.—SCENE 6.—CHREMES—PYTHIAS.

Chr. Hercle! they have deceived me. Wit is out
When wine is in. Now, as I lay reclined,
I was all right enough; but when I sought
My feet to stand upon, my head swam round.

Pyth. Chremes!

Chr. How now—Ah! Pythias my fair,
You are sweeter looking than you were just now.

Pyth. Pol! so are you in a far better humour.

Chr. The saw is true—Ceres and Liber banished,
And Venus freezes. But Thais is returned.

Pyth. Has she then left the soldier's?

Chr. Long ago;
They were at fisticuffs.

Pyth. Did she bid you
To follow her?

Chr. No, but she nodded to me.

Pyth. Eh! is not that enough?

Chr. But I knew not
What it might signify; that want
Was filled up by the Captain, by the shoulders
Who put me out of doors. Ah! here she comes—
I marvel how I am so long before her.

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.—THAIS—CHREMES—PYTHIAS.

Tha. Upon my life I do believe that he
Will come to take the girl. Well! let him come,
If he touch but her finger I will dig
My fingers in his eyes. His brags and boastings
I can bear very patiently; but if he come
To force and action, let him look about.

Chr. Thais, I wait this long while.

Tha. Chremes, mine!
I have expected you. Ah! do you know
You are yourself the cause of this ado;
And that this matter's yours?

Chr. Mine! How and why?

Tha. I strive to render unto you a sister,
And to restore her to you; and for that
I suffer all that you have seen me suffer.

Chr. Where is she?

Tha. In my house.

Chr. Ehem!

Tha. Fear not
She educated is, and very worthy.

Chr. What do you say?

Tha. I say the simple truth,
I give her unto you; nor ask reward.

Chr. But you shall have it, I assure you, Thais—
Thanks and reward.

Tha. But, Chremes, have a care
You lose her not before you have possession;
For it is she the soldier comes to seize.

Pythias, go bring the casket with the proofs—
Proofs—for her recognition.

Chr. Is he near, Thais?

Pyth. Where is the casket?

Tha. Dullard! in the press;
Accursed dulness—

Chr. Atat! what a troop
The Captain brings with him!

Tha. Eh! fear not him—
You are not timorous?

Chr. Question it not;
Me timorous—no no—no man less so!

Tha. We need a champion.

Chr. You deem ill of me.

Tha. Do not dispute; but bear in mind that he
Is but a stranger—you a citizen
With many more to aid at need than he.

Chr. I know all that, but it is very stupid
To meet an evil that you can avoid;
And better far than vengeance is prevention.
Go bar the doors. I to the forum go
And seek for friends to aid me in a fight.

Tha. Stay.

Chr. I'd better go.

Tha. Stay.

Chr. And be back in a second.

Tha. We need no help, my Chremes; only say
The damsel is your sister, a lost child,
Whom you now recognize and now retrieve,
Here are the proofs.

Pyth. The casket—here it is.

Tha. Take it; and if he menaces, away
To judgment hall. You understand.

Chr. Ah! well.

Tha. Speak to him dauntlessly.

Chr. I will.

Tha. Your pallium

Is dropping off. My champion, ah!—he needs
A champion himself.

ACT IV.—SCENE 8.—THRASO—GNATHO—SANGA—DONAX—
SIMALIO—SYRISCUS—CHREMES—THAIS.

Thr. What, Gnatho! shall I suffer such affront?

I would rather die. Holloa! Simalio,

Donax, and you Syriacus—follow me!

I will assault the house.

Gna. Right excellent!

Thr. I will bear off the girl.

Gna. Eh! better still!

Thr. And I will punish Thais.

Gna. Best of all!

Thr. Donax, come with the lever to the van

And form the main; Simalio, to the left;

Syriacus, the right wing. Where are the rest?

Where the centurion Sanga, with the band—

Brigade of thieves?

San. Here we are.

Thr. How, fellow, how,

With a cook's dishclout here!

San. Ah! noble captain,

There will be bloodied noses and cracked crowns,
Where'er you combat ; this will slop it up.

Thr. And where are all the rest ?

San. Where all the rest !

Why, Sannio only stays to guard the house.

Thr. Sound for the onset. I bring up the rear,
And issue the commands.

Gna. Ah ! in the rear.

There wisdom and there safety is in that.

Thr. Pyrrhus was first to hold himself in rear.

Chr. Thais, do you see this, how he commands ?

I gave you good advice to bar the doors.

Tha. Oh ! fear not him. He is a very braggart—
A coward.

Thr. Gnatho, look out !

Gna. O for a sling,

And fighting from afar and in the rear,

And from an ambush, till they take to flight !

Thr. Behold her !—Thais.

Gna. Shall we charge on her ?

Thr. Wait ; let us parley. For a wise commandant

Prefers a treaty to a combat ; for who knows,

But she may grant us all the terms we ask.

Gna. Faith of the gods above ! sagacious man—

I never can come near you, but I reap

A store of wisdom !

Thr. Thais ! now answer me.

Did you not promise, when I gave that damsel,

That you would give yourself to me these days ?

Tha. What then I pray ?

Thr. What then I pray ! dost ask—

Before my very eyes obtrude your lover,
And then walk off with him ; what for, I pray ?

Tha. It pleased me so.

Thr. Give me back Pamphila,

Unless you wish me to take her by force.

Chr. Give her to you—or you take her by force—

Basest of men !

Gna. Oh ! peace ; be not so rash.

Thr. Eh ! what not take my own ! The girl is mine.

Chr. Thine—furcifer !

Gna. Zounds ! have a care, I say ;

You know not whom you curse.

Chr. Be off from this,

Know you the rights of this ? For if to-day

You make a riot here, be sure of this—

You never shall forget this day nor place.

Gna. Ay, but you grieve me, drawing on your head

Hostility like his.

Chr. I'll cut your head

Short of the shoulders—if you be not off !

Gna. Is it thus, dog—I ask you is it thus ?

Thr. Who is this man ? Who are you ? and what right

Have you in her or this ?

Chr. That she is free.

Thr. Hem !

Chr. A citizen of Attica.

Thr. Ah, ah !

Chr. My sister.

Thr. Brazen face !

Chr. Soldier, take heed !

Commit no violence. Thais, I go to seek

The nurse Sophrona ; she must see the proofs.

Thr. May I not touch a girl who is my own?

Chr. I tell you no.

Gna. Enough! we have heard him call
Himself a thief; that is enough for you.

Thr. Thais, do you say this?

Tha. Do not ask me.

Thr. And now, what shall we do?

Gna. Well, I advise
That we go home, and let her send for us.

Thr. You so advise?

Gna. Of course I do. The wit
Of women runs capriciously. You will,
They won't; again you won't, they will.

Thr. Right! you are right.

Gna. Disband the legions, then?

Thr. Ay, ay, disband them.

Gna. Sanga, disband the legions,
Let them repose beside the household hearth.

San. My soul is in the platter—has been long.

Gna. You are good at trencher.

Thr. You, follow me.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—THAIS—PYTHIAS.

Tha. Cease, naughty one! to trouble me with fears.

You know, and do not know—have heard, and not—
Speak plainly, wench, and tell me what you know.

The girl has garments torn, is silent, weeps,
The Ethiopian fled! Wherefore, and where?

Pyth. How can I tell you what I do not know.

They say the eunuch was not what he was.

Tha. Who, then?

Pyth. Who! Chærea.

Tha. Who is Chærea?

Pyth. Brother to Phædria, he—

Tha. What beldam, what?

Pyth. I tell you truly.

Tha. Wherefore did he come

To us, I say;—what was it brought him here?

Pyth. I know not, but think, love for Pamphila.

Tha. Ah! I am slain downright, if this be true:

And therefore doth she weep.

Pyth. Truly, I think so.

Tha. O sacrilegious wretch! how dared you go

And quit her, contrary to my command!

Pyth. By your command I yielded her to him.

Tha. Beldam, you gave the lamb unto the wolf!

Oh! you have shamed me past the power of words!

What sort of man is he?

Pyth. Peace! here he is.

Hush! Madam, hush!

Tha. Where is he?
Pyth. Hush! he is
 At your left hand; do you not see him there!
Tha. I do.
Pyth. Shall we arrest him?
Tha. Fool, be still!
Pyth. Be still, you bid me! Look now, I beseech you,
 How he looks brazen—
Tha. Not a bit of it!
Pyth. And with what confidence approaching here!

ACT V.—SCENE 2.—CHÆREA—THAIS—PYTHIAS.

Chæ. Father and mother both of Antipho
 Returned, as if expressly, to the house;
 Nor could I enter it unknown to them.
 And whilst I thus was standing at their door,
 One known to me approached me. When I saw him,
 I made off—as I might, turned corners, cut
 Down lanes and alleys, fleeing like a thief.
 Thais!—can that be Thais? It is she.
 What shall I do now—how proceed with her!
 Eh! I care not. She can do nought in this!
Tha. Address him. Honest man! Dorus, salvè!
 So you, it seems, thought fit to run away?
Chæ. Mistress, I did.
Tha. And think you it was right?
Chæ. No.
Tha. Or to escape unpunished?
Chæ. Pardon, Thais.
 If I offend again, then let me die.
Tha. Did you think me severe?
Chæ. No.

Tha. Wherefore then?—

Chæ. 'Twas she I feared—lest she accused me to you.

Tha. What have you done then?

Chæ. Ah! one trifling fault.

Pyth. A trifling fault! O graceless!—trifling fault—

To vitiate a virgin citizen.

Chæ. Truly, I thought she was my fellow slave.

Pyth. Your fellow slave—you monster! I know not

What now restrains me to dig out your eyes—

Mocking your neighbours.

Tha. Pythias, go away.

Pyth. Why should I go away—the furcifer!

And he acknowledging to be your slave.

Tha. Pythias, have done! Chærea, indignantly

Have you entreated me. Say, I deserved it,

The deed is very shameful to yourself,

Unworthy your position. And, by my word,

I am in deep distress about this virgin.

You have upset my plans. I know not what

To do. I wished to have restored her so

As to have claimed their gratitude and thanks;

Performed to them a solid benefit.

Chæ. Thais, I trust from hence, for evermore,

There will be happiness. Often it occurs

A deed of rashness turns the contrary,

And grows a blessing; if a god so wills.

Tha. Pol! that it may be so. I wish it well.

Chæ. And, Thais, I beseech you do not think

I meditated an affront to you,

Or that it was not love.

Tha. I do believe it,

And I pardon you. For, Chærea, my heart

Is soft and human, and, alas! I know,
By hard experience, of the wiles of love.

Chæ. As the gods love me, but I love you, Thais.

Pyth. Pol! mistress: then beware, if he speaks true
He is a perilous lover.

Chæ. Deep respect!

Pyth. I would not trust you, I.

Tha. O, silence! Pythias.

Chæ. I do most earnestly entreat you, Thais,
That you will my adjutor be in this:
O be my patroness, and hold my faith!
Thais, or I must wed her, or I shall die.

Tha. Your father—

Chæ. Will consent, I am assured,
She is a citizen.

Tha. Then wait awhile—
Her brother presently will bring her nurse:
You shall be at their meeting, Chærea.

Chæ. I will wait ever.

Tha. Then let us enter in:
Not stand before the door.

Chæ. I wait on you.

Pyth. Faith of the gods—what, Thais, do you do!

Tha. What mean you?

Pyth. After that—what—go with him!

Tha. Ah! silence, I entreat you!

Pyth. He is audacity—
He will do some disorder!

Chæ. I shall do none,
O Pythias!

Pyth. I will not trust you, Chærea,
Unless you stand committed.

- Chæ.* Pythias, I will,
Committed to *your* custody.
- Pyth.* Not mine—
I will not have you, nor shall any other—
Take yourself off.
- Tha.* Here, happily, the brother.
- Chæ.* Here! I am undone—Oh, take me in—
Let him not see me standing in the street
Clad in this garb!
- Tha.* What! Chærea, bashful!
- Chæ.* Truly, I am.
- Pyth.* Truly—Ah! Pamphila.
- Tha.* Go on—I follow you. Pythias, remain,
And bring in Chremes and the nurse to us.

ACT V.—SCENE 3.—PYTHIAS—CHREMES—SOPHRONA.

- Pyth.* Ah! how that fellow haunts my very mind;
Would I might give him payment for his presents!
- Chr.* Nurse, stir your stumps.
- Soph.* I do.
- Chr.* Yes, but you don't progress.
- Pyth.* Have you shown her the tokens?
- Chr.* All.
- Pyth.* And did
She recognize them?
- Chr.* Instantly.
- Pyth.* That's well—
I love the maiden. Enter, if you please,
My mistress is awaiting. Ah! Parmeno,
See with what insolence the fellow comes!
If the gods prosper me, I have a way

To excruciate him. Let me first satisfy
 My curiosity within, and I will forth
 To satisfy my vengeance, here, without.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.—PARMENO—PYTHIAS.

Par. I come to see how Chærea gets on.

Faith of the gods! if he has won the prize,
 What praise for Parmeno—love gratified,
 Despite of avaricious courtesans—
 Despite of difficulties, and of all
 Trouble or money. And, more than all that,
 I give my master here an insight to
 Manners of courtesans, which, known betimes,
 Will be detested ever and a-day.
 They walk abroad in modest dress and mien:
 They banquet with exceeding delicacy;
 And they at home are gluttons—ravenous
 Of black bread, steeped in soup of yesterday.
 Much it behoves a young man to know this—
 Earlier the better.

Pyth. I will be square with you
 For deeds and words, you good-for-nothing knave;
 You shall not mock at us and unavenged.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.—PYTHIAS—PARMENO.

Pyth. Faith of the gods! Ah! horrible—poor boy!
 Accursed Parmeno, who brought him here!

Par. What now?

Pyth. I weep and wail his hapless fate—
 I have come forth to weep—Unhappy boy:
 Example terrible to future time!

Par. O Jupiter, what is this misery!

I perish! I must speak. Hey, Pythias,

What is all this about? Example what?

Pyth. Dost thou demand, O most audacious slave—

Did you not bring a young man in the stead

Of Ethiopian, whom your master gave?

Par. How so? say what has happened. Eh! say what.

Pyth. The virgin who to-day was given Thais

Is Attican, a citizen—her brother,

A nobleman.

Par. I know not that.

Pyth. Then I

Teach it you, fellow! and he has abused her.

Her brother, who, most rash and violent

When he aware—

Par. What, what?

Pyth. He bound him hard,

In manner piteous to behold—

Par. Bound?—eh!

Pyth. Despite of Thais and her piteous prayers,

Entreating for his youth—

Par. What is all this?

Pyth. They menace now to treat him as they treat

Adulterers. A thing I never saw,

And never wish to see.

Par. He dare not do it—

Why, what audacity!

Pyth. Audacity?

Par. Audacity—unheard of, past belief!

Adulterer—in house of Meretrix!

Notion preposterous!

Pyth. Ah! I know not—

Par. Ah! you know not—then know this, Pythias,

He is my master's son.

Pyth. Eh! I beseech you—

What! is that so?

Par. Let Thais see to it;

And bar all violence. But I—

Why should not I myself pass in the house?

Pyth. Ah! have a care what you do, Parmeno;

You fail to aid him, and are caught yourself.

They say you counselled him to what he did.

Par. Unhappy devil I! what shall I do?

Ah! here our master is returned to town.

Shall I tell him, or shall I not tell him?

Here! I will tell him, whate'er betide

To me myself. 'Tis he must succour him.

Pyth. Good!—I will go away—Tell him the whole,

Exactly and precisely as it is.

ACT V.—SCENE 6.—LACHES—PARMENO.

Lac. What comfort to have country villa near!

City nor country ever wearies me.

I walk from one unto the other, as

The humour takes me. Ah! Parmeno,

Our Parmeno—himself! What doth he there?—

What dost thou, Parmeno, before this door?

Par. Who calls me?—eh! Ah! salvè, master, I

Rejoice to see you well!

Lac. What do you here?

Par. I choke—speechless my tongue with fear.

Lac. How, now?

You tremble, and are dumb. What is it? say.

Par. First, master, let me beg you to believe
 Whate'er has happened here or come to pass,
 Did not occur by any fault of mine.

Lac. Say what.

Par. Rightly you ask me what. Behoves
 To tell the tale—narrate the facts. You see,
 Our Phædria bought an eunuch to present her.

Lac. Whom?

Par. Thais.

Lac. Purchased, I perish! at what cost?

Par. At twenty minæ.

Lac. All is up!

Par. More'er

His brother, Chærea, loves a flute-player.

Lac. He—love! what he—Doth he already know
 What women are! Is he returned to town!
 Ill upon ill!

Par. Master, frown not on me.

It was not by my counsel these were done.

Lac. Leave yourself out, O furcifer; for if
 I live I——. Tell now honestly the whole.

Par. They led him there to Thais as the eunuch.

Lac. Led as the eunuch!

Par. Yea, and treat him as

They treat adulterers. He is bound hard.

Lac. I die!

Par. Audacity of harlots—Eh! behold!

Lac. Have you poured forth your budget of bad news?
 Is there no more behind?

Par. No; that is all.

Lac. Why do I not break in?

Par. [*Alone.*] Ah! past a doubt

But I must catch it; but I had no choice—
 It was a stern necessity to tell.
 The baggages—they, too, will meet their due.
 Our Master long time held them in despite:
 Now they will answer it, as he has cause.

ACT V.—SCENE 7.—PARMENO—PYTHIAS.

Pyth. I never, edepol! was tickled more
 Than when I saw the old man, out of breath,
 Come tumbling, on fool's errand, in the house,
 Out of his wits; and all the rest perplexed;
 For I alone knew what he thought and feared.

Par. What is all this?

Pyth. Now I seek Parmeno:
 And where to find him—

Par. Ah! she seeks for me.

Pyth. Eh! Parmeno.

Par. Dunce say, how now—you laugh.
 Laugh on—don't stop.

Pyth. My sides are split—'tis you
 That causes me to laugh.

Par. How so?

Pyth. Do you ask,
 Because you are a fool?—the biggest fool—
 Pol! that I ever met. Why, what a farce
 Have you enacted for our merriment!
 And you—I ever thought astute and clever.

Par. How?

Pyth. You would believe anything you heard.
 Must you first harm the boy, then tell his father.
 Now think—what was the father's state of mind

When he beheld his son dressed as a slave !

Eh ! it's all up with you.

Par. You female hag,
What is't you say—do you not lie ! You grin—
Is it so liquorish to jest at me,
You jade !

Pyth. Immense.

Par. If with impunity—

Pyth. Well, yes.

Par. I will pay off old scores.

Pyth. Do so—

That is hereafter ; your score is to-day.

My poor, poor Parmeno upon the cross !

Now, did one ever hear—mislead the youth,

And then proclaim it to the father ! Both—

Both will have at you.

Par. . . . annihilated I !

Pyth. For your fine present to us—take you that.

Par. I, like the mouse, betrayed by my own squeak !

ACT V.—SCENE 8.—GNATHO—THRASO.

Gna. How now, what hope, what counsel leads us here—

What, Thraso, do you mean ?

Thr. I come to yield

To Thais, at discretion to submit.

Gna. How ?

Thr. So Hercules served Omphale ; I too.

Gna. An apt example—very quaint. Shall we

Behold her sandal and your head acquainted ?

Why creaks her opening door ?

Thr. Again undone!
 Another rival—never seen before—
 And coming forth, tumbling o'er head and ears.

ACT V.—SCENE 9.—CHÆREA—PARMENO—GNATHO—
 THRASO.

Chæ. My countrymen, was ever mortal blest
 As I am blest to-day? Ah, hercle! never!
 The gods have clubbed all their benignities
 To shower them in storm divine on me.

Par. Wherefore so joyful?

Chæ. O, my Parmeno,
 Author of all my joys, of fortune great—
 Inventor, and contriver, and perfector—
 Know you in what I am beyond my wits—
 My Pamphila, a citizen of Athens!

Par. I have so heard.

Chæ. That she is my betrothed?

Par. As the gods love me—it was right well done.

Gna. Do you hear that!

Chæ. Moreover, Phædria
 Possesses Thais tranquilly in love;
 Henceforth our home will be her domicile.
 She cast herself into my father's arms
 Imploring his protection, and she yields
 Herself entirely unto us.

Par. And Thais
 Wholly your brother's?

Chæ. Wholly.

Par. Hurrah! hurrah!

The soldier is thrust out of doors.

Chæ. Quick then,
Inform my brother, wheresoe'er he be,¹
Of this, directly.

Par. I will go seek at home.

Thr. Now, Gnatho, now; am I not wholly lost?

Gna. Faith! but it seems so.

Chæ. Now, whether of we two
Deserves the palm of merit. He who devised
Or he who put in practice the conception:
Or yield the palm to Fortune, at the helm,
Who steered our bark to so much happiness:
Or to my father for beneficence?
O Jupiter! confirm this happiness.

ACT V.—SCENE 10.—PHÆDRIA—CHÆREA—PARMENO—
GNATHO—THRASO.

Phæ. Faith of the gods! 'tis all incredible.

Where is my brother, Parmeno?

Chæ. Lo, here!

Phæ. I am delighted.

Chæ. I believe it well;

Brother, there is none worthier than Thais,
The benefactress of our family.

Phæ. No need to pour her praises in my ears.

Thr. The less I am in hope, the more in love.

Gnatho, I pray thee—I trust still in thee.

Gna. What would you have me do?

Thr. O get for me,

By payment or by prayers, a part of Thais!

Gna. 'Twere difficult.

Thr. You can—and if you will—

I know you well—if you effect it, Gnatho,
Ask what you will, and have your own reward.

Gna. In faith?

Thr. In faith!

Gna. Then you must grant me this:
Absent or present, that your house shall be
Free to me always—without invitation.

Thr. I give my word of faith.

Gna. I gird my loins.

Phæ. Hail! Thraso.

Thr. Hail!

Phæ. Perchance you do not know
Things which have come to pass.

Thr. I know.

Phæ. Then why

Do I behold you here?

Thr. Trusting on you.

Phæ. Know you on whom you trust? Soldier, I say—

That if henceforth I find you in this place—

Go, babble not it was by accident—

Or friend—you sought—for by my word, you die!

Gna. This, Phædria, is unjust.

Phæ. But it is said.

Gna. I knew not you were so peremptory.

Phæ. But you will find it so.

Gna. Well, well! ere you

Decide, grant me an audience; if you please—

One word.

Phæ. We hear.

Gna. Thraso, withdraw a space.

Howe'er I may obtrude myself in this.

First, I beseech you, give me credit due—

Whate'er I do is for my own advantage :
 But if it chance our interests run together,
 It were a folly to reject my counsel.

Phæ. Say on.

Gna. The soldier ought to be received,
 I think 'twere wise.

Phæ. How ought to be received?

Gna. Consider, Phædria, your future means :
 You love good cheer, and Thais loves good cheer ;
 She demands much, and you have but small means ;
 You cannot hold her long without some cost ;
 Therefore, behoves to seek one to defray them.
 Now one of smallest wit and largest means
 Presents himself—a body without soul—
 Snoring by night and day—aversion of
 The woman, and—kicked out whene'er you will.

Phæ. What shall we do in this?

Gna. Another thing
 Has influence with me ; for nobody
 Has better board, unniggard, than hath he.

Phæ. A sort of man convenient at need.

Chæ. So he appears to me.

Gna. You rightly judge.
 I have one other prayer to make to you :
 Receive me in your flock—for, by my soul !
 Too long I roll this stone.

Phæ. My servant be.

Chæ. And willingly.

Gna. Now I commence my service :
 Take him, then, Phædria—take him, Chærea.
 Devour and deride him as you will.

Chæ. I am contented.

Phæ. He is worthy.

Gna. Thraso,

Approach, if 'tis your pleasure.

Thr. Now, how go

Our matters, I beseech you ?

Gna. Even thus :

They did not know you, nor appreciate ;
I have explained your worthiness ; your deeds
Of valour in the field they recognize.

Thr. You have done well, and I return you thanks.

Where'er I go I stumble thus on friends—
Here most of all.

Gna. I told you so—he has

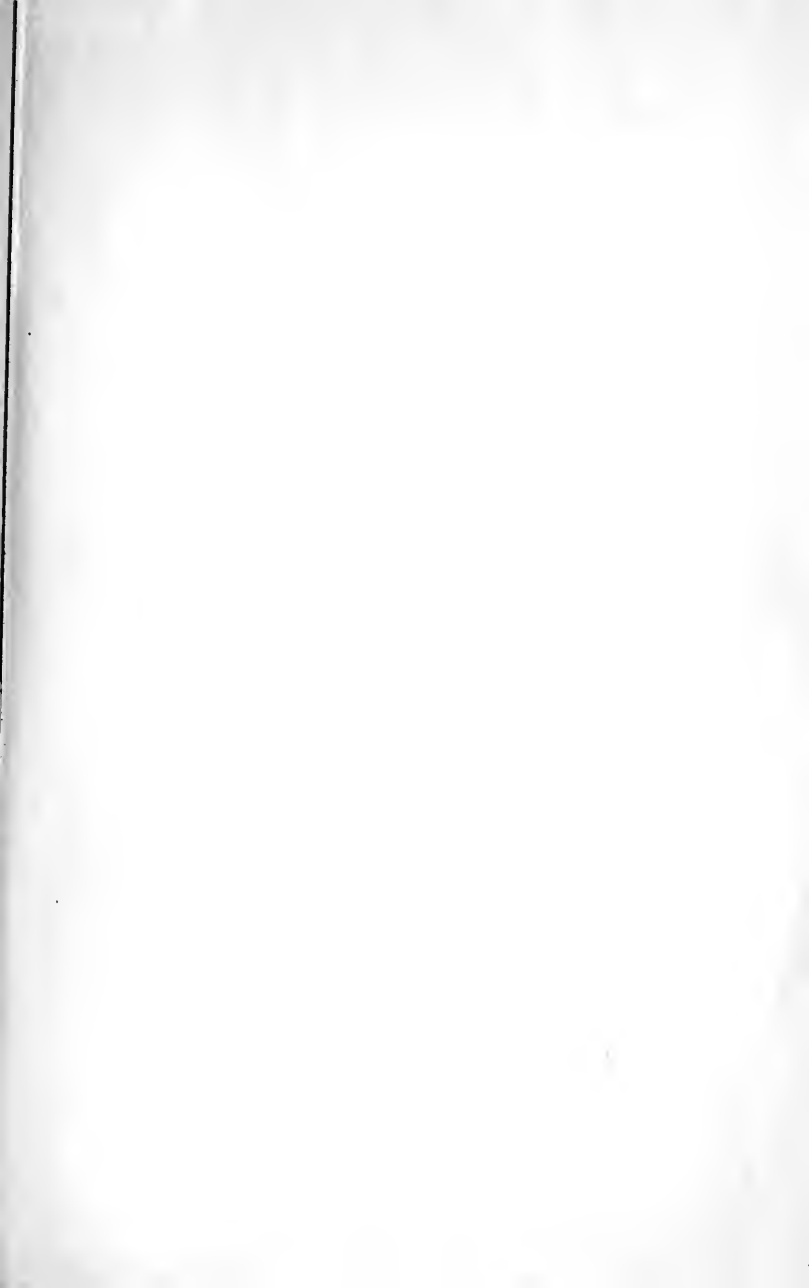
A fund of elegance, quite Attican.

Phæ. Now all is over, let us hence depart ;

We bid, Farewell ! Do ye applaud our art.



“RESTITVERE.”





PA
6756
A136

Terentius Afer, Publius
Comedies

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

