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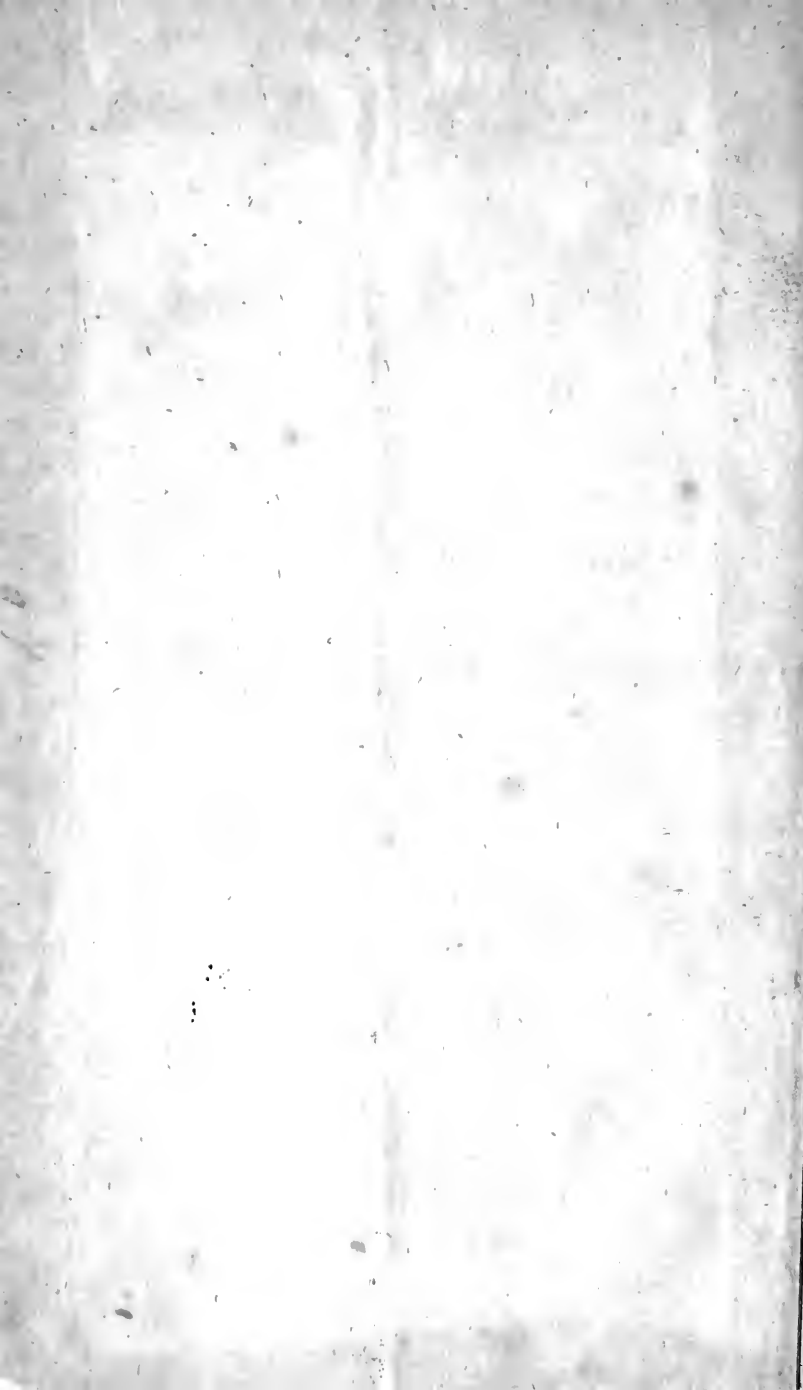


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BEQUEST OF  
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.  
TORONTO, 1901.



THE

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P7217

Et

COMEDIES

OF

PLAUTUS,

TRANSLATED INTO

TO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

BY

BONNELL THORNTON, M. B.

ASPICE, *PLAUTUS*

QUO PACTO PARTES TUTETUR-----

HOR.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

L O N D O N,

51865  
1901

Printed by J. LISTER, in Little Boswell-Court;

For *T. Becket* and *P. A. de Hondt*, in the Strand; *R. Baldwin*, in Pater-noster-Row; *T. Davies*, in Russell-Street, Covent-Garden; and *R. Davis*, at the Corner of Sackville Street, Piccadilly.

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P L A Y S

CONTAINED IN THE

F I R S T V O L U M E.

AMPHITRUO, *AMPHITRYON.*

MILES GLORIOSUS, *The BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.*

CAPTIVI, *The CAPTIVES.*

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

TRINUMMUS, *The TREASURE.*

MERCATOR, *The MERCHANT.*

AULULARIA, *The MISER.*

RUDENS, *The SHIPWRECK.*

7/

2 Y A P L A Y S

CONTAINED IN THE

FIRST VOLUME

AMPHITRION, A COMEDY.

MILES GLORIOSUS, THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN.

CAPTIVI, OR CAPTIVES.

SECOND VOLUME.

TRINCULAMUS, THE TRICKER.

MILITATOR, THE MERCHANT.

SCURVILIA, OR THE MISER.

INDENS, OR THE SWINDLER.

M O I T O,  
GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

I Can never forget the time, when our literary amusements were so intimately blended, that we seemed to have one invention, one sentiment, one expression. The regularity of a periodical publication led us to a constant intercourse and communication of ideas : and whatever may be the fate of this present undertaking, I shall never regret my having dipt in ink, since it gave me an opportunity of cultivating a social as well as literary connection with you.

Instead of prefixing your name to this work, with the distant air of a dedication, I wished to have had it coupled along with mine in the title-page : I wanted you as a *comes jucundus*, an *agreeable companion*, in this new unbeaten track of translation, which you have so happily struck out before me. It is therefore in some measure your own fault, if the present attempt should fail of success ; and the publick, I fear, as well as myself, will have too much reason to regret  
your

## DEDICATION.

your not joining with me. I, however, heartily excuse you, as you continue to turn your thoughts to original composition.

I own, indeed, I shall feel a more than ordinary disappointment, if I should be judged unworthy to rank with you in this humbler branch of literature : for I confess, in the pride of my heart, that one great inducement to my engaging in this task was the hope, that our names would be mentioned together as the translators of *Terence* and *Plautus*, though I cannot aspire to an equal share of reputation with the author of the *Jealous Wife*, or the joint authors of the *Clandestine Marriage*.

I am,

Dear S I R,

Your most affectionate

Humble Servant,

BONNELL THORNTON.



---



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# P R E F A C E.

I HAVE been induced to publish these two volumes of my intended translation of the whole of PLAUTUS's comedies, in order to try how far such an attempt may meet with approbation. The success of Mr. Colman's TERENCE led me to hope, that I could introduce PLAUTUS to public notice in the same agreeable form and manner ; and I was the more encouraged to the attempt, by Mr. Colman's readily offering to forward me with one \*play, which was at once a proof of his regard and good opinion. In consequence of my having advertised this design, I had a still further incitement to proceed in it ; as a †gentleman, to whom I was then a stranger, was pleased to decline all thoughts,

\* *The Merchant*, in the second volume of this translation.

† *Richard Warner*, of *Woodford Row, Essex*, Esquire. This gentleman had translated several of our author's plays into prose, and had begun one in verse, the *Captives*, which is inserted in the first volume of this work.

which

which he had before conceived, of prosecuting the same intention. To him I am indebted for his assistance in one play, as well as for communicating to me whatever he thought might be of service in the undertaking, with that heartiness which endears him to all who have the happiness of being acquainted with him. The same gentleman also took upon himself the trouble of translating the life of our author from \**Petrus Crinitus*.

I have purposely avoided following the arrangement of our author's plays, which is alphabetical in the editions of the original, because I found, by observing that order, I should tye myself up to the unnecessary task of *translating on*, just as the book directed me; though the choice I have made has been purely accidental, without any immediate regard to the particular merit of each play. For this reason the reader must not expect to find, in the volumes now presented him, a select collection or *chef d'œuvres* of our author's works: the learned reader will be sensible, that as many, if not more, which are equally admired, among our

\* It was thought proper to take that account of him, which was the most ancient.

author's twenty plays, are to follow ; and it is intended to complete the whole with all possible expedition, if the design should happen to meet with the approbation of the publick.

As for the notes, they would perhaps have been fuller, with respect to the conduct of our author as a dramatic writer, if I had not intended a particular dissertation on that point, but which cannot with propriety appear, till the whole of the translation is completed. I shall then examine into the respective merits of our author and TERENCE, between whom there is not perhaps so much difference, but that we may apply to them the words of TERENCE, in his prologue to the *Andrian*,

*Qui utramvis rectè nôrit ambas noverit :  
Non ita dissimili sunt argumento, sed tamen  
Dissimili oratione sunt factæ ac stilo.*

Know one, and you know both ; in argument  
Less different than in sentiment and stile.

COLMAN.

I have thought it necessary, for the satisfaction of the less learned reader, to add some notes, which those who are conversant in the antient writings might deem superfluous ; and though I do not mean directly to write for

schools, I have had them in my view, where I have quoted some peculiar or remarkable expression or passage of my original ; and sometimes I have done it in order to justify me to the learned reader in the use of some common expression or phrase in our own tongue.

I have followed no particular edition of our author; but where there have been various readings, I have always prefer'd that which seem'd to me the most simple and least forced. It is true, indeed, there are some passages, the sense of which it is hardly possible to determine, and of which we may almost say with our author in his *Pænulus*, or *Carthaginian*,

*Isti quidem herclè orationi Oedipo*

*Opus conjectore est, Sphyngi qui interpret fuit :*

If in these I should happen to be mistaken, I can only plead in excuse, that I find the commentators as much puzzled as myself; and I cannot help frequently crying out, after having consulted them,

*Incertior sum multò quàm dudum.* TER. PHORM.

I'm more uncertain

Now than I was before.

COLMAN.

I flatter myself, that a translation of *PLAUTUS* may be acceptable at least to the *English* reader,  
as

as he has never appeared entire in our tongue. \**Echard*, indeed, has given us a translation of the three plays, which had been selected by *Madam Dacier*. † *Cooke* published proposals for a complete translation of our author, and has printed one play, the *Amphitryon*, in *Latin* and *English*. There is likewise an old translation of the *Mencæmi* of our author, by *W. W.* printed in 1595, in the collection of *Mr. Garrick*, of which I shall take further notice, when I come to that play. These are in prose; and how little soever I may appear to go beyond them in other points, I have at least one considerable advantage over them, from the new and elegant mode of translation in familiar blank verse, which *Mr. Colman* so happily hit upon in his *TERENCE*; the propriety and use of which he has so fully set forth in his preface to that work, as makes it needless for me to say any thing here concerning it.

As I profess to give nothing more than a translation of my author, it is necessary to men-

\* *Echard* has palpably translated from the *French* more than from his original author. His style besides is coarse and indelicate, and while he aims at being familiar, he is commonly low and vulgar.

† *Cooke* seems to have intended his edition merely for the use of learners.

tion some peculiarities in his manner, which may appear strange to the *English* reader. Those who can read and relish him in the original, will be sensible how much these peculiarities are against the translator, who, while he is obliged to be faithful to his author, is obliged likewise to take upon himself in some measure his author's faults. But that I may not be thought to palliate or exaggerate these his seeming defects, I shall extract part of what is said on this point by *M. Guendeville*, in his preface to a translation of our author's plays.

“ *Plautus*, (says he) like all great men, is not without his exceptions. He has an unbounded inclination to \**moralizing* on every thing in his way. An affectation perhaps of knowing every thing, and of making a parade of that knowledge, often leads him into such perplexity and obscurity in his reflections, as have baffled the pains and endeavours of his commentators to make them intelligible.

\* A remarkable instance of this may be seen in the *Treasure*, where *Stefmus*, a servant, who declares himself in great haste, stands still to *moralize*, while *Charmides*, an old gentleman just returned from abroad, instead of going home directly, waits patiently to overhear him. It may be observed, however, that if *Plautus* sometimes indulges in an affectation of *moralizing*,  
though

‡ Neither is his propensity to the \**equivoque* less pardonable :---he is often playing upon words ; but in a manner so low and insipid, that good taste is surfeited even to nauseating. One of these must have been the case ; either the old *Romans* were a set of such jolly fellows, that a little would make them laugh, or else our author had as much of the *low* as of the *high* in his judgment . . .

“ Is not our author also censurable for his † *indecenties* ? In my opinion he can in this be no otherwise excused, than by supposing that

though out of character and season, yet the excellence of the sentiment makes ample amends for the improper introduction of it.

\* The translator has no other apology to make for some *puns*, which may possibly appear forced to the English reader, but that he thought it requisite to express as well as he could the manner of his original.

† Though it must be confessed, that *Plautus* justly labours under censure in this particular, yet is he not nearly so offensive as has been generally imagined. The editor of the Delphin edition of our author has rejected scarce above five pages in the whole, out of twenty plays, upon this account ; and many passages, even in these, would hardly offend the most scrupulous ear. It is true, indeed, the commentators have been often remarkably industrious in finding out allusions, which do not appear from the plain and obvious meaning of the context. The translator, however, has thought it his indispensable duty to suppress or soften every circumstance and expression, that might be exceptionable to the *English* reader.

in so doing he conformed himself to the unpolished taste of the age he lived in. It is probable, that the *Romans* were not then arrived at elegance in point of delicacy : much less polite than they became afterwards, their ears with pleasure attended to indecent expressions and immodest words . . .

“ Another fault of our author is, that he abounds in *tautology* and needless repetitions. His thoughts are often like flowers hid under a multiplicity of weeds: they are like fruit, which the quantity of surrounding leaves obscures the beauty of. Too liable to repeat the same phrase and the same word, one might say he liked the produce of his thoughts too well not to give it more than once ; or he imagined his readers and his audience had too limited a discernment to understand them at once . . .

“ But what gives me the most concern is the little regard he has to *\*probability*. Instead of measuring the time by the duration of the action which ought to fill it up, he is thinking of nothing but the action itself, and often supposes

\* The seeming want of *probability*, in many of our author's scenes, has been often owing to a wrong division of the acts, which have been attempted to be rectified in this translation.



things to be done, the execution of which necessarily demands a long space of time. A person goes to the market-place, does his business, and returns again in a minute or two; another, in as short a space of time, marches over a whole town to find his man. Twenty other examples of this kind might be produced . . .

“ But in the article of *probability* there is one instance extremely disagreeable. On the stage you see † messengers of good news; they usually come from the port; they run quite out of breath to declare the arrival of a father, an husband, or a son of those who are in expectation of them with the utmost impatience. And what do these *Mercuries*, when they are talking of the haste they are in? ’Tis pleasant to think of it:---they bawl out, that every one should make room for them; they tell you frankly, they will knock down every impertinent fellow that shall be rash enough to obstruct them in

† It is remarkable, that this very circumstance appears to be ridiculed by our author himself, in the beginning of the second act of *Amphitryon*, where *Mercury* comes in running, and says,

Stand by, make room, all clear the way before me,  
Nor any be so bold to stop my speed.—  
Why may not I, who am a deity,  
Have the same license as a slave in comedies,  
With threats to bid the people clear the way? &c.

their

their passage; . . . yet these very messengers, that quake for fear lest they should not arrive in time, give themselves leisure to review all that come in their way . . .

“ Another defect I pass over, which is, § *confounding the representation with the action*. The actor sometimes speaks in his own person and in character at the same time : in the middle of the speech he tells you, that he is not what he appears to be ; joining his own personal qualifications with his part, and with the character he is personating” . . .

Thus far *M. Gueudeville*, who, however, concludes with saying, that “ all the shades of *PLAUTUS* do not cloud over the brightness of his sunshine : all his irregularities cast no veil on his original beauties.”

To the above it may be proper to add, for the information of the *English* reader, another circumstance, which may seem strange to him, on account of the difference between the antient and modern stages.--- “ Some (says *Echard* in his preface to *TERENCE*, as quoted by Mr.

§ This is remarkable in the prologue and several scenes of *Amphitryon*,

*Colman*) object, that in the beginning of many scenes two actors enter the stage, and talk to themselves a considerable time, before they see or know one another; which, say they, is neither probable nor natural. They, that object this, do not consider the difference between our small scanty-stage, and the large magnificent *Roman* theatres : their stage was sixty yards wide in front ; their scenes so many streets meeting together, with by-lanes, rows, and allies ; so that two actors coming down two distinct streets or lanes, could not be seen by each other, though the spectators might see both ; and sometimes, if they did see each other, they could not well distinguish faces at sixty yards distance. Besides, on several accounts, it might well be supposed, when an actor enters on the stage, out of some house, he might take a turn or two under the porticoes, usual at that time, about his door, and not observe another actor on the other side of the stage."---These observations, relative to *TERENCE*, are no less necessary to be remembered with respect to our author ; and I cannot too much caution the modern reader constantly to bear in mind the extent and scenical decoration of the antient stage. Without this it will be impossible to reconcile many particulars, that continually occur, to any kind of probability.

Having already declared, that I profess to give nothing more than a direct *translation* of my author, I shall only add, that the *English* reader will not, I hope, be displeas'd at my adhering so strictly to the sense of the original with respect to those customs, manners, ceremonies, &c. which differ from the modern. § In other respects, universal nature is and has been so much the same in all ages and countries, that the characters, dispositions, and passions of men, as set forth by our author, will be found very nearly to resemble those of the present times.

§ What Mr. Colman says with regard to his translation of TERENCE'S comedies, is no less applicable to a translation of the comedies of our author.--- "The *English* reader is desir'd  
 " to observe, that the manners, prevailing in them all, are  
 " wholly *Grecian*. The scene is laid in or near *Athens*, the actors  
 " were dress'd in *Grecian* habits, suitable to their respective cha-  
 " racters; and the customs, coins, &c. occasionally mentioned,  
 " such as were used in *Greece*. TERENCE, who imitated, rather  
 " than translated *Menander*, chose however to preserve the  
 " scenery and manners of his original. The *direct translator* of  
 " TERENCE, therefore, has certainly no right to modernize his  
 " comedies, and instead of *Grecian* manners to substitute the  
 " *French, English, or Italian*. Yet this has been the method per-  
 " sued by most profess'd translators, though necessarily produc-  
 " tive of two great inconveniencies: for first, it deprives the  
 " modern reader of the pleasure of directly comparing the  
 " manners and customs of another age and country with those  
 " of his own; and secondly, the ground of the play, the fable,  
 " characters, sentiments, and language, still retaining the an-  
 " tient cast, the result of this modernizing spirit is a fantasti-  
 " cal medley, which represents the manners and customs of no  
 " age or country at all."—It may, however, be observ'd, that  
 our author, who follows the *Grecian* models, very often con-  
 founds the *Roman* customs and manners with the *Grecian*.

## L I F E

O F

M. ACCIUS PLAUTUS,

TRANSLATED FROM

PETRUS CRINITUS.\*

**M**ARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS was born in *Sarsina*, a town in *Umbria*. This he himself intimates in his † *Mofcellaria*; and other antient authors mention the ſame. It is certain, that he was living at *Rome*, and in great reputation as a dramatick poet, when the famous *Pub. Scipio Fulvius* and *M. Cato* flouriſhed there.

He was a man of exquisite wit and humour, of which, among many other inſtances, his comedies, full of both, are an undoubted proof. *A. Gellius*, in his *Noctes Attice*, has expatiated on his learning, and concerning his comedies in particular. Upon the authority of *Varro* we learn, that he ſpent all his money in the ſervice of the theatre, and thereby re-

\* *Petrus Crinitus*.] *Pietro Crinito*, a *Florentine*, who lived about the year 1304.

† *In his Moſcellaria*.] Act III. Scene II. V. 83,

*Quid, Sarſinatis ecqua eſt, ſi Umbram non habes?*

This cannot at preſent be well explained, but will be taken notice of, when that play comes in its turn to be tranſlated. It is a quibble on the word *Umbra*, ſignifying a ſhadow, and *Umbria* the province above-mentioned.

duced himself to extreme poverty. On this account he was obliged to retire to his native town, and there, to get a livelihood, placed himself in the service of a baker, working at those mills, which *Jerôme* calls *hand-mills*. While he was at this laborious employment, it is said he wrote some comedies; the names of two are, § *Saturio* and *Addictus*.

*M. Varro*, in his treatise on the comedies of *PLAUTUS*, has informed us, (and as *A. Gellius* has mentioned the same, it may not be improper to transcribe his words) that there were about an hundred and thirty comedies extant under his name. But the learned *Lælius* was of opinion, that twenty-five only were to be attributed to him, and that the rest were not his, but the production of some old poets, as *Marcus Accius*, or *Caius Plautius*; and the mistake might be owing to their having been called *Plautianæ Fabule*, comedies of *Plautius*, not *Plautinæ Fabule*, comedies of *Plautus*.

But yet, as antient authors reckon up twenty comedies of *Plautus*, it is necessary the reader should be informed, that besides the twenty (which the gram-

How any one should conceive, that *Plautus* herein meant to insinuate, from what is said in character by one of the persons of the drama, that he himself was born at the place mentioned, seems very strange. It might with as much reason be supposed, that he meant to tell us he was an *Ephesian*, from the following line in his *Braggard Captain*.

— *Ephesi sum natus, non in Apulis, non in Umbriâ.*

I'm right *Ephesian*, —————

Not an *Apulian*, or an *Umbrian*.

§ *Saturio* and *Addictus*.] Of these there are only a small fragment or two preserved.

marians have unanimously agreed to be wrote by him) *A. Gellius* mentions three more, the names of which are, *Boethia*, *Nervularia*, and *Fretum*. *Varro* and *Sex. Pompeius* speak of many others, the names of which were, *Artamon*, *Friularia*, *Phago*, *Cestrio*, and *Astrabas*, all which they give to our author. *A. Gellius* and *Nonius* speak doubtfully in regard to *Astrabas*.

In his comedies, he copied after the *Greek* authors *Demophilus* and *Philemon*, as also *Epicarmus* of *Sicily*, as \* *Horace* informs us: and he was thought to have excelled so much in elegance and pleasantry, that *Epius* [meaning *Ælius*] *Stolo* made no scruple of affirming, that “if the *Muses* were to speak in *Latin*, “they would make use of the language of *PLAUTUS*.” This we have from † *Quintilian*; on which account, that excellent critick, *A. Gellius*, calls him the father and chief of every species of elegance in the *Latin* tongue: and ‡ *Volcatius Sedigitus*, when he is treating of the rank of the several comick writers, places our

\* *As Horace informs us.*] First Epistle of his second Book, V. 58.

*Dicitur* \_\_\_\_\_

*Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicarmi.*

*Plautus* as rapid in his plots appears

*As Epicarmus.* \_\_\_\_\_ FRANCIS.

† *This we have from Quintilian.*] It is in his treatise *de Institutione Oratoriâ*, Book X. Chapter I. “*In comœdiâ maximè claudicamus: licet Varro dicat Musas Ælii Stolonis sententiâ Plautino sermone locuturas fuisse, si Latinè loqui vellent.*”

‡ *Volcatius Sedigitus.*] He flourished about the time of the *Vespasians*, and is commended by *Pliny* the younger, and *Gellius*, for his learning.

author next to *Cæcilius*, and gives him the preference over all the rest.

He had his name from his \* *broad* or *splay feet*; for, as we are informed by *Sextus Pompeius*, he was at first called *Marcus Plotus*. Hence a sort of buskin, used by hunters, were called *semiplotia*.

The time of his death † is said to have been, a few years after that of *Quintus Ennius*, in the 145th *Olympiad*; and the loss the publick sustained by that event, is recorded in the following ‡ verses, written by our poet upon himself.

*Postquam est morte captus PLAUTUS,  
Comœdia luget, scena est deserta,  
Deinde risus, ludus jocusque et numeri  
Innumeri simul omnes collacrymarunt.*

\* *Broad or splay feet.*] From *πλατος*, which signifies broad.

† *The time of his death.*] According to *Pareus*, he died at *Rome* in the year of the world 3788, before *Christ* 182, in the third year of the 145th *Olympiad*. *Pareus* adds, that he died in the prime of his life, having scarce attained the 40th year of his life.

‡ *Verses.*] It may seem strange, that *Plautus* should have composed an Epitaph on Himself: we have it, however, on the authority of *A. Gellius*, who expressly cites *Varro* for it.

*Dr. Crusius* has translated, or rather imitated this, as follows:

Wit, Laughter, Jest, and all the train that use  
T' adorn the scene, and grace the Comic Muse,  
Forsook the Stage, at *Plautus*' death to mourn,  
And Harmony undone sat weeping o'er his Urn,



As mention is often made in our Author's Plays of the following Coins, it was thought proper to prefix here COOKE's Table of Sums in Attick Money, with their Proportion to English Money.

O B O L I.				l.	s.	d.	q.
1	-	-	-	00	00	01	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
2	-	-	-	00	00	02	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
3	-	-	-	00	00	03	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	-	-	-	00	00	05	0 $\frac{2}{3}$
5	-	-	-	00	00	06	1 $\frac{1}{3}$
6	equal to a Drachma			00	00	07	3

D R A C H M A E.				l.	s.	d.	q.
1	-	-	-	00	00	07	3
10	-	-	-	00	06	05	2
100	equal to a Mina			03	04	07	0

M I N A E.				l.	s.	d.	q.
1	-	-	-	03	04	07	0
10	-	-	-	32	05	10	0
20	-	-	-	64	11	08	0
60	equal to a Talent			193	15	00	0

T A L E N T A.				l.	s.	d.	q.
1	-	-	-	193	15	00	0
5	-	-	-	968	15	00	0
10	-	-	-	1937	10	00	0
15	-	-	-	2906	05	00	0
20	-	-	-	3875	00	00	0
100	-	-	-	19375	00	00	0

Terence mentions the Half Mina in his Adelphi, which was a single coin, in proportion to - 01 12 03 2

The Obolus was brass, the rest were silver.

# ERRATA.

## FIRST VOLUME.

Page 18. Note, v. 19. l. 11. for *him* read *his*. p. 46. v. 11. for *most* read *more*. p. 48. v. 63. for *with* read *for*. p. 110. note, v. 32. for *an* read *our*. p. 153. v. 19. for *See* read *PAL*. p. 154. v. 53. for *the* read *her*. p. 165. v. 24. for *her* read *his*. p. 181. v. 143. read to *my heart's content*. p. 185. v. 199. for *rarry* read *tarry*. p. 194. v. 32. dele *me* after *inform*. p. 218. v. 17. prefix *PAL*. p. 247. first note, l. 2. dele *of it*. p. 251. v. 31. for *on* read *an*. p. 275. note, v. 58. l. 3. for *God* read *Gods*. p. 277. note, v. 99. l. 3. for *Philocrates* read *Syndarus* representing *Philocrates*. p. 292. v. 53. for *wo* read *who*. p. 297. to v. 39. prefix *TYND*. p. 310. v. 95. for *of* read *to*. p. 339. note, v. 39. l. 3. for *jove* read *joke*. v. 2. note, after *Braggard Captain* read *in the prologue*.

SECOND VOLUME. p. 9. v. 77. dele the comma after *Charmides*. p. 28. scene iv. v. 1. for *four score* read *forty*. p. 35. note, v. 104. l. 1. for *obsurdity* read *obsurity*. p. 52. v. 10. dele the *full stop*. p. 73. note, v. 14. l. 3. for *does* read *doct*. p. 95. v. 63. for *spenthrist* read *spunthrist*. p. 137. v. 7. read--*A load!* what load? p. 206. v. 7. for *poor* read *poorer*. p. 211. note, v. 88. l. 3. for *and* read *who*. p. 217. v. 5. for *mikaste* read *mistake*. p. 245. scene viii. v. 8. dele *all*. p. 268. note, v. 42. l. 4. for *her* read *them*. p. 270. v. 85. for *sitting* read *sitting*. p. 295. note, v. 55. l. 4. for *in* read *to*. p. 320. v. 34. for *work* read *works*. p. 322. v. 9. for *ДѢМ*. read *ТРАЧН*. p. 324. note, v. 29. l. 3. for *it is* read *isit*. p. 352. v. 10. for *To* read *Go*.

In Vol. I. are the following omissions.--- P. 72. v. 26. after---What have I done, I pray?---add,

АМРН. Don't speak to me.

SOS. What ails you?

And p. 199. v. 48. after---You have said it---add,

АСК. We are prepar'd with cunning and address.

The Note Vol. I. p. 296. v. 27. l. 3. should run as follows.---*Hieronymus Mercurialis*, a celebrated physician in the 16th century, in his *Variae Lectiones* has bestowed part of the 11th Chapter of his 5th Book on these very words of our author.---*Cassus* has a chapter (the 23d of his 3d book) de *Comitiali Morbo*, &c.

In the note Vol. II. 179. v. 37. is a wrong quotation from memory. It should be,---*Hamlet*, before his interview with his mother, in which he intends to take her roundly to task, says,

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

[To this we may add what *Benedick* says of *Beatrice* in *Much ado about Nothing*---She speaks ponyards, and every word stabs.]

In note p. 254. Vol. II. is a transposition. For "*Il. Cav. Lorenzo Guazzeff*, reprinted at *Pisa*, 1763, &c." read "*Giovan' Battista Gelli*, printed at *Florence* 1550." And for "*Giovan' Battista Gelli*, printed at *Florence*, 1550." read "*Il. Cav. Lorenzo Guazzeff*, printed at *Pisa*, 1763. It is called *L' Anburiaria*."

AMPHITRYON.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

JUPITER, *disguised like AMPHITRYON.*

MERCURY, *disguised like SOSIA.*

AMPHITRYON, *General of the THEBANS.*

BLEPHARO, *Pilot of a ship.*

SOSIA, *Servant to AMPHITRYON.*

ALCMENA, *Wife to AMPHITRYON.*

BROMIA, *her Attendant.*

THESSALA, *the same.*

S C E N E,    T H E B E S;

*Before AMPHITRYON'S House.*



Of fair, and ample, and continual gain ;  
 As ye would have me be the messenger 10  
 Of good to you and yours, and tidings bring  
 Such as shall most advance your common interest ;  
 (For ye well know, that by the other gods  
 'Tis giv'n me to preside o'er news and trade)  
 As ye would have my favour in these points, 15  
 Still to supply you with perpetual gain ;  
 So shall ye silently attend this play,

order of *Jupiter*, that she should stop her career, while he is enjoying *Alemena*. *Dryden* has in some measure followed *Moliere*, but with less elegance ; for he has made this the business of most part of his first act, instead of entering at once upon the subject by introducing *Sofia* as in the *Latin* and *French*, which in the *English* is postponed to the opening of the second act. Besides, he brings in not only *Mercury* and *Night*, but *Phæbus* also and *Jupiter*, for no other purpose, as it should seem, but that of eking out.

I cannot forbear mentioning a sorry witticism, as it appears to me, at the end of *Moliere's* prologue, where *Mercury* at parting says, *Bon jour, la Nuit*, which *Dryden* nearly copies, " *Good night, Night.*"

*Echard*, who has translated this play, gives an odd reason why the prologue is spoken by *Mercury*. It is " because (says he) it would not have been so *probable* for another person to have been abroad at that time of night ;"--- as if *probability* was at all consulted.

V. 9.] *Epignomus*, (as is observed by the commentators) in the *Stichus* of our author, Scene I. Act III. returns thanks to *Mercury* on this very account.

- - - - - *Mercurie, qui me in mercimoniis  
 Juvit, lucrisque quadruplicavit rem meam.*

- - - - - To *Mercury*

Who aided me in traffick, and increas'd  
 My stock four-fold.

So shall ye all be fair and upright judges.

By whose command, and wherefore I am come,  
I'll now relate, and likewise tell my name. 20

I come by *Jove's* command: my name is *Mercury*.

My fire has sent me to implore your favour,  
Though by his pow'r he knew he could perforce  
Constrain you so to act as he should order;

For he is not to learn how much ye fear 25

And reverence high *Jove*, as is your duty:

Yet has he order'd me with mild petition

To use entreaty, and in gentle terms;

For that same *Jove*, by whose command I come,

Has not less dread of harm than any of you: 30

Nor is it marvellous that he should fear,

Born of an human fire, an human mother:

V. 29.] *Mercury* here drops his godship, and talks of the actor, who was to play the character of *Jupiter*, and of himself as mere mortals, who were afraid of meeting with an ill reception from the audience, and being consequently punished. [See the next note.] Madam *Dacier* calls this a *pleasant* passage; but the mere modern reader, I am afraid, will scarcely be induced to look upon it in any other light than as an absurdity.

V. 30. *Harm.*] *Malum*. The *Latin* word, as commentators agree, implies the punishment, which was inflicted upon actors, (as they were slaves) who did not perform their parts to satisfaction. *Malum* is often used by our author as meaning corporal punishment.

If I might be pardoned, I should be led, from considering the servile condition of the actors of former times, to conjecture, how *Terence*, who was originally a slave, came afterwards to be a writer of comedies, and such excellent ones too. He was perhaps employed about the stage, and even an actor on it; as we owe our own *Shakespeare* to his having been in a like situation. But I throw this out as a mere fanciful conjecture.

And

And I too, even I, who am *Jove's* son,  
 Have of my father caught the dread of harm :  
 Therefore in peace I come, and bring you peace. 35  
 I would entreat of you what's just and easy :  
 For I am come a supplicant from one  
 That's just himself, sent justly to the just :  
 For to require what's unjust from the just,  
 Is unbecoming ; and to ask what's just 40  
 From the unjust is folly, since they neither  
 Know what is right, nor pay observance to it.

Now lend attention to my words. Our will  
 Should be your will : we both have well deserv'd,  
 I and my sire, of you and your republic. 45  
 And wherefore should I mention that I've seen  
 In tragedies how other deities,  
*Neptune* to wit, *Virtue*, and *Victory*,  
*Mars* and *Bellona*, have with boasts recounted  
 The good that they have done you? all which benefits 50  
 My father wrought, the ruler of the gods :  
 But it was never yet a custom with him

V. 35.] It must be confessed, that *Plautus* too often trifles in playing with words, as he does notoriously in this passage.

V. 36. *A supplicant.*] The *Latin* word is *Orator*. *Cooke*, who has translated this play, insists that *Orator* here means *Ambassador*, as in the prologue to the *Step-Mother* and also the *Self-Tormentor*, of *Terence*, where *Mr. Colman* differs from him, and rightly translates it in both places *Pleader* ; for which see his reasons. In this place neither one nor the other is proper, as is plain from the preceding line.

*Iustum rem et facilem esse oratam a vobis volo,*  
 and several others, where *orare* and *oro* are mentioned.

V. 43.] *Mercutio* here resumes his character of a deity.



To twit the good with any good he did :  
 He thinks your gratitude repays his kindness,  
 And that ye well deserve the good he does you. 55

Now what I'm come to ask I'll first premise,  
 Then tell the argument of this our tragedy.  
 Why are your brows contracted? Is't because  
 A tragedy I call'd it? I'm a god,  
 And I will change it, if it be your pleasure; 60  
 I will convert it from a tragedy  
 To comedy, the verses still the same.

Would ye it so, or not? But I'm a fool!  
 As though I did not know, who am a god,  
 What ye would have. Your minds I understand, 65  
 Respecting this affair. --- It shall be so;  
 Our play shall have a proper mixture in it,  
 So shall it be a Tragi-comedy.

V. 68.] This is the only mention made (as I believe) in any ancient author of that *mixed* kind of play, which is here called Tragi-comedy, or rather Tragico-comedy; and the reason given for that appellation is, that the highest characters, even of gods, as well as the lowest were introduced in it: (perhaps, indeed, this is the only play of the kind, that was ever produced.) But without this reason, the distresses of *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, with the comical humours of *Sofia* and *Mercury*, might give it a fair title to this appellation, even according to the modern acceptance of the term; as it is not necessary that a tragedy should end unhappily, or that any of the characters should come to an untimely end.

*Dryden* in his *Amphitryon* has thought proper to distinguish the serious from the comic parts by giving the first in verse, and the other in prose; which, I fear, in the latter part has too often led him into such low and farcical stuff, as neither his *Latin* nor his *French* original betrayed him into,

For, as I think, it is not right in me  
 To make it wholly comedy, where kings  
 And gods are introduc'd. What then remains? 70  
 Why, since there is a slave in't plays a part,  
 I'll make it, as I said, a Tragi-comedy.

Now *Jove* has order'd me to beg of you,  
 That the inspectors, each of them, may go  
 Among the audience into all the seats 75  
 Throughout the theatre; and if they find  
 Any suborn'd and planted partially  
 To clap an actor, let them take their gowns  
 Upon the spot as lawful perquisites.  
 Further, if any should the palm solicit 80  
 For a performer, or whatever artist,  
 Or by themselves, by writing, or by message;  
 Or if the *Ædiles* should the prize decree,  
 In violation of their oath, unjustly;  
*Jove* has commanded, that the self-same law 85  
 Be put in force against them, as if any one  
 Should seek by indirection to obtain  
 An office in the state or for himself,  
 Or for another. You, he said, were conquerors

V. 74. *Inspectors*] *Conquisitores*. These were persons appointed to go about the theatres to discover whether there were any hired to applaud this or that actor. The reason for employing such officers was, because he who performed his part best had a reward paid him by the *Ædiles*, who were upon oath to give the reward without partiality. *Cooke*.

This note will explain several passages that follow.

V. 81. *Artist*.] *Artifici*, that is, *Scenico*, meaning any one employed in the representation, whether actor, singer, dancer, or musician.

Through

Through worth, not by ambition, or by perfidy. 90  
 Why should the law less hold against the player,  
 Than the chief persons in the common-wealth?  
 From merit, not by favour, we should seek  
 To gain the prize. He who acquits him well  
 Will find enough to favour him, if they 95  
 Are honest, to whose hands th' affair is trusted.  
 This likewise has my father giv'n in charge,  
 That there should be inspectors o'er the players;  
 So that if any of them should suborn  
 A party to applaud them, or prevent 100  
 By unfair practices another's pleasing,  
 Their dresses may be stript from off their backs,  
 And skin too in the bargain. --- Wonder not,  
 That *Jove* concerns him now about the Actors:  
 Himself will play a part in this our Comedy. 105  
 Why should ye be amaz'd, as though it were  
 A thing unheard of until now, that *Jove*  
 Should turn a stage-player? Upon this stage,  
 'Tis but a year since, --- when the actors call'd

V. 102.] *Ornamenta et corium conciderent.* Meaning the punishment of flogging to be inflicted on them: tho' some interpret *corium* to signify *coriacea persona*, the mask made of leather.

The whole preceding passage is curious, as it informs us of the extraordinary precautions taken by the *Romans* to prevent undue influence, or unfair practices, in obtaining or bestowing the rewards assigned to theatrical performers; though it will not be easily conceived by the modern reader, how these precautions could answer the end proposed: neither have we any information, that I know of, by what rules, or in what manner the decision was made. It is certain, that in modern theatres such regulations would be to no purpose.

On *Jupiter*, he came, and lent them aid. 110  
 He surely may appear in tragedy :  
 I say then, in this play will *Jove* himself  
 Perform a part, and I together with him.

Now lend attention, whilst that I unfold  
 The argument of this our Comedy. 115

This city here is *Thebes*, and in that house  
*Amphitryon* dwells, an Argive by his birth,  
 Sprung from an Argive father, and with whom  
*Alcmena* married, daughter of *Eieëtryon*.

This same *Amphitryon* now commands in chief 120  
 The *Theban* forces ; for there is a war  
 Betwixt the *Thebans* and the *Teleboans*.

Ere his departure hence to join the troops,  
 His wife was pregnant by him. Verily

Ye know my father, how he is inclin'd, 125  
 How freely he indulges in love-matters,  
 With what excess he doats, where once he loves.

He for *Alcmena* entertain'd a passion

Unknown unto the husband, and possess'd her,

V. 110.] This is palpably an allusion to some play or other, that was well known to the audience ; but whether it was designed as a ridicule or not, cannot positively be gathered from the context. It is not at all within my design to intermeddle with jarring commentators : I shall therefore only just mention, that some of these have found out, that the original reading in the Latin was *Nannic, &c.* instead of *Anno, &c.* and they make this passage allude to a play called by the name of *Nannium*, a famous courtesan of antiquity. May we not as well suppose, that a real tragedy is here hinted at, in which, (according to *Horace's* rule,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*)

*Jupiter* was represented coming down to settle a knotty point, as at the conclusion of this very play *Amphitryon*?

Whence

Whence she grew pregnant from his stol'n embrace. 130  
 That ye may rightly read her situation,  
 Know she is pregnant with a double issue,  
 Both by her husband and by highest *Jove*.  
 My father is now with her in this house,  
 And for that reason is this night prolong'd, 135  
 Whilst with his love he takes his pleasure: yet  
 In form he seems as though he were *Amphitryon*.

Be not astonish'd then at this my habit,  
 That I come forth thus in a servile garb.  
 I shall present you with an ancient tale, 140  
 [Set forth in *Greek*, now in the *Latin* tongue]

V. 135.] “ It appears, (says Madam *Dacier*) from this verse,  
 “ that this piece was played at night; as it appears also from  
 “ the 149th verse, where mention is made of *Sofia's* lanthorn.”

Nothing can be more ridiculous than this remark, as if the  
*supposed* time of the drama had any thing to do with the *real* time  
 of its representation. This is somewhat of a piece with her ob-  
 servation on the beginning of the third act of the *Self-Tormentor* of  
*Terence*, which is opened by *Chremes* saying, --- *Lucefcit hoc jam*,  
 --- *'Tis now just day-break*. Our female critic, in order to pre-  
 serve the unity of time, supposes the audience to have gone out  
 to supper at the end of the second act, and to have returned at  
 four the next morning, to hear the rest of the play. See her whole  
 note refuted and ridiculed by Mr. Coiman.

V. 141.] This line is inclosed in crotchets, because it is not  
 immediately expressed in the original; though I cannot but agree  
 with *Cook*, in thinking it implied. He “ doubts not but that  
 “ *Plautus* translated,”--- he should have said, at least borrowed  
 the general idea, and perhaps a considerable part of the plot,  
 characters, &c. of his “ *Amphitryon* from a Greek Play:” and  
 he adds, that our Author “ means [by *antiquam rem novam ad*  
 “ *vos proferam*] that he brings an old GREEK Play in a new  
 “ dress to the LATINS.

Made new ; and therefore do I come apparell'd  
 In a new fashion. *Jupiter* my father  
 Is now within, chang'd to *Amphitryon's* form ;  
 And all the slaves, that see him, think he is 145  
 The same, so readily he shifts his shape,  
 Whene'er his godship pleases. And I too  
 Have taken on myself a servant's form,  
 The form of *Sofia*, he who went from hence  
 Together with *Amphitryon* to the army ; 150

The rest of the Commentators, if I am not mistaken, have all of them understood this passage as meaning nothing more than simply making a *new* play upon an *old* story : but it is very well known, that the *Latin* comic writers borrowed largely from the *Greek* ones ; and *Terence's* obligations to them are acknowledged in every one of the Prologues to his peices, as well as our author's in several of his. Besides, it is worth our notice, that the word *Nova* (meaning *Fabula*) is with its declensions frequently and indiscriminately used in the Prologues to *Terence's* plays, particularly in the first and second to the *Step-Mother* above half a dozen times ; and in that to the *Phormio*, where the play is professedly declared to have been taken from the *Greek*, it is said,

*Adporto NOVAM :*

*Epidicazomenon quam vocant Comœdiam  
 Græci : Latini Phormionem nominant ;  
 Quia primas partes qui aget, is erit Phormio.*

To-day I bring a NEW play, which the *Greeks*  
 Call *Epidicazomenon* ; the *Latins*,  
 From the chief character, name *Phormio*, COLMAN.

So also in the Prologue to the *Brothers*,

*Synapothescantes Diphili comœdia est ;  
 Eam Commorientes Plautus fecit Fabulam.  
 In Græcâ adolescens est, qui lenoni arripit  
 Meretricem in primâ fabulâ : eum Plautus locum  
 Reliquit integrum : cum hic locum sumpsit sibi  
 In Adelphos ; verbum de verbo expressum extulit.  
 Eam nos aeluri sumus NOVAM.*

That in this guise my father I might serve  
 In his amour, and no one of the family  
 Ask who I am, when they shall see me here  
 Frequent about the house; but as they'll think me  
 Their fellow-servant, none will question me 155  
 Or who I am, or wherefore I came hither.  
 My father is indulging now within  
 His heart's desire, and her, whom most he loves,  
 Clasps in his fond embrace; recounts to her

The *Synapothescantes* is a piece  
 By *Diphilus*, a comedy which *Plautus*,  
 Having translated, call'd *Commorientes*.  
 In the beginning of the Grecian play  
 There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce  
 From a procurer: and this incident,  
 Untouch'd by *Plautus*, render'd word for word,  
 Has our Bard interwoven with his *Brothers*,  
 The NEW piece which we represent to-day.

COLMAN,

Again, in the Prologue to the *Self-Tormentor*.

*Ex integrâ Græcâ integram Comædiam*  
*Hodie sum acturus Heautontimoreumenon,*  
*Duplex quæ ex argumento facta est simplici,*  
 NOVAM esse ostendi, et quæ esset.

To-day a whole play, wholly from the Greek,  
 We mean to represent, *the Self-Tormentor*;  
 Wrought from a single to a double plot.  
 Now therefore, that our Comedy is NEW,  
 And what it is, I've shewn.

COLMAN.

I have been the more large in my quotations, in order to shew, that *Novam* in this last passage implies nothing more than it does in other places; and it was want of attention to the common use of this word, that led Madam *Dacier* and M. *Diderot*, (as quoted and translated in Mr. *Colman's* notes) to refine upon it. Madam *Dacier* says, "By *Duplex ex argumento facta est simplici*, "*Terence* meant to say, that he had doubled the characters. In-  
 "stead

What was transacted in the army; she, 160  
 Mean while, mistakes th'adulterer for her husband.  
 He tells her how he put the enemies troops  
 To flight, and that they gave him many gifts.  
 These gifts, bestow'd upon *Amphitryon*, we 165  
 Have stolen; for my father can with ease  
 Do what he will. --- Now on this very day  
*Amphitryon* will arrive here from the army,  
 Together with his slave, whose form I bear.  
 That ye may then distinguish us more readily,  
 I on my hat these little wings shall wear, 170

“stead of *one old man, one gallant, one mistress*, as in *Menander*,  
 “he had *two old men*, &c. he therefore adds, very properly,  
 “*NOVAM esse ostendi*, --- *That our Comedy is NEW*, --- which  
 “certainly could not have been implied, had the characters  
 “been the same in the *Greek* poet.” --- *Diderot* says, “*Terence*  
 “pretends, that having doubled the subject of the *Self-Tormentor*,  
 “his piece is *NEW*.” --- But it is plain the Author had no such  
 meaning: It was no otherwise *NEW* than the *Phormio*, or any  
 other from the *Greek*, in the Prologues to which no improve-  
 ment is hinted at; and in the Prologue to this very Play, the  
 same expression is used in a general sense, without any particular  
 implication.

*Nam nunc NOVAS qui scribunt, nihil parant seni.*

For they, who now produce *NEW* Comedies,  
 Spare not my age.

COLMAN.

So likewise in the Prologue to the *Casina* of our Author:

*Nam nunc NOVAE quae praecedunt Comaediae, &c.*

For the *NEW* Comedies that now come out, &c.

V. 170.] As the ancient Actors wore masks, it was a very  
 easy matter to contrive, that two persons should bear an exact  
 resemblance to each other; an advantage that is wanting on the  
 modern stage, whenever these kind of deceptions are introduced  
 on it. Yet surely, if there was a necessity to distinguish  
 one from the other by certain external marks, as in this play,  
 the advantage cannot be thought so very great. In the Prologue



My father, he will bear a golden tuft;  
 Which mark the right *Amphitryon* will not have:  
 And no one of the family will be able  
 To see these marks; ye only shall discern them.  
 But *Sofia* yonder comes, *Amphitryon's* slave: 175  
 He's from the port, and bears him hitherward,  
 A lanthorn in his hand: he makes for home,  
 But I shall drive him thence. --- So --- here he is;  
 And he will soon be knocking at the door.  
 It will be worth your while to mark how *Jove* 180  
 And *Mercury* will play the parts of actors.

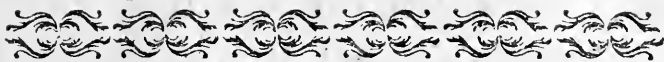
[*Mercury places himself before Amphitryon's door.*

to the *Menæchmi* of our Author, (in which there are two twin-brothers, who resemble each other, like the two *Sofias*, or the two *Amphitryons*) no direction is given whereby to distinguish them; which is certainly more agreeable to propriety.

V. 181.] Can it be believed, that this Prologue, long and tedious as it certainly must appear to a modern, will yet be continued, as it were, in the course of the Play, as in Act I. Scene II. and that even *Jupiter* will also address the audience in much the same manner, in Act III. Scene I.

\* \* Besides the *Amphitryon* of *Moliere*, there is an imitation of this play among the comedies of *Rotrou*. I have likewise seen an old translation of it in *Italian*. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague* gives a very droll account of a *German* play under the same title, which I shall transcribe for the entertainment of my reader. In letter VIII. dated *Vienna, Sept. 14. O. S.* After speaking of the operas at *Vienna*, her ladyship proceeds.---

“ Their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a *German* comedy, and was glad it happened to be the story of *Amphitryon*. As that subject has been already handled by a *Latin, French* and *English* poet, I was curious to see what an *Austrian* author could make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it ; and, besides, I took with me a lady, that had the goodness to explain to me every word . . . . I thought the house very low and dark ; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with *Jupiter's* falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of *Hercules*. But what was most pleasant was, the use *Jupiter* made of his metamorphosis ; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of *Amphitryon*, but, instead of flying to *Alcmena* with the raptures *Mr. Dryden* puts in his mouth, he sends for *Amphitryon's* taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a *Jew* of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name ; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor *Amphitryon's* being tormented by these people for their debts. *Mercury* uses *Sofia* in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two *Sofias* very fairly let down their breeches in direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.”



# A M P H I T R Y O N.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

SOSIA *advances with a Lantern.*

**I**S there a bolder fellow?---Is there any one  
More stout of heart than I am?---I, who know  
The humours of our wild young sparks, yet dare  
Walk by myself at this late hour of night.  
What shall I do now, if the watch should seize 5'

V. 5. *The Watch.*] *Tresviri.* Notwithstanding the scene is laid in Greece, and the characters are *Græcian*, yet *Plautus* constantly alludes to the *Roman* customs, as *Sofia* is made to do in this place, and a few lines lower, where he talks of *homines octo validi*, “eight sturdy fellows,” which are understood by the commentators, to mean the *eight Lictors* that waited on the *Triumviri*, whose business it was to apprehend delinquents, bring them before the magistrate, and execute the sentence passed upon them. *Madam Dacier* informs us, that the *Triumviri*, who took care of the streets, &c. at night, were called *Nocturni*, which answers to our *Watch*; but she denies, that by “eight sturdy fellows” are meant the *Lictors* above-mentioned, and in support of her opinion quotes a passage from the *Afinaria* of our author, Act III. Scene II. which to me seems to prove the direct contrary.

Ubi sæpe causam dixeris pendens adversus octo  
Astutos audaces viros, valentes virgatores.

As how your cause you've often pleaded,  
Hung by the heels, against eight harden'd fellows,  
Of stripes most sturdy layers-on,

And thrust me into prison?---Why, to-morrow  
 I shall be serv'd up from that dainty larder,  
 And well *dress'd* with a whipping :---not a word  
 Allow'd me in my own defence ;---no matter  
 To take my part ;---and ev'ry soul will think, 10  
 I've my deserts :---So shall eight sturdy fellows  
 Bethump me like an anvil.---In this fort  
 They'll greet me on my coming, thus receive  
 And entertain me at the public charge !---  
 These honours has my master forc'd upon me, 15  
 Who sent me from the port so late at night  
 Against my inclination.---Could he not  
 Have waited till 'twas day-light to dispatch me?---  
 This is the hardship of a great man's service,  
 Wherefore his servant leads a plaguy life on't: 20

V. 7.] In the original, *E cellâ promptuariâ depromar ad flagrum.* *Cella promptuaria*, according to *Taubman*, is the place where provisions or kitchen-utensils were kept at hand for family use. *Sofia* means, that as meat is brought from the pantry to the kitchen, so shall he be brought from the jail to the whipping-post. I have endeavoured to preserve the allusion in the best manner I could think of, by using the equivocal word *dress'd*.

V. 19.] These reflections, which naturally arise in *Sofia* at this juncture, are at once just and elegant. Yet how coarsely has *Dryden* expressed himself in imitation of them!----“ Well! “ the greatest plague of a serving man is to be hired to some “ great lord. They care not what drudgery they put upon us, “ while they lie lolling at their ease a-bed, and stretch their “ lazy limbs, in expectation of the wh-re we are fetching them.” *Echard* in his translation of this passage, as *Cooke* has observed, is still more gross and vulgar. Indeed throughout his whole translation, with a view of rendering our author *comical*, he has made his *black-guard*. *Moliere* has amplified this passage, but it is with decency.

By day, by night, there's work enough and more,  
 That will not let him rest. The master, he  
 Being free himself from labour, thinks his slave  
 Can drudge and drudge still on, what'er befalls him;  
 Nay, thinks it just, and never counts the toil, 25  
 Or once considers, whether his commands  
 Are right or wrong. Wherefore in servitude  
 We suffer much oppression: yet the burthen  
 Must be endur'd with pain.

MERC. On this account  
 I have more reason surely to complain 30  
 Of servitude,---I, who before was free,  
 Though now my father has me for his slave:  
 This fellow, who was born a slave, complains!  
 But hold---I only am a slave in name.

Sos. Stay,---now I think on't, I should thank the  
 gods 35  
 For my arrival.---Would they recompense me  
 As I deserve, they should commission some one  
 To welcome me with douses on the chaps:  
 For all their goodness has been thrown away  
 On an ungrateful rascal.

MERC. His deserts 40  
 He knows then, which such fellows seldom do.

Sos. Well,---To come home in a whole skin!---  
 'twas what  
 I never thought, or any of our people.

V. 34. *A slave in name.*] *Sum verò verba verbo.* The common editions have *verbero* here, which is nonsense; yet some of the commentators have stupidly endeavoured to explain it. I find *verbo* in the first edition, which gives it [the passage] a good meaning. *Cooke.*

The foes subdued, our troops are marching homeward,  
 The war extinguish'd, and the enemy slain,  
 That wrought such bitter troubles to our *Thebans*. 45  
 Their town was storm'd and taken by the strength  
 And valour of our men, but chief of all  
 By the command and conduct of *Amphitryon*,  
 My master, who has since distributed  
 The booty, lands, and corn among the soldiery, 50  
 And firmly fix'd king *Creon* in his throne.  
 He has sent me home before him to acquaint  
 His lady with the news,---with what command  
 And conduct he discharg'd his public trust.  
 Now let me study how to frame my story.--- 60  
 What if I tell her lies?---I act in character:  
 For when the armies fought with all their might,  
 With all my might I ran away. However,  
 I'll make pretence that I was in the action,  
 And speak from hearsay.---Well---but in what terms,

Ver. 65.] *Sofia* here enters upon the narrative he intended to make, when he came before *Alcmena*; and proceeds to give a particular and minute detail of every transaction. The solemnity of his introduction, *Soon as we were arriv'd, &c.* and several parts of his description, which seem affectedly grand, appear indeed to carry an air of ridicule with them; though I must confess, that for purity and conciseness of expression, exquisite painting, and even elevated diction without bombast or burlesque, this narrative might not perhaps have appeared *extrêe* or misbecoming even in a *Livy* or a *Lucan*. For this reason, I suppose, *Moliere* has but slightly touched upon it, and *Dryden* has entirely pass'd it over. The Frenchman has, however, (and *Dryden* after him) substituted a circumstance, which adds life to the representation; that is, in making *Sofia* set down his lanthorn, and, addressing it as *Alcmena*, carry on an imaginary conversation between them.

What

What method it were best to tell my story, 66  
 First let me here consider with myself.---

(*After pausing*) I'll begin thus. ---- "Soon as we were  
 arriv'd,

And touch'd the earth at landing, strait *Amphitryon*  
 Picks out the chiefs among the chieftains, sends them  
 Upon an embassy, commanding them  
 To tell the *Teleboans* this his mind.---

" If without force or war they'd willingly

" Deliver up the plunderers and their plunder, 75

" If they'd restore what they had carried off,

" His army forthwith he would homeward lead;

" The *Greeks* should quit their country, left to them

" In peace and quiet: but if other-minded,

" They slighted his demands, he'd then attack 80

" Their town with all his force."-----When his  
 ambassadours

I had told this to the *Teleboans*, they

Stout-hearted, proud of their own strength, relying  
 On their own prowess, roughly chid our delegates.

Their answer was, " they could defend themselves 85

" And theirs by war, and counsell'd us to lead

" Our army back with speed from off their borders."

This answer brought by our ambassadours,

*Amphitryon* draws his troops from their encampments,

V. 69. *And touch'd the earth at landing.*] *Terram tetigimus.* It may be proper to observe, on account of the *equivoque* in my translation, that it was a ceremony among the ancients, to *touch* the earth, of which see more in a Note to the *Mostellaria* of our Author, Act II. Scene II.

I cannot help taking notice, that there is a fine apostrophe to the Earth in *Shakespeare's Richard II.* on his landing in *England.*

The

The *Teleboans* theirs from out the town, 90  
 Clad in bright arms : and when on either hand  
 The armies had march'd up with all their force,  
 The ranks were form'd ; we drew up in array  
 Our men according to our rule and practice ;  
 The enemy on their part did the same. 95  
 Both generals then advanc'd before the ranks  
 In the mid space, and there confer'd together :  
 It was agreed, whichever should be vanquish'd  
 In the engagement, should surrender up  
 Their city, lands, gods, houses, and themselves. 100  
 This done, the trumpets clang on either side ;  
 Earth echoes ; shouts arise ; the generals make  
 Their pray'r to *Jove*, and here and ev'ry where  
 Their troops encourage : each man lays about him  
 To th' utmost of his strength ; the faulchions smite ; 105  
 The lances shiver ; and the welkin bellows  
 With th' uproar of the soldiers : from their breaths  
 And pantings rises a thick cloud : they fall  
 Oppress'd with wounds and violence. At length,  
 According to our wish, our troops prevail : 110  
 Fast fall the foe : we press upon them : thus,  
 Fierce in our strength, we conquer'd. Not a man  
 Yet fled, or started from his post, but each  
 Fought and maintain'd his ground : they'd sooner lose  
 Their life, than quit their station : each that falls, 115  
 Falls where he stood, and keeps his rank in death.  
*Amphitryon*, seeing this, orders the horse  
 To charge upon the right : they quick obeying  
 With outcries and brisk onset rush upon them,  
 And tear and trample on the impious foe. 120



MERC. He has not utter'd yet a single word,  
That is not true ; for I myself was present,  
So was my father, when they fought this battle.

Sos. The foe betook themfelves to flight, which  
added 125

New spirit to our men : the *Teleboans*  
Had, as they fled, their bodies fill'd with darts.  
*Amphitryon's* felf with his own hand cut off  
King *Pterelas's* head. The fight continued  
From morn to evening:---I the more remember it, 130  
Because I went that day without a dinner.  
Night interpos'd at length, and broke it off.  
Next day the magistrates, all drown'd in tears,  
Came to us from the city to our camp ;  
With cover'd hands intreat us to forgive 135  
Their trespafs, and surrender up themselves,  
Their city, children, with all things divine  
And human, to the *Thebans*, all to be  
In their poffeffion and at their difpofal.  
Laftly, my lord *Amphitryon* was prefented 140

V. 127.] How fhall we reconcile this, and feveral preceding paffages, to any thing that bears the leaft refemblance of *humour* or *ridicule*? The account of the *Teleboans* having their bodies ftuck full with darts in their flight, is natural and picturefque. *Fletcher*, in his *Two Noble Kinfmen*, has the very fame thought improved.

No more now muft we halloo, no more fhake  
Our pointed javelins, while the angry boar  
*Flies*, like a *Parthian* quiver, from our rages,  
Stuck with our well-fee'd darts.

V. 135. *With cover'd hands.*] *Velatis manibus.* Agreeably to the ceremony ufed on thefe occafions.

With

With the gold cup King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from,  
 In token of his valour."---Thus I'll tell  
 My story to my lady. I'll proceed now  
 T' obey my master's orders, for which purpose  
 I'll take me home.

MERC. Ah, ha! he's coming hither: 145  
 I'll meet him then. I must not let him enter  
 Within the doors to day: but since I bear  
 His semblance, I'm resolv'd to play him off.  
 As I've assum'd his form and garb, 'twere fit  
 I should resemble too his deeds and manners: 150  
 I must be sly,---a cunning knave,---and fight him  
 With his own weapons, drive him from the door  
 By villainous craft.---But, how now, what's the matter?  
 He's staring at the sky.---I'll watch his motions.

Sos. As I have faith in any thing, as sure 155  
 As I know any thing, I think and know,  
 That *Night* this night went drunk to bed: for see!  
 The seven stars are motionless, the moon  
 Has stir'd not, since she rose; nor is *Orion*,  
 The evening-star, or *Pleiades* yet set: 160  
 The signs stand stock still; and the night don't budge  
 A jot for day.

MERC. Good Night, as you've begun,

V. 142.] Here concludes *Sofia's* long, and (as it should seem) *mal-à-propos*, narration. With the fears about him, which he expresses at the beginning of the Scene, one might naturally imagine he would be in a hurry to get home, and not have loitered in the street to make a rehearsal of his set speech. But the critics have admired the address of our author, in thus contriving to inform the audience of particulars, which otherwise they would not have known with so much propriety.

Go on, obsequious to my father's pleasure :  
'Tis the best service, for the best of beings,  
Best done ; and you will find your interest in it.

Sos. I think I never saw a longer night 165  
'Than this, except one night, when I was drub'd,  
And hung up by the heels : yet this methinks  
Exceeds e'en that in length. --- Faith I believe  
The Sun has drank too much, and dropt asleep.

MERC. Say you so, varlet ? Do you think the Gods  
Are like yourself ?---You hang-dog !---but I'll pay you  
For your vile deeds and speeches. Come but hither,  
You'll find your ruin.

Sos. Where are those gallants,  
So loth to lye alone ?---A rare night this,  
To have their penny-worths of their doxies.

MERC. Faith

This fellow hits my father to an ace, 175  
Who now is lying in *Alcmena's* arms,  
His heart's desire indulging.

Sos. I'll go in,  
And tell *Alcmena* what my master bade me.

(*Advancing discovers Mercury*)

What do I see ? a man before the house, 180  
So late at night ? I like him not.

MERC. The rogue  
Has not his equal for rank cowardice.

Sos. What is he ?---By his motions he should seem

V. 163.] *Optumo optumè optumam operam das.* These ringing  
of the changes upon words is too common in our author, even  
where no comicality is designed ; but in this place, I imagine,  
it is meant.

A weaver, and would fain now trim my jacket.

MERC. He's frighten'd : I'll have sport with him.

Sos. I'm ruin'd :

How my teeth chatter ! sure he's posted here 186

To give me a reception with his fists.

Troth he takes pity on me ; and because

My master now has made me keep awake,

He'll lull me with his fists to sleep.---Look, look---

I'm lost for ever---what a swinging rogue ! 191

How brawny !---

MERC. I'll draw nearer, raise my voice

That he may hear me, and from thence conceive

More terrible fears within him.---(Loud) Come my fists,

To action ;---stir ye ;---'tis a long long while 195

Since ye have made provision for my belly.

Methinks it is an age since yesterday

Ye stript four men, and laid them dead asleep.

Sos. I'm fore afraid, that I shall change my name ;

No longer simple *Sosia*, but be stil'd 200

*Sosia The Fistb.*--- He says, he laid asleep

V. 184.] *Vult pallium detexere.* The interpretation put upon this passage by *Janus Douza*, (and it seems to be a right one,) is, that *Mercury* throws out his arms in the manner that Weavers do when at work. On this the joke, such as it is, appears to depend. I could think on nothing better to preserve it in some measure, than to use a familiar phrase in our tongue--- to trim a jacket.

V. 187.] See V. 13. of this Scene.

V. 200.] *Quintus fiam è Sosia.* This cannot be translated ; and *Cooke's* allusion to it, which I have adopted, may serve the purpose well enough to illustrate it. *Ius, Iius, &c. Vus, &c.* were common appellations among the *Romans*, for the same reason as we have *Johnson, Robertson, Williamson, &c. &c. &c.* among us.

Four

FOUR men : I fear, I shall augment the number.

MERC. (*Throwing about his arms.*) There I could  
have him; Sa---this is the way,  
This does the business.

Sos. He's prepar'd for action :  
He puts himself in posture.

MERC. He sha'n't scape  
Without a drubbing. 205

Sos. Who ?

MERC. Whoever comes  
This way, shall eat my fits.

Sos. Pshaw ! I don't like  
To eat so late at night --- Away with them. ---  
I sup't just now --- Then pray bestow your supper  
On them that have more appetite, 210

MERC. This fit  
Is not of trifling weight.

Sos. I'm a dead man :  
He's weighing of his fits.

MERC. What if I stroak him  
Gently to sleep ?

Sos. You'll do me a great service ;  
For I have watch'd these three whole nights together,

MERC. That's but a paultry action : --- No, my fit,  
Thou hast not learnt to smite a cheek so poorly. 215  
One glance of thine would make a man put on

V. 214. *These three whole Nights together.*] *Continuas* has *tres noctes*. I could almost be of opinion, that *Sofia* here means the *ne* night only, on which he had been sent home, but which appeared to him as long as *three* nights, and in reality was so, according to the fable. It is with diffidence I submit it to the learned reader, whether *CONTINUAS* (*without interruption*) may not imply as much,

Another form.

Sos. He'll vamp me up a-new,  
New mould my face.

MERC. If lustily thou strik'st,  
A mercy on his bones!

Sos. Why sure he means 220  
To bone me like an eel. I wish him further  
With these his boning tricks. --- I'm a dead man,  
If he should see me now. ---

MERC. Some fellow stinks  
To his destruction.

Sos. How now! do I smell?

MERC. Nor can he be far off, though he has  
been so. 225

Sos. Sure he's a conjurer.

MERC. O how my fists  
Itch to be at it!

Sos. If you mean on me  
To exercise them, prithee cool them first  
Against the wall.

MERC. A voice flies to my ears.

V. 218. *Vamp me up a-new.*] The word in the original is, *interpclabit*. *Interpolare*, according to *Nonius*, *est novam formam ex vetere fingere*, and is used in a figurative sense alluding to the fuller's business.

V. 226. *A conjurer.*] *Superstitiosus*. The latter part of the preceding line---*verum longè hinc absuit*---"he has been far off" is given by *Madam Dacier* to *Sofia* merely from her own conjecture: but as *superstitiosus* means a diviner, or as we say in *English* "a conjurer," this arbitrary alteration of the Text is unnecessary. *Sofia* is surpris'd, that *Mercury* should know he had been far off, (that is abroad) and naturally exclaims--- "Sure he's a conjurer."

Sos.

Sos. Unlucky, that I did not clip it's wings, 230  
Since 'tis a bird-like voice.

MERC. The wretch! he calls for't,  
He claims it of me, a most heavy lading  
On his beast's back.

Sos. Not I; --- I have no beast  
Of burthen truly.

MERC. Yes, he shall be loaded  
Well with these fifts.

Sos. In troth I am fatigued 235  
With coming from on shipboard, and e'en now  
I am so crop-sick, I can scarcely crawl,  
Even without a lading. Do not think then,  
That I can carry burthens.

MERC. Certainly  
'Tis *Some-one* speaks.

Sos. I'm safe; he sees me not. 240

V. 231. *A bird-like voice.*] *Volucrem vocem.* To preserve the allusion more strongly, I am inclined to think, that *volucrem* in this place is rather a substantive than an adjective, as it is generally interpreted---*a flying voice.*

V. 240. *Some one speaks.*] *Nescio quis loquitur.* The humour of *Sofia's* reply consists in his understanding *Nescio quis* (*Some-one*, as I have turned it) to be the *name* of a person. I need not perhaps mention that a similar joke is to be found in *Homer's Odyssey*, towards the end of the Ninth Book, where *Ulysses* gives an account of his having imposed on *Polyphemus*, by calling himself ΟΥΤΙΣ, which signifies NO-MAN. The annotator to *Pope's* translation justly observes that, however delighted *Eustathius* and *Dacier* might be with this play upon words, it is fitter for the two *Sofias* in our Author. He takes notice of *Euripides* having a play upon the same subject, borrowed from *Homer*, called the *Cyclops*, which turns upon this very circumstance; but he is mistaken in imagining it a *serious* tragedy, it being the only instance in antiquity of a *comic* one, if I may be indul-

He says, 'tis *Some-one* speaks : now verily  
My name is *Sofia*.

MERC. As it seems, the voice

indulged the expression. I shall just quote sufficient for the uninformed reader to understand the use that was made of this ambiguous term. When *Ulysses* had put out the single eye of *Polyphemus*, the giant by his bellowing gathered a crowd of *Cyclops* together about the cave in which he had shut himself up, who naturally asked him, "What hurts thee?" &c.---To which he replies---

Friends, *No-Man* kills me : *No-Man* in the hour  
Of sleep oppresses me with fraudulent pow'r.

" If *No-Man* hurts thee, but the hand divine

" Infiict disease, it fits thee to resign :

" To *Jove* and to thy father *Neptune* pray,"

The brethren cried, and instant strode away.

Pope's ODYSSEY. B. IX.

*Euripides* (after *Homer*) has the like dialogue between the *Cyclops* (*Polyphemus*) and the *Chorus*.

*Chorus*. ---What makes you, *Cyclops*, thus exclaim ?

*Cyclops*. O I'm undone !

*Chorus*. You seem a filthy figure.

*Cyclops*. I am most wretched.

*Chorus*. Surely you got drunk,  
And tumbled down among the embers.

*Cyclops*. NO-MAN

Has been my ruin.

*Chorus*. NO-MAN then has hurt you.

*Cyclops*. NO-MAN has blinded me.

*Chorus*. You are not blind then.

*Lucian* has a very humorous dialogue on the same subject.

There is the same kind of humour in *Shakespeare's Much a-do about Nothing*, where an ignorant watchman, overhearing a conversation, mistakes an expression used by one of the party for a person's name.

*Borachio*.---Seest thou not, what a *deformed* thief this fashion is ?

*Watchman*. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief these seven years, &c.

Upon



Upon the right here strikes my ear.

Sos. I fear,

I shall be beaten for my voice that strikes him.

MERC. He's coming tow'rds me---Good.

Sos. I'm fore afraid ;

I'm numb'd all over.---Now could I not tell, 246

If any one should ask me, where I am :

Nor can I budge a foot, I am so frighten'd.---

All's over ; I have lost my master's orders,

And *Sofia* with them.---Yet I am resolv'd 250

To face this fellow, and bespeak him boldly ;

I'll seem as valiant as I can, that he

May keep hands off me. (*advances towards the door*)

MERC. You, Sir, whither go you ?

You there, that carry *Vulcan* in your horn ?

Sos. Who made you an examiner ? you, who bone  
Men with your fists ?

MERC. Are you a slave, or free ? 256

Sos. Whichever likes me.

MERC. Say'st thou ?

Sos. Ay, I say it.

MERC. You *want* a drubbing,

Sos. Now you lye, I don't.

V. 254.] *Vulcanum in cornu geris*. Meaning *light* or *fire*. The allusion is obvious ; *Vulcan* was the God of fire.

V. 258.] The original is,

Merc. *Verbero*. Sos. *Mentiris nunc jam*.

This is a mere pun. *Verbero*, as *Mercury* designed by it, is often used by our author as a Noun Substantive, to signify *a fellow that deserved trashing*, or *that had been used to it*. It is also a Verb, signifying *I thrash*. *Sofia*, in his reply, chuses to understand it in the latter sense, and as *Mercury* had not touched him

MERC. I'll make you own it.

Sos. Wherefore?

MERC. I must know

Whose you are, where you're going, what's your errand. 260

Sos. My way lies here: I am my master's servant: What are you now the wiser?

MERC. I shall make you

Hold that foul tongue of your's.

Sos. You cannot do it:

I keep it pure and clean.

MERC. How! prating still? 265

What business have you at this house?

Sos. And pray

What business have you here?

MERC. King *Creon* sets

A watch here ev'ry night.

Sos. 'Tis gracious in him

To guard our house, the while we are abroad.

But prithee now go in, and tell the family 270

Some of their fellow-servants are arriv'd.

MERC. Whose fellow you may be I know not; but if

You don't be gone this instant, I shall give you

him, says---*mentiris nunc jam*--- "Now you lye." I have endeavoured to preserve the *equivoque* by using the word *want*, as much as to say, in one sense, you *want* (OUGHT TO HAVE) a beating, and in the other, I don't *want* (DESIRE) one.

V. 264.] This is another pun, to which the learned reader will perceive I have given a different turn from what is understood to be implied in the original.

Such

Such a reception, fellow, as you will not  
Take in good fellowship.

Sos. I tell you, I 275  
Live here, and am a servant of this house.

MERC. D'ye mind? unless you take yourself away,  
I shall exalt you.

Sos. How?

MERC. You shall be carry'd :  
If I but take a cudgel, you'll not walk,  
I promise you.

Sos. Nay, but I do affirm, 280  
That I'm a servant in this family.

MERC. Look to't --- you'll have a drubbing, if you  
don't  
Be gone this instant.

Sos. Would you then desire  
To drive me from my home, when I am just  
Arriv'd here from abroad?

MERC. Is this your home? 285  
Sos. It is, I say.

V. 275.] Sof. - - - - - *Advenisse familiares dicit.*

Merc. *Nescio quàm tu familiaris es: nisi actutum hinc abis,  
Familiaris, accipere faxo haut familiariter.*

This whole passage is a pun upon the word *familiaris*, which commonly means a slave, or servant, of the house or family. In my translation I have adopted *Cooke's* turn of expression, as I think it very happy.

V. 277-8.] *Faciam te superbum---Auferere, non abibis.* This is a joke of the same cast with the preceding ones. *Taubman* interprets it as meaning,---that, after being heartily drubbed, a person is not able to stand upon his legs, but is lifted up and carried off. Others suppose, that *Mercury* threatens to kill *Sofia*, and understand the passage as alluding to a dead corpse being carried.

MERC. Who is your master then ?

Sos. *Amphitryon*, general of the *Theban* troops,  
The husband of *Alcmena*.

MERC. Ha ! what say you ?  
What is your name ?

Sos. Our *Thebans* call me *Sofia*,  
The son of *Davus*.

MERC. To thy fore misnap 290  
Art thou arriv'd, thou moniter of effrontery !---  
With made up lies, and patch'd up knaveries.

Sos. I'm come with patch'd cloaths it is true, not  
knaveries.

MERC. You lye, 'tis with your feet you come, not  
cloaths.

Sos. Ay verily.

MERC. Ay' verily then take 295  
This drubbing for your lye. *(Striking him.)*

Sos. Indeed forsooth  
I don't desire it, I.

MERC. Indeed forsooth

V. 294.] This perhaps will be looked upon as the poorest joke in the whole string of them in this scene. It must be confessed, that they appear indeed rather low and farcical; but yet they are in character from *Sofia*, and *Mercury* who declares v. 149 of this scene,

*As Pœe assum'd his form and garb, 'twere fit  
I should resemble him in deeds and manners.*

Besides we ought not to be too positive in pronouncing on the wit and humour of the ancients, as perhaps what may appear flat and insipid to us was by them highly relished on account of its allusion to well known customs or expressions, or its agreeing with the then reigning taste. The buffooneries of some of *Plautus's* slaves were undoubtedly as well received in his time, as the absurdities of *Shakespeare's* clowns were in his.

But

But you shall have it, though you don't: indeed  
'Tis so resolv'd, and 'tis not in your choice. (*Striking him.*)

Sos. I cry you mercy!

MERC. Dost thou dare affirm 300  
That thou art *Sofia*, when myself am he?

Sos. Murder! (*Still striking him.*)

MERC. This is but little in respect  
Of what you'll have in future. Now whose are you?

Sos. Your's: for your fists have mark'd me for  
your own.--- (*Mercury continues to strike him*)

Help, help, good Citizens!

MERC. Still bawling, Sirrah?  
Speak, wherefore came you here? 305

Sos. That you might have  
Somebody to belabour with your fists.

MERC. Who's are you then?

Sos. I say, *Amphitryon's Sofia*.

MERC. You shall be drubb'd more heartily for this,  
You talk so idly.---I myself am *Sofia*, 310  
Not you.

Sos. I would to heav'n you were indeed,  
That I were beating you! (*Aside*)

MERC. What! muttering?

Be dumb now. Sos. I'll

MERC. Who's your master?

Sos. Whom you will.

V. 304.] The original is---*Pugnis ufufecisti tuum. Ufufacere*  
or *ufucapere* was a term in law, and fignified the enjoying of  
property by long poffeffion or prefcription. So that the fenfe  
is---you have made me your own by having held me in poffeffion  
with your fifts. I have given it another turn.

MERC. Come prithee, what's your name?

Sos. I have no name,

But what you shall command.

MERC. You said you was 315

*Amphitryon's Sofia.*

Sos. I mistook: I meant

To say, I was *Amphitryon's Associate.*

MERC. I knew we had no servant of the name  
Of *Sofia* but myself.---You've lost the use  
Sure of your reason.---

Sos. Would that you had lost 320

The use too of your fists! (*Aside.*)

MERC. I am that *Sofia*,

You said you was.

Sos. Let us discourse in peace,

I pray you,---without hazard of a beating.

MERC. Well, for a while then we will hold a  
truce,

If you have ought to say.

V. 317.] This pun in the *Latin* depends upon the similitude of sound in the pronunciation of *Sofiam* and *Socium*. The giving a different turn to what had been said is frequent in ancient as well as modern comic writers. Thus in the *Andrian* of *Terence*, Act III. Scene IV.

DAVUS. Occidi.

SIMO. Hem! quid dixti? DAVUS. Optumè, inquam, factum.

DAVUS. (*aside*) UNDONE! SIMO. (*over-hearing*) How's that?

DAVUS. WELL DONE, I said. COLMAN.

V. 319.] The original is,

MERC. Fugit te Ratio. Sos. Utinam istuc Pugni fecissent tui.

i. e. fugissent me.

I have adopted the turn that is given to this passage in *Echard's* translation.

Sos.

Sos. I will not speak, 325  
Till peace is ratified, for you are mightier  
In fists than I.

MERC. If you have ought to offer,  
Speak; I'll not hurt you.

Sos. May I trust your honour?

MERC. You may.

Sos. But what if you deceive me?

MERC. Then  
May *Mercury's* displeasure light on *Sofia*! 330

Sos. Mark.---Now I am allow'd to speak with  
freedom,  
I am *Amphitryon's* *Sofia*.

MERC. What, again? (*Offering to strike.*)

Sos. The peace is made, the covenant's ratified:  
I speak the truth.

MERC. Beware thee of a beating. (*Threatening.*)

Sos. Do as you please, and what you please;---'tis  
true, 335

In fists you are the mightier,---yet I'll not  
Be silent on this point, do what you may.

MERC. Nay, you shall never make me, while you  
live,  
Other than *Sofia*.

Sos. Nor shall you make me  
An alien here.---We have no other *Sofia* 340  
But me, who went to th' army with *Amphitryon*.

MERC. The fellow's mad.

Sos. 'Tis you that are distemper'd.  
Why, what a plague! Am I not *Sofia*,  
*Amphitryon's* slave? Did not the ship, that brought me,  
Arrive

Arrive this night here from the *Persian* port? 345  
 Did not my master send me? Do not I  
 Stand here before our house now? Have I not  
 A lanthorn in my hand? Do I not speak?  
 Am I not broad awake? Did not this man  
 Bethump me with his fists?---In troth he did; 350

V. 345. *Persian* port.] *Portus Persicus*, in the *Eubœan* sea, so called from the *Persian* fleet that rode there, not far from *Thebes*.  
 FESTUS. (*Cooke*.)

V. 350. *In troth he did*.] *Fecit* HERCULE. *Madam Dacier*, and *M. Gueudeville* after her, (who has given a loose and free translation of our Author,) take occasion from the word HERCULE to accuse *Plautus*, of having committed here a gross *anachronism* through inattention. “*Sesfa*, (say they,) swears by *Hercules*, who is not born till the end of this very play.” There is no doubt, but that *Plautus* used this familiar expletive *hercle*, without any regard or attention to its primitive signification, as well in this play as in his others. The *hercle*, *pol*, & *depol*, &c. which occur continually in our Author and in *Terence*, were undoubtedly used in common conversation by the antients merely as words of course, without any immediate stress being laid upon them, like many of our modern oaths and execrations, though they were palpably of *religious* origin. It is well known, that these are abbreviations for swearing *per Herculem*, *per Pollucem*, *per Templum Pollucis*, &c. —By *Hercules*, by *Pollux*, by the Temple of *Pollux*, &c. In like manner there are several words in the old *English* language, (some of them now in use) which are nothing but corrupt abbreviations of the most serious and solemn appeals and asseverations, as we must suppose them to have been originally, in the times when the *Roman Catholic* religion was prevalent in this nation. Thus by the word *’Odsoons*, and *Zouns*, or *Zoous*, was meant originally *By God’s Wounds*, and *His Wounds*. So likewise by *’Odsbud*, and *Blood-an-ouns*, or *’Sblood*, was designed *By God’s Blood*, and *His Blood and Wounds*, or *His Blood*. *’Odsbodikins* is also nothing more than a corruption or abbreviation of *God’s Body and Skin*. *’Sdeath* likewise means *His Death*; as *Merbleu* or *Merbicu* in the *French* language is (*par la*) *Mort de Dieu*.

My



My cheeks smart to my sorrow still.---Then why,  
 Why do I doubt? why don't I go directly  
 Into our house? *(Makes up to the door.)*

MERC. *(Stopping between.)* What! your house?  
 Sos. 'Tis so truly:

MERC. 'Tis all a lye, all, ev'ry syllable  
 That you have said.---I am *Amphitryon's* *Sofia*: 355  
 This night our vessel left the *Persian* port:  
 The city we besieg'd, where *Pterelas* reign'd,  
 The *Teleboan* forces we o'erthrew  
 By dint of arms: *Amphitryon's* self cut off  
 King *Pterelas'* head in battle.

Sos. I can scarce *(Aside.)*  
 Believe myself, when I thus hear him talk: 361  
 He tells it off hand, as it were without book,  
 What was transacted in the war.---But heark ye,  
 What present from the *Teleboan* spoils  
 Was given to *Amphitryon*?

MERC. A gold cup, 365

V. 351.] This self-examination of *Sofia*, which has exquisite humour, could not escape that admirable judge *Moliere*; but he has not imitated the conciseness of the original. I am surpris'd, that *Dryden* has entirely omitted it.

V. 364. *From the Teleboan spoils.*] *A Telebois*. *Madam Dacier* very properly explains this:---*de prædâ Teleboum*---*from the Teleboan spoils*---as it cannot be imagined, that they, who had surrendered up their all at discretion, could have reserved any thing to present to *Amphitryon*.

V. 395. *A gold Cup.*] *Moliere* makes this present to consist of  
*Cinq fort gros diamans en neud promptement mis*---  
 in which he is followed by *Dryden*,

---*A buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large stones.*

This is indeed more conformable to modern manners, to which both the *French* and *English* play is adapted throughout.

King

King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from.

Sos. He has said.---

But where now is the cup ?

MERC. 'Tis in a casket

Seal'd with *Amphitryon's* seal.

Sos. What's the impression ?

MERC. *Sol* rising in his chariot.---What, you rascal,  
Are you upon the catch ?

Sos. His arguments 370

Have overcome me : I must e'en go seek

Another name.---'Tis strange, where he could see

All this.---But I shall trap him now most rarely :

For what I did alone, when no one else

Was in the tent, that he can never tell.--- 375

(to *Mercury*) If you are *Sofia*,---tell me,---while the  
armies

Were in the heat of battle, what did you

Do in the tent ?---Tell that, and I knock under.

MERC. There was a cask of wine.---I fill'd a cup---

Sos. He has hit it.

MERC. ---Suck'd it down unmixt, and pure 380  
As from the mother it was born.

Sos. O wonderful !

He must have hid him in the cup.---'Tis fact :

I drank a cup-full of sheer wine.

MERC. What now ?

Have I convinc'd thee, that thou art not *Sofia* ?

Sos. Do you deny it ?

MERC. Can I but deny it, 385

When I am he ?

Sos. By *Jupiter* I swear,

I am,

I am, nor do I lye.

MERC. I swear by *Mercury*,  
*Jupiter* won't believe thee ; for I know  
 He'll sooner credit me without an oath  
 Than with one he will thee.

Sos. Tell me, at least 390  
 Who am I, if so be I am not *Sofia* ?  
 I ask you that.

MERC. My pleasure when it is  
 No longer to be *Sofia*, then be thou  
*Sofia*, and welcome. Now that I am he,  
 Begone, as thou would'st 'scape a drubbing---Hence,  
 Thou fellow ! 395

Sos. Now I view him well, by heav'ns  
 I see my very figure, such as I  
 Have often seen it in a glafs.---'Tis certain,  
 He's very like me.---The same hat, same coat--- 400  
 He is as like me as I'm like myself.---  
 The shanks, feet, stature, shorn pate, eyes, nose, teeth,  
 Lips, cheeks, chin, beard, neck---'tis myself all over!  
 Need I say more to't?---If his back be scar'd,  
 There's nothing can be liker than this likeness.  
 ---Yet surely, when I think on't, I'm the same 405

V. 396. *Thou fellow!*] *Ignobilis*.

V, 400.] "He's damnably like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*,  
 "there's a patch upon my nose, with a pox to him.---*Item*, a  
 "very foolish face with a long chin at end on't.---*Item*, one pair  
 "of shambling legs, with two splay feet belonging to them.  
 "And---*summa totalis*, from head to foot all my bodily apparel."

DRYDEN'S *Amphitryon*.

It is left to the reader's determination, whether the simple and  
 concise enumeration of particulars in the original has not more

I ever was : I know my master, know  
 Our house : and verily I have not lost  
 My wits nor senses.---I'll not heed this fellow,  
 Say what he will, but knock here at the door. 410

MERC. Whither so fast ?

Sos. Why, home.

MERC. Tho' thou wer't now  
 To mount the car of *Jove*, and fly from hence,  
 Scarce should'st thou 'scape destruction.

Sos. May I not  
 Deliver my master's message to my mistress ?

MERC. To thine deliver what thou wilt, I care  
 not : 415

But I'll not suffer thee t' approach our lady.---  
 And now, if once thou dost provoke me, fellow,  
 Depart thou shalt not without broken bones.

Sos. I'll be gone rather.---Heav'ns have mercy  
 on me !

Where did I lose myself ? where was I changed ? 420  
 Why did I lose my form ? or was I haply  
 So thoughtless 'as to leave myself behind here ?  
 For certainly this fellow is possist  
 Of my whole image, which was mine before.  
 [My statue is erected in my stead :] 425

real humour in it. The circumstance at the end---“ if his back  
 “ be scar'd”---is highly in character for a slave. *Moliere* has  
 omitted the whole passage here, and made a different use of it in  
 Act. II. Scene. I. of this play.

V. 425.] This line, inclosed in crotchets, is conformable to  
 the interpretation, which *Donza* gives of this passage. See more  
 of this in a Note to the *Mojtellaria* of our Author, Act II. Scene I.

What

What never will be done when I am dead,  
 Is done, while now I'm living.---I'll return  
 Back to the port, and tell this to my master.---  
 But if he likewise know me not!--O *Jupiter*,  
 Grant that he may not:---so shall I directly 430  
 Cover my thorn crown with the cap of freedom.

[*Exit* *SOSIA*.]

## SCENE II.

MERCURY *alone*.

Well!--our affair goes prosperously on.  
 I have remov'd the greatest obstacle;  
 So that my father may indulge his love  
 Securely with *Alcmena*.---Now this fellow,  
 Soon as he sees *Amphitryon*, will tell him, 5  
 That *Sofia* drove him *Sofia* from the door.  
 What must his master think, but that he lyes?  
 He'll not believe it, that his slave has been  
 Here, as he had commanded. Thus shall both,  
 And all *Amphitryon's* family, be fill'd 10  
 With error and distraction, till my father  
 Has full enjoyment had of her he loves

V. 431.] When a slave was made free, he had after his manumission his head shaved, and a cap put on it, in the Temple of *Feronia*, who was the Goddess of Freedmen.

*Cooke from Servius.*

SCENE II.] This is palpably nothing more than a kind of continuation of the Prologue, as it is formally addressed to the Spectators, in order to acquaint them with particulars, which, according to modern notions, it were better that they should not be informed of before-hand.

Ben to satiety.---Then all will know  
 What has been done : my father in the end  
 Will reconcile *Alcmena* with her husband,                   15  
 Holding their ancient concord : for *Amphitryon*  
 Will make an heavy bustle with his wife,  
 Accusing her of foul incontinence.---  
 My strife my father will appease.---And now  
*Alcmena*, (for of her as yet                                   20  
 I know but little,) she'll to-day bring forth  
 Two children ; one born ten months from his conception,  
 The other sev'n : the one *Amphitryon's* is,  
 The other *Jupiter's* : The younger owns  
 The greater fire, the elder the inferior.---                   25  
 D'ye comprehend the mystery ?---Yet more,---  
 So tender is he of *Alcmena's* honour,  
 My father has provided these shall both  
 Be born together, that one painful labour  
 May serve for both, and that she might not fall           30  
 Under suspicion of unchastity,

V. 23.] It can hardly be conceived, that any critic, however nice and refined, should fall into so gross a mistake as to imagine, that the duration of the time of this piece must be seven months ; because, according to the ancient story, *Jupiter* was three nights, or rather one night as long as three, with *Alcmena*, in consequence of which *Hercules* was born seven months after. Yet *Hensius* and *Vossius* (as *Marolles* observes) both maintain this opinion. Their mistake palpably arose from not considering, that *Plautus* made use of the commonly received notion no farther than to accommodate it to the subject of his piece, by supposing the same circumstance to have been repeated on the night before the birth of *Hercules*.

V. 24. *The younger.*] This is *Hercules*. The other of these twins was called *Iphiclus*.

But

But their clandestine loves remain conceal'd.  
 Though as I said, *Amphitryon* shall know all :---  
 What then ?---There's no one will impute it surely  
 As scandal to *Alcmena* : for it would not 35  
 Be acting like a God to let the blame  
 Of his offences light upon a mortal.---  
 I must stop here,---the door creaks,---and here comes  
 The counterfeit *Amphitryon* with his wife  
 That he has borrow'd. (*Retires from the door.*)

S C E N E III.

*Enter JUPITER and ALCMENA.*

JUP. Farewell, my *Alcmena* :  
 Take care of that, in which we both have interest ;  
 And O ! be sparing of yourself, I pray you :  
 You've gone, you know the full time of your  
 reckoning.---  
 I must away hence of necessity :--- 5  
 Whatever child is born, you'll bring it up.  
 ALC. My lord, what business can it be, that you

V. 6. *Bring it up.*] The *Latin* word is *tollito*,---take it up. This is agreeable to a custom among the ancients. As soon as a child was born, it was laid upon the ground, and if not taken up by the father, it was disowned, and exposed. So in the *Andrian* of *Terence*, *Davus* expresses his admiration, upon *Glycerium's* being with child by *Pamphilus*, that

*Quicquid peperisset, decreverunt tollere.*

Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd

'To educate.

COLMAN.

Should

Should quit your home so sudden ?

JUP. By my faith

It is not, that I'm wearied or of you,

Or of my home : But when the chief commander 10

Is absent from his army, 'tis most likely

Things will be done, which help not, than which  
ought.

MERC. A crafty confener he, this fire of mine !  
Mind ye---how sweetly does he smooth her o'er !

ALC. Ah ! I do find indeed now by experience, 15  
How much you prize your wife !

JUP. Is't not enough,  
I love her more than any of her sex ?

MERC. Faith ; if your wife but know your tricks,  
I warrant

You'd rather be *Amphitryon* than high *Jove*.

ALC. 'Twould please me more to find it than be  
told so. 20

You leave me ere the bed, in which you lay,  
Could well grow warm : you came at midnight to me ;  
And now you're gone again.---Say, is this kind ?

MERC. I will approach and speak to her, and  
second

My father in his wheedling. (*To Alcmena.*) Never  
sure 25

Did mortal man so doat upon a wife !

He loves you to distraction.

V. 18. *Your wife.*] The original word is *illa*, which some understand as a relative to *Alcmena* ; but I am rather inclined to think with others, that it alludes to *Jove's* celestial consort *Juno*, as the sense is plainer, and the humour not unnatural for the character of *Mercury*.

JUP.



JUP. Rogue! I know you :---  
 Out of my sight.--What business is't of your's?  
 Hang-dog!--how dare you chatter?---If I take  
 A stick in hand---

ALC. O don't be in a rage. 30

JUP. Do, mutter, firrah.

MERC. (*Aside.*) This my first attempt  
 At wheedling has, I find, but ill succeeded.

JUP. Sweet wife, you ought not to be angry with me  
 For that which you complain of.--I withdrew  
 In secret from the army, stole this interview, 35  
 That you might be the first to learn from me,  
 How I succeeded.---I have told you all.---  
 This, if I had not lov'd you to th' extreme,  
 I had not done.

MERC. (*Aside.*) So --is't not as I said?  
 See, how this stroking cheers her!

JUP. I must now 40  
 Return from hence in secret, lest the troops  
 Should scent my absence, when they'll say, that I  
 Prefer'd my wife before the public good.

ALC. I cannot chuse but weep for your departure.

JUP. Come, come, no more bewailings: do not  
 Spoil 45

Those pretty eyes: I shortly shall return.

ALC. Ah me! that shortly will be all too long.

JUP. 'Tis with reluctance I must leave you here,

V. 30. *Don't be in a rage.*] *Alcmena* only says *noli*---*don't*: but it is reasonable to suppose, that *irasci*---*be angry*---may be understood.

V. 40.] *Timidam palpo percussit.*

And

And part thus from you.

ALC. Ay, I do perceive it :

For on the very night you came to me, 50

On that fame you depart. (*Hangs about Jupiter.*)

JUP. Why do you hold me ?

'Tis time ; and I would leave the city ere

It waxes light.---*Alcmena*, with this cup

I now present you, giv'n me for my valour,

The fame king *Pterelas* drank from, whom I slew 55

With my own hand.

ALC. (*Taking the cup.*) Done like your other actions :

As you are always wont to do.---By heavens

A noble gift, and worthy him that gave it !

MERC. A noble gift indeed, and worthy her

To whom 'tis giv'n !

JUP. You rascal ! what again ? 60

Why don't I put an end to you at once,

And your impertinence ?

ALC. Nay prithee, love,

Do not be angry with him with my fake.

JUP. Sweet, you shall be obey'd.

MERC. (*Aside.*) How plaguy crofs

His wenching makes him !

V. 56.] *Alcmena's* satisfaction on receiving the present of a gold cup may perhaps be understood as an oblique censure upon the ladies. Be this as it will, the character of *Alcmena* is truly amiable. She is represented as a most affectionate wife, full of innocence and simplicity ; and her distress, on being suspected by the real *Amphitryon*, is highly interesting. There is a great similarity of manners between her and *Desdemona*, labouring under the same circumstances, in *Shakespeare's Othello*.

JUP.

JUP. (*Going.*) Would you ought else? 65

ALC. This---that you'd love me, though I am away,  
Me that am your's still, though you're absent from me.

MERC. 'Tis almost day, Sir: come, Sir, let's be  
going.

JUP. Go you before: I'll follow you this instant.

[*Exit MERCURY.*

Would you ought else?

ALC. Yes, one thing---that you would 70  
Return, and presently.

V. 65. *Would you ought else?*] *Numquid vis?* It may be proper to observe once for all, that this was a common mode of expression upon taking leave or going away.

V. 66--67,] *Ut, quom absim, me ames, me tuam, te absente tamen.* "The common reading (says *Cooke*) is *me tuam absentem tamen*, "but *te absente* is in the first printed copy;" and I can but agree with him, that it is "more emphatical." This sentiment is finely amplified in *Terence's Eunuch*, towards the end of Act I. where *Phædria* takes leave of his mistress *Thais*, who by his consent was to entertain his rival *Thrafo*.

THAIS, *Numquid vis aliud?*

PHÆDRIA. *Egone quid velim?*

*Cum milite isto præsens absens ut sis :*

*Dies noctesque me ames : me desideres :*

*Me somnies : me expectes : de me cogites :*

*Me speres : me te oblectes : mecum tota sis :*

*Mecus fac sis postremò animus, quando ego sum tuus.*

*Thais.* Would you ought else with me?

*Phædria.* Ought else, my *Thais*?

Be with you soldier present, as if absent :

All night and day love me : still long for me :

Dream, ponder still of me : wish, hope for me :

Delight in me : be all in all with me :

Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to me."

COLMAN.

JUP. It shall be so :  
 My presence shall forerun your expectation.  
 Be of good heart, my love \*. [Exit ALCMENA.]

## S C E N E IV.

JUPITER *alone.*

Now, gentle Night,  
 Who long for me hast tarried, I dismiss thee ;  
 Yield thee to Day, that he at length may break  
 On mortals with a clear unclouded light :  
 And in proportion, Night, as thou wast lengthen'd 5  
 Beyond thy next career, by so much Day  
 Shall shorten his, that the disparity  
 Betwixt you may be squar'd, and Day to Night  
 Duly succeed.-----I'll go, and follow *Mercury.*

[Exit JUPITER.]

\* The impatience of *Jupiter* (the false *Amphitryon*) to be gone, and the reluctance of the fond, simple, unsuspecting *Alcmena*, at parting from him, is finely marked in this scene. It is worthy observation, that our Author has hardly dropt an expression throughout their dialogue, which can be wrested into indelicacy. *Prius abis, quam lecti, ubi cubuisti, concauit-locus*, has indeed furnished *Dryden* with an opportunity of giving scope to his imagination in the person of *Alcmena*, whose character he has made the direct reverse of that drawn by our Author. *Moliere* too is not satisfied in this scene with the simplicity of *Plautus* ; for he makes *Jupiter*, in his double character, equivocâte with *Alcmena*, in a dialogue about the difference of a *lover* and an *husband*. With all the delicacy of the writers of *his* country, he is at least sentimentally gross : but *Dryden*, who copies the *Frenchman's* idea, rapturously explains it, without any scruple, in the expression of it.

*The End of the FIRST ACT.*

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter AMPHITRYON and SOSIA, at the further End of the Stage.*

A M P H I T R Y O N.

C O M E, follow me.

Sos. I do, I'm after you,  
Close at your heels.

A M P H. Thou art the veriest rogue,---

Sos. For why?

A M P H. Because you tell me what is not,  
Nor was, nor will be.

Sos. Look ye now,---'tis like you---  
You ne'er believe your servants.

A M P H. What!---how's that? 5  
By heav'ns, thou villain, I'll at once cut out  
That villainous tongue of thine.

Sos. I'm your's, and you

V. 6.] *Herclè ego tibi istam*

*Scelèstam, scelus, linguarè abscindam.*

Our Author frequently indulges himself in this kind of jingle, without respect to character: yet we should not hastily condemn him for it, as perhaps it might possibly have been *idiomatic* in his time, however disagreeable it may sound to the modern ear. So in this scene, v. 43, *Sofia* says,

Of all grievances  
This is most grievous.

*Miserrima hæc est miseria.*

May use me as you please, and as it suits you;  
But as I've told you the plain fact, you cannot  
Make me recant my story.

AMPH. Why, you villain,--- 10  
Dare you affirm, that you are now at home,  
And here too, at this very time?

Sos. 'Tis true though.

AMPH. A plague confound you!---which the Gods  
will order,  
And so will I.

Sos. I'm your's, and in your power.

AMPH. Slave! dare you put your tricks upon your  
master? 15

Dare you affirm, what man yet never saw?---  
What never can be?---that the self-same person  
Should at one time be in two different places?

Sos. Indeed, 'tis fact I tell you.

AMPH. *Jove* confound you!

Sos. In what have I deserv'd ill at your hands? 20

AMPH. Villain, d'ye ask, who make me thus your  
sport?

Sos. With reason you might curse me, were't not so;  
I do not lye, but tell you the plain fact.

AMPH. The fellow's drunk, I think.

Sos. I would I were!

AMPH. You have your wish already.

Sos. I?

AMPH. Yes, you.---  
Say, where have you been drinking?

Sos. No where truly.

AMPH. What sort of fellow is it?

Sos.

Sos. I have told you  
Ten times already.---I'm at home, I say ;  
And I,---d'ye mark me ? I, that self-same *Sofia*,  
Am here with you.---What think you ? do I speak 30  
Plain enough now, and to the purpose ?

AMPH. Hence,  
Avaunt,---go, get thee from me.

Sos. What's the matter ?

AMPH. The plague has seiz'd you.

Sos. Why d'ye say so ?---Faith  
I feel, Sir, very well.

AMPH. But I shall make you  
Feel very ill, and very miserable, 35  
As you deserve, when I get home.---Come, follow me,  
You, who abuse your master's easy nature  
With vain and frantic stories ; who, because  
You have neglected to perform his orders,  
Come to deride him.---You relate such gross 40  
Impossibilities, such as before  
Were never heard of---Knave !---But ev'ry lye  
Your back shall answer.

Sos. Of all grievances  
This is most grievous to a trusty servant ;  
That, though he tell his master truth, the truth 45  
He is beat out of by authority.

AMPH. How this can be, convince me, thou vile  
plague,  
With arguments.---I fain would have explain'd,  
How you can be at home, and yet be here.

Sos. Troth I'm both here and there.---Well may  
one wonder !

50  
Nor

Nor can it seem more strange to you than me.

AMPH. As how?

Sos. I say, it cannot seem more strange  
To you than me; nor, as I hope for mercy,  
Did I at first believe Me-Myself *Sofia*,  
Till *Sofia*, t'other I-Myself, convinc'd me. 55  
He told distinctly ev'ry thing that past  
During our sojourn with the enemy :---  
Then he has robb'd me of my very figure  
Together with my name.---One drop of milk  
Is not more like another than that I 60  
Is like to Me: for when you sent me home,  
Before 'twas day-break, from the port---

AMPH. What then?

Sos. *I* at the door was standing long before  
*I* came there.

AMPH. Plague! what trifling stuff is this?  
Have you your senses?

Sos. I am as you see me. 65

AMPH. Sure, since he left me, he has been bewitch'd,  
And work'd on by ill hands.

Sos. Ill hands, I own;  
For he has maul'd me with his fists most sadly.

V. 67.—*Work'd on by ill hands. Sos. Ill hands, I own.]*

*Huic homini nescio quid est mali malâ objectum manu.*

Sos. *Fateor; nam sum obtusus pugnis pessumè,*

*Mala manus*, in the original, alludes to Sorcery, which gives a fair opportunity for *Sofia* to pun upon it. *Turnebus*, as quoted by *Cooke*, finds out a particular beauty in it; for he supposes, that the particular Sorcery is designed, which was practised by herbs, in which *manyal* operation is more required than in charms by the incantation of verse. Agreeably to this refinement on our Author we must suppose, that *obtusus pugnis* signifies *pounded*: but this



AMPH. Who beat you ?

Sos. I-Myself beat Me-myself,

I that am now at home.

AMPH. Be sure you answer

70

Nothing but what I ask you.---First of all,  
I willingly would learn, who is that *Sofia* ?

this expression is used by him generally, where no particular allusion can be supposed.

V. 69. *I-myself beat Me-myself.*] The *English* Idiom exactly answers to the *Latin* in this particular expression of *Egomet* and *Memet* ; and I cannot help thinking it more forcible in either language than the plain pronoun *I* or *Ego*. It is remarkable, that throughout this scene we find it frequently used in this manner. *Dryden* was not aware of this, who makes *Sofia* say, “ *I beat Me.*” But indeed in this, and throughout the whole scene, he only translates *Moliere* almost literally.

It is but too common, in all imitations, where the circumstance is of itself comic, to endeavour to heighten it by throwing in unnecessary additions in the expression. The simplicity of *Plautus* is, in this scene particularly, frittered away by *Moliere* ; and *Dryden* followed him so closely, that he forgot himself. He has even copied from the *Frenchman* the description which *Sofia* gives of his person, as he saw it in *Mercury*, though directly the opposite of what our countryman had given us of it from himself, as may be seen in the Note on V. 405. of Act I. Scene I. of this play. “ I viewed myself, as in a “ mirror, from head to foot. He was handsome, of a noble “ air, loose and free in all his motions.” *Dryden*.

*Des piés, jusqu'à la tête, il est comme moi fait ;*

*Beau, l'air noble, bien pris, les manières charmantes.*

MOLIERE.

Compare this with the quotation from *Dryden* in the above-mentioned Note.

If our Author is to be blamed for some wretched puns, what must we think of the following in *Dryden* ? He makes *Sofia* say, —“ That there was *two* I's, is as certain, as that I have *two* “ Eyes in this head of mine.”

Sos.

Sos. Your servant.

AMPH. In good sooth I have one more  
By you, than I could wish; nor ever had I,  
Since I was born, another servant *Sofia* 75  
Besides yourself.

Sos. But I do tell you now,  
You'll find, when you go home, another *Sofia*  
Besides myself; the son of *Davus*; sprung  
From the same father as myself; in form,  
And age, the same too with myself. In short, 80  
You've here a double *Sofia*.

AMPH. Your account  
Is wondrous strange!--But have you seen my wife?

Sos. He would not let me come within the door.

AMPH. Who hinder'd you?

Sos. That *Sofia*, He I spoke of,  
Who maul'd me with his fists.

AMPH. Who is that *Sofia*? 85

Sos. Myself, I say:---how often must I tell you?

AMPH. But what is't you are talking?---Have you  
not

Been sleeping all the while?

Sos. No, not the least.

AMPH. Haply you saw, if any such you saw,  
That *Sofia* in a dream.

Sos. I am not wont 90

To dream o'er your commands.---Awake I saw him;  
Awake I see you now; awake I'm talking;  
And with his fists just now did *He* awake  
Maul *Me* awake.

AMPH. What *He*?

Sos. I tell you, *Sofia*,  
That

That *I-He*.---Prithee, don't you understand? 95

AMPH. How is it possible, that any one  
Should understand such jargon as you jabber?

Sos. But you will know him quickly.---

AMPH. Who?

Sos. You'll know

That other *Sofia*.

AMPH. Follow me.---'Tis needful,  
I should first sift this matter.---See that all things 100  
Be brought from ship-board, as I order'd.

Sos. I am

Mindful and diligent t' obey your orders.

I have not drank up your authority

Together with my wine.

AMPH. Now would to heav'n,  
The fact may turn out different from your story! 105

[*They keep aloof.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* ALCMENA *attended by* THESSALA.

ALC. How scanty are the pleasures in life's course,  
If plac'd in opposition to it's troubles!  
For in the life of man to ev'ry one  
'Tis thus allotted, thus it pleases heaven,

V. 105. The direction [*They keep aloof*] is inserted agreeable to the modern practice, the utility of which is sufficiently shewn by Mr. Colman in his first Note to his translation of the *Andrian* of Terence. Notwithstanding these directions, it is necessary that the reader should keep in mind the prodigious extent and breadth of the Roman Stage, (which according to Echard) was not less

That Sorrow, her companion, still should tread 5  
 Upon the heels of Pleasure; and if ought  
 Of good befall us, forthwith there should follow  
 Of ill a larger portion.---This I feel,  
 And know it of myself now, unto whom  
 A little spice of pleasure was imparted, 10  
 In that it was permitted me to see  
 My husband but one night:---he left me, and  
 Departed on a sudden, ere 'twas day.---  
 Here seem I now deserted and forlorn,  
 Since he I doat on, prizing above all, 15

than 180 feet in the front. This will account for many things in the representation, which would be impracticable on the modern narrow stage.

V. 9.] The sentiment expressed in the foregoing lines is not only beautiful, but admirably applied to the situation of *Alcmena*. I am induced to imagine, that *Echard* has paid a compliment to *Dryden* which he by no means deserves, in saying that this is better'd by our *English* Poet, in the following rant:

Ye niggard Gods! you make our lives too long:  
 You fill them with diseases, wants, and woes,  
 And only dash them with a little love,  
 Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing hand.  
 Count all our joys, from childhood ev'n to age,  
 They would but make a day of ev'ry year.  
 Take back your seventy years, (the stint of life)  
 Or else be kind, and cram the quintessence  
 Of seventy years into sweet seventy days;  
 For all the rest is flat, insipid being.

Be this as it may, *Dryden* puts this reflection into *Alcmena's* mouth at the time she is parting from *Jupiter*, the false *Amphytryon*, and the reflection on this occasion favours rather of indelicacy, especially as it almost immediately follows a speech from her, which is not at all in character for *Alcmena*, as drawn by our Author.

Is absent from me.---I have ta'en of grief  
 From the departure of my husband more  
 Than I receiv'd of pleasure from his coming.  
 In this, however, am I blest at least,  
 That he has conquer'd, and is home return'd 20  
 With honours heap'd upon him :---that's a comfort.  
 Let him be absent ; so that he return  
 Crown'd with the acquisition of bright fame,  
 I'll bear it, his departure, with a mind  
 Resolv'd and stedfast :---If this recompense 25  
 Be giv'n me, that my husband shall be stiled  
 A conqueror in battle, I shall think  
 I have enough.---Valour's the best reward :

V. 28. *Valour.*] *Virtus* in the original, it has been well observed by the commentators, signifies (as I have translated it) *Valour* ; and they properly remark, that this encomium on that favourite *Virtue* (if I may so call it) must have been particularly agreeable to a *Roman* ear. We may add, that it is also quite in character for a Soldier's wife. I make no question, but that it would equally be applauded on the *English* Stage: *Moliere*, however, gives it another turn, which indeed is very tender, but I doubt whether it is more natural. It will be sufficient to quote *Dryden*, who takes the *Frenchman's* thought, tho' he does not directly copy his expression. It ought to be observed, that *Alemena* (in our *English* Author) utters these tender thoughts, before she sees her supposed husband in the person of *Jupiter*.

---I fear for my *Amphitryon's* life :---

\* \* \* \* \*

Sustaining all his care, pierc'd with his wounds :

And if he fall (which O ye Gods avert !)

I'm in *Amphitryon* slain, &c.

So different indeed is *Dryden's Alemena* from our Author's, that she says to *Jupiter*, her supposed husband, on their parting,

Curse on this honour, and this publick fame :

Would you had less of both, and more of love !

'Tis Valour, that surpaffes all things else :  
 Our liberty, our safety, life, estate, 30  
 Our parents, children, country are by this  
 Preserv'd, protected : Valour ev'ry thing  
 Comprifes in itself; and ev'ry good  
 Awaits the man, who is possess'd of Valour.

AMPH. I am persuaded, that my coming home 35  
 Most eagerly is wish'd for by my wife,  
 Who loves me, and by me no less is lov'd;---  
 But more especially, seeing success  
 Has crown'd our enterprife, the enemy  
 Subdued, by all men deem'd invincible:--- 40  
 (Them by my conduct and command we vanquish'd  
 In the first battle.) Of a truth I know,  
 She much expects, and longs for my return.

Sos. And don't you think my Dear expects me too ?

[AMPHITRYON advances, with SOSIA.]

ALC. Sure, 'tis my husband.

AMPH. Follow me this way. 45

ALC. Wherefore returns he, when he said just now

V. 44. *My dear expects me too.*] From this expression *Moliere* has very happily struck out an additional improvement of our Author's plan, in the character of *Sofia's* Wife, whom he calls *Cleantbis*. It may easily be supposed, that, as *Mercury* bears the resemblance of *Sofia*, many natural embarrassments must arise. *Dryden* has also a wife to *Sofia*, whom he calls *Bromia*; but he has likewise added an attendant, or waiting-maid, to *Alcmena*, by the name of *Phædra*. In this latter instance I cannot help thinking, that *Mercury* (under the disguise of *Sofia*) betrays his godship beyond all the rules of *probability*; and in the former, there is surely too much of the *vulgar*.

He

He was in hurry to be gone?---And is it  
His purpose then to try me?---Would he prove,  
How I affect his parting?---By my faith  
To me he's always welcome.

Sos. We had best 50

On board again, Sir,

AMPH. Wherefore?

Sos. Nobody

Will give us here a dinner.

AMPH. How came that

Into your mind?

Sos. Because we're come too late.

AMPH. How so?

Sos. See there before our house *Alcmena*  
Stands with her belly full. 55

AMPH. At my departure  
I left her big with child.

Sos. Alas, poor me!

AMPH. Why? What's the matter?

Sos. O I am come home

Just in the nick of time to fetch her water:  
For she is gone, according to your reckoning,  
Ten months.

AMPH. Have a good heart.

Sos. Nay, do you know 60

What a good heart I have? If I but take  
The bucket once in hand, now never trust me  
From this day forward, if I do not draw

V. 55. *Her belly full.*] *Ante ædes stare futuram intelligo.*

V. 58. *Fetch her water.*] The commentators have shewn, that  
bathing was used among the ancients upon child-delivery.

The

The well's heart's-blood up, when I set about it.

AMPH. Follow me.---Never fear : I will appoint 65  
Another to that business.

ALC. (*advancing*) I shall shew  
My duty more, if I approach and meet him.

[AMPHITRYON and ALCMENA meet.]

AMPH. With joy *Amphitryon* greets his wish'd-for  
Spouse,

Whom he accounts the best of all in *Thebes*,  
Whom all our *Thebans* so extol for virtue! 70  
How have you far'd this age since?---Did you long  
For my return?

Sos. (*ironically*) O yes, extremely long'd!---  
One could not take less notice of a dog.

AMPH. It joys me that I see you burthen'd thus,  
Bearing your load so well.

ALC. Prithee, my lord, 75  
Why do you thus salute me in the way  
Of mockery? why address me all so strange,  
As though you had not seen me very lately,  
As though it were the first time you return'd  
Home hither from the conquest of your foes? 80  
Why, why do you accost me now, as though  
You had not seen me for a long time past?

AMPH. By all that's sacred, never till this hour  
Have I beheld you.

ALC. Why will you deny it?

V. 64. *The well's heart's-blood.*] *Puteo animam.* The *English*  
is *Echard's*; and conveys, I think, the sense of the original. The  
learned *Camerarius*, as *Cooke* informs us, gravely says, that "water  
" is to a well, what the life, or *soul*, is to animals."

ALC. Why



AMPH. Because that I have learnt to speak the truth.

ALC. He who unlearns what he has learnt, does  
wrong.--- 85

You'd try my disposition!---But what makes you

Return so soon?---Has any ominous thing

Retarded, or the weather kept you back?---

How comes it to the army you're not gone, 90

As lately you declar'd that you was going?

AMPH. Lately! how lately was it?

ALC. Do you try me?---

A while ago, just now, this very instant.

AMPH. How can that be, I pray you, as you say,---

A while ago, just now?

ALC. And can you think 95

I'd play the fool as you do, who maintain

This is your first arrival, when e'en now

You parted hence?

AMPH. How wild she talks!

Sos. Have patience,

Till she has slept out this one dream.

AMPH. She dreams

With her eyes open.

ALC. No, I do not dream; 100

But am awake, and waking I relate

That which is true: for now ere break of day

I saw both him and you.

AMPH. Where? in what place?

ALC. Here, in your own house.

AMPH. No, it could not be.

Sos. Hold, Sir.---Who knows but that the vessel

brought us 105

Sos. From

From the port hither, while we were asleep ?

AMPH. Will you too join in her extravagance ?

Sos. What would you have me do, Sir ? Don't you know,

If you oppose a *Bacchant* in her rage, 110

You'll make her desperate ; she'll strike the oft'nèr ;

But if you humour her, one stroke contents her.

AMPH. By heav'n's but I'm resolv'd to rate her, since  
She will not welcome me.

Sos. Do, thrust your hand  
Into an hornet's nest.

AMPH. Hold your tongue, firrah.---  
*Alcmena*, I would ask one question.

ALC. Ask, 115

And welcome.

AMPH. Is it frenzy, or is't pride,  
Which thus possesses you ?

ALC. My lord !---How came it  
Into your thoughts to ask so strange a question ?

AMPH. You were wont hitherto to welcome me  
On my return, and greet me in such terms, 120  
As virtuous wives use to their husbands.---Now  
I've found your practice other.

ALC. By my faith,  
My lord, most certainly on yesternight  
I welcom'd you as soon as you arriv'd,

V. 109. This is explained by a religious custom among the *Romans* ; when women, in honour of *Bacchus*, used, at the festival appropriated for that purpose, to strike every one, that came in their way, with a *Thyrsis*, a wand so called. It is humour in *Sofia* to suppose, that *Alcmena* is a *Bacchant*, or (in other words) *frantic*.

And

And ask'd you at the same time of your health, 125  
And took you by the hand, and gave a kiss.

Sos. How! yesternight you welcom'd him?

ALC. I did;---

And you too, *Sofia*.

Sos. Sir! I was in hopes,  
She'd bring you forth a boy; but now, believe me,  
She is not gone with child.

AMPH. How do you mean? 130

Sos. Far gone with madness.

ALC. No, I am not mad,

And pray to heav'n to speed me in my labour:---  
But if your master treat you as he ought,  
You'll be rewarded for your ominous words.---  
'Twill *hap ill* to you.

Sos. It should be to you: 135

An *apple's* proper for a pregnant woman,  
That she may have something to chew upon,

V. 126.] We may hence learn the particular mode of salutation or reception practised by the ancients.

V. 130—31. *Gone with child—far gone with madness.*]

*Non est puero gravida—infaniâ.*

This is a joke, which I have endeavoured to express in the best manner I could. But I own, I was extremely puzzled to preserve the least trace of that which follows.

V. 136. *'Twill hap ill to you.*] *Tu magnum Malum habebis.*

Sos. *Enim vero prægnanti oportet Malum dari.*

*Malum*, in the original, has the double meaning of an *Ill* and an *Apple*. The commentators who have explained this passage, have yet left us in the dark about the reason, why an apple (or any fruit) should be given to a pregnant woman. Poor as this pun seems to be, it is repeated in Act IV. Scene III. v. 16. of this play.

If she begin to faint.

AMPH. You saw me here  
Last night?

ALC. I did, I say :---must I repeat it  
Ever so often?

AMPH. In a dream perhaps. 140

ALC. No, we were both awake.

AMPH. Alas! alas!

Sos. What ails you, Sir?

AMPH. My wife is gone distracted.

Sos. She's troubled with black bile, and nothing  
fooner

Works men to madness.

AMPH. (*to Alc.*) When did you perceive  
Yourself first seiz'd?

ALC. By heav'n there's nothing ails me. 145

AMPH. Why then d'ye say you saw me, when we  
came

But last night into port; and there I sup'd,  
There rested the whole night on board the ship;  
Nor have I set my foot here in the house,  
Since with the army I march'd hence against 150  
Our foes the *Telebeans*, and o'ercame them.

ALC. With me you sup'd, with me you pass'd  
the night.

AMPH. How's that?

ALC. I speak the truth.

AMPH. No, not in this,  
Howe'er in other matters.

V. 143. *Black bile.*] *Atrâ Bili percita est.* Madness by the  
ancients was attributed to the Bile.

ALC. You

ALC. You departed  
Back to the army at the dawn of day. 155

AMPH. How could that be ?

Sos. She's very right : she's telling you  
Her dream, while now 'tis fresh upon her memory.  
Indeed, good dreaming Madam, when you wak'd,  
You should have offer'd a falt cake or frankincense  
To *Jove*, disposer of strange prodigies. 160

ALC. A mischief on your head !

Sos. On your's, unless  
You have a care.

ALC. This Fellow dares again  
Speak rudely to me with impunity.

AMPH. (*to Sofia.*) Hold your tongue, firrah. (*to Alc.*)

Tell me, did I leave you  
At break of day this morning ?

ALC. Who but you 165  
Recounted to me, how the battle went ?

AMPH. And know you that too ?

ALC. Surely,---since from you  
I heard it ; how you took their capital city,  
And slew king *Pterelas* yourself.

AMPH. Did I,  
I tell you this ?

ALC. Yes, you ;---and *Sofia* here 170  
Was by too.

AMPH. (*to Sofia.*) Did you hear me tell her this ?

Sos. Where should I hear you ?

AMPH. Ask herself.

V. 159.] A custom among the antients.

K 2

Sos. In

Sos. In troth

No, never in my presence, that I know of.

ALC. Ay to be sure,---he'll contradict you doubtless!

AMPH. Come hither, firrah:---look me in the face.

Sos. I do, Sir. 175

AMPH. I would have you speak the truth

Without or favour or affection to me.---

Say, did you hear me give her such account,

As she affirms?

Sos. Prithee art thou too mad,

To ask me such a question?---when it is 180

The first time I have seen you here together.

AMPH. Now, Madam!---do you hear?---

ALC. I hear him utter

That which is false.

AMPH. So---then you won't believe

Or him, or me your husband?

ALC. I believe

Myself,---and know what I have said is true. 185

AMPH. Will you affirm I came here yesterday?

ALC. Will you deny you went from hence to-day?

AMPH. I do;---and do affirm, that this is now  
My first arrival.

ALC. And will you deny too,

That you presented me with a gold cup, 190

You told me had been giv'n to you?

AMPH. By heav'n

I neither gave it you, nor told you of it;---

Though I was so dispos'd, and am so now,

That cup to give you.---But who told you of it?

ALC. I

ALC. I heard it from yourself,---from your own hands 195

Receiv'd the cup.

AMPH. Hold, hold, I do beseech you.---

*Sofia*, I marvel much how she should know  
I was presented with a golden cup ;---  
Unless yourself have lately been with her,  
And told her all.

Sos. Not I ;---I never told her, 200  
Nor saw her, till with you, now.

ALC. What a knave !---  
Would you that I produce the cup ?

AMPH. Produce it.

ALC. It shall be done.---Go, *Thessala*, and bring  
The cup here, which my husband this day gave me.

[*THESSALA goes in, and AMPHITRYON and SOSIA walk on one side.*]

AMPH. Step hither, *Sofia*.---Of all wonders I 205  
Should wonder most, if she should have the cup.

Sos. Can you suppose that possible, when here  
It's in the casket, (*shewing it*) seal'd with your own  
seal ?

AMPH. Is the seal whole ?

Sos. Look at it.

AMPH. 'Tis secure,---

V. 201. *What a knave !*] *Quid hoc fit hominis !* There is a dispute among the commentators about the meaning of this sentence, and by whom it should be spoken. I may perhaps be wrong in giving it to *Alcmena* ; but I cannot persuade myself, that it will come with more propriety from any other person.

V. 205.] *Præter alia mira miror maximè.*

Just as I seal'd it.

Sos. Should she not be treated 210  
Like a mad person?

AMPH. On my troth there's need on't;  
For sure she is possess'd.

[THESSALA returns with a Gold Cup.]

ALC. Need there more words?  
See, here's the cup.

AMPH. O give it to me.

ALC. There,---

Look at it well, you that deny your deeds:  
But this will openly convince you.---Say, 215  
Is't not the same, with which you was presented?

AMPH. O *Jupiter!* what do I see?---It is  
The very cup.---*Sofia*, undone for ever!

Sos. Sure she's the greatest juggler that e'er breath'd,  
Or else the cup must be in here.

AMPH. Dispatch,--- 220  
Open the casket,---quick,

Sos. Why need I open it?  
'Tis seal'd securely :---so far all is well.---

You have brought forth, Sir, an *Amphitryon*; I  
A *Sofia* :---If the cup bring forth a cup,  
Then shall we all have doubled one another. 225

AMPH. I am resolv'd to open, and inspect.

Sos. Look if the seal be right,---that afterwards

V. 210, &c.] The Latin words are *Cerrita*,—*Larvarum plena*.  
By this is meant, “tormented in mind by the anger of *Ceres*, or  
the possession of Spirits,” according to *Nonius*, as translated by  
*Cooke*.



You may not lay the blame on me.

AMPH. Come open it

This instant; for she means to drive us mad.

ALC. Whence could I have this present but from  
you? 230

AMPH. That must I find.

Sos. (*Opening the casket.*) O Jupiter! O Jupiter!

AMPH. What ails you?

Sos. There's no cup here in the casket!

AMPH. What do I hear?

Sos. The truth.

AMPH. Sad truth for you,

Unless the cup appear.

ALC. (*Shewing it.*) It doth appear.

AMPH. Who gave it to you?

ALC. He that asks the question. 235

Sos. You're on the catch, good master!--You  
have stole

Some other way in private from the ship  
Before me, took the cup out, giv'n it her,  
And seal'd the casket up again.

AMPH. Ah me!

You help her frenzy too.---(*To Alc.*) You say we  
came 240

Last night here?

ALC. So I say, and on your coming  
Strait you saluted me, as I did you,  
And met you with a kiss.

AMPH. (*aside*) I do not like  
That kiss in the beginning.---Well---go on.

ALC. You bath'd.

AMPH. What after bathing?

ALC. You

ALC. You fat down 245

To table.

Sos. Bravo! excellent! examine her.

AMPH. (*to Sof.*) Don't interrupt.---(*to Alc.*) Proceed you in your story.

ALC. The supper being serv'd, we supp'd together. I fat me down---

AMPH. On the same couch?

ALC. The same.

Sos. So then!---methinks this banquet is not relish'd! 250

AMPH. (*to Sof.*) Let her go on.---(*to Alc.*) What after we had supp'd?

ALC. You said you found yourself inclin'd to sleep: The table was remov'd: we went to bed.

AMPH. Where did you lye?

ALC. With you, in the same chamber, In the same bed.

AMPH. You've utterly destroy'd me! 255

Sos. What ails you?

AMPH. She has giv'n me my death's wound!

ALC. What have I done, I pray?

V. 249. *On the same couch?*] *In eodem lecto?* This is agreeable to the custom of the ancients, who, at their repasts were placed upon couches in a reclining posture.

V. 258. *What ails you?*] *Quid tibi est?* “*Amphitryon* having “ a little before said—*quid tibi est?*—to *Sofia*, when he seemed “ astonished at opening the casket, and finding the cup gone, the “ poet makes *Sofia* retort the question upon his master with some “ humour here.” This is an observation of *Cooke*; but perhaps it may seem too refined, as this is a common expression frequently used without any particular allusion.

AMPH.

AMPH. O I am a lost, lost wretch,  
 Since foul dishonour, while I was away,  
 Has stain'd her chastity.

ALC. My Lord!--I pray you, 260  
 Why do I hear such language from your tongue?

AMPH. Am I your Lord?---Thou false one!--do  
 not call me  
 By that false name.

Sos. A pretty business truly,  
 If she has chang'd him now from Lord to Lady!

ALC. What have I done, that you should talk to  
 me 365  
 In terms like these?

AMPH. When you yourself proclaim  
 What you have done, why ask of me in what  
 You have offended?

ALC. Is my being with you,  
 Who are my husband, an offence to you?

AMPH. With me? was you with me?---O impu-  
 dence 270  
 Unparallel'd!-- If you are void of shame,  
 You might at least have borrow'd the appearance.

ALC. The crime, with which you charge me, ne'er  
 disgrac'd

V. 264.] The original is,

ALC. *Cur istuc, mi Vir, ex te audio?*

AMPH. *Vir ego tuus sum? Ne me appella, falsa, falso nomine.*

Sos. *Hæret hæc res, siquidem hæc jam mulier facta est ex viro.*

The ambiguity of *Sofia's* pun in this place depends on the double signification of *Vir*, which means a *Man* and an *Husband*. Poor as it is, it answers very well in the *English* Word *Lord*, which I found in *Echard's* translation.

Our family ; and though you mean to fix  
 The imputation on me of incontinence, 275  
 You cannot trap me.

AMPH. O immortal Gods !---

At least you know me, *Sofia* ?

Sos. Pretty well.

AMPH. Did I not sup last night on board our ship  
 In the *Euboean* port ?

ALC. I have at hand

Witnesses likewise, ready to confirm 280  
 All that I say.

AMPH. How ! witnesses ?

ALC. Yes, witnesses.

AMPH. You produce witnesses ?

ALC. Yet one's sufficient :

For nobody was by besides ourselves,  
 But *Sofia*.

Sos. Troth I know not what to say  
 In this affair.---Haply there is some other 285  
*Amphitryon*, who takes care, Sir, of your business,  
 And does your office here, while you're away.  
 'Tis very wonderful that other *Sofia*,---  
 But this *Amphitryon* is a greater wonder !

ALC. Now by the kingdom of the Pow'r Supreme,  
 By *Juno*, Matron Goddess, whom to fear 291  
 And reverence is most fitting, here I swear,  
 That never mortal man, save you alone,

V. 293. *Mortal man.*] *Mortalis nemo.* I have hitherto had sufficient occasion to take notice of the refinements of the critics in finding out beauties never thought of by the Author. *Boxborn*, from this common expression, meaning no *man* or *person* in general, and often used as such by our Author and others, has discovered

I has had my love,---none wooed me to dishonour.

AMPH. Would this were true!

ALC. I speak the very truth; 295

But all in vain, since you will not believe.

AMPH. You are a woman, and can boldly swear.'

ALC. Bold may she be, who no offence has wrought,  
And with a confident and haughty spirit  
Plead her own cause.

AMPH. You're bold enough.

ALC. No more 300

Than does become a modest and a virtuous.

AMPH. As far as words can make you, you are  
honest.

ALC. I hold not that my portion, which is call'd so,  
But honour, modesty, subdued desires,  
Fear of the gods, affection for my parents, 305  
And friendship with my kindred,---that to you  
I am obedient, bounteous to the good,  
And ever ready to assist the virtuous.

Sos. Now by my soul, if what she says is true,  
She is the very model of perfection. 310

AMPH. I scarce know who I am, I'm so bewilder'd.

covered a *salvo* for *Alcmena* in this declaration, with respect to her telling truth, because, says he, it was *Jupiter* (a God) whom she took for *Amphitryon*.

V. 303.] I have followed the correction made by *Gruterus*—*Verbis proba's*—(that is, *proba es--*) as I think it conveys a more forcible meaning with it than the common reading, *Verbis probas*.

V. 308.] This speech is very natural for *Alcmena*, and serves to illustrate the excellence of her character. See the following note, on v. 321.

Sos. You are *Amphitryon* doubtless : but beware,  
You do not lose yourself ; for men, you find,  
Are strangely metamorphos'd since our coming.

AMPH. I am resolv'd to search into this matter. 315

ALC. With all my heart.

AMPH. How say you ?--- answer me.

What if I bring your kinsman *Naucrates*,  
Who in the same ship bore me company :--  
If he deny all you assert for fact,

What treatment is your due ?---Can you shew cause,  
Why you should not be punish'd with divorce? 321

ALC. Prove me delinquent, then there is no cause.

AMPH. Agreed.---You, *Sofia*, lead these *captives*  
in.---

I'll find out *Naucrates*, and bring him hither.

[Exit AMPHITRYON.

Sos. (*To Alc.*) Now there is no one here besides  
ourselves, 325

V. 321. *Punish'd with divorce.*] *Mulctare matrimonio*, in the original, is explained by the commentators to mean, " fined " or *mulcted* in the dowry." We learn, that among the ancients, when a wife was convicted of adultery, the husband not only put her away, but he had a power also to retain her marriage portion. This will throw an additional lustre on *Alcmena's* speech just before, beginning v. 303, wherein she professes to prize the virtues becoming her character as her real dowry.

*Non ego illam mihi Dotem duco esse, quæ Dos dicitur,  
Sed pudicitiam, &c.*

I hold not that my *portion*, which is called so,  
But *honour*, &c.

V. 323. *These captives.*] We have nothing in the original to direct us to the precise meaning of the relative *hos*. The commentators agree in supposing it to relate to the *captives*, which *Amphitryon* had brought with him.

Tell

Tell me in sober sadness, is there not  
 Within another *Sofia*, like to me ?

ALC. Go, fellow---a fit slave for such a master !

Sos. I will be gone for good, if you command.

[*Exit SOSIA.*

ALCMENA *alone.*

'Tis wondrous strange, my husband should be pleas'd  
 Thus to accuse me of so foul a crime, 330

So wrongfully.---But I shall learn it soon,

Whate'er the cause be, from my kinsman *Naucrates.*

[ALCMENA *goes in.*

V. 329. *Gone for good.*] This is a joke in the original, which I have endeavoured to preserve, in the best manner I could, in the translation. The word---ABI---was used at the manumission, or freeing of a slave ; whence *Sofia* takes occasion to say,---ABEO, *si jubes*,---in reply to *Alcmena's* ABI.

*The End of the SECOND ACT.*

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

JUPITER *addresses himself to the Spectators.*

I'M that *Amphitryon*, whose slave is *Sofia* :  
 The same is *Mercury*, when there's occasion :  
 My dwelling's in the highest loft ; and I  
 Am also *Jupiter*, whene'er I please :  
 But now that I descend, I shift my garb, 5  
 And strait I am *Amphitryon*. For your sakes  
 I now come hither, that I might not leave  
 This play imperfect. I am come besides  
 To bring the innocent *Alcmena* aid,

V. 1.] This again is another Prologue, as it were, in the character of *Jupiter*, for which indeed there appears to be no kind of necessity or reason : It contains no information to the spectators, but what had been given them before by *Mercury*, A& I. Scene II. and nearly in the same terms.

V. 3. *My dwelling's in the highest loft.*] *In superiore habito* *cœnaculo*—is explained by all the commentators, as conveying a double sense, signifying in the first place the habitation of the heavenly *Jove*, and in the second the humble lodging of the poor actor, who plays the character, which from his condition, it is taken for granted, is in the upper loft or garret. There is undoubtedly in this scene the same jumble as in the Prologue by *Mercury*, concerning the character of *Jupiter* as a deity, and as an actor in his own person. There does not, however, appear any necessity, as it seems to me, for understanding this passage in any other sense than the plain and obvious one, as meaning the celestial habitation of *Jupiter*, especially as *Æneid* vi. the very same expression---*cœnacula maxima cœli*---the *highest* of *heaven*.

Whose



Whose husband has accus'd her of dishonour :--- 10  
 The crime myself contriv'd, to let it fall  
 Upon her guiltless head, were baseness in me.  
 Now will I feign me, as I did before,  
 To be *Amphitryon*, and confound the house ;  
 The mystery I'll afterwards disclose. 15  
 I will afford *Alcmena* timely aid ;  
 And at the self-same birth the child by me,  
 And that with which she's pregnant by her husband,  
 I'll cause her to bring forth without a pang.---  
 I order'd *Mercury* to follow me 20  
 Forthwith, if haply I should want his service.---  
 But see, *Alcmena* comes---I must accost her.  
 [JUPITER retires back.

S C E N E II.

*Enter ALCMENA.*

I cannot bear to stay here in the house.---  
 O that my husband should accuse me thus  
 Of wanton prostitution and dishonour !

*Enter ALCMENA.]* The reason given by *Alcmena* for coming out of the house, when her presence was absolutely necessary for carrying on of the plot, has been admired as a most ingenious contrivance in our Author. It is, indeed, at once natural and affecting. No pretext, however, was thought of for *Alcmena's* appearance in the second scene of the second act, when she comes out without any cause assigned, or any apparent motive. It is true, that the practice of adhering strictly to the *unity of place* has produced many absurdities ; and incidents, which naturally should have happened within doors, or in a chamber, have been represented as transacted in a street. In consequence of this, the conduct of this very play before us must appear to the moderns in

Facts he avers on facts, and loudly clamours,  
 Whilst to my charge he lays things never done, 5  
 Never by me admitted, or allow'd.  
 He thinks too I shall bear it with indifference :---  
 No, by the Gods, I will not : I'll not suffer  
 The imputation of dishonesty  
 To lay against me without cause ; for I 10  
 Will either leave him, or from him receive  
 Due satisfaction : further, he shall swear,

in many instances as forced and improbable. It can scarcely be believed, that any one should continue so bigoted to antiquity, as not to think the shifting of the scenes, as practised on our stage, a natural as well as a necessary improvement ; though perhaps it should be used by us with more propriety and moderation. The drama among the ancients was one continued representation : but as the modern practice has divided it into so many breaks or acts, when the spectator's attention is entirely interrupted, what reason can be given why he may not be presented with a new scene, when the drama is resumed ? Perhaps indeed it may not appear quite so natural to change the scene during the act : but even this, supposing it a defect, is surely much preferable to a defect in the conduct of the piece itself, merely to preserve the *unity of place*. Much has been said in the defence of the ancient practice in this particular : but after all, may it not be reasonably conjectured, that one principle motive was perhaps their ignorance in scenical machinery ?

*Moliere*, and *Dryden* after him, make *Alcmena* come out to go to the Temple, to thank the Gods for *Amphitryon's* success ; but this is cold and uninteresting.

V. 7. *Bear it with indifference.*] *Sus deque habituram*. This is the construction put upon these words by *A. Gellius*.

V. 12. *He shall swear.*] It was reckoned a sufficient atonement among the ancients, if the accuser took an oath, that he had accused any person wrongfully, which wiped off the infamy. See the form of the oath, v. 66. of this scene.

That

That he repents him it had e'er been said,  
 What he alledg'd against me innocent.

JUP. I must consent to do what she requires, 15  
 If I would meet reception as a lover.

And since it is imputed to *Amphitryon*

What I have acted, and my love for her

Has wrought her trouble although innocent,

I that am innocent must feel th' effects 20

Of his reproaches and resentment t'wards her.

ALC. But lo! behold him here,---see, see the man,  
 That charges me, unhappy as I am,

With shameless prostitution and dishonour.

JUP. (*Advancing.*) Wife, I would hold discourse  
 with you.---Ah why, 25

Why do you turn away your face thus from me?

ALC. It is my nature.---I have always loath'd  
 To look upon my foes.

JUP. Your foes!

ALC. So is it,---

I speak the truth,---although you will pretend,  
 This too is false.

JUP. (*Offering to embrace her.*) Nay, now you are  
 too angry. 30

ALC. Keep your hands off :---for sure, if you are  
 wife,

Or in your senses, you would never hold

Parley with her, in earnest or in mirth,

Whom you imagine and pronounce a strumpet;

V. 28. *My foes.*] *Inimicos.* Gronovius informs us, from *Scipio Gentilis*, that *inimicus* was a term in law, by which the husband was denoted after divorce. But perhaps this construction may appear unnecessary.

No, no,---unless of all the fools that are 35  
You are the veriest dolt.

JUP. It does not make you  
Awhit the more so, for because I said it :---  
Nor do I think you such: and therefore am I  
Hither return'd, to clear myself before you.  
For nothing ever did I lay to heart 40  
So fore as the report of your displeasute.  
Why did you mention it? Yourself shall say,  
I can acquit me of design.---By heav'n  
I did not think that you was false: 'twas only  
To try your temper, see what you would do, 45  
And with what ease you would be brought to bear it.  
All that I said indeed was said in mirth,  
Only for sport: do but ask *Sofia* else.

ALC. But why not bring my kinsman *Naucrates*,  
To testify you was not here before? 50

JUP. It is not fair to turn to earnest what  
Was only spoke in jest.

ALC. But yet I know,  
And feel, how much it pains me to the heart!

JUP. By your right hand, *Alcmena*, I intreat,  
Implore, beseech, you'd grant me this request :--- 55  
Forgive me, and be angry now no longer.

ALC. I by my virtue render your reproaches  
Vain, and of no effect; and though you now  
Acquit me of dishonour, I'd avoid  
The very imputation.---Fare you well; 60  
Keep your own things, and give me mine. You'll suffer

V. 61. *Fare you well,*

*Keep your own things, and give me mine.]*

*Valeas, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas.*

This was the formulary used in divorce.

My women to attend me?

JUP. Are you mad?

ALC. Or if you will not, I will go without them,  
Bearing my virtue with me for companion. (*going.*)

JUP. Stay:---I submit this oath to your discretion.  
“ I do believe my wife is truly virtuous:”--- 66

If I deceive in this, then, highest *Jove*,  
I do beseech you, let your anger fall

With unremitted vengeance on *Amphitryon*.

ALC. Ah! may he rather be propitious to him! 70

JUP. Trust that he will: The oath, that I have  
taken,

Is a sincere and true one.---Now, I hope,  
You're no more angry.

ALC. I am not.

JUP. 'Tis well.

For in the life of men full many a chance

V. 62. *My women to attend me.*] It was accounted, among the ancients, indecent for any woman of rank and character to appear abroad without her female attendants. This consideration gives an additional elegance to what *Alcmena* says afterwards :

*Or, if you will not, I will go alone,  
Bearing my Virtue with me for companion.*

V. 66. *My wife is truly virtuous.*] *Madam Dacier* in my opinion is justly ridiculed by *M. Gucudenville* for supposing, that *Jupiter* here means to equivocate with *Alcmena*, and by a kind of mental reservation designs in the expression of---*my wife is truly virtuous*---his celestial consort *Juno*. Such a refinement appears wholly unnecessary and improbable.

If we consider the strict regard that was paid to *Oaths* among the ancients, we may easily conceive, that nothing could be more satisfactory to *Alcmena*, or more thoroughly produce a reconciliation, than this Oath.

Befals them in this wife : and now they take 75  
 Their fill of pleasure, then again of misery :  
 Now quarrels intervene, and now again  
 They're reconcil'd :---but when these kind of quarrels  
 Haply arise betwixt two loving souls,  
 When reconciliation's made again, 80  
 Their friendship doubles that they held before.

ALC. You ought not to have said what late you did :  
 But, as you clear yourself, I am content.

JUP. See that the sacred vessels be prepar'd,  
 To pay the vows I promis'd to perform, 85  
 If I return'd in safety.

ALC. I'll take care.

JUP. Call *Sofia* hither. He shall go to *Blepharo*,

V. 81. This reflexion is a very just one, and suitable to the circumstances of *Alcmena's* quarrel with the supposed *Amphitryon*. The character of *Alcmena* is finely supported. She is in the utmost rage and indignation at having been suspected ; but as soon as she is satisfied that her husband is not jealous of her, her love for him makes her readily reconciled. *Moliere* and *Dryden* make *Jupiter* (the false *Amphitryon*) threaten to kill himself, which I cannot but think a poor artifice to enforce a reconciliation, and fitter for Prince *Prettyman* in the *Rehearsal*.

—If once more you can but say, I hate you,  
 My sword shall do you justice.

ALC. Then—I hate you.

JUP. Then you pronounce the sentence of my death.

ALC. I hate you much ; but yet—I love you more.

Several pretty *antitheses* of the same kind follow ; and *Alcmena* at her departure says, like a true coquet,

—Let me go,  
 Where I may blush alone ;—but come not you,  
 Lest I should spoil you with excess of fondness,  
 And let you love again.

The master of our vessel, and invite him  
 To come and dine with us.---As for himself, (*aside.*)  
 He shall be fool'd so as to lose his dinner ; 90  
 And when unwittingly *Amphitryon* comes,  
 I'll drag him by the throat from hence.

ALC. I wonder  
 What he is talking to himself about !  
 But the door opens---Oh, 'tis *Sofia* comes.

SCENE III.

*Enter S O S I A.*

I'm here.---Command me, if you want my service :  
 I will obey your orders.

JUP. You are come  
 Most opportunely.

Sos. Is it peace betwixt ye ?  
 For I am glad, and 'tis a pleasure to me,  
 To see ye in good humour. It becomes 5  
 A trusty servant still to fashion him  
 So as to be himself as is his master,  
 To set his face by his face, to be grave  
 If he is grave, and merry if he's merry.---  
 But come now, tell me, are you reconcil'd ? 10

V. 89. *As for himself, &c.*] There does not appear to be an absolute necessity for supposing with the commentators, that this speech (which I have marked---*aside*) was addressed to the spectators ; but, as *Echard* has very properly observed, it serves to raise their expectation, and prepare them for the incidents that are to follow.

V. 9.] This portrait of a servant suiting himself to his master's  
 [humour, may be compared with that of an obsequious parasite,

JUP. You jeer me sure,---as if you did not know,  
That what I said before was but in jest.

Sos. In jest you said it? By my troth I thought  
You spoke it seriously in sober sadness.

JUP. I've clear'd myself: we've made peace.

Sos. Best of all. 15

JUP. I have a solemn business to transact  
Within, which I have vow'd.

Sos. Ay, I suppose so.

JUP. Go to the vessel, in my name invite  
The master, *Blepbaro*, to dine with me  
After the sacrifice.

Sos. I shall be here,  
Ere you can think me there.

JUP. Return with speed.

[Exit SOSIA.]

as drawn by *Terence* in the character of *Gnatho* in the *Eunuch*,  
Act II. Scene II.

*Est genus hominum, qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt,  
Nec sunt. Hos confector: hisce ego non paro me, ut rideant,  
Sed his ultrò arrideo, et eorum ingenia admiror simul.*

*Quicquid dicunt, laudo: id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque:  
Negat quis? nego: Ait? aio: postremò imperavi egomet mihi,  
Omnia adfentari.*

There are

A kind of men, who wish to be the head  
Of ev'ry thing, but are not. These I follow;  
Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain,  
To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:  
Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again  
They contradict, I praise that too: Does any  
Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too  
Affirm: and in a word I've brought myself  
To say, unsay, swear, and unswear at pleasure.

COLMAN.

ALC. Would



ALC. Would you ought else ? or shall I now go in,  
That what is needful be prepar'd ?

JUP. Pray go,  
And to your best see ev'ry thing be ready.

ALC. Come in, what time you will : I'll take due  
care, 25  
That nothing shall be wanting.

JUP. 'Tis well spoken :  
Like an observant wife.

[ALCMENA goes in.]

S C E N E IV.

J U P I T E R *alone.*

So---both of these  
The servant and the mistress, are deceiv'd,  
In thinking me *Amphitryon* : much they err.  
Now, thou immortal *Sofia*, be at hand:---  
(You hear me, though not present:)--You must bar  
*Amphitryon's* entrance, and contrive to fool him,  
While I indulge me with this borrow'd wife.  
Look to't,---you know my pleasure,---and assist me,  
While to myself I offer sacrifice.

*The End of the THIRD ACT.*

A C T

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter MERCURY running, at the further End of the Stage.*

**S**TAND by, make room, all clear the way before me,  
Nor any be so bold to stop my speed.

[*To the Spectators.*]

Why may not I, who am a deity,  
Have the same licence as a slave in comedies,

SCENE I.] *Echard* has very judiciously remarked, that there is “a manifest Cessation of Action upon the Stage” at the departure of *Jupiter* in the last Scene. He therefore makes this begin the Fourth Act instead of concluding the Third, as it does in all the Editions of our Author. The propriety of this alteration will appear still plainer, if it be considered, that *Mercury*, at the end of his speech in this scene, mentions the approach of *Amphitryon*, who advances forward, and a dialogue soon after ensues betwixt them. The ancient drama, being one continued representation, was not originally marked out into separate acts like the modern; but the divisions were afterwards settled by the several intervals: It is no wonder therefore, that some mistakes may have happened. A similar change has been made in the *Captives*, in this Volume, with respect to the beginning of Act V. for an account of which, see the Note upon the passage.

This Scene is a kind of continuation of the Prologue, and *Mercury* addresses himself to the Spectators, as he has done in Act I. Scene II.

V. 4. *As a slave in comedies.*] It is remarkable, that this circumstance, which appears to be here ridiculed, is introduced in

With threats to bid the people clear the way? 5  
 He comes to tell th' arrival of a ship,  
 Or the approach of an enrag'd old man:  
 I am *Jove's* messenger, and hither now  
 Have hied me at his bidding: therefore is it  
 More fitting, they should clear the way for me. 10  
 My father calls, I follow him, and pay  
 Attention to his orders: I'm to him,  
 Such as a good son should be to his father.  
 I second his amours, encourage him,  
 Assist him, counsel him, rejoice with him: 15  
 If any thing's a pleasure to my father,  
 The pleasure is to me the greater far.  
 He loves, and he is wise; and he does right,  
 When he pursues the bent of his desire;  
 Which all men should, in a legitimate way.--- 20  
 Now would he have *Amphitryon* play'd upon:---  
 I'll do it rarely,---here before your eyes,

no less than three of our Author's plays. In the *Merchant*, for example, *Acanthio* runs to his master *Charinus*, to tell him that his mistress *Pasicompsa* had been seen in the ship by his father *Demipho*: In the *Stichus*, *Dinacium*, a slave, informs his mistress *Panegyris*, that her husband was put into port on his return from *Asia*; and in the *Mofcellaria*, (or the *Apparitions*) *Tranio* brings information of the unexpected coming of *Theuropides*, an old gentleman. *Terence* has censured the like practice in a playwright of his time, in the Prologue to the *Self-Tormentor*.

*Qui nuper fecit ser-vo currenti in viâ  
 Decesse populum.*

Who lately introduced a breathless slave,  
 Making the croud give way.

COLMAN.

V. 20. In a legitimate way.] *Dum id modo fiat bono.* This is understood by the commentators to mean,---*dum ne quid fiat contra leges*,---so that nothing be done contrary to law.

E'en now.---I'll place a chaplet on my head,  
 And sham the drunkard, get me up above,  
 And drive him hence, this husband, with a vengeance.  
 As soon as he approaches, from above 26  
 I'll give him such a sluicing, ye shall say,  
 He's sober, yet *in liquor*. *Sofia* then  
 Will suffer for't, accus'd of having done  
 What I shall do.---But what is that to me? 30  
 It is my duty to obey my father,  
 And be subservient to his will and pleasure.---  
 But lo! *Amphitryon* comes.---Now, if you'll lend  
 Attention, ye shall see him bravely fool'd.---  
 I'll in, and strait equip me for my part, 35  
 Then to the house-top, and thence drive him off.

[MERCURY goes in.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter AMPHITRYON.*

This *Naucrates*, whom I did wish to meet,  
 Was not on board; nor found I any one,  
 At home, or in the city, that had seen him.  
 I've crawl'd through ev'ry street, been at the riding-  
 house,

V. 23. *A chaplet.*] It was a custom among the antients to wear chaplets at their carousals.

V. 28. *He's sober, yet in liquor.*] *Faciam ut sit madidus sobrius.* I have endeavoured to preserve the pun of the original, poor as it is, in the best manner I could think of. *Madidus* signifies *wet*, and also *drunk*.

V. 35. *Equip me.*] *Ornatum sumant*---the chaplet he had spoken of.

At

At the perfumers, the exchange, the market, 5  
 The wrestling ring, the forum, at the barbers,  
 Th' apothecaries shops, at all the temples.---  
 I'm tir'd with searching ;---no where can I find him.---  
 I'll now go home, and of my wife proceed  
 To make enquiry,---who 'twas, for whose sake 10  
 She gave her body up to prostitution ;  
 For it were better I were dead than leave  
 This search unfinish'd.

(*Going to the door, finds it shut.*) They have bar'd  
 the door!

'Tis very fine!---just like their other doings!---  
 But I'll make bold to knock, and foundly too. (*knocks*)  
 Open the door---Hola there---Who's within? 16  
 Open the door, I say---Will no one open?

V. S. *No where can I find him.*] In this little scene there is a great deal of art of the poet, by making *Amphitryon* so particularly tell the several places he had been at, to look for *Naucrates* : for if it had been otherwise, the spectators might all have wondered, that *Sofia* did not meet him, since he was gone but a little before to the same place. *Echard.*

*Demca's* speech in *Terence's Brothers*, after having been put on a wrong scent by *Syrus*, is somewhat similar to this in our Author.

*Defessus sum ambulando. Ut, Syre, te cum tuâ  
 Monstratione magnus perdat Jupiter!  
 Perrepta-vi usque omne oppidum : ad portum, ad lacum ;  
 Quò non ? neque illic fabrica ulla erat, neque fratrem homo  
 Vidisse se aiebat quisquam.*

I'm tired  
 With walking.—Now great *Jove* confound you, *Syrus*,  
 You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd  
 All the town over; to the gate, the pond;  
 Where not? No sign of any shop was there,  
 Nor any person who had seen my brother.

COLMAN.

## S C E N E III.

MERCURY *appears above, with a Chaplet on his Head, pretending to be drunk.*

MERC. Who's at the door?

AMPH. 'Tis I.

MERC. I? who is I?

AMPH. 'Tis I, I tell you.

MERC. *Jove* and all the Gods  
Owe you a spite, you bang so at the door.

AMPH. How?

MERC. How?---that you may live a wretch for ever.

AMPH. *Sofia*.

MERC. Ay, I am *Sofia*:---you don't think 5  
That I've forgot my name?---What is't you want?

AMPH. Ask what I want, you villain?

MERC. Yes, you fool!

You've almost tore our door here off it's hinges :  
Think you we're furnish'd at the publick charge  
With doors?---You numscull! why d'ye stare so at me?  
What would you have?---Who are you? 10

AMPH. You whipt knave,  
D'ye ask me who I am?---You hell of elm-rods!  
I'll make you burn with smart beneath the scourge

V 12. *Hell of Elm-rods.*] *Ulmorum Achernus.* That is, according to *Taubman*, whose back devours as many elm-rods as *Acheron* does souls. So in the *Captives* of our Author,

*Væ illis virgis miseris, quæ hodie in tergo morientur meo.*

Woe to the hapless twigs  
Will dye upon my back!

For

For these affronts.

MERC. Why sure you must have been  
A spendthrift in your youth.

AMPH. For why?

MERC. Because 15  
In your old age you beg a *choke-pear* of me.

AMPH. Slave! I will have you tortur'd for this  
language.

MERC. I sacrifice to you.

AMPH. How?---what d'ye mean?

MERC. I offer a libation of ill luck.

(*Throwing water.*)

[*What follows is supplied by another hand, the original  
being lost.*]

AMPH. Is this your off'ring, rascal?---If the Gods

V. 15. *Beg a choke-pear of me.*] *Mendicas Malum.* This is the second time in this play, that our Author has pun'd upon the word *Malum*, which happens to signify an *Ill* and an *Apple*. See the Note on Act II. Scene III. v 136. I have given it the best turn I could think of in our language.

V. 19. *Libation of ill luck.*] The *Latin* is, *te macto infortunio.*—*I sacrifice ill luck to you.* As the original is lost, it is impossible to determine, whether *Mercury* was to throw water upon *Amphitryon* at this place or not; but as I make no doubt but that he was to do it somewhere, as he said he would, I have supposed it to be at this passage.

*Echard* has observed with respect to the Supplement, which is very antient, “ that the Plot and Incidents are as well carried on “ in it as *Plautus* himself could have done; and that those persons, “ who would prove it not his by the difference in style, would be “ less able to do it by the difference in spirit and genius.” It must be owned indeed, notwithstanding the affected contempt of some critics, that the imitation very nearly resembles the original.

Preserve

Preserve me what I am, your back shall bend 21  
 With many a leathern thong, laid heavy on it;  
 Victim of *Saturn*!---Yes---I'll sacrifice you---  
 With torture on the gallows.---Come you out,  
 You hang-dog.---

MERC. Apparition!---What, you think 25  
 'To fright me with your threats?---But if you don't  
 Take to your heels, if you dare knock, or touch  
 Our door here even with your little finger,  
 I'll beat about your pate so with this tile,  
 You'll sputter tongue and teeth out all together. 30

AMPH. You rascal! wo'n't you suffer me to come  
 Into my own house? knock at my own door?---  
 I'll pluck it off the hinges. (*Beating vehemently.*)

MERC. You persist?

AMPH. I do.

MERC. Take this then. (*Throwing a tile.*)

AMPH. Villain! at your master?  
 If I but catch you, to such misery 35  
 I will reduce you, you shall live a wretch  
 For evermore!

MERC. You've play'd the *Bacchanalian*,  
 Old grey-beard.

V. 23. *Victim of Saturn.*] *Saturni hostia.* Taubman remarks, that this is in allusion to those Slaves, which the *Carthaginians* used to buy, in order to sacrifice them in lieu of their own children to *Saturn*.

V. 25. *Apparition.*] *Larva umbratilis.*

V. 37. *Play'd the Bacchanalian.*] *Bacchanal exercuisse.* The feasts of *Bacchus* were celebrated with much riot and intemperance: whence a *Bacchanalian* and a *madman* were synonymous terms. So again, v. 63. *Mercury* tells *Amphitryon*, that he is *Bacchus* himself.

AMPH,



AMPH. Why?

MERC. To think I am your slave!

AMPH. Not think it?

MERC. Plague confound you! for I own  
No master but *Amphitryon*.

AMPH. Have I lost 40  
My form?---'Tis strange that *Sofia* should not know  
me!

I'll make a further tryal.---Holla! tell me,  
Whom do I seem? is't plain I am *Amphitryon*?

MERC. *Amphitryon*?---Are you mad?---I told you,  
dotard,

That you had play'd the *Bacchanalian*,  
To ask another, who you are!---But go,  
Go, I advise you, and make no disturbance:---  
*Amphitryon* is return'd, and is at rest  
A-bed now with his wife.

AMPH. What wife?

MERC. *Alcmena*.

AMPH. Who is?

MERC. How often would you have me tell you?  
*Amphitryon* my master.---Don't be troublesome. 50

AMPH. Who is he with?

MERC. Beware you do not seek  
Your own mischance in trifling with me thus.

AMPH. Nay prithee tell me, my good *Sofia*, do.

MERC. Now you bespeak me fairly!---with *Alcmena*.

AMPH. In the same chamber?

MERC. The same chamber,---yes,  
And the same bed too.

AMPH. O I am most wretched!

MERC.

MERC. (*Aside.*) What he counts los, is gain.---To  
lend one's wife,

Is to let out a barren land for ploughing.

AMPH. *Sofia!*

MERC. Well--what a plague now would you have  
With *Sofia*,---*Sofia?*

AMPH. Don't you know me, firrah? 60

MERC. I know you for a wrangling faucy fellow.

AMPH. Yet once more,---tell me,---am I not *Am-*  
*phitryon*,

Your master?

MERC. You are *Bacchus*,---not *Amphitryon*.

How often would you have me tell it you?---

Must I repeat it?---Our *Amphitryon's* here, 65

And hugging his sweet spouse.---If you persist,

I'll bring him hither,---to your cost I warrant you.

AMPH. I would that you would call him here.---

Pray heav'n, (*Aside.*)

I may not lose for my good services

My country, house, wife, family, and Myself! 70

MERC. I'll call him!---But mean while get from  
the door.---

The sacrifice is ended, I suppose,

And now to dinner.---Prithee don't disturb us,---

Or I will make a sacrifice of you.

[MERCURY *withdraws.*

V. 63. *You are Bacchus, not Amphitryon.*] *Bacchus es, haud Amphitryo.* The meaning is, that you are not only frantic like a *Bacchanalian*, but to the highest degree, even to resemble *Bacchus* himself.

See the Note on v. 37. of this Scene.

AMPH. Ye Gods! what madness has possess'd our  
house! 75

What wonders have I seen since my arrival!--  
Now do I hold those fabulous tales for true,  
Which I have heard of old, that *Attic* men  
Were in *Arcadia* turn'd to savage beasts,  
So that their friends could never know them after. 80

S C E N E IV.

*Enter BLEPHARO and SOSIA at a Distance.*

BLEPH. How, *Sofia*!---'Tis most strange what you  
relate.

You found at home another *Sofia*, say you,  
Resembling you?

V. 79. *Turn'd to savage beasts.*] The commentators explain this as alluding to certain people in *Arcadia*, whom the fables of antiquity called *Lycanthropi*, that is, *Wolf-Men*, who, it was pretended, quitted their human shapes, and assumed that of wolves for a certain time. There is a pleasant passage to this purpose in *Pliny's* Natural History, book viii. chapter 22. "*Evanthes*, says he, a writer of no small credit among the *Greeks*, relates, that the people of *Arcadia* have written, that a man of the race of one *Anteus*, being brought to a pond in the country, after having hung his cloaths upon an oak, and swam across the pond, retired into the desarts, was changed into a wolf, and herded with the animals of that species for nine years, during which time he never did any mischief to man. After this he repass'd the same pond, and resumed his former shape, being restored to the same condition he was in before, except that he was nine years older."—What a pity it is, that the good *Evanthes* has not informed us, whether that *Wolf-Man* found his cloaths still hanging upon the oak, and in good condition, except that they were nine years older!

Sos. I did, I say.---But hearkye,  
 Since I myself have spawn'd another *Sesfa*,  
*Amphitryon* an *Amphitryon*, how d'ye know, 5  
 But you too peradventure may engender  
 Another *Blepharo*? Would to heav'n, that you  
 Were thump'd and bruis'd, your teeth knock'd out,  
 and kept  
 Without a dinner; then you might believe me:  
 For I, that other *Sesfa*, who am yonder, 10  
 Maul'd me most grievously.

BLEPH. 'Tis wondrous strange!  
 But we must mend our pace; for, as I see,  
*Amphitryon's* waiting, and my empty guts  
 Begin to grumble.

AMPH. (*To himself.*) Wherefore should I talk  
 Of foreign legends, when they tales recount 15  
 More wondrous of the Founder of our *Thebes*?  
 This mighty searcher of *Europa* lost,  
 Having subdued the *Mars-engender'd* beast,  
 Rais'd on the spot a troop of armed men

V. 16. *Founder of our Thebes.*] This whole passage relates to the story of *Cadmus*, who was said to have built the city of *Thebes* in *Boetia*.

V. 17. *Searcher of Europa lost.*] *Cadmus*, as the story goes, was sent by his father *Agencor* out of *Asia* into *Greece* in search of his sister *Europa*, whom *Jupiter* had carried off in the shape of a bull. Those, who endeavour to investigate Truth in the dark disguise of Fable, have ingeniously enough imagined, that the *Skip*, in which *Jupiter* conveyed *Europa* to the island of *Crete*, was probably called the *Bull*.

V. 18. *Mars-engender'd beast.*] *Martigenam belluam*. The serpent, which we are told *Cadmus* slew, and was supposed to have been sent by *Mars*.

By sowing of the serpent's teeth :---these parted, 20  
 And 'twixt the two bands a dread fight ensued ;  
 With spear and helmet brother press'd on brother.  
 Nor is this all. *Epirus* has beheld  
 The author of our race together with  
 His spouse *Hermione*, fair *Venus*' daughter, 25  
 Creep in the form of serpents. *Jove* supreme  
 Did thus ordain from high, thus will'd the Fates.  
 All, all the noblest chieftains of our house  
 Have for their bright atchievements been persued  
 With dire afflictions ; and the same sad fate 30  
 Now presses me :---yet could I stand it's force,  
 And suffer miseries scarce to be endur'd,  
 Were but *Alcmena* honest.

Sos. *Blepharo* !

BLEPH. What ?

V. 25. *Creep in the form of serpents.*] It is related, that *Cadmus* and his wife were both turned into serpents.

V. 33. *Were but Alcmena honest.*] *De L'Oeuvre* (the *Delpbin* Editor of our Author under the *Latinized* name of *Operarius*) supposes this sentiment understood, though it is not directly expressed in the context. He therefore adds in his *Latin Interpretation*,—*si pudor conjugis esset saluus*. I have followed him, as it seems a very forcible and affecting conclusion.

The critics have cavilled at the beginning of this speech in asking, what has the sowing of the serpent's teeth to do with the situation of *Amphitryon*? He is reflecting on the distresses in which his progenitors had been involved, and very naturally begins with the author of his race.

Though it may seem a foreign quotation, I am tempted to transcribe part of *Othello's* speech, when worked up to jealousy, as an admirable comment on this reflection of *Amphitryon*.

Had it pleas'd heav'n  
 To try me with affliction, had it rain'd

Sos. I fear there's some mischance or other.

BLEPH. Why?

Sos. Look you,---our door is shut, and there's my  
matter

35

Sauntering before it, like an humble courtier  
Waiting to bid good-morrow.

BLEPH. Poh! that's nothing:---  
He's walking only for an appetite.

Sos. A curious thought indeed!---to shut the door,  
Left it should come too early.

BLEPH. Cease your yelping, 40  
You puppy you.

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience. But alas! to make me  
A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at—  
Yet I could bear that too, well, very well:  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart, &c.

*Echard* remarks upon this soliloquy of *Amphitryon*, that it is of a right *tragic* strain; the passion truly just and natural; and the thought as ingenious and moral. It seems (he says) to be writ exactly with the same spirit as *Alcmena's* speech in the beginning of Scene II. Act II.

V. 36. — — — — *Like an humble courtier,*

*Waiting to bid good morrow.*] This is comprised in the original in one word, *Salutator*, which cannot so readily be expressed in our language. It was the custom among the ancients for the friends and dependants of great people to attend them in the morning to pay their respects to them, as soon as they were risen. Hence the modern phrase *Le-vèe*, which is borrowed from the *French*, and signifies *risen*, or *got up*.

Sos. I

Sos. I neither yelp nor bark.

If you'll be rul'd by me, pray let's observe him :  
 Something he's musing on, I know not what :  
 He's reckoning some account methinks : I here  
 Can over-hear him.---Don't be in an hurry. 45

AMPH. O how I fear me, lest the Gods should raise  
 The glory I have gain'd in vanquishing  
 Our foes the *Teleboans* ! All our family  
 I find in strange confusion and disorder :  
 My wife too !---O she kills me, she's so full 50  
 Of stain, of prostitution, and dishonour.---  
 But I do marvel much about the cup ;  
 For yet the seal was whole.---What shall I say ?  
 She told me the particulars of the fight,  
 And how king *Pterelas* I bravely slew 55  
 With my own hand.---Oh, now I know the trick !  
 'Tis *Sofia*'s doing, who has had the impudence  
 To get before me here.

Sos. He talks of me,  
 And little to my liking.--I beseech you,  
 Don't let us face him, till he has discover'd 60  
 What 'tis broils in his stomach.

BLEPH. As you will.

AMPH. If I but lay hold on him,---a whipt slave !  
 I'll teach him what it is with tricks and threats

V. 41. *I neither yelp nor bark.*] *Nec gannio, nec latro. Gannio*, signifies properly to cry like a fox.

V. 44. *Reckoning some account.*] *Rationes colligit.* This is an expression often used by our author, denoting any person to be wrapt in profound thought. See the Note on the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. in this Volume.

V. 61. *Broils in his stomach.*] *Donec stomachum detexerit.*

To

To put upon a master.

Sos. Do you hear him ?

BLEPH. Yes, very plain.

Sos. The burthen on't will light 65  
Upon my shoulders.---Prithee let's accost him.---  
Do you not know the saying ?---

BLEPH. Troth I know not  
What you'll be saying, but I shrewdly gues  
What you'll be suffering.---

Sos. An old proverb---“ Hunger  
“ And a slack guest breeds anger.”

BLEPH. By my faith 70  
A true one. Let's accost him then directly.---  
*Amphitryon!*

AMPH. Sure 'tis *Blepharo's* voice I hear.  
I wonder wherefore he should come to me !  
He comes though opportunely to assist  
In proving my wife's baseness.---*Blepharo!* 75  
What brings you hither ?

BLEPH. How! have you forgot  
So soon your sending *Sofia* to the ship  
This morning, to invite me here to dinner ?

AMPH. I never did. But where's the villain ?

BLEPH. Who ?

AMPH. *Sofia*.

BLEPH. Behold him.

AMPH. Where ?

BLEPH. Before your eyes. 80  
There--- don't you see ?

V. 69. *Hunger—And a slack guest breeds anger.*] *Fames et mora  
bilem in rasum conciant.*



AMPH. I can scarce see for anger.  
The rascal has distracted me.---(to *Sofia*.) Don't think  
Thou shalt escape---I'll sacrifice thee,---villain!

(Offering to strike *SOSIA*, *BLEPHARO* holds him.)

Suffer me, *Blepharo*.

BLEPH. Hear me, I beseech you.

AMPH. What is it? Speak, I hear you.---There,---  
take that. (To *SOSIA*, striking him.) 85

Sos. And wherefore do you strike me? Am I not  
Come time enough? I could not have gone quicker,  
If I had borne me on the wings of *Dædalus*.

(*AMPHITRYON* offers to strike *SOSIA* again.)

BLEPH. Hold, I beseech you. 'Twas not in our  
power

To come a quicker pace, believe me.

AMPH. Whether 90

He strode on stilts, or crept with tortoise speed,  
I am resolv'd to be his death,---a villain!

(Striking him at every sentence.)

This for the tiles!---this for the house-top!---this  
For barring of the door!---this for your making  
Sport of your master!---this for your foul language!

BLEPH. What harm pray has he done you? 96

AMPH. Done, d'ye ask?

He shut the door against me, from the house-top

V. 88. *Wings of Dædalus*.] The original is,—*Dædalæis remigiis*.  
The story of *Dædalus* making wings for himself and his son  
*Icarus* is well known. *Virgil* has the same expression—*Remigio*  
*alarum*.

V. 91. *Strode on stilts, or crept with tortoise speed*.] *Sive gral-*  
*latorius, sive testudineus fuerit gradus*. *Gralla* signifies a *Stilt*.

Pelted and drove me off with tiles.

Sos. What, I?

AMPH. What did you threaten you would do, if I  
But touch'd the door?---Can you deny it, villain? 100

Sos. Why not? Here's ample witness, he I'm come  
with,

Whom I was sent with speed t'invite to dinner.

AMPH. Who sent you, rascal?

Sos. He that asks the question.

AMPH. Ha! when?

Sos. Just now,---lately,---a moment since,---  
When you was reconcil'd here with your lady. 105

AMPH. *Bacchus* has turn'd your head.

Sos. May I not see  
*Bacchus* to-day, nor *Ceres*!---You gave orders  
The vessels should be clean'd, that you might make  
A sacrifice, and sent me to invite  
Him here to dinner.

AMPH. *Blepharo*, let me dye, 110  
If I have been within yet, or e'er sent him.---  
Where did you leave me? Speak.

Sos. At your own house,

V. 106. *Bacchus has turn'd your head.*

Sos. *May I not see*

*Bacchus to-day, nor Ceres!*]

*Bacchus te irritasset.*

Sos. *Nec Bacchum salutem hodie, nec Cererem.*

I have already taken notice, that it was usually said of frantic persons, that they were *Bacchanalians*, or that *Bacchus* had possessed them. *Sofia* wishes to see neither *Bacchus* nor *Ceres*, because it was the ancient opinion, that whoever saw either of these deities ran a risk of being mad,

And

And with my lady,---when I parted from you,  
 Flew to the port, and in your name invited  
*Blepharo* here to dinner.---We are come,--- 115  
 I never saw you after till this instant.

AMPH. How! villain, with my wife?---You shall  
 not hence

Without a drubbing. *(Strikes him.)*

Sos. *Blepharo!*

BLEPH. *(interfering)* Good *Amphitryon*,  
 Let him alone now for my sake, and hear me.

AMPH. Well---speak your pleasure.

BLEPH. He has lately told me 120  
 Of things most strange.---Some juggler peradventure  
 Or forcerer has enchanted all your family.  
 Enquire into it, see what it can be,  
 And do not torture this poor wretch, untill  
 You've learn'd the truth. 125

AMPH. You counsel me aright:  
 Let's in: I'd have you for an advocate  
 Against my wife. *[They move towards the door.]*

## SCENE V.

*Enter J U P I T E R.*

JUP. Who is it with such vast  
 And vehement bangs hath almost shook our door  
 From off it's hinges? Who is it hath rais'd

V. 126. *An advocate.*] *Advocatus.* It is proper to observe,  
 that this general term does not imply a pleader merely, but any  
 friend or person, who supported by his presence, or assisted with  
 his advice, or was a witness, or any other way interested for  
 another in a cause.

Such foul disturbance for so long a time  
 Before the house? Whom if I once can find, 5  
 By *Jove* I'll sacrifice him to the souls  
 Of slaughter'd *Teleboans*.---Nothing now

Speeds, as they say, right with me. I left *Blepharo*  
 And *Sofia* to go seek my kinsman *Naucrates* :  
 Them I have lost, and him I have not found. 10

Sos. *Blepharo* ! That's my master, just come out ;  
 But This here is the forcerer.

BLEPH. O *Jupiter* !

What do I see ? This is not, 'but That is  
*Amphitryon* ; or if This be he, That cannot ;  
 Except indeed he's double.

JUP. See---here's *Sofia* 15

And *Blepharo* with him : I'll accost them first.  
 So, are you come at last?---I dye with hunger.

Sos. Did not I say, this other was the forcerer ?

(*Pointing to AMPHITRYON.*)

AMPH. That is the forcerer, my fellow *Thebans*,  
 Who has seduc'd my wife, and stor'd my house 20  
 With shame and prostitution.

V. 7—10.] Many have mistaken the design of this place, and have thought it was spoken by *Amphitryon*, or that something had been left out ; whereas *Jupiter* speaks this only to puzzle and confound *Amphitryon*, *Blepharo*, and *Sofia*, and so carry on his design the better. ECHARD.

There follows a verse in the original, which *Madam Dacier* has omitted in her translation, and I have copied her example, as it is palpably wrong placed where it stands, and forestalls what *Jupiter* says afterwards with propriety.

V. 20. *Stor'd my house.*] *Per quem tenco thesaurum stupri.* The antients used the word *thesaurus*, or *treasure*, to signify a quantity or abundance of any thing.

Sos. (*To*

Sos. (*To Jup.*) My good master,  
You may be hungry, for my part I've had  
My belly-full of cuffs.

AMPH. Still prating, rascal?

Sos. Hie thee to *Acheron*, thou damned forcerer!

AMPH. Ha!--dost thou call me forcerer?---Then  
have at thee. (*Strikes him.*)

JUP. Stranger! what wild distemperature is this,  
That you should strike my servant?

AMPH. Thine?

JUP. Yes, mine.

AMPH. Thou liest.

JUP. *Sofia*, go in, and see the dinner  
Got ready, whilst I sacrifice this fellow.

Sos. I'll go.---*Amphitryon* will, as I suppose, 30  
Receive *Amphitryon* with like courtesy  
As I, the other *Sofia*, did receive  
Me *Sofia*.---In the mean time, while they're squab-  
bling,

I'll to the kitchen, there lick all the platters,  
And empty all the cups.

[*Exit SOSIA.*]

S C E N E VI.

Remain JUPITER, AMPHITRYON,  
and BLEPHARO.

JUP. Say'st thou, I lie?

AMPH. Thou liest, I say,---corrupter of my family!

V. 34. *Kitchen.*] The *Latin* word is *popina*, which commonly  
signifies a *public house*; but as *Sofia* goes in, *kitchen* seems to be  
the more proper term.

JUP. Now for these scurvy terms I'll throttle thee.  
(Takes him by the collar.)

AMPH. Oh, Oh!

JUP. You should have look'd to this before.

AMPH. Help, *Blepharo!*

BLEPH. They are both so like each other, 5  
I know not which to side with; but I'll try  
To finish their contention, if I can.---  
*Amphitryon*, do not kill *Amphitryon*: pray  
Let go his collar.

JUP. Call'st thou Him *Amphitryon*?

BLEPH. Why not? He was but one, but now he's  
double. 10

What though you say you are, the other too  
Is still *Amphitryon* in his form. Then pray  
Let go his collar.

JUP. Well;---but tell me truly,  
Does he appear to you to be *Amphitryon*?

BLEPH. Both verily.

AMPH. O highest *Jupiter!* 15

V. 3. *I'll throttle thee.*] *Echard* takes notice, that it may seem very indecent for *Jupiter* and *Amphitryon* to scuffle at this rate, and not rather to have drawn their swords. The plea he makes for it is, "that it agrees exactly with that character which *Mercury* in "the Prologue gives of this play, when he calls it *Tragi-Comedy*. "Besides, (he very gravely adds,) drawing of swords might have "proved too *tragic*." His first reason appears to me to be no reason at all, and his last is too ridiculous to be treated seriously. The antient manners are not to be measured by the practice of modern ones; and though *Moliere* and *Dryden* may perhaps think it necessary to make *Amphitryon* draw his sword like a man of honour and a gentleman, yet the times of *Plautus* might not have required such nice punctilios. It is certain, that the modern notions of duelling were not prevalent among the antients.

When

When did you take away this form of mine?---  
But I'll examine him.---Art thou *Amphitryon*?

JUP. Dost thou deny it?

AMPH. Surely, since there is  
No other of that name in *Thebes* but I.

JUP. No, none but I:---then, *Blepharo*, be thou  
judge 20

Betwixt us.

BLEPH. I will make this matter clear  
By tokens, if I can. (*to Amph.*) You answer first.

AMPH. Most willingly.

BLEPH. What orders did you give me,  
Ere you began the battle with the *Taphians*?

AMPH. To hold the ship in readiness, and stick 25  
Close to the rudder.

JUP. That in case our troops  
Were routed, I might find a safe retreat.

AMPH. And for another reason:-----to secure  
The bag, well loaded with a store of treasure.

JUP. What money was there?

BLEPH. Hold, you:---'tis for me 30  
To put the question. (*To Jupiter*) Do you know  
the sum?

V. 27 *A safe retreat.*] This circumstance is truly comic in itself, without considering it, (as *Madam Dacier* and other penetrating critics have done,) as a satire highly to be relished by a *Roman* audience in particular, who (according to this learned lady) were not used to see generals careful in providing for their own security in flight, and abandoning their soldiers. It is strange, that these Refiners could not also find out a like beauty in what *Jupiter* says afterwards, about securing the money-bag.

BLEPH.

JUP. Yes, fifty *Attic* talents.

BLEPH. To a jot.

And you---(to *Amph.*) how many *Philippeans* were there ?

AMHP. Two thousand.---

JUP. And of *Oboli* twice as many.

BLEPH. Both hit the mark so truly, one of them 35  
Must needs have hid him in the bag.

JUP. Attend.

With this right arm, (as you are not to learn,)  
I slew king *Pterelas* ; seiz'd on the spoils,  
And in a casket brought the golden cup,  
Which he was wont to drink from : This I gave 40  
A present to my wife, with whom to-day  
I bath'd, I sacrific'd, I lay.

AMPH. Ah me !

What do I hear ?---I scarcely am myself !  
Awake I sleep ; awake I dream ; alive,

V. 32-3-4. *Attic Talents---Philippeans---Oboli.*] For the value of these coins, see *Coob's* Table, prefixed to this Volume.

An *Anachronism* in this place has been pointed out by the commentators in the mentioning of *Philippeans*, which were coined by *Philip* king of *Macedon*, the father of *Alexander* the great, long after the time in which the incidents in this play were supposed to have happened. But I hardly can imagine, that these kind of *anachronisms* have arisen either from the ignorance or inattention of an author. They were rather considered, I suppose, of so very little consequence, that it is scarce worth while to put in a plea of privilege from poetical licence in their defence : However, as I profess merely a translation of my author, I have not thought it proper to modernize even the appellations of the coins ; though *Echard* and *Dryden* talk without scruple of *Attic Talents*, Half-pence, and Farthings, in the same breath.



In health, and in my perfect mind, I perish. 45  
 I am *Amphitryon*, nephew of *Gorgophone*,  
 Commander of the *Thebans*, favourite  
 Of *Creon*, conqueror of the *Teleboans*,  
 Who vanquish'd with his might the *Acarnianians*,  
 And *Taphians*, by his warlike prowess slew 50  
 Their monarch, and appointed *Cephalus*  
 Their governor, son of *Dæioneus*.

JUP. I by my bravery in the battle crush'd  
 Those hostile ravagers, that had destroy'd  
*Electryon*, and the brothers of our wife.  
 These wand'ring through th' *Ionian*, the *Ægean*,  
 And *Cretan* seas, with pow'r piratical  
 Laid waste *Achaia*, *Phocis*, and *Ætolia*.

AMPH. O ye immortal Gods! I scarce can have  
 Faith in myself, so just is his relation.--- 60  
 What say you, *Blepharo*?

BLEPH. One thing yet remains:  
 If that appear, be double,---both *Amphitryons*

JUP. I know what you would say; that scar you  
 mean  
 Upon my right arm from the wound by *Pterelas*

V. 47. *Favourite*.] The *Latin* word is *Unicus*, which is often  
 used by *Plautus* to signify *Friend* or *Darling*.

V. 54. *Ravagers*.] *Latrones*. The ancients, we are told, used  
 to call foreign soldiers by this name.

V. 70. *A scar*.] This artful circumstance, which is in parti-  
 cular well calculated for representation, is omitted by *Moliere*,  
 as indeed is the whole examinaton of the two *Amphitryons*. It is  
 impossible to guess at the reason, which induced this excellent  
 judge of humour to pass it over, as it is certainly natural as well  
 as highly comic. He indeed introduces *Jupiter* and *Amphitryon*  
 both together in the presence of two *Thebans*, and after some  
 uninteresting

Deeply intrench'd.

BLEPH. The same.

AMPH. Well thought on.

JUP. See you? 65

Lo! look!

BLEPH. Uncover, and I'll look.

JUP. We have

Uncover'd: look!

*(They both shew their arms.)*

BLEPH. O *Jupiter* supreme!

What do I see?---On both of you most plainly,

Upon the right arm, in the self-same place,

The self-same token does appear,---a scar,

70

New closing, of a reddish wannish hue!

All reasoning fails, and judgment is struck dumb.

I know not what to do.

*[Here ends the supposititious part.]*

Between yourselves

You must decide it: I must hence away;

I've business calls me.---Never did I see

75

Such wonders!

AMPH. I beseech you, *Blepharo*, stay,

And be my advocate; pray do not go.

BLEPH. Farewell.---An advocate how can I be,

Who know not which to side with?

JUP. I'll go in:

*Alcmena* is in labour.

*[BLEPHARO goes off, and JUPITER goes into  
AMPHITRYON'S house.]*

uninteresting debate, *Jupiter* gives a distant hint of his intention to discover himself. *Dryden*, who in general closely follows his *French* original, has however introduced the circumstances of this *Latin* Scene into his play.

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

AMPHITRYON *alone.*

Woe is me!

What shall I do, abandon'd by my friends,  
 And now without an advocate to help me?---  
 Yet shall he ne'er abuse me unreveng'd,  
 Whoe'er he is.---I'll strait unto the king, 5  
 And lay the whole before him.---I'll have vengeance  
 On this damn'd forcerer, who has strangely turn'd  
 The minds of all our family.---But where is he?---  
 I doubt not, but he's gone in to my wife.---  
 Lives there in *Thebes* a greater wretch than I?---  
 What shall I do now, since all men deny me, 10  
 And fool me at their pleasure?---'Tis resolv'd:  
 I'll burst into the house, and whomsoe'er  
 I set my eyes on, servant male or female,  
 Wife or gallant, father or grandfather, 15  
 I'll cut them into pieces:---Nor shall *Jove*,  
 Nor all the Gods prevent it, if they would,  
 But I will do what I've resolv'd.---I'll in now.

*[As he advances towards the door, it thunders,  
 and he falls down.]*

*Thunder and Lightning.*

\* \* \* The conclusion of this act is at once grand and affecting. *Amphitryon* having been worked up to the highest pitch of rage and despair, resolves to wreak his vengeance on the whole family, and is provoked even to utter blasphemies, and set the Gods at defiance;—when in an instant he is struck down by a terrible storm of thunder and lightning! This could not fail of having a fine effect in the representation.

*The End of the FOURTH ACT.*

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter* BROMIA, AMPHITRYON  
*continuing in a swoon.*

BROM. I have no means of safety left ; my hopes  
Lye in my breast extinct and buried ; I  
Have lost all confidence of heart and spirit ;  
Since all things seem combin'd, sea, earth and heav'n,  
T'oppress and to destroy me.---I am wretched !--- 5  
I know not what to do, such prodigies  
Have been display'd within !---Ah, woe is me !  
I'm sick at heart now,---would I had some water,---  
I faint, my head aches,---I don't hear, nor see  
Well with my eyes.---Ah me ! no woman sure 10  
Was e'er so wretched, an event so strange  
Has happen'd to my mistress !---When she found  
Herself in labour, she invoc'd the Gods :---  
Then what a rumbling, grumbling, flashing, clashing,

*Enter* BROMIA.] The poet had a particular occasion for *Bromia's* appearing at this time : therefore he has found a very fair pretext for bringing of her out, [as there was a necessity of preserving the *unity of place*,] to wit, the great fright she was in within doors, which reason she more particularly alledges hereafter.

*Echard.*

V. 14. *Rumbling, grumbling, flashing, clashing.*] *Strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitrus.* As these words professedly echoe one another in their sound, I have adopted *Cooke's* translation of them. *Echard* translates them in this manner.—“What voices and noises,  
“ what

Straitway ensued! how suddenly, how quick, 15  
 How terribly it thunder'd! All that stood  
 Fell flat down at the noise: and then we heard  
 Some one, I know not who, with mighty voice  
 Cry out, "*Alcmena*, succour is at hand:  
 " Be not dismay'd: the heav'n's high ruler comes 20  
 " To you propitious and to yours. Arise,  
 " (Says he,) ye who have fallen through the terror  
 " And dread of me."---I rose from where I lay,  
 And such a brightness stream'd through all the house,  
 Methought it was in flames. Then presently 25  
*Alcmena* call'd me, which afflicted me  
 With horror; for I fear'd much more for her  
 Than for myself: I ran to her in haste,  
 To know what she might want, and (bless my eyes!)  
 Saw she had been deliver'd of two boys; 30  
 Nor any of us knew, or did suspect,  
 When she was thus deliver'd.---But what's this?

" what flashes and clashes!" It has been remarked, that when-  
 ever *Jupiter* is represented as appearing like a God, he is always  
 accompanied with thunder and lightning.

V. 30. *Two boys.*] *Filios pueros.* The redundance of expression  
 in the original has misled *Cooke* into a refinement on our Author,  
 by supposing that *pueros* means larger boys than ordinary, and  
 accordingly he translates the passage,—I found her delivered of  
 two sons, and jolly boys they were. It is a common case with critics,  
 when they fancy they have made some notable discovery, to sit  
 down contented without enquiring whether there is any founda-  
 tion for it or not. *Cooke* should have considered, that at least only  
 one of *Alcmena's* two sons differed from common children. Be-  
 sides, the word *puer* is used in this very play for a child in gener-  
 al:—*Non est puero gravida.*—*She is not gone with child.* Act II.  
 Scene III.

Who

Who is this old man, stretch'd before our house ?

Has he been thunder-stricken ? I believe so :

For he is laid out as if dead : I'll go,

35

And learn who 'tis.---(*Advancing to Amph.*) 'Tis

certainly *Amphitryon*,

My master.---*Hoa, Amphitryon!*

AMPH. I am dead.

BROM. Come, rise, Sir.

AMPH. I'm quite dead.

BROM. Give me your hand.

AMPH. (*recovering.*) Who is it holds me ?

BROM. I, your maid, Sir, *Bromia*.

AMPH. I tremble every joint, with such amaze

Has *Jupiter* appall'd me ! and I seem,

41

As though I were just risen from the dead.

But wherefore came you forth ?

BROM. The same dread fear

Fill'd us poor souls with horror. I have seen,

Ah me ! such wondrous prodigies within,

45

I scarce am in my senses.

AMPH. Prithee tell me,

D'ye know me for your master, for *Amphitryon* ?

BROM. Yes, surely.

AMPH. Look again now.

BROM. I well know you.

AMPH. She is the only person of our family,

That is not mad.

BROM. Nay verily they all

50

V. 42. *Risen from the dead.*] The original is—*ab Acheronte veniam. Come from Acheron, one of the rivers of the infernal regions.*

Are

Are in their perfect senses.

AMPH. But my wife  
By her foul deeds has driv'n me to distraction.

BROM. But I shall make you change your language,  
Sir,

And own your wife a chaste one; on which point  
I will convince you in few words. Know first, 55  
*Alcmena* is deliver'd of two boys.

AMPH. How say you, two?

BROM. Yes, two.

AMPH. The Gods preserve me!

BROM. Permit me to go on, that you may know,  
How all the Gods to you are most propitious  
And to your wife.

AMPH. Speak.

BROM. When your spouse began 60  
To be in labour, and the wonted pangs  
Of child-birth came upon her, she invoc'd  
Th' immortal gods to aid her, with wash'd hands,  
And cover'd head; then presently it thunder'd,  
And with a crack so loud, we thought at first 65  
The house itself was tumbling, and it shone  
As bright throughout, as if it were of gold.

AMPH. Prithee relieve me quickly, since you have  
Perplex'd me full enough.---What follow'd after?

BROM. Mean time, while this was done, not one  
of us 70  
Or heard your wife once groan, or once complain;  
She was deliver'd ev'n without a pang.

V. 63. *With wash'd hands,—And cover'd head.*] Agreeable to  
the religious ceremonies of the ancients.

AMPH.

AMPH. That joys me, I confefs, however little  
She merits at my hands.

BROM. Leave that, and hear  
What more I have to fay. After delivery 75  
She bade us wafh the boys : we fet about it :  
But he that I wafh'd, O how fturdy is he !  
So ftong and ftout withal, not one of us  
Could bind him in his fwadling-cloaths.

AMPH. 'Tis wondrous  
What you relate : if your account be true, 80  
I doubt not but *Alcmena* has been favour'd  
With large affiftance and fupport from heaven.

BROM. You'll fay what follows is more wondrous  
ftill.

After the boy was in his cradle laid,  
Two monftrous ferpents with high-lifted crefts 85  
Slid down the fky-light : in an instant both  
Rear'd up their heads.

AMPH. Ah me !

BROM. Be not difmay'd.  
The ferpents caft their eyes around on all,  
And, after they had fpied the children out,  
With quickeft motion made towards the cradle. 85  
I, fearing for the boys, and for myfelf,  
Drew back the cradle, ftir'd it to and fro,  
Backwards and forwards, on one fide and t'other :  
The more I work'd it, by fo much the more  
Thefe ferpents fierce perfued. That other boy, 90  
Soon as he fpied the monfters, in an instant  
Leaps him from out the cradle, ftroit darts at them,  
And fuddenly he feizes upon both,



In each hand grasping one.

AMPH. The tale you tell 95  
Is fraught with many wonders, and the deed  
That you relate is all too terrible ;  
For horror at your words creeps thro' my limbs.---  
What happen'd next ? Proceed now in your story.

BROM. The child kill'd both the serpents. During  
this 100

A loud voice calls upon your wife---

AMPH. Who calls ?

BROM. *Jove*, supreme sovereign of Gods and men.  
He own'd that he had secretly enjoy'd  
*Alcmena*, that the boy, who slew the serpents,  
Was his, the other he declar'd was your's. 105

AMPH. I now repent me, an' it pleases him,  
To share a part with *Jove* in any good.  
Go home, and see the vessels be prepar'd  
For sacrifice forthwith, that I may make  
My peace with *Jove*, by offering many victims. 110

[BROMIA goes in.

I'll to the soothfayer *Tiresias*, and

V. 94. This description of the serpents, and the manner of their being attacked and killed by the infant *Hercules*, is very excellent as well for its exactness and perspicuity, as for the elegance and purity of the stile. The account which *Bromia* gives of her moving the cradle to and fro', is highly natural and picturesque. In short, her whole narrative is admirable, and is drawn up in the same spirit with *Sofia's* narrative of the battle in Act I. Scene I.

V. 111. *Tiresias*.] Our Author has been accused of an *Anachronism*, or violation of *Chronology*, in mentioning *Tiresias*, who did not live till long after the time of this play : but others tell us, that *Plautus* uses this name only to signify any Soothfayer.

Consult

Consult with him what's fittest to be done :  
 I'll tell him what has happen'd.---But what's this ?---  
 How dreadfully it thunders !---Mercy on us !

## S C E N E II.

J U P I T E R *appears above.*

[*Thunder and Lightning.*]

Be of good cheer, *Amphitryon* ; I am come  
 To comfort and assist you and your family.  
 Nothing you have to fear ; then let alone

[*JUPITER appears above.*] The remark is obvious, that *Jupiter* appears here as a God in conformity to *Horace's* rule,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*

Never presume to make a God appear,  
 But for a business worthy of a God. ROSCOMMON.

His presence was absolutely necessary, for the vindication of *Alcmena's* honour, which naturally brings the play to a conclusion.

There is no doubt, but that this rule respected *Tragedy* alone, as it can hardly be conceived, that the presence of a Deity could be ever requisite for bringing on the end or catastrophe of a *Comedy*. I mention this in order to shew, that by the word *Tragico-Comædia*,—*Tragi-Comedy*, used by *Mercury* in the Prologue to this Play, our Author really meant, that it consisted of serious and *tragic*, as well as humorous and *comic* parts, in some measure agreeably to the modern acceptation of the phrase. The characters of *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*,—*spirant tragicum satis*—and are undoubtedly of the grave and *tragic* kind throughout. There is frequently an elevation in the sentiments and diction in these characters, which would appear exalted enough in a professed tragedy ; and I am greatly mistaken, if there is not likewise the true tragical *pathos* in them, at least with respect to the circumstances of their situation. Upon the whole, I cannot but consider this play as being of the same cast with those of our old

*English*

All sooth-fayers and diviners : I'll inform you  
 Of what is past, and what is yet to come, 5  
 Much better than they can, since I am *Jove*.  
 Know first of all, I have enjoy'd *Alcmena*,  
 Whence she was pregnant by me with a son :  
 You likewise left her pregnant, when you went  
 To th' army. At one birth two boys together 10  
 She has brought forth: the one, sprung from my loins,  
 Shall gain immortal glory by his deeds.  
 Restore *Alcmena* to your ancient love :  
 In nothing does she merit your reproaches :  
 She was compell'd by my resistless power, 15  
 To what she did.---I now return to heav'n.

[JUPITER *ascends*.

SCENE *the Last*.

AMPHITRYON *alone*.

I'll do, as you command ; and I beseech you,  
 That you would keep your promises.---I'll in

*English Dramatic Writers*, in which there is an agreeable mixture of the *serious* as well as *comic*;—a composition, that perhaps is as easily reconcileable to nature as the nicer productions of modern art, which has drawn a line between the two branches of dramatic writing, and would place them ever at a forced distance from each other.

V. 12.] *Suis factis se immortalis afficiet gloria*. *Te* is in all the copies which I have seen : but surely it could never come from *Plautus*. How could the actions of *Hercules* bring immortal glory on *Amphitryon*? *Jupiter* is foretelling the greatness of *Hercules* himself : *se* therefore must be the word. *Cooke*.

The passage may be understood as meaning, that the actions of *Hercules* will reflect glory on *Amphitryon's* house : but I think *Cooke's* emendation preferable.

Unto my wife, and think no more of old  
*Tiresias*.---Now, Spectators, for the sake  
 Of highest *Jove* give us your loud applause. 5

V. 4. *For the sake—Of highest Jove.*] The Romans believed, that this play made much for the honour of *Jupiter*; therefore, afterwards, it was commonly acted in times of public troubles and calamities, to appease his anger. *Echard* from *Dacier*.

There is no doubt, but that this play ends happily and seriously in our Author, with the vindication of *Alcmena's* honour entirely to the satisfaction of *Amphitryon*. *Moliere*, to accommodate his piece more to the modern taste, humourously enough makes *Sofia* conclude it with saying, (when the company present were for congratulating *Amphitryon* upon the honour done him by *Jupiter*,)

*Sur telles affaires toujours  
 Le meilleur est de ne rien dire.*

*Dryden* copies him exactly in this speech; but he gives it, (though not nearly so much in character,) to *Mercury*, who had already declared his Godship.

“ ALL. We all congratulate *Amphitryon*.

“ *MERC.* Keep your congratulations to yourselves, Gentle-  
 “ men. 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the less  
 “ that is said of it the better.”

After this, the *Sofia* of our *English* Author, instead of concluding with a distant hint, as in the decent *Frenchman*, ends the play in a manner which the libertine taste of his age must, I make no doubt, have highly applauded.

Having had occasion to point out the deficiencies, (when compared with our Author,) in both *Moliere* and *Dryden*, it is a justice required of me to acknowledge, that there are many excellent additions in both his imitators, which were absolutely necessary for the modern taste. *Moliere's Amphitryon* deserves ever to be admired on the *French Stage*; and *Dryden's*, since it has been purged of its licentiousness by *Dr. Haavkesworth*, can never fail of meeting with approbation from an *English* audience.

*The End of AMPHITRYON.*

T H E

BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

P E R S O N S of the D R A M A.

PYRGOPOLINICES, *the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.*

ARTOTROGUS, *a Parasite.*

PERIPLECTOMENES, *an old Gentleman.*

PLEUSIDES, *a young ATHENIAN.*

PALÆSTRIO, *formerly Servant to PLEUSIDES,  
but now to the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.*

SCELEDRUS, *Servant to the BRAGGARD  
CAPTAIN.*

LUCRIO, *a Lad, the same.*

CARIO, *Cook to PERIPLECTOMENES.*

A LAD, *belonging to the same.*

PHILOCOMASIUM, *Mistress of the BRAGGARD  
CAPTAIN, beloved by PLEUSIDES.*

ACROTELEUTIUM, *a Courtesan.*

MILPHIDIPPA, *her Maid.*

S C E N E, E P H E S U S,

*Before the Houses of PERIPLECTOMENES and the  
BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.*



T H E  
BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter* PYRGOPOLINICES, ARTOTROGUS,  
*and Soldiers.*

PYRGOPOLINICES.

**S**EE that the splendour of my shield outshine  
The sun's bright radiance, when the heav'ns are  
fair;  
That, when we join in battle, it may dazzle

*The BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.]* It is remarkable, that the Prologue to this play is at the opening of the Second Act; and indeed the whole First Act is merely *episodical*, and might have been spared, as it is void of all incident, has nothing at all to do with the main plot, and only serves to acquaint us with the character of the *Braggard Captain*; for which purpose only the character of a *Parasite* is introduced, who appears no more than in this First Scene. No comparison can therefore properly be drawn between the *Parasite* of our Author and the *Gnatho* of *Terence*, in his play of the *Eunuch*, that character being intended (as Mr. *Colman* has judiciously remarked) “ as a new sort of *Parasite*,  
“ never

The enemies eyes throughout their thickest ranks.  
 Fain would I comfort this good sword of mine,      5  
 Lest he despond in spirit, or lament,

“ never seen on the stage before ; the master of a more delicate  
 “ manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers.” Neither indeed will the character of our Author’s *Braggard Captain*, and that of *Thraſo* in the *Eunuch*, bear any just degree of comparison with each other. *Thraſo* sets himself up for a wit, and prides himself in saying what he imagines good things ; whereas the *Braggard* of our Author is vain-glorious only of his valour and person. It must be confessed, that this character in the first particular is drawn beyond all degrees of probability, and is most extravagantly farcical ; but this is in a great measure dropt in the progress of the play, and his vanity on account of his self-opinion of the beauty of his person is made productive of very natural comic incidents.

The *Braggards* of our modern writers have been constantly represented as rank Cowards ; such as the *Parolles* of *Shakespeare*, the *Bessus* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and the *Bobadil* of *Johnson*. In this indeed they differ, (or at least it is not so particularly pointed out,) from those of our Author and of *Terence*. Cowardice, though by induction it may fairly be supposed an ingredient in their composition, is not however made a principal object of ridicule, as with the moderns. There is indeed one stroke of this kind, which is truly comic, in the *Thraſo* of *Terence*, who, after marshalling his ragamuffins in order to make an attack upon *Thais*’s house, says,

*Ego ero post principia.*—*I’ll bring up the rear.* Upon which *Gna-  
tho* archly remarks,

*Illuc est sapere ! ut hocce instruxit, ipſus sibi cavet loca.*

What wisdom is !

Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,

His post behind secures him a retreat.      COLMAN.

V. 4. *The enemies eyes.*] *Oculorum præſtingat, aciem in acie.* This is a jingle in the original, of which I could not preserve the least similitude in the translation ; nor indeed does it seem to deserve any attention to it.

For



For that I wear him unemploy'd, who longs  
To make a carbonado of the foes.---  
But where is *Artotrogus*?

ART. He is here,  
Close by an hero brave and fortunate, 10  
And of a princely form,---a warrior! such  
As *Mars* himself would not have dar'd to bring  
His prowess in compare with your's.

PYRG. Who was it  
In the *Gurgustidonian* plains I spar'd,  
Where *Bombomachides Cluninstaridyfarchides*, 15  
Great *Neptune's* grandson, bore the chief command?

ART. Oh, I remember---doubtless it is he  
You mean to speak of, with the golden armour;---  
Whose legions with your breath you puff'd away  
Like the light leaves, or chaff before the wind. 20

PYRG. Oh! that indeed! that on my troth was  
nothing.

ART. Nothing, 'tis true, compar'd with other feats,

V. 14. *Gurgustidonian*,—*Bombomachides*. &c.] These are words coined by our author in the stile and taste of our modern *Chronotonthologus*. However farcical and ridiculous this kind of humour may appear to be, it is certainly unnatural and improper, wherever probability is required. The same humour is indulged, with respect to the invention of a ridiculous name, in a grave scene of the *Captives* in this Volume, on which see the Note. I hardly think it worth while to explain the constituent parts of these fanciful appellations.

V. 5. *Chaff*.] The original is, *peniculum tectorium*, or (according to others) *panniculam tectoriam*. By either of these expressions is meant something light; and therefore I have substituted the word *chaff*.

That

That I could mention, (*aside*) which you ne'er perform'd.---

Shew me whoever can a greater liar,  
 One fuller of vain boasting than this fellow, 25  
 And he shall have me, I'll resign me up  
 To be his slave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,  
 He should allow me nothing else to eat  
 But whey and butter-milk.

PYRG. Where art thou?

ART. Here.---

How, in the name of wonder, was't you broke 30  
 In *India* with your fist an elephant's arm?

PYRG. How! arm?

ART. His thigh, I meant.

PYRG. I was but playing.

ART. Had you put forth your strength, you would  
 have driv'n

Your arm quite through his hide, bones, guts, and all.

PYRG. I would not talk of these things now. 35

ART. Indeed

You would but spend your breath in vain to tell

Your valorous feats to me, who know your prowess.

(*Aside*) My appetite creats me all this plague;

My ears must hear him, or my teeth want work;

And I must swear to every lie he utters. 40

PYRG. Hold,---what was I about to say?

ART. I know

V. 39. *Teeth want work.*] *Dentes dentiant*; this is explained to mean the shooting of the tooth at the time of infants cutting them. The *Parasite* would therefore imply by this expression, that his teeth would grow for want of grinding down by exercise.

What

What you design'd to say ;---a gallant action !---  
I well remember---

PYRG. What?

ART. Whate'er it be.

PYRG. Hast thou got tablets?

ART. Yes, I have---d'ye want them ?---  
A pencil too.

PYRG. How rarely thou dost suit 45  
Thy mind to mine!

ART. 'Tis fit that I should study  
Your inclinations, and my care should be  
Ev'n to forerun your wishes.

PYRG. What remember'st?

ART. I do remember---let me see---an hundred 50  
*Sycolatronidans*---and thirty *Sardians*,---  
And threescore *Macedonians*,---that's the number  
Of persons, whom you slaughter'd in one day.

PYRG. What's the sum total of these men?

ART. Sev'n thousand. 55

V. 55. *Seven thousand.*] This is so far removed from the appearance of any thing like delicate flattery, that nothing can be more gross and inartificial. It is not to be conceived, that any one could swallow such palpable impossibilities by way of praise, as that he should take to himself the glory of having broke the thigh of an elephant with his single fist,—of having slaughtered seven thousand men in one day,—and (still more) his having been able to have cut off five hundred men at one stroke, the remains of a routed army, if his sword had not been blunt. These are extravagances to be conceived only of a *Garagantua*, as drawn by *Rabelais*, and are stretched far beyond the bounds of probability, which are requisite in legitimate comedy. What follows, respecting our *Braggard's* vain conceit of his person, is truly humorous and natural.

PYRG. So much it should be ---thou'rt a right  
accomptant.

ART. I have it not in writing, but remember.

PYRG. Thou hast an admirable memory.

ART. 'Tis sharpen'd by my stomach.

PYRG. Bear thyself

As thou hast hitherto, and thou shalt eat  
Eternally,---for ever shalt thou be 60  
Partaker of my table.

ART. Then again

What feats did you perform in *Cappadocia*!  
Where at one single stroke you had cut off  
Five hundred men together, if your sword  
Had not been blunt, and these but the remains 65

Of th' infantry, which you before had routed,---  
(*Aside*) If ever there were any such in being.

Why should I tell you, what all mortals know?

That *Pyrgopolinices* stands alone,  
The only one on earth fam'd above men 70

For beauty, valour, and renown'd exploits.

The ladies are enamour'd of you all,

Nor without reason,---since you are so handsome;

Witness the gay young damsels yesterday,  
That pluck'd me by the cloak.--- 75

PYRG. (*Smiling*) What said they to you?

ART. They question'd me about you.---Is not that,  
Says one of them, *Achilles*?---Troth, said I,

It is his brother.---Why indeed forsooth

He's wondrous handsome, quoth another :---how  
His hair becomes him !---O what happiness 80

Those ladies do enjoy, who share his favours!

PYRG.

PYRG. Did she indeed say so?

ART. Two in particular  
 Beg'd of me I would you bring by their way,  
 That they might see you march.

PYRG. What plague it is  
 To be too handsome!

ART. They are so importunate, 85  
 They're ever begging for a fight of you;  
 They send for me so often to come to them,  
 I scarce have leisure to attend your business.

PYRG. 'Tis time methinks to go unto the *Forum*,  
 And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday: 90  
 For king *Seleucus* pray'd me with much suit  
 To raise him some recruits.---I have resolv'd  
 To dedicate this day unto his service.

ART. Come, let's be going then.

PYRG. Guards, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

V. 83. *That they might see you march.*] *Quasi ad pompam.*

V. 90. *Soldiers.*] *Latrones.* See the note to *Amphitryon*, Act IV. Scene VI. v. 54. The etymology of this word, as given us by *Varro* in his Sixth Book on the *Latin Tongue*, is so very curious, that I am tempted to transcribe it. " *Latrones dicti ab latere, quia circum latera erant regi, ATQUE AD LATERA HABEBANT FERRUM.*" To make this in any sort intelligible to the mere *English* reader, I must translate it with some little latitude, " Guards, says this grave Author, were called (as it were) *Sides-men*, from the word *Side*, because they are stationed at the *Side* of their prince, and BECAUSE THEY WEAR A SWORD, BY THEIR SIDES." What wonderful erudition! May we not with equal reason take it for granted, that our *English* word *Soldier* comes from *Shoulder*, BECAUSE, (like *Patrick Fleming* in the old Song,) HE CARRIES HIS MUSQUET UPON HIS SHOULDER?

*The End of the FIRST ACT.*

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter PALÆSTRIO.*

**T**O tell the argument of this our play  
 I have the courtesy, if ye will have  
 The kindness but to hear it. Whofo will not,  
 Let him get up, go out, and to another  
 Resign his seat, that would be glad to hear. 5  
 I'll tell you now the name and argument  
 Of this fame play we are about to act,  
 For which ye are seated in this mirthful place.  
 In *Greek* the comedy is stil'd *Alazon*,  
 Which, render'd in our tongue, we call *The BRAGGARD*.

SCENE I ] This is the Prologue to the Piece, which to a modern must undoubtedly seem misplaced; but indeed (as I observed before) the play in fact begins properly at this act, the preceding one being in a manner superfluous and unnecessary.

V. 9. *Alazon.*] *Αλαζων*, *Iactator*, *Braggard*. It does not appear, who was the *Greek* Author, from which *Plautus* took his play. From the Prologue to the *Eunuch* we learn, that *Terence* had been accused of having stolen his characters of the *Soldier* and *Parasite* from the *Colax* of our Author and of *Nævius*, originally borrowed from a *Greek* play of *Menander* under that title, *Κολαξ* signifying a *Flatterer*. There is indeed one single line among the Fragments of our Author, quoted by *Nonius* as from the *Colax*; but as the above charge is flatly denied by *Terence*, who asserts, that no such play had been produced either by our Author or by *Nævius* to his knowledge, we should be candid enough to think, that *Terence* had no other pattern to go by than the original of *Menander*, to which he confesses his obligations.

This

This town is *Ephesus*. The Captain, he 11  
 That went hence to the *Forum*, is my master,  
 An impudent, vain-glorious, dunghill-fellow,  
 As full of lies as of debauchery.

He makes his brag forsooth, that he is follow'd 15  
 By all the women; though he is the jest  
 Of all, where'er he goes. Our very harlots,  
 That wooe him to their lips, make wry mouths at  
 him.

It is not long, since I have been his slave;  
 And I should tell you how, into his service  
 I chanc'd to come from him I serv'd before. 20

Attend: the argument I now begin.  
 I had a master, 'twas the best of youths,  
 At *Athens*; he upon a damsel doated,  
 (Herself too an *Athenian*,) she on him;--- 25  
 And sweet the cultivation of such love!

My master on a public embassy  
 Went to *Naupaetum*, on account and part  
 Of our most high republic: in the interim  
 This captain, who by chance to *Athens* came, 25

Insinuates himself into her company,  
 My master's love; sets him about to coax  
 And wheedle the good mother with his presents  
 Of gewgaw ornaments, his precious wines,  
 And costly banquets, so that he becomes 30  
 An intimate familiar with the bawd.

Soon as occasion did present, he trick'd  
 This bawd her mother, and without her knowledge  
 Seiz'd on the girl, clap'd her on board a ship,

V. 39. *Wry mouths.*] *Valgis suavis.*

And

And carried her against her will to *Ephesus*. 35  
 Soon as I learn'd, that she was borne away  
 From *Athens*, I, with all the speed I could,  
 Got me a vessel, and embark'd, to bear  
 The tidings to my master at *Naupactum*.  
 When we were out at sea, the pirates took 40  
 The vessel I was in, a prize to them  
 Most grateful; and I found myself undone,  
 Ere I could reach the place where I was going.  
 The rogue, that took us, gave me to this captain:  
 When he had brought me home unto his house,  
 Whom should I see there but this very damsel, 46  
 Her whom my master lov'd, who was at *Athens*!  
 She saw me on her side, and with her eyes  
 Gave me a sign not to take notice of her,  
 Nor call her by her name. After a while, 50  
 When she had opportunity, the damsel  
 'Plain'd to me of her fortunes,---said, she long'd  
 To fly from hence to *Athens*, that she lov'd  
 My master the *Athenian*, hated no one  
 Worse than this captain. Soon as I had learnt 55  
 The damsel's sentiments, I took a tablet,  
 Seal'd it in private, gave it to a merchant  
 To carry to my master, the girl's lover,  
 That hither he might haste. He slighted not  
 The message,---for he's come, and now he lodges 60  
 In the next house here with his father's friend,  
 Who seconds his fond guest in his amour,  
 And aids us both in counsel and in deed.  
 A grand contrivance have I therefore form'd, 65  
 That they may meet together, these two lovers:



For in the chamber, giv'n her by the captain  
 For no one to set foot in but herself,  
 I've dug an opening through into this house,  
 With the consent of our old neighbour,---nay 70  
 Himself advis'd it.---Now my fellow-servant,  
 Appointed by the captain for her keeper,  
 Is a dull rascal, and of little worth :  
 With pleasant stratagems and quaint devices  
 We'll cast so thick a film athwart his eyes, 75  
 Shall make him not to see what he shall see.  
 But I should tell you, to prevent mistakes,  
 The damsel will perform a double part,  
 And bear the form and image of two persons,  
 Now here, now there ; but she will be the same, 80  
 Though she will counterfeit herself another :  
 So shall her keeper be most rarely gull'd.---  
 I hear a noise here at our neighbour's door :  
 'Tis he himself comes out. This, this is he,  
 The pleasant brisk old fellow, that I spoke of. 85

V. 75. *A film.*] The original is *glaucomam ob oculos objiciemus*. *Glaucoma* is properly a disease in the chrystalline humour of the eye.

V. 80. *Now here, now there.*] That is, by means of the secret communication, sometimes in one house, sometimes in the other.

V. 83. *Fores concrepuerunt.*] It may be proper to take notice, that the doors of the antients were constructed to open outwards into the street, and not (like the fashion of the moderns) within. For this reason, when any one was coming out, it was customary to give warning by making a noise on the inside.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter PERIPLECTOMENES, speaking to his  
Servants within.*

If ye don't break his legs, whatever stranger  
Ye shall hereafter see upon the tiles,  
Your sides shall suffer for't.---Why now forsooth,  
My neighbours, they are witnessess of all  
That passess in my house, when thus they look 5  
Down through the sky-light.---I command you all,  
Whomever ye shall see upon the tiles  
Belonging to this captain here, except  
*Palæstrio* only, push him headlong down  
Into the street, though he pretends forsooth  
That he is only looking for an hen, 10  
A pigeon, or a monkey : Woe be to you,  
If you don't beat the rascal e'en to death.

PAL. Something is done amiss, I know not what,  
To the old fellow by our family,  
As far as-I can hear, since he has order'd 15

V. 3. [*Your sides shall suffer for't.*] The original is, *vestra faciam  
latera lora*, which signifies, *I will make over your sides to the lash*,  
or (as others interpret it) *I will cut the skin of your sides into thongs*.

V. 12.] There follow two lines in the original, which I have  
been obliged to pass over in the translation, as it was impossible  
to preserve the allusion.

*Atque adde, ut ne legi fraudem faciam Talarie,  
Accuratote, ut sine talis domi agitent convivium.*

The sense of this passage depends upon the equivocal meaning  
of the word *talus*, which signifies an *ankle-bone* and a *dye* to play  
with, which was the custom among the antients in their enter-  
tainments.

That

That they should break my fellow servant's legs :  
 But me he has excepted : nothing care I,  
 How he shall serve the rest. I'll make up to him.  
 Is he not coming tow'rds me ? Sure he is.---

*Periplectomenes* ! your servant, Sir. 20

PER. Oh,---if I were to wish, there are not many  
 I'd rather see and talk with than yourself.

PAL. Why ? wherefore ? what's the matter ?

PER. All's discover'd !

PAL. What all's discover'd ?

PER. From our tiles e'en now  
 One of your family, I know not who, 25  
 Saw through the sky-light all that past within ;  
*Philocomasium* and my guest he saw  
 Exchanging kisses.

PAL. Ha---who saw them ?

PER. 'Twas

Your fellow-servant.

PAL. Which ?

PER. I know not that,  
 So suddenly he took himself away. 30

PAL. My ruin I suspect.

PER. As he went off,  
 " Hoa there, cried I, what do you on our tiles ?"  
 The runaway replied, he had been seeking  
 A monkey that had stray'd.

PAL. Ah me ! that I  
 Should suffer for a beast so little worth.--- 35  
 But is the lady with you still ?

PER. She was,  
 When I came out.

PAL. Then, soon as e'er she can,

Bid her return to us, that our domestics  
 May see she is at home, unless she wills,  
 That we poor servants should be put to torture 40  
 By reason of her love.

PER. I bade her do it :

Would you ought else ?

PAL. I would. Pray tell her this ;  
 She must use cunning, prove her an apt scholar,  
 And hold unchang'd her colour.

PER. Wherefore ? how ?

PAL. That he, who saw her, may be wrought upon  
 To think he saw her not : nay, though he saw her  
 An hundred times, she must deny it still.

She has a lying tongue, a wit that's ripe  
 For mischief, an assurance so undaunted,  
 Nothing can shake it : whoso'er accuse her, 50  
 She would not stick at perjury to refute him.

She has at home, within herself, a mind  
 Fraught with false words, false actions, and false  
 oaths,

Tricks, stratagems, devices, and intrigues.  
 Nor need a woman, that is bent on ill, 55  
 Seek from abroad the means, who is herself  
 All plot.

V. 57. *All plot.*] I have been inclined to give this passage a different turn from the original.

*Nam mulier elitori nunquam supplicat, siqua est mala :  
 Domi habet hortum et condimenta ad omnes mores maleficos.*

The meaning of this is—*A woman need not go to a gardener's, who has a garden of her own with a plentiful growth of tricking arts, &c.*

PER.

PER. I'll tell her this, if she's within here.  
 But what is it, *Palæstrio*, in your mind  
 You're with yourself revolving ?

PAL. Peace awhile,--- 60  
 While that I call a council in my breast,  
 Consulting how to act, what craft t' oppose  
 Against my crafty fellow-servant, he  
 Who saw the lovers billing,---so that what  
 Was seen may not be seen.

PER. I prithee, seek it : 65  
 Mean time I'll get me at a distance from you.---  
 (*Retires.*)

Look !---how he stands apart, with brow severe,  
 As wrapt in thought, and full of cares :---His hand  
 Knocks at his breast ;---I fancy, he's about  
 To call his heart out. See, he shifts his posture,  
 And leaning his left elbow on his thigh 70  
 The fingers of his right hand he employs,  
 As it should seem, in reckoning some account ;  
 And his right thigh he smites so vehemently,  
 As speaks him with his thoughts dissatisfied :  
 And now he snaps his fingers : how he's work'd ! 75  
 And ever and anon he shifts his place :  
 See, see, he nods his head : he likes it not,  
 What he has hit upon ; for nothing crude  
 Will he at length bring forth, but well digested.  
 But see, he builds his head up, and his arm 80

V. 72. *Reckoning some account.*] This passage alludes to the manner of computation in use among the Ancients. Our Author frequently makes use of this allusion, when he is speaking of any person employed in meditation.

V. 80. *Builds his head up.*] *Ædificat, columnam mento suffulsit suo.*

Serves as a pillar to support his chin.

Fye, fye,---in troth I do not like this building ;

For I have heard a certain poet us'd

To lean his head upon his elbow thus,

And in close custody he liv'd confin'd.

85

Bravo ! O brave ! how well he plays his part !

Ne'er will he rest, till he has perfected

What he's in search of.---Oh, he has it sure.---

Come---to the business---mind what you're about :

Awake, and do not sleep ; unless you chuse 90

To have your back chequer'd with stripes : Awake,

I tell you : don't be idle : Hoa, 'tis I

That speak to you, *Palæstrio* : Wake, I say ;

Why wake, I say : 'tis day-light, man,

PAL. I hear you. 95

PER. Do you not see your foes are coming on you ?

Do you not know they'll lay siege to your back ?

Consult on measures then ; procure assistance :

Do it with speed ; no sluggishness is fitting :

Get of your foes the start ; draw forth your army ;

Besiege them first ; and for yourself provide 101

A safe-guard and defence ; cut off their convoys ;

Secure yourself a passage, that provisions

V. 83. *A certain poet.*] We are told by the commentators, that by this is meant *Nævius*, who (they say) used to study in this posture. We are further informed by them, that the satire in one of his comedies having offended the *Metellus* family, which was very powerful, he was put into prison, and closely confined. *Nævius* is called in the original *barbarus poeta*, because all authors, except the *Greeks*, were called *barbarous*. So *Plautus*, in one of his Prologues, speaking of his having translated a *Greek* Play, says *vertit barbarè*.

May

May unmolested reach you and your troops.

Look to the business: the affair is sudden: 105

Invent, contrive, find some expedient strait,  
Some counsel on the spot, that what was seen  
May seem not seen, what done not done at all.

Grand is the enterprize: yet say the word,

That you will take it on yourself alone, 110

My heart is confident that we shall rout them.

PAL. I say it then,---I take it on myself.

PER. And I, whatever you require, will grant.

PAL. Heav'ns bless you!

PER. But, good friend, impart to me  
What is it you've devis'd.

PAL. Then list in silence, 115

While I admit you to the misteries

Of all my cunning: you shall know my counsels

Ev'n as myself.

PER. What you entrust me with  
You shall have back entire upon demand.

PAL. My master's thicker than the elephant's hide,  
Has no more wisdom than a stone. 120

PER. I know it.

PAL. Now this is my devise: I will pretend

That a twin-sister of *Philocomasum*

(As like her as one drop of milk to another)

Is with a certain gallant come from *Athens*, 125

And that they lodge with you.

PER. O bravo! bravo!  
An exquisite conceit! I 'plaud your thought.

V. 119 *Thicker than the elephant's hide.*] The original is, *Elephanti corio circumtectus est, non suo.*

PER. So if my fellow servant should accuse  
Our lady to the captain, that he saw her  
Carefing of another, on my part 130  
I'll argue t' was her sister that he saw,  
With her own lover kissing and embracing.

PER. Most excellent! And I will say the same,  
If that the captain should enquire of me.

PAL. Be sure you say, they are most like each other :  
The lady too must be instructed, lest 136  
He catch her tripping, should he question her.

PER. Most artful the contrivance!---But suppose  
That he should want to see them both together  
In the same place :---What then is to be done? 140

PAL. That's easy : you may find enough excuses :  
She's not at home, she is gone out a walking,  
She is asleep, she's dressing, she is bathing,  
She's busy, she's at dinner, not at leisure,  
She cannot come : as many as you will 145  
Of these put-offs you'll readily think on, if  
We can induce him to believe at once  
Our first grand fib.

PER. It likes me what you say.

PAL. Then go you in, and if the lady's with you,  
Bid her come home to us immediately. 150  
Acquaint her with these matters, and instruct her,  
That she may comprehend the plot, which now  
We're entering on, concerning her twin-sister.

PER. I warrant, you shall find her aptly tutor'd.  
Would you ought else? (Going.)

PAL. No, go, Sir.

PER. I am gone.

[Exit PERIPLECTOMENES.]



## SCENE III.

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

And I'll go home too, use my best endeavours  
 To trace my man out : but I must dissemble,  
 (A stranger to the matter I,) to learn  
 Which of my fellow-servants 'twas, to-day  
 That fought this monkey : for it cannot be, 5  
 But he must prate to some one of our family  
 About my master's lady, how he saw her  
 Next door careffing of a stranger spark.  
 I know their manners, and myself alone  
 Of all our house have learn'd to hold my tongue. 10  
 If I do find him, my whole armament  
 I'll plant against him : all things are prepared ;  
 And for a certainty my force must conquer him.  
 If I don't find him, like an hound I'll go  
 Smelling about, until I shall have traced 15  
 My fox out by his track. But our door creaks :  
 My voice I'll lower : here comes my fellow-servant,  
 The guardian of *Philocomasium*.

V. 11. *My whole armament.*] The original is *vineas, pluteisque agam*. *Vinea* was a contrivance formerly used in war, made of timber covered with raw hides, to prevent it's being burnt, under which the assailants were sheltered in their attempts to scale the walls of a fortification. *Pluteus* was an engine of much the same kind and materials, and for the same use, in the form of a turret, and moving upon wheels. The allegory in the speech of *Periplectomenes*, in the preceeding scene, is here continued.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter S C E L E D R U S.*

If I have not been walking in my sleep  
 Upon the tiles, I'm certain that I saw  
 My master's lady in our neighbour's house;  
 And she has fought her out another lover.

PAL. As far as I can learn, 'twas he then saw her. 5

SCE. Who's that?

PAL. Your fellow-servant.---So, *Sceledrus!*  
 How fares it?

SCE. O *Palæstrio!* I am glad  
 I've met you.

PAL. How now? what's the matter? Tell me.

SCE. I fear---

PAL. What fear you?

SCE. That we all shall dance 10  
 To the musick of a cudgel.

PAL. Nay, do you  
 Dance by yourself: for me, I like it not,  
 This jigging work, this capering up and down.

SCE. Haply you do not know, what new mischance  
 Has just befall'n us.

V. 10. *We all shall dance, &c.*] I have taken the liberty of giving a somewhat different turn to the original, as it could not easily be expressed in our language.

*Maximum in malum cruciatum infliamus.* PAL. *Tu soli*

*Solus: nam ego istam insulturam et desulturam nihil hic moror.*

Our Author plays upon the word *infliamus*, alluding to the punishment inflicted upon slaves.

PAL.

PAL. What mischief?

SCENE. A filthy. 15

PAL. Then keep it to yourself, don't tell it me,  
I would not know it.

SCENE. But you must.---To-day,  
As I was looking for our monkey, here  
Upon our neighbour's tiles---

PAL. One worthless beast  
Was looking for another.

SCENE. Plague confound you! 20

PAL. You rather.---But go on, as you've begun.

SCENE. I haply chanc'd to peep down through the  
sky-light

Into next house, and there did I espy  
Our lady fondling with I know not whom,  
Another spark.

PAL. What do I hear you say? 25  
A villainous scandal!--

SCENE. By my troth I saw her.

PAL. What, you?

SCENE. Yes, I myself, with both these eyes.

PAL. Go, go, it is not likely what you say;  
Nor did you see her.

SCENE. How? do I appear,  
As if my eye-sight fail'd me?

PAL. You had better 30  
Ask a physician that.---But as you wish  
The Gods to love you, do not rashly foster  
This idle story, or you will create

V. 32. *Do not rashly foster—This idle story.*] *Temere baud tollas fabulam.* As the word *tollas* is in allusion to the ancient custom

A *capital* mischief to your head, and heels too.  
 For if you do not stop your foolish chattering, 35  
 A two-fold ruin waits you.

SCÈ. But how two-fold ?

PAL. I'll tell you. First, if falsely you accuse  
 Our lady, woe be to you ; and again,  
 Suppose it true, yet woe be to you,---you  
 Her guardian.

SCÈ. What will me befall, I know not ; 40  
 But I do know for certain, that I saw her.

PAL. Dost thou persist in't, thou unhappy wretch ?

SCÈ. What would you have me say, but that I  
 saw her ?

Moreover she's within here at this instant,  
 Here at next door.

PAL. How ? is she not at home ? 45

SCÈ. Go yourself in, and see ; for I will ask you  
 To credit me in nothing.

PAL. I will do it.

SCÈ. I'll wait you here. [PALÆSTRIO goes in.

of parents *taking up* their children, which were laid upon the ground as soon as they were born, to signify their intention of bringing them up, [See the Note, Act I. Scene III. v . 6. of *Amphitryon*,] our *English* word *foster* in some measure preserves the allusion.

V. 34. *A capital mischief to your head* ] *Capiti fraudem capitale*m. A very indifferent jingle, but scarce worse than the pun in *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, in the conversation between that Prince and *Polonius*.

HAM. My Lord, you once played in the University, you say.

POL. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact ?

POL. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*. I was killed in the *Capitol*. *Brutus* killed me.

HAM. It was a *Brute* part of him to kill so *Capital* a calf there.

S C E N E

## SCENE V.

SCELEDRUS *alone.*

The same time will I watch,  
 Till our stray'd heifer shall return from grazing  
 To her old stable.---What now shall I do?---  
 The captain gave me charge of her, and now  
 If I impeach her, I'm undone;---again, 5  
 If I am silent, and 'tis blaz'd abroad,  
 I then too am undone.---What can be more  
 Abandon'd, more audacious, than a woman?  
 The while I was upon the tiles, this huffy  
 Stole out o' doors.---A most audacious act! 10  
 And should the captain know it, on my troth  
 He'd pull the house down,---tuck me up directly.---  
 No, no, I'll hold my tongue, rather than end  
 My days so scurvily.---I cannot guard  
 One that will sell herself. 15

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* PALÆSTRIO.*Sceledrus!* Hoa!

SCE. Who is't that calls so menacing and loud?

PAL. Lives there a falser knave, or any born  
 Under a planet more unlucky?V. 4. *Under a planet more unlucky.]* *Mægis Diis inimicis nat<sup>us</sup>*  
*atque iratis.*

U 2

SCE.

SCENE. Why?

PAL. Prithee dig out those eyes, with which you  
see

5

What never was.

SCENE. What never was?

PAL. I wouldn't

Give ev'n a rotten nut now for your life.

SCENE. Why, what's the matter?

PAL. Ask you, what's the matter?

SCENE. Why not?

PAL. Prithee cut out that tongue of thine,  
Which prates so freely and at large.

SCENE. For why? 10

PAL. Lo! she's at home, whom you affirm'd you  
saw

Next door embracing of another spark.

SCENE. I marvel you should chuse to feed on darnel,  
When corn's so cheap

PAL. What do you mean?

SCENE. Because

You are dim-sighted.

PAL. Out, you rascal! you 15

Are not indeed dim-sighted, but stark blind :

For she's at home, I tell you.

SCENE. How! at home?

V. 13. *Feed on darnel.*] *Mirum est lolio vititare te, tam vili  
tritico. Lolium, which signifies Darnel or Cockle-Weed, was re-  
ckoned prejudicial to the eye-sight, as may be learned from a  
line of Ovid in the first Book of his Fasti.*

*Et careant lolis oculos vitiantibus agri.*

And free

From darnel be the fields, which hurts the eyes.

PAL.

PAL. She's most assuredly at home.

SCE. Go, go,

You make an handle of me for your sport.

PAL. So,---then my hands are dirty.

SCE. Why?

PAL. Because 20

I've handled such a dirty thing.

SCE. A mischief

Light on your head!

PAL. It will on your's, I promise you,  
If you don't change your language, and your eyes.  
But our door creaks.

SCE. I watch it narrowly:

For she can pass no way but by the fore door. 25

PAL. I tell you, she's at home.---I know not what  
Strange fancies you're possess'd with.

SCE. For myself

I see, and for myself I think, myself  
I have most faith in; nor shall any one  
Persuade me, that she is not in this house. 30

(*Pointing to PERIPLECTOMENES's house.*)

Here then I'll plant me, that she may'nt steal out  
Without my knowledge.

PAL. (*Aside*) Oh,---the man's my own:---

V. 19. *An handle, &c.*] The original is,

SCE. *Abi; ludis me, Palæstrio.*

PAL. *Tum mihi sunt manus inquinatæ.*

SCE. *Quid dum?*

PAL. *Quia ludo lute.*

V. 25. *Fore-door.*] *Reætæ ostio*, that is, *Anticum* opposed to *Posticum*.

I'll drive him from his strong hold. (*To Sce.*) Shall I  
make you

Own you are simple-fighted ?

SCENE. Do.

PAL. And that

You neither think, nor see aright ?

SCENE. I'd have you. 35

PAL. Do you not say the lady's here ?

SCENE. I'll swear

I saw her here, careffing of another.

PAL. Do you not know, there's no communication  
Betwixt our house and this ?

SCENE. I know it.

PAL. Neither

Terrace, nor garden,---nothing but the sky-light. 40

SCENE. I know it well.

PAL. Then, if she be at home,

And she come out before your eyes, you'll own  
An hearty drubbing is your due.

SCENE. My due.

PAL. Guard well that door then, lest she privily  
Steal forth, and pass to us.

SCENE. 'Tis my intent 45

To do so.

PAL. I will fet her here before you.

SCENE. Pray do.

[PALÆSTRIO goes in.

V. 40. *Terrace.*] *Solarium.* A place on the top of the house every where open to the sun. For the better understanding many passages in this play, it should be remembered, that the houses of the ancients had flat and plain roofs, so that they might easily be walked upon.

S C E N E



## SCENE VII.

SCLEDRUS *alone.*

I would fain know, if I have seen  
 What I have seen, or whether he can prove,  
 That she's at home.---I've eyes sure of my own,  
 And need not borrow others.---But this rogue,---  
 He pays his court to her ; he's ever near her ; 5  
 He's call'd to meals first, serv'd first with his mefs.--  
 'Tis now three years or thereabouts, since he  
 Has liv'd with us, and no one of the family  
 Fares better than his knaveship.---I must mind 9  
 What I'm about though :--I must watch this door.---  
 Then here I'll plant myself.---No, no,---I warrant you,  
 They'll ne'er impose on me.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* PALÆSTRIO *and* PHILOCOMASIUM.

PALÆSTRIO *to* PHILOCOMASIUM,  
*entering.*

Be sure, that you  
 Remember my instructions.

PHIL. It is strange,  
 You should so oft remind me.

V. 6. *Serv'd first with his mefs.*] *Primo pulmentum datur.* *Pulmentum* was a kind of pottage, which was the common food of slaves.

PAL.

PAL. But I fear  
You are not read enough in cunning.

PHIL. Prithee  
I could school those, who are themselves proficient.  
I have known women, famous for their arts; 6  
But I alone surpass them.

PAL. Come then---Now,  
Now put your tricks in force.---I'll get me from you.  
(To *Sceledrus*!)---Why d'ye stand thus?

SCENE. I'm about  
My business:---I have ears;---speak, what's your  
pleasure? 10

PAL. You'll shortly march, I fancy, in this posture  
Without the *Metian* gate, bearing along  
A gibbet with your hands spread out thus.

SCENE. Why?

PAL. Look there,---upon your left.---Who is that  
woman? 14

SCENE. Immortal Gods! 'tis she,---our master's lady!

PAL. And so I think indeed.---Do, prithee now---

SCENE. Do what?---

PAL. Go, hang yourself this instant.

PHIL. (*Advancing.*) Where

V. 12. *Without the Metian Gate.*] *Extra portam.* This is explained by Commentators to mean the *Metian* Gate, through which the slaves passed, in the manner described by our Author, to the place for gibbeting, which in those times was not allowed to be inflicted within the city walls.

V. 13. *Hands spread out.*] *Dispersis manibus.* We must suppose *Sceledrus* to be standing by *Periphetomenes's* door with his hands spread out, that he might readily lay hold on *Philocomasium*, as soon as she came out.

Is this good fervant, who accus'd me wrongfully  
Of indiscretion, me who am most innocent?

SCÈ. See! there he is.---He told me.---

SCÈ. I did tell you.

PHIL. Villain!---who was it, that you said you  
saw me 20

Embracing at next door?

PAL. A stranger spark,

He said.

SCÈ. I said so verily.

PHIL. You saw me?

SCÈ. Yes, with these eyes.

PHIL. Those eyes you'll lose, I fancy,  
Which see more than they see.

SCÈ. By heav'n I never  
Can be convinc'd, but what I saw I saw. 25

PHIL. I am a fool, have too much lack of wit,  
To parley with this madman,---whom I'll punish.

SCÈ. Pray spare your threats.---I know the gallows  
waits me,

A sepulchre where all my ancestors  
Have gone before me,---father, grandfather, 30  
Great grand-father, and great great grandfather.---  
Yet all your menaces can't dig my eyes out.---  
A word with you, *Palæstrio*.---Prithee now  
Whence came she hither?

PAL. Whence but from our house?

V. 32. *Can't dig my eyes out.*] That is, cannot make me blind, cannot prevent my having seen what I saw, to wit, *Philocomasium* at the next house.

SCÈ. Our house ?

PAL. And in your sight too.

SCÈ. True, I saw her. 35

(*Aside.*) Tis strange, how she got in ; for verily  
Our house has neither terrace, garden, no  
Nor window, but is grated.---(*To Phil.*) I am sure  
I saw you at next door.

PAL. What ! still persist,  
You rascal ! to accuse her ?

PHIL. In good sooth 40  
The dream I dreamt last night now turns out true.

PAL. What did you dream ?

PHIL. I'll tell you : but I pray you,  
Lend me your serious ear.---Last night methought  
I saw my sister, my twin-sister, who  
Was come from *Athens* here to *Ephesus* 45  
With a young spark, and that they lodg'd next door.

SCÈ. The dream she's telling is *Palestrio's*.

PAL. On pray.

PHIL. Methought it joy'd me much my sister's  
coming,  
But I lay under a most strong suspicion  
On her account : for, as it seem'd, the slave 50  
Appointed me, as is the case ev'n now,  
Accused me of caressing a strange spark,  
When 'twas my sister fondling with the lover.---  
Thus did I dream, myself was falsely censured.

PAL. The like befalls you waking, which you say

V: 41. *The dream I dreamt last night.*] This is a very artful  
contrivance in our Author, of telling what it was necessary that  
*Scenedrus* should be made to believe.

Your

Your sleep presented.---See, how all things tally ! 56  
 Go in now, and address the Gods.---I think,  
 You should acquaint the captain with this matter.

PHIL. I am resolv'd to do it:---I'll not suffer  
 My honour wrongfully to be impeach'd, 60  
 And let the insult pass unpunished.

*(Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.)*

SCENE IX.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCELEDRUS.

I tremble for the consequence,---my back  
 Does tingle so all over !

PAL. Know you not,  
 That you're undone?---She's now at home for certain.

SCE. Where'er she be, I'll watch our door for  
 certain.

*(Places himself before the CAPTAIN'S door.)*

PAL. But pray, what think you of this dream she  
 dreamt ? 5

How like it was to what has past,---as how  
 You should suspect, you saw her with a lover ?

SCE. And do you think, I did not see her ?

PAL. Prithee  
 Repent thee.---Should this reach our master's ear,

V. 57. *Address the Gods.*] It was usual with the ancients to address the Gods after any ill-omen'd dream, especially *Jupiter*, who in our Author's *Amphitryon* is, on this occasion, called *Prodigialis*, Disposer of strange Prodigies. See the whole passage, Act II. Scene II. v. 58.

You are undone for ever!

10

SCÈ. I am now

At length convinc'd, that I have had a mist  
Before my eyes.

PAL. That long ago was plain :  
For she has been at home here all the while.

SCÈ. I know not what to say : I did not see her,  
Though I did see her.

PAL. Verily by your folly 15  
You've near undone us : wishing to appear  
True to your master, you have near been ruin'd.---  
But heark---I hear a noise at the next door.---  
I'll say no more.

S C E N E X.

*Enter PHILOCOMASIUM, from*  
*PERIPLECTOMENES'S House.*

(*To a servant within.*) Put fire upon the altar,  
That, when my bathing's ended, I may pour  
My thanks and praises to *Ephesian Dian*,

*Enter PHILOCOMASIUM.*] *Sceledrus* having been prepared by the recital of a pretended dream, *Philocomasium* now makes her appearance as her twin-sister, who is supposed to have just come by sea from *Athens* to *Ephesus*, and consequently gives directions about her returning thanks for having escaped the dangers of her voyage. The business thickens here apace ; and the delusion is very artfully managed by our Author. As the circumstance of the private communication between the two houses is known to the spectators, and not in the least suspected by *Sceledrus*, his embarrassment on this occasion is highly diverting, and makes, what the French call, an excellent *Jeu de Theatre*.

With

With fragrant incense of *Arabian sweets* :  
 For she has fav'd me in the watry realms 5  
 Of *Neptune*, in his boisterous temples, where  
 With unrelenting billows I was tost,  
 And fore dismay'd.

SCENE. (*Discovering her.*) *Palæstrio*, O *Palæstrio*!

PAL. *Sceledrus*, O *Sceledrus*!---Well,---what would  
 you?

SCENE. That lady,---see there,---who came out from  
 hence 10

This instant,---say, is she *Philocomasium*?  
 Or is she not?

PAL. Truly I think it her.---

But it is strange, how she could get there,---if  
 Indeed she be the same.

SCENE. And do you doubt,  
 If it be she?

PAL. 'Tis like her.---Let's approach, 15  
 And speak to her.

SCENE. *Philocomasium*!---ho!---

How's this?---What business have you in that house?  
 Why are you silent? 'Tis to you I speak.

V. 6. *Boisterous temples.*] *Templis turbulentis.* In poetical language *Neptune*, and the inferior water-deities, are supposed to have Temples in the sea, rivers, and fountains. The diction is here elevated, to give a serious air (which makes it truly humorous) to what *Philocomasium* says in the character of her twin-sister.

V. 18. *To you I speak, &c.*] The joke is more perfect in the Latin Idiom.

SCENE. *Tecum loquor.*

PAL. *Inimò adepol tute tecum.*

PAL.

PAL. Nay verily you speak but to yourself;  
For nothing does she answer.

SCE. Shameless woman! 20

To you I speak,---you, that thus roam about  
Among the neighbours!

PHIL. Whom d'ye speak to?

SCE. Whom,

But to yourself?

PHIL. Who are you? and what business  
Have you with me?

SCE. Hey!---Ask you, who I am? 24

PHIL. And why not ask you, what I do not know?

PAL. Pray who am I then, if you know not him?

PHIL. A very troublesome, whoe'er you are,---  
Both you and he.

SCE. What! don't you know us then?

PHIL. No,---neither.

SCE. I do greatly fear---

PAL. What fear you?

SCE. That we have lost ourselves somewhere or  
other: 30

For she knows neither you, she says, nor me.

PAL. Let us examine, if we are ourselves,  
Or else some other:---may be, they have chang'd us  
Without our knowledge.

SCE. Surely I am I.

V. 21. *You that thus roam about.*] *Quæ circum vicinos vagas, or vaga's, i. e. vaga es.*

V. 30. *Lost ourselves.*] The reader may remember much of this humour, in the part of *Sofia* in our Author's *Amphitryon*.



PAL. And so am I. (*To Phil.*)---Lady, you seek  
your ruin.--- 35

*Philocomasium!* ho!---to you I speak.

PHIL. What madness does possess you thus to call me  
By a strange name?

PAL. Oh ho! how are you call'd then?

PHIL. My name is *Glycere*.

PAL. Fye now, this is wrong.---  
You'd go by a false name.---'Tis not becoming, 40  
And truly you do wrong my master by it.

PHIL. I?

PAL. You.

PHIL. I came but yesterday to *Ephesus*  
From *Athens*, with my young *Athenian* lover.

PAL. Tell me, what business have you here at  
*Ephesus*?

PHIL. I heard, that my twin-sister sojourn'd here,  
And came to seek her.

PAL. O thou art a sad one!

PHIL. I am a fool to hold discourse with you.---  
I'll go.

SCENE. (*Laying hold of her.*) But I'll not let you.

PHIL. Loose me.

SCENE. No,---

'Tis plain!---I will not quit you.

PHIL. But I'll make  
Your cheeks ring, if you don't let go.

SCENE. *Palæstrio?*--- 50  
Plague:---why do you stand still?---why don't you  
hold her

On t' other side?

PAL:

PAL. I do not chuse to bring  
A business on my back.---How do I know,  
Whether she be *Philocomasium*, or  
Some other, that is like her ?

PHIL. Will you loose me, 55  
Or will you not ?

SCÈ. No,---I will drag you home  
By force, against your will, except you'll gently  
Go of your own accord.

PHIL. (*Pointing to PERIPLECTOMENES'S house.*)  
My lodging's here,---  
This door.---At *Athens* I've an home, and patron.---  
Your home I reckon not ; neither do I know, 60  
What men ye are.

SCÈ. Seek your redress by law.---  
I'll never loose you, till you give your word,  
That, if I do so, you will go in here. (*To the CAPTAIN'S*)

PHIL. Me you by force compel, whoc'er you are.---  
I promise, if you loose me, I will go  
In there, where you command.

SCÈ. Then,---I do loose you. 65

PHIL. And I, as I am free, will go in here.

(*Runs into PERIPLECTOMENES'S house.*)

V. 59. *At Athens I've an home and patron.*] *Athenis domus at- que berus.* This is read differently in different editions. *Limiers*, the *French* Translator of our Author, interprets *berus* in this place, to mean the person that takes a woman into keeping.

V. 61. *Seek your redress by law.*] *Lege agito.* This, the commentators tell us, was a formal expression in commencing a suit at law.

SCENE.

## SCENE XI.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCENE. Fool that I was, to trust a woman's honour!

PAL. So,—you have let the prey slip through your hands,

*Sceledrus!*

SCENE. It is her, as sure as can be,—

My master's lady.

PAL. Will you act with spirit?

SCENE. Act what?

PAL. Bring me a cutlafs.

SCENE. What to do? 5

PAL. I'll break into the house, and whomfoe'er  
I see careffing of *Phucomastum*,  
I'll kill him on the spot.

SCENE. And do you think,

'Twas her?

PAL. Oh, plainly her.

SCENE. But how the jade

Dissembled!

PAL. Go, and bring a cutlafs hither. 10

SCENE. It shall be here directly.

[SCELEDRUS goes in.]

V. 6. *I'll break into the house.*] Different editions of our Author have given these speeches differently to *Palæstrio* and *Sceledrus*: but I cannot help thinking, that the mock rage of *Palæstrio* is most in character. It is observable, that nearly the same expressions are used by *Amphitryon*, at the end of Act IV. when he is worked up to the highest pitch of rage and desperation.

## S C E N E XII.

P A L Æ S T R I O *alone.*

Not a foldier,  
 Of horse or foot, can prove himself so bold,  
 As can a woman.---How she topt her part  
 In both her characters! how charmingly  
 She gull'd my fellow-servant, her wife keeper! 5  
 That opening thro' her chamber-wall, how happy!

## S C E N E XIII.

*Enter* S C E L E D R U S.*Palæstrio!*---We have no need of the cutlafs.

PAL. What then?

SCE. Our master's lady is at home.

PAL. How? What! at home?

SCE. She's lying in her bed.

PAL. You've brought yourself into an ugly scrape.---

SCE. Why?

PAL. That you've dar'd to touch this  
 neighbour-lady.

V. I. *Not a foldier, &c.*] It is remarkable, that allusions to military operations are frequently used, particularly by *Palæstrio* and *PeripleTomenes*, throughout this Play. May we not suppose, it is on account of a principal character in it, from which the Play has it's title?

SCE.

SCENE. I fear it much.---Now no one shall convince me,

But that it must be her twin-sister.

PAL. True,---

'Twas her you saw careffing.---It is plain,---

It must be her,---e'en as you say.

SCENE. How near

To ruin was I, had I told my master !

PAL. Then, if you're wife, henceforth you'll hold your tongue.---

A servant ought to know more than he speaks.---

I'll leave you to your thoughts alone ;---I'll now

Unto our neighbour's.---I don't like these turmoils :

My master if he comes, and asks for me,

I will be here directly.---Call me hence.

*(Goes into PERIPLECTOMENES's house.*

S C E N E XIV.

S C E L E D R U S *alone.*

So---Is he gone ?---A pretty fellow this !---

He cares not for his master's business more

Than if he weren't his servant !---I am sure,

Our lady is within here ; for I found her

At home, and in her bed, this very instant.

But I'm resolv'd to be upon the watch.

*(Places himself before the CAPTAIN's door.*

## S C E N E XV.

*Enter* PERIPLECTOMENES.

Why fure thefe fellows here, thefe varlet-knaves,  
 Thefe fervants of our neighbour captain,---What?  
 They take me for a woman, not a man ; -  
 To make me thus their paftime ! in the ftreet  
 T' affault and ufe fuch freedoms with my lodger, 5  
 (Who with her lover is from *Athens* come,)  
 A modeft, and a gentle.---

SCÆ. I am ruin'd ;  
 He bears down ftrait upon me. I'm afraid,  
 This fame affair will bring me to great trouble,  
 As much as I have heard this old man talk.

PER. I'll up to him.---*Sceledrus!* was it you, 10  
 A rafcal as you are, that dar'd affront  
 My lodger here juft now before my door ?

SCÆ. Good neighbour, I befeech you, hear.

PER. I hear you ?

SCÆ. I would fain clear me.

PER. How ! you clear you ? You,  
 Who've put fuch grofs indignities upon me ?--- 15  
 Becauſe ye ſerve a ſoldier, do ye think,  
 That ye may do whate'er ye liſt ?---You rafcal !

SCÆ. May I---

PER. But let the Gods ne'er prosper me,

V. 16. *Serve a Soldier.*] *Latrocinamini.* See the Note at  
 the end of the First Act of this Play.

If

If I don't have you punish'd with a whipping,  
 A long and lasting one, from morn to even : 20  
 First, that you broke my gutters and my tiles,  
 In seeking for a monkey like yourself ;  
 Next, that you peep'd down thence into my house,  
 And saw my lodger fondling with her mistress ;  
 Then, that you dar'd accuse your master's lady, 25  
 (A modest,) of incontinence, and me  
 Of a most heinous action ; further, that  
 You dar'd assault my lodger at my door.  
 And if you are not punish'd with due stripes, .  
 Your master I will load so with disgrace, 30  
 He shall be fuller of it than the sea  
 Of billows in a storm.

SCENE. *Periplectomenes,*

I'm driven to such a strait, I know not whether  
 'Twere fitter to dispute this matter with you,  
 Or clear myself before you : for if she 35  
 Be not the lady, then our lady is not ;  
 Nor do I even know now what I've seen ;  
 So very like your lady is to our's,  
 If not the same.

PER. Go to my house, and see ;  
 You soon will know.

SCENE. Will you permit me ?

V. 26. *Of a most heinous action.] Summi flagitii.* 'This is explained lower down, in Scene XVII. v. 21.

———To think that wittingly  
 I e'er could suffer such an injury,  
 So glaring, in my house, and to my neighbour.

PER.

PER. Nay, 40

I do command :---examine at your leisure.

SCE. And so I will.

*(SCELEDRUS goes into PERIPLECTOMENES's house.*

## S C E N E XVI.

PERIPLECTOMENES *calling through the Window.**Philocomasium, ho,*

Pass with what speed you can into our house ;  
 The affair is pressing : after, when *Sceledrus*  
 Shall have come out, return you with like speed  
 To your own house.---I fear, lest she mistake. 5  
 Should he not see her here, our trick's discover'd.

## S C E N E XVII.

S C E L E D R U S *entering.*

O heav'ns ! one woman sure more like another,  
 And, if the same she be not, more the same  
 I do not think the Gods can make.

*Calling through the window.]* There is nothing in our Author to lead us to conjecture, by what means *Periplectomenes* addresses himself to *Philocomasium*, who is supposed to be in the *Captain's* house. The oeconomy of the stage required, that it should not be without an actor upon it, and it was necessary to preserve the *Unity of Place*. For these reasons we may suppose the old gentleman to call through the window, where, it is natural to imagine, *Philocomasium* might be stationed within hearing, to observe all that passed.

PER.



PER. What now?

SCB. I merit chastisement.

PER. So---Is it her?

SCB. Though it be her, it is not.

5

PER. Have you seen her?

SCB. I saw her, fondling with the youth your guest.

PER. And is it her?

SCB. I know not.

PER. Would you know

For certain?

SCB. I could wish it.

PER. Go you in

This instant to your own house, and see whether  
Your lady be within.

SCB. I'll do so: rightly

10

You have advised me: I'll return forthwith.

*(He goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.)*

PER. I never saw a man so sweetly fool'd,  
And by such rare devices.---But he's coming.

SCENE XVIII.

*Enter* S C E L E D R U S.

*Periphetomenes!* by Gods and men  
I do beseech you, by my own folly,  
By these your knees---

PER. What is it, you'd beseech me?

SCB. Pardon my ignorance, my folly pardon,  
Since now at length I know I am half-witted,  
Blind, and unthinking; for *Philocomasium*,  
Behold! she is at home.

5

PER.

PER. Why, how now, hang-dog?  
Hast seen them both?

SCB. I've seen them.

PER. Prithce fend

Your master to me.

SCB. I indeed confess,  
That I have deserv'd most ample chastisement, 10  
And done an injury to your fair lodger :  
But I believ'd she was my master's lady,  
Of whom I had the charge ; for never can there  
From the same well be drawn one drop of water

V. 14. *From the same well.*] *Ex uno pluteo.* Some Editions, and among them *Lambin's*, read *summo*, upon which this learned commentator takes occasion to remark, that our Author has properly added *summo* or the *top* of a well ; for (says he very gravely) the water, which is on the *top* of a well, is commonly different from that, which is at the *bottom*, which is foul and muddy ; whereas at the *top* it is pure and clear.—This wonderful erudition, respecting *well-water*, may be matched with that of the great *Camerarius*, of which notice has been taken in the Note to Act II. Scene II v. 64. of *Amphitryon*.

This kind of similitude is used also in the *Amphitryon*, where *Sofia* says of *Mercury*,

*Neque lac lacti magis est simile, quàm ille ego similis est mi.*

One drop of milk

Is not more like another than that I

Is like to Me.

So again in the *Menæchmi*, or *Twin Brothers*, of our Author, the Slave *Messenio* says to one of them,

—*Ego hominem homini similiorem nunquam vidi alterum.*

*Neque aqua aquæ, neque lacte est lacti, crede mihi, usquam similius,  
Quàm hic tui est, tuque hujus.*

I never saw one man more like another.

Water to water, milk to milk, believe me,

Is not more like, than he is like to you,

And you to him.

More

More like another, than our lady is 15  
 To this your lodger :---And I do confefs too,  
 I look'd into your houfe down through the fky-light.

PER. Confefs indeed ! what I myfelf did fee.

SCE. I fancy'd, that I faw *Philocomafum*.

PER. And do you rate me at fo fmall a price 20  
 Of all mankind, to think that wittingly  
 I e'er could fuffer fuch an injury,

So glaring, in my houfe, and to my neighbour ?

SCE. Now do I judge at laft, that I have done  
 Moft foolifhly, fince now I know the truth :--- 25  
 Yet with no ill intent.

PER. 'Twas wrongly done.

A fervant fhould refrain his eyes, and hands,  
 And fpeech too.

SCE.---I ?---If I but mutter ought  
 From this day forward, ev'n of what I know.  
 Myfelf for certain, put me to the torture, 30  
 I'll give me up to you. Now I befech you  
 To pardon me this once,---

PER. I fhall perfuade me,  
 'Twas with no ill intent : I pardon you.

SCE. May the Gods prosper you !

PER. And verily,  
 If you would have them prosper you, your tongue 35  
 Henceforward you'll refrain : what you fhall know,  
 You'll know not, and not fee, what you fhall fee.

SCE. You counfel me aright : I am refolv'd  
 To do fo.---But I hope, you are appeas'd.  
 Would you ought elfe ?

PER. That you would know me not.

SCÈ. (*Aside*) He has cajol'd me.---How benignly he  
 Vouchsafed his grace no longer to be angry !  
 I know what he's about :---he means, the captain  
 Should catch me here at home, when he returns  
 (As shortly I expect him) from the *Forum*.--- 45  
 He and *Palæstrio* together hold me  
 At their disposal :---but I've found it out,  
 And some time have I known it.---Verily  
 They shall not catch me nibbling at their bait :  
 I'll now take to my heels, and for some days 50  
 I'll hide me somewhere, till the storm is hush'd,  
 And their resentment soften'd .---I have merited  
 Enough, and more of chastisement.--But yet,---  
 Whate'er befall me,---I will e'en go home.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XIX.

PERIPLECTOMENES *alone.*

So,---he is gone then.---Well---the proof, they say,  
 Is in the eating.---That he should be wrought on,

V. 47. *Hold me—At their disposal.*] The original is, *Me habent  
 venalem.* The *French* Idiom answers exactly to the *Latin*,—*me  
 venalem vendere.*

V. 49. *Nibbling at their bait.*] The original is,  
*Nunquam herclè ex istâ nassû ego hodiè escam petam.*

*Nassa* properly signifies what is called in our language a *weel*,  
 which is a kind of trap to catch fish, made of twigs, with a  
 bait put into it, and of such a construction as that the fish may  
 readily have admittance, but cannot get out again. The allusion  
 is obvious.

V. 1. *The proof, they say,—Is in the eating.*] It was impossible  
 to preserve the exact sense of the original, with any grace.—

*Scio,*

To think he has not seen what he has seen !  
 For now his eyes, his ears, his very thoughts  
 Have, as it were, deserted, and come o'er 5  
 To us.---So---hitherto we've managed rarely :---  
 The lady play'd her part most charmingly.---  
 I'll back unto our senate ; for *Paletstrio*  
 Is in my house ; *Sceladrus*,---he's away.---  
 Now we may hold a full and frequent senate : 10  
 I'll in then, lest they fine me for my absence.

[*Goes in.*]

Scio

*Occisam sepe sapere plus multo suam,  
 Cum manducatur.*

The humour of this, such as it is, turns upon the double meaning of the word *sapere*, according to commentators. The allusion to a common *English* proverb, which I have here substituted, does not, I imagine, depart entirely from the sentiment of our Author.

V. 5. *Deserted.*] *Transfugere ad nos.* An allusion to military affairs, which (as I before remarked) is frequent in this play.

V. 11. *Fine me.*] *Sortitio suam.* It is plain, that what *Periplectomenes* says here, is in allusion to the forms and practices of the Roman Senate. The commentators are full in their explanations of the meaning of *sortitio* : I have followed that, which appears to me the least refined. We are told, that some MSS have *obstitio*. The sense would be then, *lest I should be an hindrance or obstruction.*

\* \* As the character of the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN, in the first Act of this Play, was stretched beyond the bounds of probability, we may remark on the other hand, that no character can be supported with greater propriety and more true humour than this of *Periplectomenes*, in the second ; who is, indeed, in all respects by far the most principal one ; and perhaps he is hardly to be matched in ancient or modern Comedy. The Scene that follows, in the beginning of the third Act, displays him fully.

*The End of the SECOND ACT.*

Z 2

A C T

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

PALÆSTRIO, to PERIPLECTOMENES  
and PLEUSIDES in entering.

**S**TAY ye awhile within doors, let me first  
 Look out, lest any where an ambuscade  
 Be plac'd against the council we would hold :  
 For now we need a safe and secret place,  
 Where never enemy can win the spoils  
 By intercepting of our private counsels,  
 Where never enemy can win the spoils  
 By over-hearing our deliberations :  
 For what is well advis'd is ill advis'd,  
 The foe if it advantage ; and it can't be  
 But, if it profit him, it hurteth me. 10  
 Good counsels many a time are filch'd from us,  
 If that the place for speaking be not chose  
 With care and caution : for if once the enemy  
 Learn your deliberations, they can tye 15  
 Your tongue, and bind your hands, with your own  
 counsel,  
 And do the same to you, you would to them.---  
 But I will spy abroad, lest any one

V. 5. *WIn the spoils.*] *Spolia capiat.* This speech is in allusion to military proceedings, with which allusions (as I have already observed) this play abounds.

To

To right or left should be upon the hunt  
 To catch our counsels with his ears, like toils.--- 20  
 The prospect through the street is desert quite,  
 Ev'n to the farthest end.---I'll call them out.---  
*Periplectomenes, and Pleusides,*  
 Come forth.

SCENE II.

*Enter PERIPLECTOMENES and PLEUSIDES.*

PERIPLECTOMENES.

Behold us here obedient to you.

PAL. The sway is easy o'er the just and good.---  
 But I would know now, if we are to act  
 According to the plan we form'd within.

PER. There's nothing our affair can profit more. 5

PAL. You, *Pleusides*, say, what is your opinion?

PLEU. Can it displease me, ought that pleases you?  
 (*To Per.*) Who can I call my friend more than  
 yourself?

PER. You say what is obliging.

PAL. So he should do.

V. 19. *Upon the hunt, &c.]*

*Nequis aut hinc a lævâ aut a dextrâ  
 Noſtro conſilio, venator aſſit cum auritis plagis.*

V. 2. *The ſway is eaſy.] Facile eſt imperium in bonis.* We find another interpretation put upon this ſentence by the commentators, beſides that which I have followed, as it ſeems to me the moſt natural and obvious. Some explain it thus.—*It is eaſy to command people in matters which are to their advantage.*

PLEU.

PLEU. But, Sir, this hurts me,---to the very foul Torments me.

PER. What is't, that torments you?---Tell me.

PLEU. To think I should engage you in an act  
So young and puerile,---one of your years,---  
So unbecoming of you and your virtue ;---  
That you should forward me with all your might 15  
In my amour ;---for you to do such things,  
Which age like your's doth more avoid than follow !  
It shames me, I should trouble thus your age.

PER. You are a lover, man, of a new mode,  
That you can blush at any thing you do. 20  
Go, go, you nothing love.---A lover? No,  
The semblance you, and shadow of a lover.

PLE. Can it be right in me, Sir, to employ  
One of your age to second my amour?

PER. How say you? do I then appear to you  
One o' th' next world already? do I seem 25  
So near my grave, and to have liv'd so long?  
Why troth I am not above fifty four :---  
I have my eye-sight clear, and I can use  
My hands, and walk well with my feet.

PAL. What though 30  
His hair be grey, he is not old in mind :  
The same ingenuous temper still is in him.

PLEU. True---I have found it, as you say, *Palessrio* :

V. 26. *One o' th' next world already.*] *Acherunticus*,—Ripe (as we may say) for *Acheron*, or the next world. The same expression is used in a very humorous passage in the *Mercator*, or *Merchant*, of our Author, Act II. at the beginning of Scene II. See the passage in Vol. II. of this translation.



For he is kind and free as any youth.

PER. Good guest, the more you try, the more you'll  
know 35

My courtesy towards you in your love.

PLEU. Needs he conviction, who's convinc'd already?

PER. Only that you may have sufficient proof  
At home, so as abroad you need not seek it.---  
He who has never been himself in love, 40

Can hardly see into a lover's mind :

For my part I have still some little spice  
Of love and moisture in my frame ; nor am I  
Dried up as yet, or dead to love and pleasure.

And I can crack my joke at merry meetings, 45

And be a boon companion : I ne'er thwart

Another in discourse, but bear in mind,

To give offence to no one : I can take

My part and due share in the conversation ;

But I am silent, when another's speaking : 50

No spitting, hawking, snivelling dotard, I :

In fine I'm right *Ephesian* born and bred,

V. 38. *That you may have, &c.*]

*Ut apud te exemplum experiendæ habeas, nè petas foris.*

This phrase is frequently used by our Author.

V. 52. *Ephesian, &c.*]

*Ephesi sum natus, non in Apulis, non in Umbriâ.*

Without a nice enquiry into the frame and make, and general disposition, of the people of one or the other country, we may take it for granted, that a sarcasm is here intended on the *Apulians* and the *Umbrians*. We read in the *Delphin* Edition of our Author,—that the *Umbrians* were broad-shouldered, large-footed, large-ear'd, a sign of strength, (we are there told) and want of capacity.—Be this as it will, it is certain, that *Plautus* was himself an *Umbrian* ; and what were his inducements to abuse

his

Not an *Apulian*, or an *Umbrian*.

PAL. What a facetious brave old gentleman,  
If he possess the qualities he mentions! 55  
Sure he was brought up in the school of *Venus*.

PER. I'll give you proofs of my complacency,  
More than I'll vaunt. At table I ne'er clamour  
On state affairs, or prate about the laws:  
Nor do I ever, in the social hour, 60  
Once cast a lewd glance at another's mistress:  
Nor do I snatch the tid-bits to myself,  
Or seize upon the cup before my turn:  
Strife and dissention never do arise  
From me through wine;---if any one offend me, 65  
I go me home, and break off further parley:  
When in the ladies company, I then  
Resign me up to sprightliness and love.

PLEU. Sir, your whole manners have a special grace:  
Shew me but three men like you, and I'll forfeit 70  
Their weight to you in gold.

PAL. You shall not find  
Another of his age, that's more accomplish'd,  
More throughly to his friend a friend.

PER. I'll make you  
Own, in my manners I'm a very youngster;

his countrymen, may afford matter of conjecture to those, who  
chuse to trouble their heads about it.

V. 56. *School of Venus.*]

*Eductum in nutritatu Veneris.*

V. 71. *Weight in Gold.*]

*Cedo tres mihi homines aurichalco contrâ.*

*Aurichalcum*, or *Orichalcum*, was a metallic composition among  
the antients, of the highest estimation, as gold is with us.

I'll shew myself so ready to oblige. 75  
 Need you an advocate t'inforce your suit,  
 Rude, and of fiery temper? I am he.  
 Need you a mild and gentle? You shall say,  
 I'm gentler than the sea, when it is hush'd,  
 And softer than the *Zephyr's* balmy breeze. 80  
 A jovial buck am I, a first-rate wit,  
 And best of caterers: then as for dancing,  
 No finical slim fop can equal me.

PAL. (*To Pleu.*) Of all these excellent accomplish-  
 ments, 84  
 Which would you chuse, were you to have the option?

PLEU. I would at least, my poor thanks could be  
 equal

To his deserts, and your's; for I have giv'n you  
 A world of trouble.---But it much concerns me,  
 Th' expence I put you to. (*To Per.*)

PER. You are a fool;---  
 Expence forsooth!---Upon an enemy, 90  
 Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,  
 That is expence indeed! But on a friend,  
 Or a good guest, what you expend is gain:  
 As also, what it costs in sacrifices,  
 Is by the wise and virtuous counted profit.--- 95  
 Blest be the Gods, that courtesy I have  
 With hospitality to treat a stranger.  
 Eat, drink, and take your pleasure with me; load  
 Yourself with merriment; my house is free,  
 I free, and I would have you use me freely. 100  
 For, by the Gods kind favour I may say it,

V. 83. *Finical slim fop.*] *Cinædus malacus.*

I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife  
Of the best family, and well portion'd too:  
But I don't chuse to bring into my house  
An everlasting barker.

PLEU. Why not marry? 105  
'Tis a sweet burthen to have children.

V. 105. *A barker.*] *Oblatratricem.*

V. 106. *To have children.*] There is a jingle in this passage in the original, which I found impossible to be preserved in the translation.

—*Procreare liberos lepidum est onus.*

—*Liberum esse, id multò est lepidius.*

There is a passage in the *Brothers of Terence*, Act I. Scene I. which I cannot but think carries a greater force with it than is commonly understood, in the use of the word LIBERI; which is interpreted to mean nothing more than simply CHILDREN. It appears to me, from the whole context, to bear a much stronger sense, and to include both the senses of the word LIBERI—not CHILDREN merely, but CHILDREN *that are FREE*. The whole of *Mitio's* reasoning seems to me to turn upon the method proper to be followed in exercising rule over CHILDREN, *who are FREE*, in opposition to SLAVES, that are under the same authority. The Passage is as follows.

*Pudore et LIBERALITATE LIBEROS*

*Retinere satius esse credo quàm metu.*

He goes on afterwards - - - - -

*Et errat longè meâ quidem sententiâ,*

*Qui IMPERIUM credat gravius esse aut stabilius,*

*Vi quod fit, quàm illud quod amicitia adjungitur.*

What confirms me in my opinion, is the conclusion drawn from his argument.

*Hoc PATRIUM est, potius consuefacere filium*

*Suâ sponte rectè facere quàm alieno metu.*

*Hoc PATER ac DOMINUS interst. Hoc qui nequit,*

*Fateatur nescire imperare LIBERIS.*

PER. Troth

'Tis sweeter far to have one's liberty.

PAL. Sir, you are able to direct yourself,  
And give advice to others.

PER. A good wife,---

If there was ever such an one on earth,--- 110

Where can I find her?---Shall I bring home one,  
That never will address me in this fashion?

“ Buy me some wool, my dear, that I may make you

“ A garment soft and warm, good winter cloathing,

“ To keep your limbs from starving.” Not a word

Like this you'll ever hear come from a wife:--- 116

But, ere the cock crow, from my sleep she'd rouze me,

Crying--- “ My dear, pray give me wherewithal

“ I may present my mother in the *Calends*:---

There is a passage in *Pliny's* Epistle to *Maximus*, (B. VIII. Ep. XXIV.) on his entering on the government of *Achaia*, which is much to the same purpose. *Vides a medicis, quanquam in adversâ valetudine nihil servi ac liberi differant, molliùs tamen liberos clementiùsque tractari.* “ Physicians, you see, tho' with respect to diseases, there is no difference between freedom and slavery, yet treat persons of the former rank with more tenderness than those of the latter.” MELMOTH.

After all, I submit with all humility this conjecture to the learned, and hope to be excused, should they look upon it as a fanciful refinement.

V. 119. *Calends*.] *Calendis*, that is, the *Calends* of *Mars*, which with the *Romans* began the New Year, (as we learn from *Macrobius*) and were celebrated particularly by the *Matrons*, who offered sacrifices to *Juno*, to whom all the *Calends* were dedicated, as the *Ides* were to *Jupiter*. Hence these *Calends* of *Mars* were called *Festa Matronalia*, the *Matrons* Festivals. It was also a custom, as may be learned from *Juvenal*, at this time to make presents in the same manner as our New-Year's Gifts,

- " Get me a cook ; and get me a confectioner :--- 120  
 " Give something to bestow in the *Quinquatria*  
 " On the diviner, on th' enchantress, on  
 " The soothfayer :---it were an heinous crime  
 " To send them nothing ;---how they'd look upon  
     me !---  
 " And then it can't be, but I must present 125  
 " The forcerefs with some kind and gentle token :---  
 " The taper-bearer is already angry,  
 " That she has nothing had :---the midwife too  
 " Upbraids me, that she has so little sent her :---  
 " What !---won't you then send something to the  
     nurse, 130

V. 121. *Quinquatria.*] *Quinquatribus.* *Quinquatria* or *Quinquatrus*, were Festivals dedicated to *Minerva*, so called from *quinque*, because they lasted *five* days, as we are told by *Ovid*, who has given us the origin and the particular manner of celebrating these Festivals, in the third Book of his *Fasti*.

V. 122, &c. *Diviner—Enchantress—Soothfayer,—&c.*] *Præcantatrici, Conjectrici, Ariole, &c.* We have no words, that will answer exactly to these in the original, as they relate to the religious ceremonies and superstitions of the ancients ; and I shall not trouble the reader with explaining them. As I profess to give a *Translation* of my Author, I am not at liberty to substitute modern customs in the place of ancient, though I cannot but agree with the observation of a sensible Critic in the *St. James's Magazine* for *January 1763*, on this very point. " That agreeable  
 " satire, says he, in the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN, upon the con-  
 " tinual selfish importunity of women to their husbands, loses  
 " all its effect on an *English* reader, so long as those instances of  
 " female coaxing in a morning relate only to a slave to cram the  
 " fowls, or for something to give to her mother upon the *Kalends*,  
 " to the enchantress and soothfayer on the *Quinquatrice* ; but when  
 " such insinuating caresses tend to procure a foot-boy, or a  
 " new

“ That brings your slaves up, born beneath your roof ?”

These, and a thousand other like expences,  
Brought on by women, fright me from a wife,  
Who'd plague and teaze me with the like discourfes.

PAL. The Gods in troth befriend you ; for if once  
You lose that liberty which now you hold, 135  
You will not easily be re-instated.

PLEU. Yet 'tis a reputation for a man  
Of noble family and ample state,  
To breed up children, as a monument  
Unto himself and race. 140

PER. Why need I children,  
When that I have relations in abundance ?---  
I now live well and happily,---as I like,  
And to heart's content.---Upon my death,  
My fortune I'll bequeath to my relations,  
Dividing it among them.---They eat with me, 145  
Make me their care, see what I have to do,  
Or what I want ; are with me before day,  
To ask if I have slept well over-night :  
They are to me as children : they are ever  
Sending me presents : when they sacrifice, 150  
I have a larger portion than themselves :

“ new year's gift, or something handsome to give to servants,  
“ or to the wet-nurse, or methodist preacher, there is no mar-  
“ ried man whatever, but would enter directly into the spirit of  
“ such requests.”

V. 131. *Slaves born beneath your roof.*] *Vernas.* The ancients made a difference between the slaves born in the family, which they called *Vernæ*, and those they purchased.

They

They take me to the entrails : they invite me  
 To dine, to sup with them : he counts himself  
 The most unfortunate, that sends me least :  
 They vie with one another in their presents ; 155  
 When to myself I whisper all the while,  
 Aye, aye, it is my fortune they gape after,  
 And therefore strive they in their gifts to me.

PAL. You see things with a clear discerning spirit.  
 While you are well and hearty, we may say 160  
 You've children thick and three-fold.

PER. Had I had,  
 I should have had anxiety enough  
 On their account : I think I should have died,  
 If son of mine had had a fall in liquor,

V. 152. *Entrails.*] *Exta*, called by *Virgil*, *Exta lustralia*. The  
 antients in their sacrifices, which were always accompanied with  
 feasting, used to offer part of the entrails of the victims to the  
 Gods ; the rest they afterwards eat themselves. Their relations,  
 and most intimate friends, were invited to partake of the cheer,  
 a portion of which was sent to those that could not attend.

—*Limiers* from *Turnebus* and *Casaubon*.

V. 164. *If son of mine, &c.*]

*Censerem emori, cecidissetne ebrinus, aut de equo uspiam ;*

*Metuerem, nè ibi defregisset crura aut cervicem sibi.*

In the *Brothers* of *Terence*, *Micio* expresses himself in so similar a  
 manner, that it almost seems to have been copied from our  
 Author.

*Egò, quia non rediit filius, quæ cogito !*

*Et quibus nunc sollicitor rebus ! ne aut ille alserit,*

*Aut uspiam ceciderit, aut profregerit :*

*Aliquid.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

And what a world of fears possess me now !  
 How anxious, that my son is not return'd ;  
 Lest he take cold, or fall, or break a limb !

COLMAN.

Or



Or tumbled from his horse; so great had been 165  
 My dread, that he had broke a leg at least,  
 If not his neck.---And then my apprehensions,  
 Lest that my wife should bring a monstrous brood,  
 Deform'd, and mark'd,-----some bandy-leg'd,  
 knock-kneed,  
 Or shambling, squint-eyed, tusk-tooth'd brat or other.

PAL. This gentleman deserves an ample fortune,  
 And to have life continued to him long; 172  
 For why? he keeps him within bounds, and yet  
 Lives well, and is a pleasure to his friends.

PLEU. What a sweet fellow!---As I hope heav'n's  
 love, 175  
 'Twere fit the Gods should order and provide,  
 That all men should not hold their lives alike,  
 Squar'd by one rule: but as a price is fix'd  
 On different wares, that so they may be sold  
 According to their value;---that the bad 180  
 It's owner may impoverish by it's vileness;---  
 So it were just, the Gods in human life  
 Should make distinction due, and disproportion;  
 That on the well-dispos'd they should bestow  
 A long extent of years; the reprobate 185  
 And wicked they should soon deprive of life.  
 Were this provided, bad men would be fewer,  
 Less hardily they'd act their wicked deeds,

V. 169. *Bandy-leg'd, &c.] Aut varum, aut valgum, aut cornipernem, aut broncum filium.*

V. 181. *It's owner may impoverish.] Dominum pauperet.*

Nor would there be a dearth of honest men.

PER. Whoever blames the counsels of the Gods,  
And finds fault with them, is a fool and ignorant.---  
No more then of these matters.---I'll to market, 192  
That I may entertain you as I ought,

V. 189. *A dearth of honest men.*] There is some little difficulty in determining the precise meaning of the original, which is as follows.

*Qui probri essent homines, esset his annona vilior.*

At first sight one might be led to interpret this with *Victorius* and others, that as the number of bad men, and consequently of men in general, would be lessened, good men would have provisions cheaper on account of there being fewer consumers. This is taking it in the apparent; obvious, literal sense, as it may seem; but as *Lambin* has justly observed, it is absurd to suppose, that so grave a sentiment should be closed so lightly and ridiculously. To which we may add, that it would be quite out of character for *Pleusides*, whatever it might be in the mouth of a slave or parasite. But *Lambin* has made it clear by observing, that *annona his* is the same as *annona eorum*, and the meaning is, metaphorically speaking, that the *crop* of honest men would be larger, and consequently *cheaper*. on account of the plenty. *Horace* uses exactly the same expression in the same sense. *Vilis amicorum est annona.*

V. 191. *A fool and ignorant.*] This is a noble rebuke to *Pleusides* for having disputed the distributions of eternal Providence, and serves to take off any prejudice we might otherwise have conceived against the character of *Periplectomenes*, who, though a jolly buck, is constantly represented as entertaining a veneration for piety and religion, according to the notions of former times. So in another place he observes, v. 94. of this Scene,

As also what it costs in sacrifices

Is by the wife and virtuous counted profit.

It may be remarked, that our Author abounds throughout all his plays with the finest moral and religious sentiments; which  
more

And as you should be treated,---with good cheer  
And a kind hearty welcome.

PLEU. Shall I then 195  
Have no remorse in putting you to charge?  
Whene'er a man is quarter'd at a friend's,  
If he but stay three days; his company  
They will grow weary of; but if he tarry  
Ten days together, though the master bear it, 200  
The servants grumble.

PER. Wherefore have I servants,  
But to perform me service, not that they  
Should bear authority o'er me, or hold me  
Bounden to them?---If what I like they like not,  
I steer my own course: though 'tis their aversion, 205

more than atone for those levities he sometimes falls into, in compliance, (as we may suppose,) with the corrupt taste of the times, in which he lived.

V. 195. *Shall I then—Have no remorse, &c.*] The original is,  
*Nihil me pœnitet jam quanto sumptui fuerim tibi.*

The absurdity of *Pleusides* saying this, (considering what follows, and his former declaration, that “it grieved him, the expence he put his friend too,”) has induced some critics to alter *Nihil* to *Nunc*. But this does not mend the matter. If we read the passage with an interrogation stop, (as I have translated it,) I am inclined to think the sense will be clear.

V. 201. *Servants—to perform me service.*] The original—*Servos servientes servitute*. Though *servus* properly signifies a *slave*, I have for the most part translated it *servant*, as being the more familiar term, except where the sense required precision in the expression.

V. 205. *I steer my own course.*] The original is,—*Meo remigio rem gero*. That is, as commentators explain it, I have my own rowers, whom I can command; metaphorically meaning his servants.

Still they mult do't, or be it at their peril.---  
 But I will now proceed, as I intended,  
 To get provisions.

PLEU. If you're so resolv'd,  
 Pray cater sparingly, at no great cost.---  
 For me, I am content with any thing.--- 210

PER. Away now with such antiquated stuff,  
 The ordinary cant of common folks,  
 Who, when they are fat down, and supper's serv'd,  
 Cry,---“ What occasion was there for this charge  
 “ On our account?---why sure, Sir, you was mad :---  
 “ For, look ye, here's enough for half a score.”---  
 With what's provided for them they find fault, 217  
 And yet they eat.

PAL. Faith 'tis their very way.---  
 How shrewd is his discernment!

PER. All the while,  
 These self-same gentry, be it e'er so great 220  
 The plenty set before them, never say,---  
 “ Here take this off;---away there with that dish;---  
 “ Remove that gammon hence,---it is not wanted;---  
 “ Take off that chine;---this conger will be good,  
 “ When cold.”---Remove!---Carry away!---Take  
 off!--- 225

V. 212. *Ordinary cant.*] *Proletario sermone.* *Proletarius* signifies a low person, and, according to *Nonius*, is derived from *proles*, *offspring*,—one who has no further concern in serving the state, than by getting children.

V. 224. *Chine.*] *Offam penitam.* If it will be any satisfaction to the reader to know what this precisely means, I can acquaint him, that *Festus* declares it to be a *chine of pork*. It may be so,—or a *chine of mutton*,—if, according to *Nonius*, it signifies any joint with the tail.

No,

No, no,---you never hear a word of this  
From any of them ;---but they stretch them forward,  
And hang with half their bodies o'er the table,  
Straining to snatch the daintiest bits.

PAL. Good soul! 230

How well has he describ'd their scurv'y manners!

PER. What I have said is scarce an hundredth part  
Of what I have in store, if leisure serv'd.

PAL. Good,---it were fit then we should turn our  
thoughts

Upon our present business.---Mark me now,--- 235

Both lend me your attention.---I have need,

*Periplestomenes*, of your assistance ;

For I have hit upon a pleasant trick

Will clip his cock's-comb, shave our captain close,

V. 228. *Stretch them forward, &c.*]

—*Procellunt se, et procumbunt dimidiati, dum appetunt.*

This is a very natural and humorous pourtrait throughout, as indeed are all the reflections and descriptions of this hearty old fellow, who shews himself an admirable judge, and an accurate drawer, of men and manners. It may be objected, that the business of the play stands still all the while, and nothing is carried on conducive to the plot: but no one, I fancy, can be displeas'd with this lively interruption, however long; especially as it serves to heighten and enrich a character so agreeable in all points as this of *Periplestomenes*.

V. 239. *Will clip his cock's-comb, shave our captain close.*] The original is,

*Qui admuiletur miles usque caesariatus.*

This allusion to shaving, to signify a person's being imposed on, is not uncommon in our Author, and was doubtless proverbial, as we may learn from a passage in the *Captives*.

*Nunc senex est in tonsurinâ, &c.*

Now is the old man in the barber's shop, &c.

See the passage, and the Note upon it, Act II. Scene II. v. 26. in this volume.

Enable this *Philocomasium's* lover 240  
To bear her off with him.

PER. Impart to me  
The plan of your device.

PAL. Impart to me  
That ring of your's.

PER. For what end would you use it ?

PAL. When I have got it, I will then impart  
The plan of my device.

PER. (*giving him the ring*) Here---use it, take it.

PAL. Take in return from me the plan I've laid.

PLEU. We both attend to you with open ears. 246

PAL. My master's such a rake, so fond of women,  
There never was his equal I believe,  
Nor ever will be.

PER. I believe the same.

PAL. He boasts, that in his person he exceeds 250  
Ev'n *Alexander's* self, and that he's followed  
By all our women here in *Ephesus*.

PER. Needs there much said ? I know you do not lie,  
But am convinc'd 'tis e'en so as you say---  
Be brief then, and compendious as you can. 255

PAL. Well, can you find me a smart handsome wench,  
Buxom in mind and body, full of art ?

V. 251. *Alexander.*] *Alexandri.* It may be proper to observe, that this is another name for *Paris*, which we frequently find in *Homer*.

V. 253. *Needs there much said ?*] The commentators have been greatly divided about the reading of this passage in the original, and as much perplexed in explaining it. I have followed that reading which I found in the *Aldus* Edition of our Author, which is accounted almost equal in authority to a M. S. having been printed directly from one.

*Ædæpel quid de isto multa ? Scio te non mentirier.*

PER.

PER. Of what condition?--free by birth, or  
bond-woman

Made free?

PAL. 'Tis equal to me, so you find  
One that lets out herself for hire, and draws 260  
Support from prostitution.---She should have  
A knowing mind;---I speak not of her heart,---  
For that no woman has.

PER. Would you a dame  
Experienc'd, or a novice?

PAL. I would have her  
As brisk, as roguish, and as young as may be. 265

PER. I have had by one under my protection  
Fit for your purpose,---a young courtesan.---  
But how would you employ her?

PAL. Bring her home,  
And let her be apparell'd like a matron,  
Her head well dress'd, her hair bound up with fillets:  
Let her pretend, that she's your wife;---for so 271  
You must instruct her.

PLEU. I am at a loss,  
What road it is you take.

PAL. But ye shall know.  
What maid has she?

PER. A rare one.

PAL. We have need  
Of her too.---You must thus instruct them both,---

V. 265. *A dame experienc'd, or a novice?*] The original is, *Lautam vis, an quæ nondum fit lauta?* The commentators explain *lauta*, to mean *one that has borne children*, that is, *has bathed*, it being customary for women to *bathe* after delivery, as may be learned from the *Amphitryon* of our Author. See Act II. Scene II. v. 58.

Mistress and maid.---The mistress shall pretend, 275  
 That she's your wife, and doats upon this captain :  
 And we'll pretend moreover, that she gave  
 Her maid this ring, and that she brought it me  
 To give it to the captain, and I'll seem  
 A go-between in this affair.

PER. I hear you,--- 280  
 Don't flun me,---I'm not deaf!

PAL. You understand me.  
 I will present our captain with this ring,  
 Tell him 'twas brought and giv'n me from your wife,  
 To win his favour : he's of such a nature,  
 That he'll affect her with a strong desire ; 285  
 A rake-hell!---whose whole study is employ'd  
 In nothing but intrigue.

PER. The sun himself,  
 Had you commission'd him to search them out,  
 Could not have found two fitter for the purpose,  
 Than those that I shall furnish.---Courage, man. 290

PAL. 'Tis necessary we should act with care,  
 And with dispatch.

[Exit PERIPLECTOMENES.]

*Exit PERIPLECTOMENES.]* Though the Scene is not divided in any of the Editions, and there is no expression that precisely determines when *Periplectomenes* goes off, I have marked it here ; as what follows regards *Pleusides* only, and as much time as possible should be allowed for the old gentleman's absence, before he returns (as he does shortly after this) with the courtesan and her maid.



SCENE III.

PALÆSTRIO *and* PLEUSIDES.

PAL. Now heark me, *Pleusides*.

PLEU. I'm all obedience.

PAL. Mind you,---when the captain  
Comes home, be sure remember not to call  
*Philocomasum* by her name.

PLEU. What then?

PAL. Why, *Glycera*.

PLEU. Oh, the same we late agreed on.

PAL. No more:---begone now.

PLEU. I'll remember,---but,  
I pray you, for what purpose is this caution?

PAL. I'll tell you, when occasion shall require;---  
Mean time be quiet.---As He acts his part,  
You on your side be mindful of your cue. 10

PLEU. I'll in then.

PAL. See, you follow your instructions.

[PLEUSIDES goes in.

PAL. What turmoils I create! what mighty engines  
I set to work!---Now shall I carry off  
Our captain's lady, if my band of soldiery

V, 9. *He acts his part.*] Meaning *Periplectomenes*.

V. 14. *Band of soldiery.*] *Si centuriati bene sunt manipulares mci.* In  
allusion again to military affairs.

Are

Are rightly train'd.---But I will call him forth.---  
 Hola,---*Sceledrus*,---if you are not busy,  
 Step here.---*Palastrio* calls you.---Hoa---

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter LUCRIO, a Lad.*

*Sceledrus*

Is not at leisure.

PAL. Why?

LUCR. He's fast asleep

Gulping.

PAL. Gulping what?

LUCR. Snoring I would say;---

But they are both so much alike;---to snore  
 Is as it were to gulp.

PAL. What! is *Sceledrus*

5

Asleep within?

LUCR. Not with his nose indeed;---  
 With that he makes an huge noise.---He has taken  
 A cup by stealth: the butler through neglect  
 Left in his way a pitcher-full of *Nardine*.

SCENE IV.] There being a necessity for some time to be allowed, before *Periphetomenes* could return, this Scene is purely *episodical*, having nothing to do with the business of the play.

V. 3. *Gulping.*] The original is,

LUCR. *Sorbet dormiens.*

PAL. *Quid sorbet?* LUCR. *Illud fertit volui dicere.*

V. 9. *Left in his way.*] *Demist.* The commentators disagree about the meaning of the original, some inclining to think, that

PAL. Ho, rascal, you that are the under butler, to Hearkye me.---

LUCR. What's your pleasure ?

PAL. How is it, That he's asleep ?

LUCR. How?---with his eyes, I think.

PAL. Sirrah, I do not ask you that.---Come hither.---

You are undone, except I know the truth.---

You drew him wine ?

LUCR. Not I.

PAL. Do you deny it ? 15

LUCR. Yes truly ;---for he charg'd me not to tell.---

Not I indeed forsooth,--- I did not draw him

A pitcher of eight pints,---no, nor did he

Drink hot wine at his dinner.

PAL. Nor did you Drink too.

LUCR. The Gods confound me, if I did,--- 20  
If drink I could.

PAL. For why ?

LUCR. I only sipt,---  
It was too hot, it burnt my throat.

PAL. Well,---some

that by *promus* or *butler* is understood *Sceledrus* himself, and that *demisit*, in this case, signifies, he *drank*. I have followed the other interpretation, which seems to me the most probable, as from this whole Scene there does not appear any reason to suppose *Sceledrus* was the butler, but rather the contrary. *Nardine* signifies scented wine, from *Nardus*, a sweet-smelling shrub, much celebrated by the ancients as a perfume.

V. 19. *Hot wine.*] The ancients used to drink their wine hot.

Get glorious drunk, some guzzle meagre stuff.---  
The cellar's trusted to an honest butler,  
As well as under-butler !

LUCR. You in troth 25  
Would do the self-same, if you had the care on't.---  
Because you cannot copy us, you now envy.

PAL. Hoa,---did he never draw him wine before ?---  
Answer me, villain.---And be sure of this,---  
I give you warning,---if you tell me false, 30  
You shall be tortur'd,---rascal !

LUCR. So will you  
Inform me against me, hey ; and then shall I  
Be ousted from my battening-post, that you  
May have an under-butler to your mind,  
To draw you wine in plenty.

PAL. Faith I will not.--- 35  
Come then, speak boldly to me.

LUCR. Then by heavens  
I never saw him draw one drop of wine :---  
But thus it was ;---he order'd and I drew.

PAL. What, did you stoop the cask ?

LUCR. That's not so easy :  
Besides, the cellar's very wet and slippery.--- 40

V. 23. *Meagre stuff.*] The original is, *Poscam. Posca*, we are told, was a kind of drink made of vinegar mixed with water. Others say, it was wine diluted with water in the press ; something, I imagine, of the nature of what we call *water-cyder*.

V. 33. *Battening-post.*] *Sagivâ cellariâ.*

V. 39. *Stoop the cask.*] It is extremely difficult to make out the sense of this whole passage on account of the various readings of the original, and the different interpretations put upon them. I have hammered out, to the best of my power, what I thought would appear most intelligible to the *English* reader.

Close

Cloſe by the caſk a water-pot is plac'd,  
That holds two pints. Now this was often fill'd,---  
Ten times a day ;---I've ſeen it quick replenish'd,  
And emptied all as quickly.---As the pot  
Mov'd to and fro, the caſks would ſtoop to meet it.

PAL. Go, get you in.-----Ye play the *Bacchanals*  
Both of you in the wine cellar.---I'll fetch  
My maſter from the *Forum*.)

LUCR. (*Aſide*.) I am ruin'd.---  
When he comes home, and learns what has been done,  
He'll have me whipt, becauſe I did not tell him.--- 50  
I'll e'en take to my heels,---and ſkulking ſomewhere  
Stave off my ſufferings to a further day. (*Going*.)  
(*To the ſpectators*.) I do beſeech you, that you will  
not tell him.

PAL. Whither art going ?

LUCR. I am ſent elſewhere,  
And ſhall return this inſtant.

PAL. Who has ſent you ? 55

LUCR. *Philocomasium*.

PAL. Go,---be back directly.

LUCR. If there's a dividend, while I'm away,  
Of a ſound beating, do you take my ſhare on't.

[LUCRIO goes off.]

S C E N E V.

P A L Æ S T R I O *alone*.

So---now I know our lady's drift: the while  
*Sceledrus* is aſleep, ſhe has ſent out

V. 53. (*To the ſpectators*.) Theſe addreſſes to the audience,  
even in the middle of a ſpeech, and ſometimes with a total de-

Her under-keeper, so that she may pass  
 From our house into this.---I like it well.---  
 But see---*Periplectomenes* comes yonder, 5  
 Bringing along, as I commission'd him,  
 A woman of incomparable beauty,---  
 The gods take part with us in our affair.---  
 See how demure she treads ! and how becoming  
 Is her apparell !---nothing like an harlot.--- 10  
 This business prospers rarely in our hands.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter PERIPLECTOMENES advancing with  
 ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA,  
 at a distant Part of the Stage.*

Within have I explain'd this whole affair  
 To you, *Acroteleutium*, and to you,  
 My *Milphidippa* ;---and if our device  
 Ye comprehend but slightly, I could wish  
 Ye were again instructed in't more throughly ; 5  
 But if sufficiently ye understand it,  
 There's other matter we may rather talk of.

ACR. 'Twould be a folly in me, and the height

viation from the character represented, are not uncommon in our Author, and can only be vindicated in contradiction to modern practice, by supposing, that they were not only tolerated, but highly applauded.

V. 9. *How demure she treads !*] *Incedit*. I am aware, that this word may signify nothing more than common ; but as a peculiar force in it has been pointed out in classic authors (particularly *Virgil*) with respect to *flatness* or *solemnity of step*, I have taken the liberty to extend its meaning to that idea in this place.

Of ignorance, to undertake a work,  
 Or promise my assistance, if I knew not  
 How to acquit me in the business. 10

PER. Yet  
 'Tis best to be advised.

ACR. Advise an harlot!

What that imports, to me is yet a secret.  
 But I do wrong myself, letting my ears  
 Drink your discourse in dull delay.---I've told you, 15  
 How we may hew this block here of a captain.

PER. Two heads are better, as they say, than one.---  
 But many, I have often known, avoid  
 Advice, sooner than find it.

ACR. Trust a woman,---

If she has any mischief to promote, 20  
 I warrant, she'll remember;---in that point  
 Her memory is immortal, everlasting:---  
 If any thing is to be done by them  
 Or good or honest,---so it happens, strait  
 They grow forgetful, and they can't remember. 25

PER. Therefore I fear th'event of our proceedings,  
 Seeing the injury ye do the captain,

V. 15. *Drink your discourse in dull delay.*] *Adbibere aures meæ tuam moram orationis.*

V. 16. *How we may hew this block here of a captain.*] The original is,

— *Miles quemadmodum potis esset deasciari.*

There are other readings instead of *deasciari*, which it is hardly in my opinion worth while to enumerate, as it is not material which we prefer.

V. 17. *Two heads, &c.*] The original is, *Nemo solus satis sapit.*

Will be to my advantage.

ACR. Never fear :---

Whatever good we chance to do, we do

Unwittingly.---No harlot but is ready,

30

When mischief is on foot.

PER. Your very character.---

Come, follow me.

PAL. Why don't I go and meet them ?

(*Advancing.*) Sir, I am glad to see you.---By my troth  
She's admirably drest:

PER. Well met, *Palæstrio*,---

Most opportunely.---Here they are, the women

35

You bade me bring, and drest as you required.

PER. Be one of us.---*Palæstrio* salutes

*Acroteleutium*.

ACR. Prithee, who is this,

That calls me so familiar by my name,

As if he knew me ?

PER. He's our master-plotter.

40

ACR. Your servant, master-plotter !

PAL. I am your's.---

But tell me, has he giv'n you full instructions ?

PER. I've brought them both well studied in their  
parts.

PAL. Fain would I hear as how ; for I'm afraid,  
Left ye should err in any point.

PER. I've only

45

Retail'd your precepts :---nothing have I added

V. 37. *Be one of us.*] *Noster esto.* This is a familiar expression,  
used in other places by our Author, denoting praise or appro-  
bation.

V. 40. *Master-Plotter.*] *Architectus.*



New of myself.

ACR. Is it your will forfooth,  
The captain should be play'd on?

PAL. You have said it.

PAL. And you must feign yourself His wife.

ACR. I shall.

PAL. And that you've set your heart upon the captain.

ACR. 'Twill so fall out. 51

PAL. And the affair shall seem

As carried on betwixt your maid and me.---

ACR. Well, surely you may set up for a prophet,  
Since you divine so rarely what will happen.---

PAL. And further---that she brought this ring from  
you, 55

For me to give the captain in your name.

ACR. Right,---you say true.

PER. What needs there repetition,  
When they so well remember?

ACR. It is best.---

For think you this, my patron: When the ship-wright,  
If he has skill, has once laid down the keel, 60

Exact to line and measure, it is easy  
To build the ship thus laid and tightly founded.---

Our keel's already laid and tightly founded;---

Our workmen are at hand,---procur'd by me,

By you,---and not unskilful: now if he, 65

Who furnishes the timber, don't retard us,

I know our skill,---our ship will soon be ready.

V. 49. *His.*] Meaning *Periphrasies*.

V. 67. *Our ship will soon be ready*] This allegory is thus explained by *Lambin*. By the ship (says he) is meant the contrivance for  
deceiving

PAL. Pray, do you know my master?

ACR. It is strange,  
That you should ask me.---What! must I not know  
The scorn of every one? an empty Braggard, 70  
A wenching, perfum'd, frizzle-pated fellow.

PAL. And does he know you too?

ACR. He never saw me;---  
How should he know me then, or who I am?

PAL. That's rare;---our project will succeed most  
rarely.

ACR. Give me the man, be quiet for the rest; 75  
And if I do not play him such a game,---  
Lay the whole blame on me.

PER. Well, go you in then.  
Be mindful of your business.

ACR. Never fear us.

PAL. Do you conduct them in, Sir.---I'll go meet  
My master at the *Forum*, with this ring 80  
Present him, say 'twas giv'n me from your wife,  
And that she's dying for him.---When that we  
Return, let *Milphidippa* come to us,  
As though she were dispatch'd to me in private.

PER. We'll do so---never fear us.

PAL. You'll take care then. 85

deceiving the captain; by the keel, the main plot and foundation of it; by the workmen, *Periplectomenes*, the courtesan, and her maid; by the master-shipwright, *Palæstrius*; by *materialarius*, or he that furnishes the timber, the Captain.

V. 72. *Frizzle-pated.*] *Cinnamum*.

V. 79. *Never fear us.*] The original is, *alia cura*.

I'll bring him hither loaded like a pack-afs.

PER. Now luck go with you! manage well this  
business.

(To Acr.) But should it be effected, that my gueft  
Shall gain the captain's miftrefs, and depart 90  
For *Athens* with her,---should our trick fucceed,  
What present muft I make you?

ACR. You fhall promife  
To love no other woman but myfelf.

V. 87. *Loaded like a pack-afs.*] The original has nothing more than *oneratum*; but *De l'Oeuvre* (the French editor) fupposes, that *clitellis*, with a pack-faddle, is underftood. Soin our Author's *Mofcellaria* it is faid, *Sarcinam imponam feni: I'll clap a pack upon the dotard.*

V. 88. *Luck go with you.*] *Bene ambula.* This was a common expreffion of the fame import with that which I have made ufe of.

Though I have not divided the fcene here, I cannot help thinking, that *Palæftrio* fhould go off at this place, as there is nothing more for him to do, and his business was to meet the Captain at the *Forum* as foon as poffible. The little fhort fpeech, which the Editors have given him afterwards, (*Moft sweetly faid*) would, I think, come with more propriety from *Periplectomenes*.

V. 92. *What present, &c.*] This paffage has strangely puzzled and perplexed the Commentators, who have recourfe to various readings, and give us, accordingly as they prefer one or the other, various interpretations of it. The original, as I find it in the *Aldus* edition, is as follows.

PER. *Quid tibi ego mittam muneris?*

ACR. *Des ne alia mulieri operam.*

One would imagine, that the meaning of this muft be plain and obvious to every one, as I have tranflated it, though they have all miftaken it. It did not occur to them perhaps, that *Periplectomenes* had before faid, that *Acroteleutium* was a courtesan under his protection.

PAL. Most sweetly said.

ACR. I trust we shall succeed.

When all our cunning is combin'd together, 95  
I have no fear, that we shall be o'er-match'd  
In subtlety and fraud.

PER. Then let us in,

And weigh our counsels deeply in our thoughts,  
That we may act with caution, lest the captain, 98  
When he returns, in ought should find us tripping.

ACR. Come, come, you but delay us with your  
prattle.

[PERIPLECTOMENES goes in with the women,  
and PALÆSTRIO goes off.]

V. 101. *Delay us.*] *Tu morare.* *Acrotelcutium* had said before,  
v. 14 of this scene,

*Quin ego me frustra,  
Postquàm adbibère aures meæ tuam moram orationis.*

But I do wrong myself, letting my ears  
Drink your discourse in dull delay.

\* \* It having been the business of the second Act to convince *Sceledrus*, that it was the twin-sister of *Philocomasium* whom he saw, and not herself, this third Act is taken up with laying another plot consequent thereto, to deceive the Captain, which is productive of several truly comic incidents, that naturally arise from each other, and are managed with great art and dexterity.

*The End of the THIRD ACT.*

A C T

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter* PYRGOPOLINICES *and* PALÆSTRIO.

## PYRGOPOLINICES.

**I**T is a pleasure, whatsoe'er you do,  
 If fairly it succeed, and to your mind.---  
 I have dispatch'd my parasite to-day  
 To king *Seleucus*, to conduct the troops  
 That I have levied to defend his kingdom,<sup>1</sup> 5  
 While I indulge in leisure and repose.

PAL. Think rather of your own concerns, nor heed  
*Seleucus*.---What a fair and new proposal  
 Is offer'd to you through my mediation!

PYRG. Well then,---all other matters I postpone, 10

ACT IV.] The vain-glorious military part of our Captain's character, which was carried to such an height of extravagance in the first Act, is in a great measure dropped in the succeeding scenes; and the more agreeable foible, of his priding himself upon his beauty, and fancying every woman in love with him, is finely exposed and set forth in action. In this part of his character, as well as in the other, no comparison can be properly drawn between him and the *Thraso* of *Terence*, who is scarcely represented as having any conceit of his own person, neither is he exposed to any ridiculous situations on that account.

V. 6. *While I indulge in leisure.*] *Mibi dum feret otium.* There is another interpretation of this passage,

Till I have leisure to attend in person.

And lend attention to thee.---Speak ;---my ears  
I do surrender up to thy disposal.

PAL. Look round, lest some one catch our conver-  
sation :

For I was order'd to transact this business  
In private with you.

PYRG. There is no one near us. 15

PAL. First, take this pledge of love. (*giving a ring.*)

PYRG. Ha! what is this?

Whence comes it?

PAL. From a fair and buxom dame ;  
One that adores you, doats upon your beauty,---  
I had it of her maid to bring to you.

PYRG. What is she?---Is she gentle by her birth, 20  
Or once a bond-woman, but since made free?

PAL. Ah, do you think, that I would dare to play  
The go-between for one that was a slave,  
Knowing so many ladies wooe you to them.

PYRG. Is she a wife, or widow?

PAL. Wife, and widow. 25

PYRG. How is it possible she can be both,---  
Widow and wife?

PAL. Because she's young, and married  
To an old fellow.

V. 11. *My ears—I do surrender up to thy disposal.*] *Aures meas dedo in ditionem tuam.* This language is in character for our Captain.

V. 20, 21.] *Is she gentle by her birth,—Or once a bond-woman, but since made free?*] The original is,

*Quid? can' ingenua, an festuca facta è servâ libera est?*

*Festuca*, otherwise called *Vindicta*, signifies the rod or wand, which among the Romans the *Prætor* used to lay upon a slave's head, when he was made free.

PYRG.

PYRG. Well---so much the better.

PAL. Then such a person!

PYRG. See thou liest not, firrah.

PAL. O she alone is worthy of your charms! 30

PYRG. Thou mak'st her out indeed a beauty.---But  
Who is she?

PAL. She's the wife of this old fellow  
*Periplestomenes*, our neighbour here.

She's dying for you, and about to leave him:

The dotard she detests, and order'd me 35

To beg you would vouchsafe your favour to her.

PYRG. Well, well then,---I'm content,---if she  
desire it.

PAL. If she desire it!

PYRG. How shall we dispose  
Of her I have at home, that other wench?

PAL. E'en bid her to be gone, where-e'er she  
lists; 40

For,---do you know?---her mother and twin-sister  
Are come to *Ephesus* to fetch her home.

PYRG. How say you?---is the mother come to  
*Ephesus*?

PAL. They told me, that should know.

PYRG. By *Hercules*

A charming opportunity to turn 45  
The baggage out of doors.

PAL. But would you do  
The thing that's handsome?

V. 34.] *About to leave him.*] *Ab illo incipit abire*, that is, actually to be divorced from him, and not, as *Limiers* explains it, "She is already separated from him in inclination."

PYRG,

PYRG. What would'st thou advise ?

PAL. Have you a mind forthwith to send her packing

With a good grace ?

PYRG. I have,---tis my desire.

PAL. Then this you ought to do.---You have enough 50

Of riches :---bid her take by way of present  
The cloaths and trinkets you supplied her with,  
To carry with her wheresoe'er she pleases.

PYRG. It likes me what thou say'st. But hold,---  
suppose

I lose Her, and that other change her mind. 55

PAL. Ah,---sure you are in jest.---She change her  
mind ?

What she,---who loves you, as she loves her eyes ?

PYRG. By *Venus* am I favour'd.

PAL. Hift !---the door

Is opening.---Step aside this way, and hide you.---

This is her fly-boat, that is coming forth, 60

Her go-between.

PYRG. What mean'st thou by her fly-boat ?

PAL. It is her maid, that's coming forth,---the same,  
That brought the ring I gave you.

PYRG. By my troth

A likely wench.

PAL. Oh, she is monkey-faced,---

V. 60 *Fly-boat.*] *Celox.*

V. 64. *Monkey-faced,*—*Owl-visaged.*] *Pithecium est præ illâ, et Spinternicium. Pithecium* is from Πιθηξ, which signifies an ape. *Spinternicium* some interpret to mean a bird of ill omen, others a kind of Sphynx.

Owl-



Owl-visaged,---in comparifon to th' other.--- 65  
 Mark, how ſhe hunts round with her eyes, and ſpreads  
 Her ears, like toils, to catch each paſſing ſound !

[*They ſtand aloof.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* MILPHIDIPPA.

Is this the *Circus*, here before the houſe,  
 Where I muſt hold my ſports ?---I'll make pretence  
 As though I did not ſee them, did not know  
 That they are here.

PYRG. Huſh !---let us hearken, if  
 She'll mention ought of me.

MIL. Is no one near ? 5  
 No meddler, that minds others buſineſſes

V. 66. *Mark how ſhe hunts round with her eyes, &c.] Viden' tu  
 illam oculis venaturam facere, atque aucupium auribus ?* Theſe allu-  
 ſions are frequent in our Author. So in the firſt Scene of this  
 Act, *Palæſtrio* ſays,

*Sed ſpectulabor, ne quis hinc a lævâ aut dextrâ  
 Noſtro conſilio venator aſſit cum auritis plagis.*

But I will ſpy abroad,  
 Left any one or to the right or left  
 Should ſpread his ears, like toils, to catch our counſels.

SCENE II.] According to the opinion of *Marolles*, this is one  
 of the pleaſanteſt Scenes in the whole Comedy, in which he ſays  
*Milphidippa* plays her part admirably.

V. 1. *Is this the Circus, &c.] Jamne eſt ante ædes Circus, ubi  
 ſunt ludi faciendi mihi ?* [This is in-alluſion to the *Circus* at *Rome*,  
 where the publick ſports were exhibited.

More

More than his own? no lounging on the watch  
 To see what I'm about? no dieter  
 At his own cost, who's not in search for supper?---  
 I am afraid, lest any such as these 10  
 Stand in the way, and be an hindrance, when  
 My mistress comes,---poor soul! who doats upon  
 This all enchanting, this too handsome man,  
 This gallant captain *Pyrgopolinices*.

PYRG. She doats upon me too; commends my  
 beauty.--- 15

'Tis a clean-spoken wench,---she needs no ashes.

PAL. What do you mean?

PYRG. To scour her words:---she speaks  
 Most daintily; and she's a dainty girl.---  
 Faith I begin to feel some liking for her.

V. 7. *On the watch.*] *Aucupet.* See the last Note on the preceding Scene.

V. 8. *No dieter—At his own cost.*] The original is rather obscure. *Qui de vesperi vivat suo.* Some interpret it as meant of those, who get their living by stealing in the evening; but *Lambin* explains it to signify those, who had wherewith of their own to enable them to sup at home; and he confirms his opinion by a passage in the *Rudens*, or *Cable*, of our Author, where *vesperi* is used in the same sense to signify *supper*.

*Si tu de illarum cœnaturus vesperi es.*

If we are contented with this interpretation, the sentence implies, that those, who live at their ease, have more leisure to pry into others concerns, than those who are put to their shifts to get a support.

V. 17. *She needs no ashes.*] This is but a sorry joke in the original.

PYR. *Adæpel hujus sermo haud cinerem quæritat.*

PAL. *Quo argumento?* PYR. *Quia enim loquitur lautè et minimè fordidè.*

PAL.

PAL. What! ere you have set eyes upon the other?

PYRG. I've faith in what I see.---By her discourse  
She forces me to love her.

PAL. On my soul  
You must not love her: she's betroth'd to me:  
If you the mistress wed, I take the maid. 25

PYRG. Why art thou backward then in speaking  
to her?

PAL. True,---come along.

PYRG. I lacquey you at heels.

MIL. O that I could but meet him, for whose sake  
I am come forth here!

PAL. (*Advancing towards her.*) You shall have your  
wish:

Take courage: fear not:---there's a certain person 30  
Knows where he is, whom you are looking for.

MILP. Who's that I hear?

PAL. The partner of your secrets,---  
Your fellow-counsellor.

MIL. I don't conceal then  
What I conceal.

PAL. Nay, but you do conceal  
Ev'n what you don't conceal.

MIL. How make you that out? 35

PAL. From the untrusty you conceal your secrets:  
But I am of a firm unshaken faith.

MIL. Give me a token, if you're of the *Bacchæ*.

V. 27. *I lacquey you at heels.*] *Pedissequus tibi sum.*

V. 38. *If you're of the Bacchæ.*] *Si harunc Baccharum es.*  
This is in allusion to the secrecy observed with respect to the  
mysteries of *Bacchus*, which were known only to the *Bacchæ* or  
Priestesses.

PAL. A certain lady loves a certain gentleman.

MIL. In troth, and so do many.

PAL. But not many, 40  
That send them presents, and from off their fingers.

MIL. Oh, now I know :---you've made the matter  
plain.---

Is no one near ?

PAL. There is, or there is not.

MIL. I want to talk with you alone in private.

PAL. Will it be short or long you have to say ? 45

MIL. Three words.

PAL. (*To Pyrg.*) I will return to you this instant.

PYRG. What ?---shall I stand here, I who am  
renown'd

For my exploits and beauty, but a moment  
Idle and unemploy'd ?

PAL. Content yourself,---

Stay here :---it is your service I'm upon. 50

PYRG. I'm tortur'd with impatience.

PAL. Soft and fair :

You know, Sir, in commodities of this kind  
We're wont to deal thus.

PYRG. Well then, as it suits thee.

PAL. (*Aside.*) No stone can be more senseless than  
this lack-wit.

(*To Pyrg.*) I'll soon return to you.---(*To Milpb.*)

What would you with me ? 55

MIL. To take of you directions as before.

V. 51. *Soft and fair.*] *Pedetentim.* This properly signifies  
*gently, step by step.*

PAL.

PAL. Say, she is dying for him.

MIL. That I know.

PAL. Commend his person, and extoll his bravery.

MIL. For that I'm arm'd at all points, as I shew'd you.

PAL. The rest you'll manage:---you have got  
your cue. 60

PYRG. Prithee allow me some share in the business.---  
(To Pal.) Sirrah, come here this instant.

PAL. Here I am:---  
Command me,---what's your will?

PYRG. What says she to thee?

PAL. She says her mistress takes on grievously,  
Poor soul! and sore afflicts herself with crying, 65  
Because you are not with her:---for that reason  
She was dispatch'd to you.

PYRG. Bid her approach.

PAL. But know you how to act now?---Bear  
yourself  
Disdainfully, as though you like it not;  
And rate me soundly, that I dare presume 70  
To stale you to the vulgar.

PYRG. I'll remember,  
And follow thy instructions.

PAL. Please you, I  
Should call her?

V. 59. *Arm'd at all points.*] *Habco omnem aciem.* This is generally understood by Commentators as a figurative expression, borrowed (as is common in this play) from military affairs.

V. 60. *Got your cue.*] The original is,—*De meis venator verbis*,—in allusion to hunting.

V. 71. *To stale you to the vulgar.*] There is a jingle in the original. — *quia te vulgo vulgem.*

PYRG. If she wants me, let her come.

PAL. Come hither, woman, if you want my master.

MIL. (*Advancing.*) Save you, Prince Prettiman!

PYRG. Ha!---who could tell her, 75  
That was my name?---Heav'n grant you all you wish!

MIL. To pass life with you, is---

PYRG. You wish too much.

MIL. Myself I mean not, but my mistress, who  
Is dying for you.

PYRG. Many wish the same,  
But to no end.

MIL. In sooth I wonder not, 80  
That you should put such value on yourself,  
A gentleman so handsome! so renown'd  
For beauty, valour, and for bright achievements!  
Lives there, who more deserves the name of man?

PAL. (*Aside.*) Then there is nothing human:---  
by my faith 85  
I think there's more humanity in a vulture.

V. 75. *Save you, Prince Prettiman!*] There is a propriety in the original, which cannot be so exactly expressed in our language. *Salve, Pulcher.* The Romans commonly bore another name added to that of their family-one by way of distinction, which was called *Cognomen*; and this very *Pulcher*, we are told, was the actual *Cognomen* of the family of the *Clodii*. I have made use of a well known appellation, in some sort to preserve the ridicule.

V. 86. *I think there's more humanity in a Vulture.*] *Vulturio plus humani credo est.* The plain and obvious sense of this passage is preferable to the vain researches and refinements of some commentators, particularly *Donza*, who will have *Vulturio* to be a nominative case, and *est* the same as *edit*, and ridiculously explains it to mean, that "a Vulture eats more human flesh than the Captain has in his whole body."

PYRG.

PYRG. Now will I make myself of consequence,  
 Since she's so lavish of her commendations.---

PAL. Look at the block-head, how he puffs and  
 swells!---

Will you not answer her, good Sir?---she comes 90  
 A suiter from the lady,---

PYRG. From what lady?

There are so many ladies' court my favour,  
 I can't remember them.

MIL. I come from her,  
 Who to adorn your fingers strips her own:  
 That ring I brought from her, and gave your servant.

PYRG. Well, woman, what is't you would have?  
 explain. 95

MIL. That you would not disdain her who adores  
 you,

Who lives but in your life, whose hope is placed  
 In you alone, whether she live or dye.

PAL. What's her desire?

MIL. To talk with, and embrace you: 100  
 If you refuse to comfort her, she'll perish.---  
 Come, my *Achilles*,---grant what I request,  
 And save this fair one,---call forth your benevolence,  
 Stormer of cities, conqueror of kings! 105

PYRG. O how vexatious this!--How often, rascal,  
 Have I forbade you thus to make me common?

PAL. Woman, d'ye hear?---I told you this before,  
 And now repeat it,---you must pay him well.

MIL. We'll give him any price he asks.

V. 109. *Pay him well.*] I have passed over a line and half of  
 the original, which follows here, as the idea is unfit to be expressed  
 in our language.

PAL. A talent 110  
Of gold :---he'll take no less of any one.

MIL. Nay, that indeed now is too cheap.

PYRG. In me  
Did avarice never spring : I'm rich enough :  
I have of gold more than a thousand measures  
In *Philippeans*.

PAL. Then, besides this treasure, 115  
He has of silver, I'll not call them piles,  
But mountains ;---*Ætna's* self is not so high.

MIL. (*To Pal. aside.*) Thou monstrous fibber !

PAL. (*To Milpb.*) How I play him off !

MIL. And I too,---how I gull the fool ! 120

PAL. Most rarely.

MIL. Pray you, sweet Sir, dismiss me out of hand.

PAL. Make her some answer,---that you will, or  
will not.

Why give the lady so much pain, that never  
Deserv'd ill of you ?

PYRG. Well then,---bid her come  
To me in person,---tell her I will do  
All she desires.

MIL. You act as it behoves you, 125

V. 115 *Philippeans*.] *Philippei*. See the note on Act IV.  
Scene VI. v. 32. of *Amphytrion*.

We cannot exactly ascertain the quantity designed by a thousand *modii* or *measures* of gold, which the Captain brags he is possessed of ; but, according to the smallest reckoning, a *modius* is supposed to have been equal to a peck and half of our measure. If so, this *hyperbole* of the Captain, which is still further exaggerated by *Palæstric*, is to the highest degree extravagant.



Suiting your will to her's,---

PAL. He's a sweet foul.---

MIL. And that you have not scorn'd me poor  
petitioner,

But suffer'd me to win your fair consent.---

(*Aside to Pal.*) So---how I tickle him!

PAL. By heav'ns I can't  
Refrain myself from laughing: therefore have I 130  
Turn'd away from you.

PYRG. O thou know'ft not, wench,  
How much I honour her.

MIL. I know, and will  
Acquaint her with it.

PAL. He might have fold his favours  
Much dearer to another.

MIL. I believe you. 135

PAL. Those, that by him are happy mothers made,  
Bring forth sheer warriors; and his children live  
Eight hundred years.

MIL. Fye on you for a fibber.

PYRG. Nay, but they live, I say, a thousand years,  
Reckoning from age to age.

PAL. I spoke within bounds,

V. 132. *Sheer warriors.*] *Meri bellatores.*

V. 138. *A thousand years.*] This so much exceeds the bounds of probability, that we may almost wonder, how it could have been borne in any age, or country the least civilized, much less applauded, as we may fairly suppose it to have been. But it is very difficult to account for the difference of taste in different times. What follows is in the same strain of rodomantade, which cannot but disgust the modern reader. Excepting these passages, and the like monstrous impossibilities related of him in the first Act, the character of our Captain is truly natural.

Fearing

Fearing to seem a liar to her face. 140

MIL. (*Afide.*) I burst, I dye.---How many years  
must he

Himself live, when his children live so long?

PYRG. Wench, I was born upon the day next that,  
When *Jove* was born of *Ops*.

PAL. O had his birth  
Preceded *Jove's* one day, he had possess'd 145  
The kingdom of the skies.

MIL. Enough, sweet souls:  
Let me be gone.

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

MIL. I will go and bring  
My mistress here.---Would you ought further with me?

PYRG. O may I ne'er be fairer than I am! 150  
My beauty's such a plague to me.

PAL. Why stay you?  
Why don't you go? (*Afide to Mil.*)

MIL. I'm gone.

PAL. And hearkye.---Tell her  
All that has past.

MIL. Her heart will leap within her.

PAL. And tell *Philocomasium*, if she's yonder,  
She must come home, for that the captain's here. 155

V. 151. *My beauty's such a plague to me.*] *Ita me mea forma sollicitum habet.* So in Act I. Scene I. v. 83 of this play the Captain exclaims,

*Nimia est miseria pulchrum esse hominem nimis.*

What plague it is  
To be too handsome!

MIL.

MIL. She's yonder with my mistress, slyly hearkening  
Our conversation.

PAL. 'Tis well done :---they'll learn  
The better how to act from having heard us.

MIL. You hinder me.

PAL. I leave you, I don't hinder you,  
Nor do I touch you, nor-----I say no more. 160

PYRG. Bid her come forth to us with instant speed :  
All other matters we'll postpone to this.

[MILPHIDIPPA goes in.

### SCENE III.

PYRGOPOLINICES and PALÆSTRIO.

PYRGOPOLINICES.

*Palæstrio*, what would'st thou advise me now  
To do about my mistress ? for by no means  
Can I receive this here into my house,  
Till I've dismiss'd the other.

PAL. Why consult  
Me what you ought to do ? I've told you, how 5  
It may be carried with all gentleness.  
Her trinkets, baubles, all her women's geer,  
With which you furnish'd her, e'en let her have,

V. 160. *Nor—I say no more.*] *Neque te—taceo.* The *Aposiopesis*,  
(as it is called) or break in the sentence, not being attended to by  
some Editors, they have altered this unnecessarily to *neque te*  
*teneo.*

V. 7. *Her trinkets.*] *Aurum*, signifying things made of gold.

Take, carry off: and tell her, 'tis high time  
 She should go home again; tell her, her mother 10  
 And her twin-sister are arriv'd, with whom  
 She may depart.

PYRG. How know'st thou, they are come?

PAL. I saw her sister here with my own eyes.

PYRG. What, have they met?

PAL. They have.

PYRG. How does she look?

Is she a brave piece?

PAL. You would have them all. 15

PYRG. Where was her mother, did the sister say?  
 The master of the ship, that brought them, told me,  
 She had an inflammation in her eyes,  
 And was on board: He's lodg'd too at next door. 20

PYRG. But to the point.

PAL. Well.

PYRG. What would'st thou advise?

I'd have thee talk to her upon the subject:

'Twill come better from thee.

PAL. Nay, rather go

V. 15. *A brave piece.*] The *Latin* word is *fortis*, which according to the interpretation of *Nonius* is the same with *formosa*, handsome.

V. 19. *Next door.*] The same objection lies against three lines, which follow here, in the original, as is mentioned v. 109, of the preceding scene; and therefore I have omitted them.

V. 22. *'Twill come better from thee.*] Our Captain thought it not suitable to his rank and dignity to acquaint his mistress himself with the resolution he had taken, and would therefore put the task upon *Palæstria*.

Yourself

Yourself; yourself transact your own concerns.  
 Tell her, you needs must marry,---you're persuaded  
 By your relations, urg'd to't by your friends. 25

PYRG. And dost thou think so?

PAL. How can I think other?

PYRG. I'll in then, and do thou mean time keep  
 watch

Before the house, that thou mayst call me out,  
 When th' other comes.

PAL. Mind what you do.

PYRG. I shall.

For, if she go not of her own accord, 30  
 I'll turn her out by force.

PAL. No, do not so,

But rather let her go with a good grace:  
 Give her the things I mention'd; let her take  
 Her trinkets, and her geer.

PYRG. With all my heart.

PAL. You'll easily, I think, prevail with her.--- 35  
 But get you in, don't loiter.---

PYRG. I obey you.

[PYRGOPOLINICES goes in.

PAL. (To the spectators.) Doth he appear ought  
 chang'd from what I told you

A while ago he was, this wenching captain?---

Now do I want *Acroteleutium*

To come here, and her maid, and *Pleusides*.--- 40

V. 32. *A good grace.*] *Bonâ gratiâ.* I forgot to remark, where  
 this expression was used before, that it was a law term in the case  
 of amicable divorces with the consent of both parties. But there  
 seems to be no necessity to suppose, that there is any allusion to  
 this here.

© *Jupiter!* how much *Commodity*  
 Befriends me on all sides!--for those I wish'd  
 To see, are coming hither from our neighbour's.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter* ACROTELEUTIUM, MILPHIDIPPA,  
*and* PLEUSIDES.

## ACROTELEUTIUM.

Follow me,---at the same time look around,  
 Lest any one observe us.

MIL. No one see I,  
 Save him that we would meet.

PAL. As I would you.

MIL. Our architect! how fare you?

PAL. I your architect?

Ah---

MIL. How now?

PAL. I'm not worthy, if compar'd  
 With you, to stick a peg into a wall.

ACR. No to be sure!

PAL. O she's a clever jade,  
 When mischief's set on foot. How charmingly  
 She smooth'd our captain o'er!

ACR. But not sufficient.

V. 41. *Commodity.*] *Commoditas.* Some will have it, that this means the Goddess worshipped by the Romans under that name.

V. 6. *To stick a peg into a wall.*] *Ut figam palum in parietem,* what the most common workman can do.

V. 9. *Smooth'd our Captain o'er.*] The original is, *deruncinavit,* from *runcina,* a carpenter's plane.

PAL.

PAL. Courage---our business prospers to our wish,  
If you continue but to lend assistance. 11

For know, the captain is himself gone in  
To ask his mistress, that she would depart  
For *Athens* with her sister and her mother.

ACR. Good! very good!

PAL. Nay more,---he gives her all 15  
The cloaths, and trinkets, which he had provided,  
So she be gone :---myself advis'd him to it.

PLEU. That's easily agreed, if she is willing,  
And he desire it too.

PAL. Do you not know,  
When from the bottom of a well you've mounted 20  
Up to the top, then there's the greatest danger,  
Left from the brink you topple back again?  
Now our affair stands tottering, as it were,  
Upon the brink and summit of the well;  
For should the captain chance to smell us out, 25  
We shall get nothing from him :---wherefore now  
We need erect our batteries.

PLEU. We have got  
Sufficient store of timber for that purpose;---  
Three women,---you yourself make a fourth person,  
And I a fifth,---and our old host a sixth. 30

PAL. What heaps of stratagems we've fell'd already!  
No town whatever could hold out against us,

V. 28. *Store of timber.*] *Sylvæ satis.* So afterwards, *Quæ fallaciarum est excisum.*—*What heaps of stratagems we've fell'd!*—This metaphor will perhaps appear to the modern reader strained and inelegant, as well as that which follows,—*no town can hold out against us.*

If ye but lend assistance.

ACR. For that purpose

Are we come out to you to know your pleasure.

PAL. 'Tis sweetly done in you.---Then this I order  
As your department. (To Acr.)

ACR. You're our general,---

Command me what you will, that's in my power.

PAL. I'd have you play this captain off most finely.

ACR. Good---your command's a pleasure.

PAL. Know you how?

ACR. To wit, that I should feign myself distracted  
With love for him. 40

PAL. The thing.

ACR. And for that love

I have foregone my marriage here, much longing  
To match with him.

PAL. Right, you proceed in order.

Only this one thing,---you must also say,  
This house is settled on you for your dowry, 45  
And that the old man after your divorce  
Had quitted it,---left bye and byè the captain  
Should fear to enter in another's house.

ACR. Well you advise me.

PAL. But when he appears,

I'd have you stand aloof, and seem as though 50  
You scorn'd your beauty in compare with his,  
And was awe-struck with his vast opulence :  
Be sure you praise his loveliness of mein,  
His air, his face, his beauty altogether.---



Are you enough instructed ?

ACR. I am perfect. 55

Will it suffice, if I produce my work

So finish'd, that you shall not find a fault ?

PAL. I am content. (*to Pleu.*) Now hearken in your  
turn

What I command you.

PLEU. Speak.

PAL. When this is done,  
As soon as she has enter'd, come you hither 60

Accoutred like the master of a ship,

With broad-brim'd hat and of an ruffet grey,

And hold a woollen compress 'fore your eyes ;

Have on a short cloak, of an ruffet grey too,

(For that's your seaman's colour) fasten it 65

On your left shoulder, your right arm stuck out ;

And tye a belt about your waist :---thus drest,

V. 55. *If I produce my work— So finish'd.*] *Si tibi meum opus ita  
dabo expolitam.* So *Acroteleutium* says to *Periplectomenes* in Act IV.  
Scene III. v. 8.

'Twould be a folly in me, and the height

Of ignorance, to undertake a work,

Or promise my assistance, if I could not

Acquit me in the business.

V. 62. *Broad-brim'd hat.*] *Causiam.*

V. 63. *Woollen compress.*] *Culcitam laneam.* This direction to  
*Pleusides* is artificial, as it would serve to prevent the Captain  
from knowing the young fellow's face, notwithstanding his dis-  
guise. It is natural and common for persons, who have any com-  
plaint in their eyes, (as *De L' Oeuvre* has observed) to hold  
something up to them, to cherish, or to wipe them, or keep the  
light from them.

Pretend

Pretend yourself the master of a ship.---  
Your good old hoft here can equip you throughly,  
For he has fifhermen.

PLEU. When thus accoutred, 70  
What muft I do ?

PAL. Come here, and call upon  
*Philocomafum* in her mother's name ;  
Tell her, if now fhe would return to *Athens*,  
She muft with you directly to the port,  
And order to be carried to the fhip, 75  
If any thing fhe has to put on board ;  
Say bluntly, if fhe did not go that instant,  
You muft weigh anchor, for the wind was fair.

PLEU. I like your picture well enough.---Proceed.

PAL. Our gull will ftrait exhort her to be gone, 80  
Bid her make hafte, nor let her mother wait.

PLEU. You've an extenfive genius.

PAL. I will tell her  
To ask my mafter, that he'd let me carry  
Her baggage to the port ; when he at once  
Will bid me to attend her.---What do I ? 85  
I'll tell you,---I am off with you for *Athens*.

PLEU. And when you come there, I'll not let you  
ferve  
Three days, before you fhall be free.

PAL. Then go,  
And ftrait equip you.

PLEU. Any thing befides ?

PAL. Only---remember.

PLEU: I am gone.'

[PLEUSIDES goes in.

PAL.

PAL. (*To the Women.*) And you go  
Go, get you in directly, for I know  
He will come out this instant.

ACR. Your commands  
Must be obey'd.

PAL. Come, prithee now be gone.

[*The Women go in.*]

See---the door opens opportunely.---Out  
He comes, quite joyous :---he has gain'd his suit. 95  
Poor wretch ! he longs for what he'll ne'er possess.

S C E N E V.

*Enter* PYRGOPOLINICES.

*Philocomasium* now at length has granted  
What I implor'd by friendship and by favour.

PAL. What kept you, Sir, within so long a time ?

PYRG. O I was never sensible till now,  
How much the damsel doated on me.

PAL. Why? 5

PYRG. So many words she made ! so slow my  
progress !

But at the last I won her fair consent.---

I gave her all she wish'd, and all she ask'd ;---

With thee too I presented her.

PAL. What ! me too ?---

How can I live without you ?

V. 92. *Your commands.*] *Celebre*, or *calere*, (as some chuse to read it) *est tuum imperium*. This alludes to what *Acroteleutium* had before said, v. 36. of this Scene.

You are our General :

Command me what you will, that's in my power.

PYRG. Prithee, man, 10  
 Be of good heart; I'll also make thee free.  
 I striv'd, if possibly by any means  
 I could prevail upon her to depart  
 Without her taking you along: but she  
 Constrain'd me.

PAL. In the Gods I'll place my hope, 15  
 And last in you:---yet though 'tis bitter to me,  
 Seeing that I shall lose so good a master,  
 I have at least this pleasure, that the power  
 Of your resistless beauty has procur'd you  
 This neighbour lady through my mediation. 20

PYRG. Needs there more said?---I'll give thee  
 liberty,  
 And wealth besides, if thou canst win her for me.

PAL. I'll win her.

PYRG. But I long.

PAL. Hold---softly, Sir:  
 Be moderate in your love, and not so hot.---  
 But here's the lady,---see, she's coming forth. 25

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA.*

MILPHIDIPPA.

Look, mistress, there's the captain.

ACR. Ha!---Where is he?

MIL. There, to the left.

ACR. I see him.

MIL. Only cast  
 A side

A side glance at him, that he mayn't perceive  
We see him.

ACR. So---I view him.---On my troth  
Now is the time to prove our utmost art. 5

MIL. You must begin.

ACR. (*Aloud.*) Pray was you with him?---  
(*to MIL. aside*) Don't  
Be sparing of your voice, but let him hear you.

MIL. (*Aloud.*) I talk'd with him at ease, and at  
my leisure,  
And as I lik'd, and at my own discretion,  
And as I would.

PYRG. So---hear'st thou what she says? 10

PAL. I hear.---How pleas'd she is, that she approach'd  
you!

ACR. O happy wench!

PYRG. How she's enamour'd of me!

PAL. You merit it.

ACR. 'Tis strange, what you relate,---  
That you approach'd him, and prevail'd: they say,  
He never is address'd but by dispatches, 15  
Or by ambassadours, all like a monarch.

MIL. True, 'twas with difficulty I procured  
An audience to prefer my suit.

V. 3. *Cast a side glance.*] *Aspicito limis oculis.*

V. 8. *Talk'd with him.*] *Cum ipso sum secuta.* *Sequor* is some-  
times used in this sense.

V. 16. *All like a monarch.*] *Quasi regem.* Some commentators  
pretend, that the *Persian* king is design'd by this appellation, as  
he was called *the king*, and sometimes emphatically *the great king*,  
on account of his prodigious power and wealth: but there does  
not seem to be any reason for this interpretation.

PAL. How great  
Your fame among the women!

PYR. I must bear it,  
Since *Venus* wills it so.

ACR. My grateful thanks 20  
I pay to *Venus*, and beseech the goddess,  
That I may win his favour whom I doat on,  
That he may gentle prove, nor take amiss  
What I desire.

MIL. I hope it will be so ;  
Though many ladies seek his love : but he 25  
Disdains them, holds himself estrang'd to all,  
Save you alone.

ACR. Therefore this fear torments me,  
That, when he sees me, since he's so disdainful,  
His eyes will change his sentiments, his own  
Bright beauty make him scorn my homelier form. 30

MIL. Be of good heart ;---he will not do it.

PYRG. How

She flights herself!

ACR. I fear too, your account  
Has set me off too well.---

MIL. I've taken care,  
That you shall shew still fairer than you stand  
In his opinion.

ACR. Verily if he will not 35  
Take me for wife, I will embrace his knees,  
Implore, beseech him :---If I don't prevail,  
Why then by my own hand I'll dye :---I know,  
I cannot live without him.

PYRG. I must save her,---

I must

I must prevent her death.---Shall I go to her?--- 40

PAL. No, by no means.---You'll make yourself too cheap,

To give yourself so lavishly away:

First let her come to you, let her seek you,

Express her fond desire and expectation.

What---would you lose that glory which you have? 45

For never did it happen but to two,---

You and the *Lesbian Phaon*,---to be lov'd

So desperately.

ACR. I'll go in to him.---

You, *Milphidippa*, go, and call him forth.

MIL. Let's rather wait, till some one shall come out. 50

ACR. I cannot stay, but I must in.

MIL. The door

Is shut.

ACR. I'll break it open.

MIL. You are mad.

ACR. If he has ever lov'd, or if he owns

An understanding equal to his beauty,

Whatever I shall rashly do through love, 55

I know he will have mercy, and forgive me.

PAL. Poor soul, she's over head and ears in love!

PYRG. 'Tis mutual in us.

PAL. Hush,---she'll hear you else.

V. 47. *The Lesbian Phaon.*] So called, because he was of the  
isle of *Lesbos*. The love, that *Sappho* the poetess bore him, is  
well known, and is prettily set forth in the twenty-first of *Ovid's*  
*Epistles*.

MIL. Why stand you stupified?---why don't you knock?

ACR. Because he's not within here, whom I want.

MIL. How do you know? 60

ACR. I know it :---if he were,  
My nose would scent him.

PYRG. She divines :---because  
She loves me, *Venus* has bestow'd upon her  
The gift of prophecy.

ACR. I know not where  
He is, whose sight I long for,---but I know, 65  
He's not far off;---I smell him.

PAL. Why she fees  
More with her nose than eyes.

PYRG. She's blind with love.

ACR. Prithee support me,---

MIL. Why?

ACR.---Or I shall fall.

MIL. Why so?

ACR. Because I cannot stand,---my spirits  
Are sunk so through my eyes.

MIL. What! have you seen 70  
The captain?

ACR. Yes.

MIL. I see him not,---where is he?

ACR. Verily you would see him, if you lov'd.

MIL. Nay, by my troth you cannot love him more  
Than I do,---with your leave.

PAL. Well,---ev'ry woman,  
Soon as she fees you, is in love with you. 75

PYRG. I know not, whether I have told you :---I  
Am *Venus*' grand-son.

ACR,



ACR. Prithee, *Milphidippa*,

Go and hold converse with him.

PYRG. How I awe her!

PAL. She's coming t'wards us.

MIL. (*Advancing.*) I would speak with you.

PYRG. And we with you.

MIL. I've brought my mistress here, 80  
As you commanded me.

PYRG. I see her.

MIL. Well then,  
Bid her approach.

PYRG. I have prevail'd upon  
My heart, at thy entreaty, not to loath her  
Like others of her sex.

MIL. She'd not be able  
To speak a word, were she to come but near you. 85  
E'en while she's looking at you, by her eyes  
She's tongue-tied.

PYRG. Her disorder I must cure.

MIL. See, how she trembles! how she's struck with  
fear,  
Since she beheld you!

PYRG. Warriors do the same,  
No wonder then a woman.---But what is it, 90  
She'd have me do?

MIL. Come home to her: with you  
She longs to live, with you to pass her days.

V. 86. *By her eyes—She's tongue-tied.*] *Lingua oculi præciderunt.* This is the reading in the *Aldus* edition. *Lambin* and others have it,

*Lingua atque oculi perierunt.*

She has lost

Both tongue and eyes.

PYR.

PYRG. What! I come home to her, when she is married?---

Her husband's to be dreaded.

MIL. For your fake  
She turn'd her husband out.

PYRG. How could she do it? 95

MIL. Because the house is her's, seeing 'twas settled  
Upon her for her dowry.

PYRG. Is it so?

MIL. 'Tis so, by heav'ns.

PYRG. Then tell her to go home :---  
I'll come to her this instant.

MIL. Do not keep her  
In expectation; for 'twill vex her soul. 100

PYRG. In sooth I will not.---Go then.

MIL. We are gone.

[ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA go in.]

PYRG. What do I see?

PAL. What see you?

PYRG. Some one comes,  
I know not who, drest in a sailor's habit.

PAL. Perhaps he wants us.---Oh, it is the pilot.

PYRG. He comes forsooth to fetch our wench.

PAL. I think so. 105

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter PLEUSIDES at a distance, in a Sailor's habit.*

Were I not sensible, that other men  
In other ways have done as vile for love,  
I should be more ashamed to wear this garb  
On the account of love: but I have learn'd,  
That many have committed many actions

Base, and estrang'd from good and right, in love:---  
 I speak not of *Achilles*, how he suffer'd  
 His comrades to be slain, and all for love.---  
 But see *Palæstrio* standing with the captain;---  
 And I must change the fashion of my phrase.--- 10  
 Sure woman's born of tardiness itself;  
 For ev'ry other, though the same delay,  
 Seems less delay than that, which woman makes:---  
 They do it, one would fancy, all from custom.---  
 I'm come to call upon *Philocomasium*:--- 15  
 And here's the door, I'll knock.---Ho!---who's within  
 there?

PAL. How now, my lad?---what say you?---why  
 d'ye knock here?

PLEU. I want *Philocomasium*:---from her mother  
 I'm come:---if she's for going, let her come then.---  
 She stays us all; and we would fain weigh anchor. 20

PYRG. All is in readiness, and long has been so.---  
 Harkye, *Palæstrio*, let her take her trinkets,  
 Her gold, apparell, all things valuable:  
 Take with you some assistants, that may help you  
 To bear them to the ship:---they are all pack'd, 25  
 All that I've giv'n her to take off.

V. 7. *Achilles*.] This alludes to the story of *Achilles* having  
 withdrawn himself from the Grecian confederates employed in  
 the siege of *Troy*, and remaining inactive, on account of his  
 having been deprived of *Briséis* by *Agamemnon*; whence ensued  
 a terrible slaughter among the Grecians.

V. 11. *Woman's born of tardiness itself, &c.*] The original is,

*Mulier profectò nata est ex ipsâ morâ.  
 Nam quævis alia, quæ mora est æquè, mora  
 Minor ea videtur, quàm quæ propter mulierem est.*

PAL. I go.

PLEU. Prithce now, do make hafte.

PYRG. He will not tarry.

[PALÆSTRIO goes in.]

PYRG. (*To Pleu. who holds up a comprefs to his eye.*)  
 Hey, what's the matter? prithee, what haft thou  
 Done with thine eye?

PLEU. Why, ha'n't I got my eye?

PYRG. The left I mean.

PLEU. I'll tell you:---I lefs ufe 30  
 This eye, by reafon of my occupation:  
 Were't not for that, I fould ufe both alike.---  
 But they too long detain me.

PYRG. Here they come.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASIUM.*PALÆSTRIO, (*To Phil.*)

Pray, will you never make an end of weeping?

PHIL. How can I chufe but weep?---I'm going  
 hence,

Where I have pafs'd my days with fo much pleasure.

PAL. See you the man there, who is come to you  
 From your twin-fifter and your mother?

V. 32. *Were't not for that.*] There is a pun in the original, (and far from a bad one,) which it is impoffible to preferve in the tranflation. *Si abftinuiſſem a MARE, OR AMARE*, which might be underſtood in two ſenſes. *Pleuſides* means, *If I had refrained from lozing*, whereas the captain thinks he ſays, in his aſſumed character of a failor,—*if I had kept from ſea.*

PHIL.

PHIL. Ah, 5

I see him.

PYRG. Hearkye me, *Palæftrio*.

PAL. What's

Your pleasure?

PYRG. You will order all her things  
To be brought out,PLEU. *Philocomasium*,

Your servant.

PHIL. Your's,

PLEU. Your mother and your sister  
Bade me to give their love and blessing to you. 10

PHIL. Heav'ns blefs them both!

PLEU. They pray you to make hafte,  
That we may fet fail, while the wind is fair;  
Your mother, if her eyes had not been bad,  
Had come along with me.PHIL. I'll go then, though  
'Tis with regret: but duty does compell me. 15

PLEU. You're wife now.

PYRG. If fhe had not been with me,  
She to this day had liv'd in ignorance.

V. 13. *If her eyes had not been bad.*] So in the third Scene of this Act, upon the Captain's asking where *Philocomasium's* mother was, *Palæftrio* fays,

The mafter of the fhip, that brought them, told me,  
She had an inflammation in her eyes,  
And was on board.

This excufe for the pretended mother's not making her appearance is fpecious enough, but there is no reafon alledged why the fifter fhould not come, except we may fuppoze, that fhe ftays to nurfe and comfort her fick mother.

PHIL. O it is torture this,---to be estrang'd  
 From such a man as you! for you can make  
 A woman all accomplish'd; and because 20  
 I liv'd with you, I had a lofty spirit :---  
 But now that greatness I shall lose for ever. (*weeping.*)

PYRG. She weeps excessively.

PHIL. I cannot help it,  
 While that I look upon you.

PAL. Come,---take heart.---  
 Ah me! and I feel what afflicts me too.--- 25  
 I nothing wonder, 'twas a pleasure to you  
 To live with him: his beauteous form, his manners,  
 His bravery have attach'd your soul unto him.---  
 I too, his servant, weep, when I look on him,  
 To think we shall be parted.

PHIL. I beseech you, 30  
 Let me embrace you once, before I go.

PYRG. I give permission.

PHIL. (*Embracing him.*) O my eyes! my soul!

(*Upon quitting him she seems ready to swoon.*)

PAL. (*Taking hold of her.*) For heaven's sake support  
 her, or she'll fall.

PYRG. Ha! what's the matter?

PAL. Soon as she had left you,  
 Poor soul! she fell into a fit.

PYRG. (*To his attendants.*) Run in,  
 And bring some water quick.

PAL. I want no water. 35

PYRG. Why?

PAL. I had rather---Don't you interpose,  
*(Stopping the Captain from going to Phil.)*

I pray you, till her senses are restor'd.

PYRG. *(Observing Pleu. who holds Phil. in his arms.)*  
 They have their heads methinks too closely join'd :---  
 I like it not :---their lips seem glued together.

PLEU. How sharp is her disorder !---I was trying,  
 Whether she breath'd or not. 40

PYRG. He should have put  
 His ear then to her mouth.

PLEU. *(To Pyrg.)* If you had rather,  
 I'll leave them both.

PYRG. No.---*(To Pal.)* Let him take you with  
 him.

PAL. Ah me! I cannot chuse but weep.

PYRG. *(To the servants within.)* Bring out  
 The things, that I have giv'n her.

V. 36. *I had rather*—] A defect being supposed in the original, it has been filled up, (in order to make a very poor joke indeed) by supplying it with the word *merum*—*malo merum*. Upon *Palæstrio's* saying, that he *wanted no water*, and the Captain's asking why, he is hereby made to reply, *I had rather have wine*. But it is much better to suppose, as I have translated it, that *Palæstrio's* speech is broke off abruptly from his being eager to prevent the Captain from advancing to *Philocomasium*.

V. 39. *Their lips seem glued together.*] *Labra labellis ferruminant.*  
 This is a very strong expression.

V. 42. *If you had rather, &c.*] This and the next speech, are given to different persons, in different editions, and are as variously explained.

PAL. Household God! 45

I now salute you, ere I do depart :---  
My fellow-servants, male and female, all  
Farewell! may happiness and health attend you!  
And let me have your pray'rs, though absent from you.

PYRG. Come, come, be of good heart, *Palæstrio*.

PAL. Oh,

I cannot chuse but weep, since I must leave you.

PYRG. Bear it with patience.

PAL. O too well I know

What cause I have to grieve.

PHIL. (*Seeming to recover.*) Ha! how is this?---  
Who are these people?---what do I behold?---  
Hail, light!

PLEU. Are you recover'd?

PHIL. I beseech you, 55

What man is't I embrace?---I'm lost,---I'm gone---  
Am I myself?

PLEU. (*In a low voice.*) Fear nothing, my delight.

PYRG. What's all this?

PAL. Oh, Sir, she had lost her senses,  
(*Aside*) I fear, our plot will be at length *discover'd*.

PYRG. What say'st thou?

V. 45. *Household God.*] *Familiaris*. The ancients had in every house a tutelary Deity, which they called *Lar* or *Familiaris*. See the Prologue to the *Aulularia*, or *Miser*, of our Author, in Volume II. of this Translation.

V. 49. *Have your prayers.*] *Benè dicatis*. *Benè dicere* is the same with *benè precari*.

V. 58. *Discover'd—Discredit.*] It is plain, that *Palæstrio*, being partly overheard by the Captain, endeavours to give another turn to what he had said. [See the Note on v. 37. of Act I.

Scene



PAL. That will turn to your *discredit*,  
When they shall see us through the city bear 60  
This load of luggage.

PYRG. Of my own I've given,  
Not theirs :---I care not what they say :---Away then,  
Go---and the favour of the Gods attend you!

PAL. 'Tis for your sake I speak it.

PYRG. I believe thee!

PAL. Farewell!

PYRG. Farewell to thee!

PAL. (*To Pleu. and Phil.*) Hasten on before,--- 65  
I'll overtake you presently :---I've yet  
A word or two to say unto my master.

[PLEUSIDES and PHILOCOMASIVM go off.]

SCENE VIII.

PALÆSTRIO and PERIPLECTOMENES.

PALÆSTRIO.

Though in your estimation you have ever  
Held other slaves more faithful than myself,  
I owe you many thanks for all your favours ;  
And, if it were your will, I'd rather be  
A slave to you than freed-man to another. 5

Scene I. of *Amphitryon*.] This is done in the original by a repetition of the word *palam*.

—————*Timeo, nè hoc palam fiat.*

—————*Nos palam ferre, &c.* as it is in the *Aldus* edition ; though others read *secundum ferre*, which does not answer the intention.

PYRG.

PYRG. Pluck up thy courage, man.

PAL. Ah! woe is me,  
When I reflect my manners must be chang'd,---  
That I must learn the womanish, and forget  
The military.

PYRG. See thou mind thy duty.

PAL. I cannot,---I have lost all inclination. 10

PYRG. Go; follow them,---don't loiter.

PAL. Fare you well.

PYRG. The same to thee.

PAL. I pray you to remember,---  
If haply I am freed, I'll send you notice,  
That you may not desert me.

PYRG. 'Tis not in me.

PAL. Think too on my fidelity towards you.--- 15  
If you do that, you then at length will know  
The difference 'twixt a bad and honest servant.

PYRG. I know, and I have tried thee oft before,  
But more to-day than ever.

PAL. You will know,  
And you shall find it still more true hereafter. 20

PYRG. I hardly can refrain from bidding you  
To stay.

PAL. Ah, have a care, Sir,---don't do that.---  
They'll say you are a liar, void of truth,  
And without faith.---Well, sure it must be own'd,  
All servants I exceed in honesty;--- 25  
For if I thought you could with honour do it,

V. 22. *Ab, have a care.*] There is exquisite humour in *Palastrio's* apprehensions, lest his master should change his mind, and not let him go.

I would

I would persuade you ;---but it cannot be :---

Ah, have a care you don't.---

PYRG. I'll be content,

Whatever happen,---go.

PAL. Then fare you well.

PYRG. 'Twere better, thou should'st go.

PAL. Once more---farewell. 30

[PALÆSTRIO goes off.]

PYRG. (*Alone.*) I've always look'd upon him until  
now

As a most villainous rascal ; but I find,  
The fellow's trusty to me.---On reflection,  
I have done foolishly to part with him.---  
I'll in now to my love here.---But I hear  
The door go. 35

S C E N E IX.

*Enter a L A D, speaking to some within.*

Say no more,---I know my office :---

I warrant you, I find him out of hand :---

Where'er he be, I'll search him out :---I'll not

Be sparing of my pains.

PYRG. 'Tis me he seeks.---

I'll meet the lad.

LAD. Oh, I was looking for you. 5

Save you, sweet gentleman, whom fair Occasion

V. 6. *Fair Occasion.*] *Commoditas.* I have already remarked, that there was a Deity worship'd by the *Romans* under this appellation.

Loads with her best gifts ; and two Deities  
Do chiefly favour.

PYRG. What two ?

LAD. *Mars and Venus.*

PYRG. A sprightly boy !

LAD. My lady, Sir, intreats,  
That you would enter :---she is waiting for you, 10  
Dying with expectation.---O relieve  
Her love-sick soul.---Why stay ?---why don't you enter ?

PYRG. I go.

[PYRGOPOLINICES *goes in.*

LAD. So---he's entangled in the toils :---  
The snare is spread :---th' old gentleman stands ready  
To fasten on the letcher, who forsooth 15  
So proud is of his beauty, that the fool  
Think ev'ry woman is in love with him,  
Who sees him.---He's the scorn and detestation  
Of men as well as women.---Hark---I hear  
The uproar is begun within already :--- 20  
Now will I in, and mingle in the tumult.

V. 15. *Th' old gentleman stands ready.*] The original is, *in statu flat senex.* This is in allusion to the posture or attitude into which Gladiators put themselves for offence and defence.

*The End of the* FOURTH ACT.

A C T

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter PERIPLECTOMENES with CARIO a Cook, and other Servants, dragging PYRGOPOLINICES.*

## PERIPLECTOMENES.

Bring him along ;---or, if he will not follow,  
 Drag him out neck and heels, up with him, hoist him  
 Betwixt the earth and sky ; cut him to pieces.

PERG. *Periplectomenes!* I do beseech you---

PER. In vain you do beseech me.---*Cario!* See 5  
 Your knife is sharp.

CAR. It longs to rip his belly.

SCENE I.] There cannot be produced a stronger proof of the absurdities, which the ancients were forced into by a preservation of the *Unity of Place*, than this passage. The Captain is surpris'd in *Periplectomenes's* own house, carrying on an intrigue with the old gentleman's pretended wife ; in consequence of which they proceed to frighten him with *Cario* the cook's threatening to go to work upon him with his knife. Can any thing be more unnatural or improbable, than that for this purpose they should drag him out of the house, and into the publick street ? But such are the inconveniences, which the ancients were expos'd to by a scrupulous attention to the *Unity of Place*. See what has been remarked on this subject in the Note to the beginning of A& III. Scene II. of *Amphitryon*.

Nothing can be better imagined than the catastrophe of this piece. The ridiculous situation, in which the captain finds himself involved, on account of his self-conceit, is highly diverting.

V. 3. *Betwixt the earth and sky.*] *Inter terram et caelum medius sit.*

I'll hang his chitterlings about his neck,  
As children carry baubles.

PYRG. I am done for!

CAR. Hold, you cry out before you're hurt.---

Now, now

Shall I have at him?

PER. Let him first be cudgell'd. 10

CAR. Aye, lustily.

PER. How durst you to attempt  
Another's wife?

PYRG. As I do hope for mercy,  
She made the first advances.

PER. It's a lye.---

Lay on him. (*They are going to strike him.*)

PYRG. Stay, and let me tell you---

PER. Why

Don't you fall on?

PYRG. Will you not let me speak? 15

PER. Speak.

PYRG. I was courted to come hither.

PER. Ha!---

How durst you?---There,---take this. (*Beating him.*)

PYRG. Oh!---good Sir!---Oh!

I have enough---I pray you---

CAR. Shall I slice him?

PER. Whene'er you will.---Come, stretch him out,  
spread out

V. 9. *You cry out before you're hurt.*] *Numerò hoc dicis.* *Numerò* is an adverb, and here signifies *too soon*.

V. 19. *Spread out—His pinions.*] The original is, *dispennite*, which, according to *Nonius*, is from *penna* a wing or *pinion*, and in that sense I have translated it.

His

His pinions.

PYRG. Hear me, I beseech you---

PER. Speak, 20

Ere yet we make you nothing.

PYRG. I believ'd,

That she has husbandless; and so the maid,

Her pimp, informed me.

PER. If we let you go,

Swear, you will not avenge you upon any one,

For that you have been, or you shall be beaten,--- 25

Grandson of *Venus*!

PYRG. Both by her and *Mars*

I swear, I'll not avenge me upon any one,

For that I have been, or I shall be beaten;

But think it is my due:---should you proceed

To further outrage, I am justly punish'd. 30

PER. What if you fail to do so?

PYRG. Never more

May I be trusted or in word or deed!

V. 22. *Husbandless.*] *Viduam. Vidua*, the grammarians tell us, is as it were *viro idua*, the same as *divisa*, and signifies *one parted from her husband*, as well as what we call in our language a *widow*.

V. 26. *Grandson of Venus.*] *Venerium nepotulum*. This is a retort of our Captain's boast in Act IV. Scene VI. v. 76.

I know not whether I have told you: I

Am *Venus*' grandson.

V. 27. *By her.*] Many of the Editions have it *per Dianam*; but the *Aldus* Edition has *Venerem*, which appears to be much the most natural reading.

V. 32. *Trusted or in word or deed.*] The learned reader will know, that there is an *equivoque* in this and other passages of the original, which I have not attempted to express in the translation.

CAR. E'en let him have another drubbing ;---then I think you may dismifs him.

PYRG. Blessings on you,  
For taking thus my part !

CAR. You'll give us therefore 35  
A golden Mina.

PYRG. How !---on what account ?

CAR. Because we let you off unmaint'd and  
whole,

Grandson of *Venus* ! On no other terms  
Wilt thou escape ; don't flatter thee.---

PYRG. I'll give it.

CAR. 'Tis the best way.---As for your cloaths, and  
sword,

Don't hope to have them back.---Suppose I gave him  
Another drubbing, e'er you let him go.

PYRG. O I beseech you,---ye have made me tame  
Already with your cudgels,---pray now.

PER. Loose him.

PYRG. I thank you.

PER. If I catch you poaching here  
Henceforth, I'll send you back disqualified.

PYRG. I'll give you leave.

PER. Come, *Cario*, we'll go in.

[PERIPLECTOMENES, CARIO, and  
*Servants*, go in.]

PYRG. I see some of my fellows coming hither.

V. 35. *For taking thus my part.*] *Cum advocatus mihi bene es,*  
For the sense of this word *advocatus*, see the Note on Act IV.  
Scene V. v. 126. of *Amphitryon*.



## SCENE II.

*Enter SCELEDRUS, and other Servants.*

PYRG. *Philocomasium*,---tell me, is she off?

SCEL. Aye, master, long ago.

PYRG. Ah me!

SCEL. You'd have  
More cause to cry Ah me! if you but knew  
What I know.---He there with the woollen compress  
Before his eye, he was no failor.

PYRG. How!

Who was he then?

SCEL. *Philocomasium's* lover.---

PYRG. How dost thou know?

SCEL. I know.---No sooner were they  
Without the town's gate than they fell to slobbering  
And hugging one another.

PYRG. Wretched fool!

I see at length I have been sweetly gull'd.--- 10

SCENE II.] Though none of the Editions have divided the Scene of it here, but have placed the name of *Sceledrus* at the head with the other personages, yet as he does not come in till *Periplectomenes* has quitted the stage, and the Captain is left alone, there is undoubtedly a propriety in making a new Scene here.

V. 1. *Philocomasium*,—*is she off?*] Our Captain having met with a disappointment with respect to *Periplectomenes's* wife, as he imagined her, is very impatient to know, whether his other mistress *Philocomasium*, whom he had dismissed, was out of reach, hoping to be able to fetch her back. What a mortification must it be to him to be told, that she was not only got clear off, but that her lover, in the disguise of a failor, had assisted in the scheme for getting her away!

That

That rascal of a fellow, that *Palæstrio*,  
 'Tis he has lured me into this vile snare.---  
 And yet I think it right.---If other letchers  
 Were serv'd like me, their number would decrease:  
 They would stand more in awe, and give their minds  
 Less to intrigue.---We'll in now.---Clap your hands.

V. 15. *Clap your hands.*] *Plaudite*. It may be remarked, that all the plays of our Author, as well as *Terence*, conclude in this manner. See the Note at the end of the *Captives*, in this Volume.

\* \* This play abounds with most lively incidents, which naturally carry on the main design, which is, the recovery of *Philocomasmus*, and the mortification of the vain-glorious, self-conceited Captain. It concludes with a most admirable Moral, and is in that particular far superior to the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, where *Thrafo* is neither punished nor reformed. “ I cannot think, “ (says *Cooke* as quoted by *Mr. Colman*) that this play, excellent “ as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently “ with the manners of gentlemen. There is a meanness in “ *Phædria* and *Chæria* consenting to take *Thrafo* into their society with a view of fleecing him.” Our Captain, on the contrary, is made sensible of his folly, and, it is to be supposed from the reflection he concludes with, is resolved to correct it for the future.

*The End of the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.*

THE  
CAPTIVES.

TRANSLATED BY

RICHARD WARNER, Esquire.

P E R S O N S of the D R A M A.

H E G I O, *an old Gentleman.*

P H I L O C R A T E S of *Ælis*, *a Captive at Ætolia.*

T Y N D A R U S, *a Captive at Ætolia, his Servant.*

A R I S T O P H O N T E S, *a Captive at Ætolia,*  
*and Friend to P H I L O C R A T E S.*

P H I L O P O L E M U S, *a Captive at Ælis, Son to*  
H E G I O.

S T A L A G M U S, *Servant to H E G I O.*

E R G A S I L U S, *a Parasite.*

A S E R V A N T of H E G I O.

A L A D, *the same.*

S C E N E,  
C A L Y D O N in Æ T O L I A,  
*Before H E G I O's House.*



## P R O L O G U E.

THESE Captives you see standing here before you,  
 Sit not,---they stand. You are my witnessess,  
 Who see 'tis so, that what I say is true.  
 Old *Hegio*, who lives here, calls one his son ;  
 But by what means that son is now a slave 5  
 To his own father, give me your attention,  
 And I'll explain.---This *Hegio* had two sons ;  
 One, when but four years old, a slave had stoken,  
 And, flying into *Ælis*, sold him to

PROLOGUE.] The Prologue to this Play, like too many of our Author's, serves to inform the Audience too much of the Plot of it.—It does not in general lay open quite so much as many of his [Prologues do; but what it does discover, (and what *M. Coste* seems to think, it was chiefly wrote for) the double circumstance of *Hegio's* having his son in his own house without knowing it, and his son not knowing that *Hegio* was his father, might as well have been left to have been discover'd by the Spectators at its proper time.

V. 1. *These Captives.*] *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*.

V. 2. *Sit not,—they stand.*] *Hi stant ambo, non sedent.* I cannot discover any humour in this passage, though *M. Coste* (the *French* Translator of this Play) says there is, and that it depends upon the address of the speaker. It appears at best but a ridiculous playing with words, a practice too common in our Author.

V. 9. *And flying into Ælis.*] *Ælis* was a city of *Achaia*, a part of *Greece*.

The father of this other captive here. 10  
 Thus far d'ye understand me?---It is well.---  
 Yet I see one at distance, who in troth  
 Seems as he heard not.---Prithee, friend, come nearer ;  
 If not to sit, there's room at least to walk.  
 What ! would you make the player strain his voice,  
 As if he were a beggar asking alms ? 16  
 Mistake not, I'll not crack my lungs for you.---  
 But you, who from your rank have wherewithal  
 To be affes'd, hear what I've more to say ;  
 I care not for the vulgar.---As I told you, 20

V. 10. *This other Captive.*] *Philocrates.*

V. 16. *A beggar asking alms.*] *Quasi histrionem cogis mendicariet.*  
 Commentators have understood this passage differently. *Lambin*  
 and *Taubman* suppose it to mean, that the player, who has  
 cracked his voice by bawling too much, is hissed off the stage,  
 and consequently reduced to beggary. The sense I have followed  
 seems to me the most obvious and familiar.

V. 10. *To be affes'd.*] The people of *Rome* were numbered  
 every five years into different classes, according to their several  
 incomes ; and those, who presided over this numeration, were  
 called *Censors*. The first institutor of this distinction, so necessary  
 for a large state, was *Servius Tullus*. Those, who had no income,  
 were not numbered at all ; and as they, in all publick shews,  
 were placed behind, they were of course at a greater distance  
 from the stage ; or, if they chose to be nearer, were obliged to  
 stand.

V. 20. *Hear what I've more to say ;*  
*I care not for the vulgar.*]

There is some obscurity in the original.——

*Accipite reliquom : alieno uti nihil moror.*

According to *M. Coste's* interpretation it should be rendered,

But take what I have left ;  
 To be in debt I like not.

The slave ran off, and to this captive's father  
 Sold his young master, whom the knave had stolen.  
 No sooner had the old man made the purchase,  
 Than, as their ages nearly were the same,  
 He made him wait on his own son; and now 25  
 He is a slave in his own father's house,  
 Nor does his father know he is his son.  
 True is it, that the Gods us mortal creatures  
 Hold but as balls to band about in sport.  
 How *Hegio* lost one of his sons, you thus 30  
 Have on account.---Since that, his other son,  
 When *Ælis* and *Ætolia* were at variance,  
 Was made a prisoner by the chance of war.  
*Menarchus*, a physician, purchased him

The joke (says he) is founded on the equivocal sense of the word *reliquom*, which means, the remains, or *what is left*, either *to speak*, or *to pay*. Our Author, to entertain his Audience, seems to confound the latter sense with the former: for in effect the speaker is in debt to the hearer the end of a speech he had begun: and not to give him the whole of it, is defrauding him of what he has a right to. *Lambin* gives the passage quite another turn, and explains it thus: The Spectator who bears me an ill will, I am not at all solicitous about; and such a one as he, who gives not his attention, keeps on chattering, or is noisy.— Agreeable to this sense, it would be, *I am not at all solicitous about any one who will not give me his attention*. *Taubman* dislikes this explanation of *Lambin*, and understands the passage pretty much in the same sense with *M. Coste*.

V. 21. *This Captive's father.*] The father of *Philocrates*.

V. 29. *Hold but as Balls.*] Similar to this of our Author is the Greek proverb, *Θεω παρρηνα ανθρωπος*, — Men are the playthings of the Gods.

V. 32. *Ætolia.*] This was a part of Greece, situated in the very middle of it.

At

At *Ælis*.---*Hegio*, good old man, on this 35  
 Began to trade for captives with the *Ælians*,  
 In hopes of finding one some time or other,  
 With whom to barter for his son; not knowing,  
 His present captive was in truth his son.  
 But hearing yesterday there was a captive 40  
 Of an high rank and family from *Ælis*,  
 (Since to regain his son and bring him home  
 He spar'd no cost) this captive and his slave  
 He purchas'd of the *Quæstors* from the spoil.  
 These, that the master through his servant's means 45  
 Might home return, have thought of this contrivance.  
 They've chang'd their name and dress; and *Tyndarus*  
 Is call'd *Philocrates*, *Philocrates*  
 Call'd *Tyndarus*; the master personates  
 The servant, while the servant personates 50  
 The master.---*Tyndarus*, the servant, now  
 Will play his tricks so well, that he'll procure  
 His master liberty. By the same means  
 He'll save his brother too, and bring him back  
 In freedom to his country and his father, 55  
 Without design.---And so it happens oft  
 In many instances; more good is done  
 Without our knowledge, than by us intended.  
 Thus each, unconscious of the consequence,  
 Form'd and devis'd this trick, and this the issue 60  
 Of their design, that he should be a slave  
 To his own father; so indeed he is,

V. 44. *Bought of the Quæstors.*] The *Quæstors* were those who were appointed to take care of the publick money; they had also the selling of the plunder, and the spoils taken in war.

But



But knows it not.---When I reflect upon it,---  
 What creatures are we men ! how insignificant ! ---  
 This is the subject matter of the play 65  
 We are about to represent to you.  
 But one thing I'd remind you :---it will be  
 To your advantage to attend our play :  
 For 'tis not in the common stile, nor yet  
 Like other plays :---here are no ribald lines 70  
 Unfit to be remember'd ; here you'll find  
 No infamous abandon'd courtesan ;  
 No rascal pimp, no Braggard Captain here.  
 Be not concern'd, for that I have inform'd you  
 The *Ælians* and *Aetolians* are at war : 75  
 Their battles will be fought without our scenes ;  
 For when our stage is fitted up with all

V. 65. *This is the subject matter of the play*  
 — *We are about to represent to you.*]

*Hæc Res agetur nobis vobis Fabula.*

It seems to me surprizing, that the commentators should chuse to refine on this simple and plain passage. They explain it to mean, that “ *to us it will be a reality, but to you a play ;*” whereas the construction is so easy and obvious, that one would wonder they could be mistaken. Our Author, in his Prologue to *Amphytrion*, uses the word *Res* on a like account.

*Veterem atque antiquam Rem novam vobis proferam.*

I shall present you with an ancient tale  
 Made new.

V. 77. *For when our stage is fitted up, &c.*] *M. Coste* observes, that *Plautus* seems here to be ridiculing some comedies of his time, in which the Poet had introduced tragical incidents. This supposition is merely conjectural, there being not the least foundation for it in our Author.

It's comic decorations, then to aim  
 At acting of a tragedy, would seem  
 Strangely absurd. If therefore any here 80  
 Expect a battle, let him ground his quarrel:  
 And if perchance he light upon a foe  
 Much stronger than himself, I'll here engage  
 The battle he will be spectator of,  
 Will not much suit his taste; nor will he like 85  
 To look on any battle ever after.  
 But I retire.—In peace most upright judges,  
 In war most valiant combatants, Adieu!

Our own *Ben Jonson* has, however, in his Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, a similar sting at *Shakespeare* for his *Historical Plays*.

—With three rusty swords,  
 And help of some few foot and half-foot swords,  
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars, &c.

V. 81. *Let him ground his quarrel:*] *Lites contrahat*,—When quarrelling was made an art, as it was in the last age, *Ground your quarrel* was one of the terms, and indeed the beginning of it.—I have made use of the phrase on the authority of *Ben. Jonson* in his *Alchemist*, Act IV. Scene II.

*Subtle*—————Begin,—  
 ———— *Ground thy quarrel* ————  
*Kastril*—————You lie.



T H E

C A P T I V E S.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter* E R G A S I L U S.

**B**ECAUSE I usually attend at feasts  
 An *invocated* guest, our sparks forsooth  
 Nickname me *Mistress*.---This, I know, the jeerers  
 Say is absurd.---I say, 'tis right.---The lover  
 At a carousal, when he throws the dice, 5

V. 2. *An invocated guest.*] The reader's indulgence for the coinage of a new term, (and perhaps not quite so much out of character from the mouth of a Parasite,) is here requested in the use of the word *invocated*—in a sense, which it is owned there is no authority for; but without it, no way occurs to explain the Poet's meaning; which, such as it is, and involved in such a Pun, is all that can be aimed at.—The word *invocatus* means, both *called upon*, and *not called upon*. *Ergasilus* here quibbles upon it: for, tho' at entertainments he attends, as it is the common character of Parasites to do, without invitation, that is, *not called upon*, and *Mistresses are called upon*, that their names so *invoked*, may make their lovers throw on the dice successful, still according to the *double sense* of the word, they may be compared to each other; as they are *both*, agreeably to the *Latin Idiom*, *invocati*. The custom of lovers throwing the dice, and invoking their *Mistresses*, the Note on v. 6. will explain.

V. 3. *Nickname me Mistress.*] *Scortum*. Parasites are in our Author often called *Mistresses*.—So in his *Truculentus*,

*Invokes* his Mistress.---Is she *invocated*,  
Or is she not?---Most plain, she is.---But yet,  
To say the truth, we are term'd Parasites  
For a much plainer reason.---For, like mice,

STRA. *Vel amare possum, vel jam scortum ducere.*

AST. *Lepide mecastor nuncias—sed dic mihi  
Habent &*

STRA. —*Parasitum te fortasse dicere.*

STRA. I now can love, or keep my Mistress—

AST. Yes—

Wittily said— But tell me, is it so?

STRA. Perhaps you think, I meant to say, I'd keep  
My Parasite.

This humour of calling Parasites by droll names we may suppose was common, as we find it again in the *Menæchmi*, or *Twin-Brothers*, of our Author.

*Inventus nomen fecit Peniculo mihi,*

*Ideo quia menjas, quando edo, detergeo.*

Our young men call me Dishclout,—for this reason,  
Whene'er I dine, I wipe the tables clean.

*Peniculus*, according to *Festus*, is properly a long piece of sponge in the form of a tail.

V. 6. *Invokes his Mistress.*] It was a Grecian custom at an entertainment, to cast lots for turns in drinking; and when they threw the dice, they, as a lucky omen, *invok'd* their *Mistresses* by name. To this our Author alludes in his *Curculio*, Act II. Scene III. v. 76.

*Provocat me in aleam, ut ego ludam; pono pallium,  
Ille suum annulum opposivit; invocat Plancium.*

He challeng'd me to play: I staked my cloak,  
And he his ring,—and then *invok'd Plancium*.

V. 9. *For like mice.*] *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, when he saw mice creeping under a table, us'd to say, see there *Diogenes's Parasites*. The same allusion we meet with again in our Author in his *Perfa*, Act I. Scene II. v. 6.

*Quasi mures semper edere alienum cibum.*

Like mice, they liv'd on victuals not their own.

Ask'd

Ask'd or not ask'd, we always live upon                    10  
 Provisions not our own.---In the vacation,  
 When to the country men retire, 'tis also  
 Vacation with my teeth.---As in hot weather  
 Snails hide them in their shells, and, if no dew  
 Should chance to fall, live on their proper moisture,  
 We Parasites, in times of the vacation,                    16  
 Keep ourselves snug; and while into the country  
 Those are retired, on whom we us'd to feed,  
 Poor we support our natural call of appetite  
 From our own juices.---We in the vacation                    20  
 Are thin as hounds;---but when men come to town,  
 We are as plump as mastiffs, full as troublesome,  
 And as detested. What is worst of all,  
 Except we patiently endure a drubbing,  
 And let them break their pots upon our heads,                    25

V. 11. *In the Vacation.*] *Ubi res prolatæ sunt*—literally *when affairs are deferr'd*. The same mode of expression often occurs in *Cicero*, and in the same sense.

V. 22. *We are as plump as mastiffs.*] The original is expressed in a coinage of words not uncommon in our Author; a sort of jesting in character, not at all inconsistent in the mouth of a Parasite, and common in modern comedies, those of the *French* in particular.

V. 25. *And let them break their pots upon our heads.*] *Meursius* tells us, these pots were filled up with cinders; which falling all over the body of the person they were throwing at, occasioned a louder laugh from those who had provided the entertainment.

V. 27. *Without the city gate.*] As the scene is in *Ætolia*, a part of *Greece*, as has been before observed, it is not very probable that *Ergasilus* should have heard of a gate at *Rome*, much less, that he had ever been used to beg his bread there. But our Author often falls into these mistakes, thro' forgetfulness, or

We must submit to sit among the beggars  
 Without the city gate.---That this will be  
 My lot, there's not a little danger, since  
 My patron is a captive with the enemy.  
 Th' *Ætoli*ans and the *Æli*ans are at war : 30  
 We now are in *Ætolia*. *Philopolemus*,  
 Old *Hegio*'s son, whose house is here hard by,  
 Is prisoner now in *Ælis*.---Sad indeed  
 This house to me ! which, often as I see it,  
 Brings tears into my eyes. The good old father, 35  
 Upon his son's account, not in compliance  
 With his own inclination, has engaged  
 In an illiberal traffic, and by purchasing  
 Of captives hopes, that in some lucky hour  
 He may find one to barter for his son.--- 40  
 But the door opens, whence I've sallied forth  
 Full many a time, drunk with excess of cheer.

even voluntarily. The gate here mentioned was called *Trigemina*, the three *Twins*, as the three twin brothers, the *Heratii*, passed thro' it to fight the three *Curatii*. We may conclude too from this passage, that beggars usually attended at this gate to ask alms, and perhaps made choice of it, as it was on one of the largest and most frequented roads in *Rome*. COSTE.

V. 29. *My patron's been a captive.*] *Meus Rex*, my King,—a title Parasites used to bestow on their patrons.—It occurs often in our Author; and in other *Roman* Poets.

V. 38. *Illiberal traffick.*] *Quæstum inhonestum*. So in another place it is called *quæstum carcerarium*. Whence it is plain, that dealing in slaves was accounted irreputable.

## SCENE II.

*Enter HEGIO and a Slave.*

HEG. Mind what I say :---from those two captives there,

Whom yesterday I purchas'd from the *Quæstors*,  
 Take off the heavy chains with which they're bound,  
 And put on lighter : let them walk about  
 Within doors, or abroad, as likes them best :--- 5  
 Yet watch them well.---A free man, made a captive,  
 is like a bird that's wild : it is enough,  
 If once you give it opportunity  
 To fly away ;---you'll never catch it after.

SLAVE. Freedom to slavery we all prefer.--- 10

HEG. You do not think so, or you'd find the means.

V. 2. *Bought of the Quæstors.*] See Note on the Prologue, v. 45.

V. 4. *And put on lighter.*] *His indito catenas singularias.*—To ascertain the precise meaning of the word *singularias*, seems not very easy.—*Turnebus* thinks it means chains of a pound weight ; others are of opinion, it means chains for each of the captives, whereby they are fastened one to another, as galley slaves are.—*Lambin* thinks it means *light* chains, in opposition to the large and heavy ones *Hegio* would have taken off. *M. Coste* has adopted this last sense, without objecting to those who are of another opinion ; and I have followed him.

V. 11. *You'd find the means.*] *Hegio* would mean, that if his slave was so passionately fond of liberty as he appeared to be, he would apply himself more to what would please his master, and to do his duty ; as this would be the real way of obtaining his liberty. But as it is always in the power of a slave to redeem himself, if he can procure a sum of money sufficient for the purpose,

SLAVE. If I have nought to offer else, permit me |  
To give you for it a fair pair of heels.

HEG. And if you do, I presently shall find  
What to bestow on you.

SLAVE. I'm like the bird 15  
You talk'd of even now.---I'll fly away.

HEG. Indeed ! Beware the cage then, if you do.---  
No more ; mind what I order'd, and be gone.---

ERG. (*Aside.*) May he succeed in his design !---  
If not,

And he should miss redeeming of his son, 20  
I have no house to put my head into.---  
Young fellows of this age are all self-lovers ;  
I have no hopes of 'em ;---but *Philopolemus*,  
He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners :---

purpose, *Hegio's* slave thinking, or at least pretending to think, that his master is blaming him for not taking those means, answers him immediately, *tho' nothing else to offer.* COSTE.

V. 13. *To give you a fair pair of heels.*] *Dem ipse in pedes.*— There is a pun in *Dare*, to give, and *dare in pedes*, to run away. The *English* phrase I have made use of, answers it tolerably well.

V. 17. *The cage.*] *Caveam.* An ambiguity is intended in this expression. *Cavea* signifies a cage or coop for birds, as well as a dungeon.

V. 24. *He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners.*] That is, such virtues, which from the golden age have ever been esteemed preferable to those of more modern times.—So our Author again in his *Trinummus*, or *Treasure*. Act II. Scene II. v. 16.

———*Meo modo, et moribus vivito*  
*Antiquis.*———

Live like me,  
Following our ancient manners.

Similar to this is a passage in *Terence's Brothers*, Act III. Scene III. v. 88.



I never rais'd in him a single smile, 25  
 But I was paid for't ;---and old *Hegio* here  
 Is just the same.---

HEG. I'll now unto my Brother's,  
 Visit my other captives there, and see  
 If ought has been amiss last night among them ;  
 Thence will I take me home again forthwith. 30

ERG. It grieves me much, that this unhappy man;  
 Should act so meanly as to trade in slaves,  
 On the account of his unhappy son ;  
 But, if by this, or any means like this,  
 He can redeem him, let him deal in men's flesh,  
 I can endure it. 35

HEG. Who is it that speaks there ?

ERG. 'Tis I, Sir---I, that pine at your distress,  
 Grow thin with it, wax old, and waste away ;  
 Nay, I'm so lean withal, that I am nothing  
 But skin and bone :---whate'er I eat at home 40  
 Does me no good ; but be it e'er so little  
 I taste abroad, that relishes, that cheers me.

HEG. *Ergasilus* !---Good day.

ERG (*Crying*) Heav'ns blefs you, *Hegio* !

HEG. Nay, do not weep.

ERG. Must I not weep for him ?  
 For such a youth not weep ?

HEG. My son and you, 45  
 I know, were ever friends.

———*Homo antiquâ virtute ac fide.*

A citizen of ancient faith and virtue.

COLMAN.

V. 35. *Deal in men's flesh.*] The original is, *Carnificam facere.*

ERG.

ERG. 'Tis then at length  
Men come to know their good, when they have  
lost it;---

I, since the foe has made your son a captive,  
Find his true value, and now feel his want.

HEG. If you, who stand in no relation to him, 50  
So ill can bear his sufferings, what should I,  
Who am his father,---he my darling child?

ERG. I stand in no relation to him?---he  
In none to me?---Ah, *Hegio!* say not that;---  
And do not think so:---if he is to you 55  
A darling child, to me he's more than darling.

HEG. I cannot but commend you, that you hold  
Your friend's mishap your own.---Be comforted.

ERG. Ah me!

V. 48. *Men come to know their good, when they have lost it.*] Very like this is a sentiment in *Horace*, Book II. Ode 24.

———*Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.*———

Tho' living virtue we despise,  
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.

FRANCIS.

And the same sentiment is finely touch'd by *Shakespeare*.—*Much  
Ado About Nothing*. Act IV. Scene I.

———For it so falls out,  
That what we have, we prize not to the value,  
Whilst we enjoy it! but being lack'd and lost,  
Why then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue that possession would not shew us,  
Whilst it was ours.———

V. 52. *Darling child.*] *Cui ille est unicus.* *Unicus* here does not signify *only*, but most beloved, in which sense it is frequently used by our Author.

HEG.

HEG. (*Half aside.*) 'Tis this afflicts him, that the  
 army,  
 Rais'd to make entertainments, is disbanded. 60  
 Could you get no one all this while, again  
 To put it in commission?

ERG. Would you think it?  
 Since *Philopolemus* has been a captive,  
 They all decline the office.

HEG. And no wonder,  
 That they avoid it.---You will stand in need 65  
 Of many soldiers, and of various kinds:---  
 Bakerians, Pastry-cookians, Poultererians,---  
 Besides whole companies of Fishmongerians.

ERG. How greatest geniusses oft lye conceal'd!  
 O what a general, now a private soldier! 70

HEG. Have a good heart.---I trust, within these  
 few days  
 My son will be at home again: for lo!  
 Among my captives I've an *Ælian* youth

V. 59. *The army—Rais'd to make entertainments.*] *Edendi exercitus.* From what follows there seems to be no doubt, but that this passage is to be taken in the metaphorical sense, as I have translated it.

V. 67. *Bakerians, Pastry-cookians, &c.*] The original is,

*Militibus primum-dum opus est Pistoriensibus,  
 Opus Panaceis, opus Placentinis quoque,  
 Opus Turdetanis, opus est Ficedulensibus, &c.*

These humorous appellations are expressive both of the several trades concerned in furnishing out entertainments, and of inhabitants of places, as *Pistorium*, a town in *Italy*, *Placentia*, &c. I have endeavoured to preserve the humour of the original in the best manner our language would admit of.

V. 70.] This is spoken of *Hegio*.

Of noble family and ample state.---

I trust, I shall exchange him for my son. 75

HEG. Heav'ns grant it may be so!

HEG. But are you ask'd

Abroad to supper?

ERG. No-where, that I know.---

But why that question?

HEG. As it is my birth day,  
I thought of asking you to sup with me,---

ERG. Oh! good, Sir, good---

HEG. If you can be content 80  
With little.

ERG. Oh, Sir! very, very little :---  
I love it,---'tis my constant fare at home.

HEG. Come, set yourself to sale.

ERG. (*Loud.*) Who'll bye me?

HEG. I,---

If no one will bid more.

ERG. Can I expect,  
I or my friends, a better offer?---So 85  
I bind me to the bargain, all the same  
As though I sold you *terra firma*.

V. 83. *Set yourself to sale.*] *Age sis rog'a.* This is explained by what follows.

V. 85. *A better offer.*] *Salmasius* observes, that, according to a *Roman* law, when a piece of land was sold, a certain time was fix'd; and the agreement set forth, that it was sold on condition no one offer'd more before the expiration of that time. To this law our Author plainly alludes.

V. 86. *Terra firma.*—*A quick-sand rather.*] There is a sort of quibble in the original, which cannot be preserved in our language.

HEG. Say,

A quick-fand rather, that will swallow all.---  
But if you come, you'll come in time.

ERG. Nay, now

I am at leisure.

HEG. Go, and hunt an hare :---

90

I've nothing but an hedge-hog :---you will meet  
With rugged fare.

ERG. Don't think to get the better  
Of me by that :---I'll come with teeth well shod.

HEG. To say the truth, my viands are full hard.

ERG. You don't champ brambles ?

HEG. Mine's an earthly supper. 95

ERG. A fine fat sow, why that's an earthly animal.

*Profundum vendis tu quidem, haud fundum mihi.*

*Profundum*, as *M. Guedeville* observes, alludes to the Parasite's belly ; which idea I have endeavoured to convey.

V. 91. *An hedge-hog.*] *Erem*,—which reading *M. Coste* prefers :—some editions read *Cirim, a Harok*.—“ I own, says *M. Guedeville*, I do not see the wit of this raillery.—But my comfort is, that all the interpreters I have met with know no more of the matter than myself.”

V. 93. *With my teeth well shod.*] *Cum calceatis dentibus*. Because *Hegio* had before said, his was rugged fare.

V. 95. *Mine's an earthly supper.*] That is, a supper composed of the produce of the earth, a supper when the table is supplied with *vegetable*, not *animal* food.—

V. 96. *A fine fat sow—why, that's an earthly animal.*] *Ergasilus* does not call a sow an earthly animal in particular, in opposition to other animals, which are equally earthly, and with which *Hegio* might as well have treated him, but to engage him to provide something for him more relishing than what he had

HEG. Plenty of vegetables.

ERG. The best thing  
To cure your sick with.---Have you more to say?

HEG. You'll come in time.

ERG. You need not put in mind,  
Whose memory never fails him.

[ERGASILUS goes off.

HEG. I will in, 100

Look over my accounts, and see what cash  
I have remaining in my banker's hands ;  
Then to my brother's, where I said I'd go.

[Exit.

offered ; which, in reality, was nothing but vegetables, and which *Hegio* immediately after says in express terms.

This Act, consisting only of two Scenes, after opening the Character of the *Parasite*, and enlarging upon it, lets us into *Hegio's* scheme of endeavouring to recover his captive son *Philopolemus*, by exchanging *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, two captives he had just then purchased, for him. There is consequently nothing in it very interesting ; but yet it is so conducted, as very properly to raise the expectation of the Spectators for what is to follow.

*The End of the FIRST ACT.*

A C T

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter* SLAVES of HEGIO, *with* PHILOCRATES  
and TYNDARUS.

## A S L A V E.

**I**F the immortal Gods have so decreed,  
That this affliction you should undergo,  
It is your duty patiently to bear it ;  
Which if you do, the trouble will be lighter.  
When at your home, you I presume were free : 5  
But since captivity is now your lot,  
Submission would become you, and to make

A SLAVE.] In the original the persons, that enter as a kind of guards with the two captives, are called *Lorarii*. These were slaves, (so named from *lorum* a thong,) who had the punishing or scourging, by order of the master, those that had done amiss.

V. 4. *The trouble will be lighter.*] *Levior labos erit.*

Similar to this is the well known Sentiment in *Horace*.

*Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ  
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

With which also our common *English* saying exactly corresponds,

———What can't be cured,  
Should be endured.

Your

Your master's rule a mild and gentle one  
 By your good dispositions.---Should a master  
 Commit unworthy actions, yet his slaves 10  
 Must think them worthy ones.

PHIL. and TYND. Alas! Alas!

SLAVE. Why this bewailing?---tears but hurt your  
 eyes:---

Our best support and succour in distress  
 Is fortitude of mind.

PHIL. But oh! it shames us,  
 That we are thus in chains. 15

SLAVE. Yet might it grieve  
 Our master more, were he to loose your chains,  
 And let you be at large, when he has bought you.

PHIL. What can he fear from us?---We know our  
 duty,  
 Were we at large.

SLAVE. You meditate escape:  
 I know what you'd be at.---

PHIL. We run away!

V. 8. *Your master's rule.*] *Atque herile imperium.*—This is the reading *M. Coste* adopts from *Deouza*.—The common reading is *herili imperio*;—which reading *Lambin* keeps, but approves of the correction in his Notes.

V. 9. *Should a master*

*Commit unworthy actions, yet his slaves*  
*Must think them worthy ones.*

Different from this was *Shakespeare's* sentiment, where in his *Cymbeline* Act V. Scene I. he makes *Posthumus* express himself in these terms,

—————O *Pisanio*,  
 Ev'ry good servant does not *all* commands,  
 No bond but to do *just* ones.—————

Ah!



Ah! whither should we run?---

20

SLAVE. To your own country.

PHIL. Prithee no more: it would but ill become us  
To imitate the part of fugitives.

SLAVE. Yet, by my troth! was there an opportunity,  
I would not be the man that should dissuade you.

PHIL. Permit us then to ask one favour of you.

SLAVE. What is it?

PHIL. That you'd give us opportunity  
To talk together, so that you yourselves,  
Nor any of these captives over-hear us.

SLAVE. Agreed.--- (*To the Slaves.*) Move further  
off.--- (*To his Companions.*) We'll too retire,  
But let your talk be short.---

30

PHIL. 'Twas my intention  
It should be so.---A little this way, *Tyndarus*---  
[*To the other Captives, and retires with them.*]

SLAVE. Go farther from them.---

TYND. We on this account  
Are both your debtors.

PHIL. Farther off, so please you, (*To TYNDARUS.*)  
A little off, that these may not be witnesses  
Of what we have to say, and that our plot  
Be not discover'd.---For not plann'd with art,  
Deceit is no deceit, but if discover'd,  
It brings the greatest ill to the contrivers.  
If you, my *Tyndarus*, are to pass for me,  
And I for you,---my master you, and I  
Your servant,---we have need of foresight, caution,  
Wisdom and secrecy,---and we must act  
With prudence, care and diligence.---It is  
A business of great moment, and we must not

35

40

Sleep,

Sleep, or be idle in the execution. 45

TYND. I'll be what you would have me.

PHIL. So I trust.

TYND. Now for your precious life you see me stake  
My own, that's no less dear to me.

PHIL. I know it.

TYND. But when you shall have gain'd the point you  
aim at,

Forget not then!--It is too oft the way 50

With most men;---when they're suing for a favour,  
While their obtaining it is yet in doubt,

They are most courteous, but when once they've  
got it,

They change their manners, and from just become  
Dishonest and deceitful.--I now think you 55

All that I wish, and what I do advise

I would advise the same unto my father.

PHIL. And verily, if I durst, I'd call you father;  
For next my father you are nearest to me.

TYND. I understand. 60

PHIL. Then what I oft have urg'd,

Remember.--I no longer am your master,

But now your servant.--This I beg then of you,---

Since the immortal Gods will have it so,

That I, from being once your master, now

Should be your fellow slave, I do intreat, 65

By *Prayer*, a favour which I could command,

Once as my right.--By our uncertain state,

By all my father's kindness shewn unto you,

V. 65. *I do intreat—By Prayer.*] *Per Precem.* According to  
*Homer*, who makes *Prayer* a *Goddess*, and one of the daughters  
of *Jupiter*.

By

By our joint fellowship in slavery,  
 Th' event of war, bear me the same regard, 70  
 As once I bore you, when I was your master,  
 And you my slave; forget not to remember,  
 What once you have been, and who now you are.

TYND. I know---I now am You, and you are I.

PHIL. Forget not,---and there's hope our scheme  
 will prosper. 75

S C E N E II.

*Enter H E G I O speaking to those within.*

When I'm inform'd of what I want to know,  
 I shall come in again.---Where are those captives,  
 I order'd to be brought before the house?

PHIL. Chain'd as we are, and wall'd in by our  
 keepers,  
 You have provided, that we shall not fail 5  
 To answer to your call.

HEG. The greatest care  
 Is scarce enough to guard against deceit;  
 And the most cautious, even when he thinks  
 He's most upon his guard, is often trick'd.----  
 But have I not just cause to watch you well, 10  
 When I have bought you with so large a sum?

PHIL. 'Twould not be right in us to blame you  
 for it;  
 Nor, should occasion offer to escape,  
 Would it be right in you to censure us,  
 That we made use of it.

V. 4. *Wall'd in.*] *Circumœniti.*

HEG. As you are here, 15  
So in your country is my son confin'd.

PHIL. What! is your son a captive?---

HEG. Yes, he is.

PHIL. We are not then, it seems, the only cowards.

HEG. (*To PHIL. supposing him Servant to TYND.*)  
Come nearer this way---something I would know  
In private of you,---and in which affair 20  
You must adhere to truth.

PHIL. In what I know  
I'll do it, Sir; and should you ask me ought  
I do not know, I'll own my ignorance.

TYND. (*Aside.*) Now is the old man in the barber's  
shop,  
*Philocrates* holds in his hand the razor,  
Nor has he put a cloth on, to prevent 25  
Fouling his cloaths; but whether he's about  
To shave him close, or trim him through a comb,

V. 20. *We are not then, it seems, the only cowards.*] *Non igitur nos soli ignavi fuimus.*—That is, those who rather submit to be taken prisoners, than die in the field of battle. In those days of *Heroism*, the rule was to conquer or die. To run away, or submit to be taken prisoners, was equally esteemed cowardice.

*De L'Oeuvre.*

V. 26. *Now is the old man in the barber's shop.*] *Nunc senex est in tonstrinâ, &c.*] *Pareus* informs us, that the barbers had in ancient times two ways of shaving; one, close; the other by using a comb, when a cloth, as in modern days, was put about the the person to catch the loose hairs. Shaving *close*, was cutting quite to the skin; the other way was, by the interposition of a comb, to clear the hair some little length from it.—From hence, *Esse in tonstrinâ*, to be in the barber's shop, became a proverbial expression, to denote being in the way to be imposed upon. See the *Braggard Captain*, Act III. Scene V. v.

I know

I know not : if he rightly play his part,  
He'll take off skin and all.

HEG. Which would you chuse ?  
To be a slave, or have your freedom ? tell me. 30

PHIL. That I prefer, which nearest is to good,  
And farthest off from evill :---though, I own,  
My servitude was little grievous to me ;---  
They treated me the same as their own child.

TYND. (*Aside.*) Bravo !---I would not give a talent  
now 35

To purchase even *Thales the Milesian* ;---  
A very oaf in wisdom match'd with this man.---  
How cleverly does he adapt his phrase  
To suit a slave's condition.

HEG. Of what family  
Is this *Philocrates* ?

PHIL. The *Polyplustian*,--- 40  
A potent and most honourable house !

V. 34. *They treated me the same as their own child.*] *Nec mihi fecus erat, quàm si essem familiaris filius.* A beauty (I think) will be thrown on this passage, if we consider it as true in fact with respect to *Philocrates*, though he speaks it in the character of his servant *Tyndarus*. Such kind of reserved meanings have frequently great elegance in dramatic writings. The reader should be admonished constantly to bear in mind, that throughout this scene, and elsewhere, *Philocrates* represents his servant *Tyndarus*, as *Tyndarus* does *Philocrates*, agreeably to the scheme concerted between them.

V. 36 *Thales the Milesian.*] *Thales*, it is well known, was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He is called the *Milesian* from being of the *Milesi*, a people of *Caria* or *Ionia*.

V. 40. *Polyplustian.*] This is a word coined by our Author, denoting *very wealthy*.

HEG. What honours held he in his country ?

PHIL. High ones,

Such as the chief men can alone attain to.

HEG. Seeing his rank's so noble, as you say,  
What is his substance ?

PHIL. As to that, the old one 45  
Is very warm.

HEG. His father's living then ?

PHIL. We left him so, when we departed thence ;  
But whether he is now alive or no,  
You must ask further of the nether regions.

TYND. (*Aside.*) So---all is right,---he's not content  
with lying, 50  
But reasons like a wise man.

HEG. What's his name ?

V. 45. *What is his substance ?*

PHIL. *As to that, the old one  
Is very warm.*]

The exact sense of the original could by no means be preserved with any tolerable grace in the translation.

*Quid divitiæ ? sunt ne opimæ ?*

PHIL. *Unde excoquat se-vum senex.*

The joke turns upon the word *opimæ*, which literally signifies *fat*, —(as *Cicero*, *Opimum quoddam et tanquam adipatum dictionis genus.*) from whence *Philocrates* takes occasion to reply, *Unde excoquat se-vum senex*, which is variously explained. Some pretend, that it alludes to the old gentleman's having a great deal of cattle, from whence suet is drawn ; and to prove this, they tell us, that in cattle the riches of former times principally consisted. *Lambin* is pleased to interpret it, that if the old man's riches were melted down, they would produce a good deal of tallow. *Pareus* roundly tells us, (but on what authority I know not) that it was a common proverb among the *Romans*, when they were speaking of a man of property, to say, *he had where-withal to make tallow for his own use.*

PHIL.

PHIL. *Thefaurochrysonicochryfides.*

HEG. A name bestowed upon him for his wealth!

PHIL. Nay, rather for his avarice and extortion.---  
His real name was *Theodoromedes.* 55

HEG. How say you?---Is his father covetous?

PHIL. Very.----To let you more into his character,---  
In sacrificing to his household *Genius*  
He uses nothing but vile *Samian* vessels,  
For fear the God should steal them:---mark by this,  
What trust he puts in others. 61

V. 52. *Thefaurochrysonicochryfides.*] A name made up with design of several Greek words.—The length of it might possibly occasion some pleasantry on the stage, in the mouth of a character of humour, and where humour was concerned; but here, I own, I do not see the propriety of it—*M. Coste* has observed, that it has been conjectured, that we should read *Thefaurochrysonicochryfides.* The word then might mean, not only that the father of *Philocrates* was very rich, but that the principal object of his thoughts, was, scraping together wealth of all sorts, like a miser. And what *Philocrates* adds, that this name was given him on account of his avarice, makes it no improbable conjecture.

V. 56—7. *Is his father covetous?*—

PHIL. *Very.*]

*Tenaxne ejus pater?*

PHIL. *Imò ædepol pertinax.*

It is remarkable, that our Author has used the word *perlinax* here in quite a new sense, to signify *highly covetous*, the common acceptance of it being very different.

V. 58—9. *Genius—Samian vessels.*] The ancients, when they would fare more delicately than ordinary, sacrificed to their household God by the name of *Genii*, not *Lares*.—Hence the phrase, *indulgere Genio*, when they would mean, *to indulge their appetite*.—*Samian vessels* were so called, as they were made of earth brought from *Samos*, an island in the *Archipelago*.

HEG. Come you this way.---

(*Aside.*) What further information I require,  
I'll learn from him.

(*Addressing TYNDARUS as PHILOCRATES.*)

*Philocrates*, your servant

Has acted as behoves an honest fellow.---

I've learn'd of him your family :---he has own'd it:---

Do you the same; 'twill turn to your advantage,---

If you confess what, be assur'd, I know 66

From him already.

TYND. Sir, he did his duty,

When he confess'd the truth to you,---although

I would have fain conceal'd from you my state, 70

My family, and my means.---But now alas!

Since I have lost my country and my freedom,

Can I suppose it right, that he should dread

Me before you? The pow'r of war has sunk

My fortunes to a level with his own.--- 75

Time was, he dar'd not to offend in word,

Though now he may in deed.---Do you not mark,

How Fortune moulds and fashions human beings,

Just as she pleases? Me, who once was free,

She has made a slave, from highest thrown me down so

To lowest state :---Accustom'd to command,

I now abide the bidding of another.---

Yet if my master bear him with like sway,

As when myself did lord it over mine,

I have no dread, that his authority 85

Will deal or harshly or unjustly with me.---

So far I wish'd you to be made acquainted,

If peradventure you dislike it not.



HEG. Speak on, and boldly.

TYND. I ere this was free

As your own son.---Him has the pow'r of war 90

Depriv'd of liberty, as it has me.

He in my country is a slave,---as now

I am a slave in this.---There is indeed

A God, that hears and sees whate'er we do:---

As you respect me, so will He respect 95

Your lost son.---To the well-deserving, good

Will happen, to the ill-deserving ill.---

Think, that my father feels the want of me,

As much as you do of your son.

HEG I know it.---

But say, will you subscribe to the account 100

Your servant gave ?

TYND. My father's rich, I own,

My family is noble ;---but, I pray you,

Let not the thought of these my riches bend

Your mind to sordid avarice, lest my father,

Though I'm his only child, should deem it fitter 105

I were your slave, cloath'd, pamper'd at your cost,

V. 99.] I cannot help taking notice of the excellent moral, pious, and pathetic reflections contained in these speeches of *Philocrates*. It is the most shining part in the character of our Author, that he constantly takes occasion to intersperse the most virtuous and noble sentiments throughout all his plays ; and his art, that they may not appear forced or lugged in ostentatiously, but flow naturally from the character of the speaker, is in general to be admired, and particularly in the present instance.

V. 106. *Cloath'd, pamper'd at your cost.*] The original is, *Me saturaum servire sumptu et vestitu tuo*. There is a particular force in the word *saturum*, as it is opposed to *mendicantem* in the next line.

There

Than beg my bread in my own country, where  
It were a foul disgrace.

HEG. Thanks to the Gods,  
And to my ancestors, I'm rich enough.---  
Nor do I hold, that every kind of gain 110  
Is always serviceable.---Gain, I know,  
Has render'd many great.---But there are times,  
When loss should be prefer'd to gain.---I hate it,  
'Tis my aversion, money :---many a man  
Has it enticed oft-times to wrong.---But now 115  
Attend to me, that you may know my mind.  
My son's a captive and a slave of *Ælis* :---  
If you restore him to me, I require

V. 108.] There is a very pathetic speech in *Milton's Samson Agonistes*, which may serve as a contrast to the reflections in this passage. *Manoa*, the father of *Samson*, having entertained hopes of obtaining his son's liberty, says——

His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And number'd down : much rather I shall chuse  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him ;  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forego,  
And quit :—not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

V. 113. *When loss should rather be prefer'd to gain.*] *Terence* has with great elegance enforc'd the same maxim—in his *Brothers*, Act II. Scene II. v. 8.

*Pecuniam in loco negligere, maximum interdum est lucrum.*

To seem on some occasion to slight money,  
Proves in the end, sometimes, the greatest gain.

COLMAN.

No

No other recompense ;---I'll fend you back,  
 You and your fervant :---on no other terms 120  
 Can you go hence.

TYND. You ask what's right and just,---  
 Thou beft of men !---But is your fon a fervant  
 Or of the public, or fome private perfon ?

HEG. A private---of *Menarchus* a phyfician.

PHIL. O 'tis His father's client ;---and fucces 125  
 Pours down upon you, like an hafty ſhower.

HEG. Find means then to redeem my fon.

TYND. I'll find them.---  
 But I muft ask you---

HEG. Ask me what you will,  
 I'll do't,---if to that purpoſe.

TYND. Hear, and judge.---  
 I do not ask you, till your fon's return 130  
 To grant me a difmiſſion ; but, I pray you,  
 Give me my ſlave, a price ſet on his head,  
 That I may fend him forthwith to my father,  
 To work your fon's redemption.

V. 122—23. *But is your fon a ſervant  
 Or of the public, or ſome private perſon ?*

*Hegio's* fon, being a priſoner of war, might poſſibly be in the hands of the Treafurer of the Republick, and as ſuch, employed on ſome publick office : or he might have been purchaſed by ſome private perſon, and conſequently in that perſon's ſervice. Thus *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, having been at firſt part of the booty of the Republick of *Ætolia*, became afterwards ſlaves to *Hegio*.

COSTE.

V. 126. *Like an hafty ſhower.*] The original is,  
*Tam hoc quidem in proclivi eſt, quam imber eſt, quando pluit.*

This (as *M. Coſte* has obſerved) is proverbial ; I have therefore been obliged to expreſs it with ſome latitude in the tranſlation.

HEG. I'd dispatch

Some other rather, when there is a truce, 135  
Your father to confer with, who may bear  
Any commands you shall entrust him with.

TYND. 'Twould be in vain to send a stranger to  
him :---

You'd lose your labour :---Send my servant :---he'll  
Compleat the whole, as soon as he arrives. 140

A man more faithful you can never send,  
Nor one my father sooner would rely on,  
More to his mind, nor to whose care and confidence  
He'd sooner trust your son.---Then never fear :  
At my own peril will I prove his faith, 145  
Relying on his nature, since he knows  
I've borne me with benevolence towards him.

HEG. Well---I'll dispatch him, if you will,---your  
word

Pawn'd for his valuation.

TYND. Prithee do;

And let him be dismiss'd without delay. 150

HEG. Can you shew reason, if he don't return,  
Why you should not pay twenty *Minæ* for him?

TYND. No surely : I agree.

HEG. Take off his chains,---

And take them off from both.

TYND. May all the Gods

Grant all your wishes! since that you have deign'd  
To treat me with such favour, and releas'd me 156  
From my vile bonds :---I scarce can think it irksome

V. 152. *Twenty Minæ.*] According to *Cook's Tables*, about  
64l. 11s. 8d. of our money.

To have my neck free from this galling collar.

HEG. The favours we confer on honest souls  
Teem with returns of service to the giver.--- 160  
But now, if you'd dispatch him hence, acquaint him,  
Give him your orders, and forthwith instruct him  
What you would have him say unto your father.---  
Shall I then call him to you?

TYND. Do, Sir,---call him.

(HEGIO calls PHILOCRATES, who advances.)

### SCENE III.

PHILOCRATES joins HEGIO and TYNDARUS.

### H E G I O.

Heav'ns grant, that this affair may turn out happily  
To me, and to my son, and to you both!--  
(To Phil.) 'Tis your new master's order, that you serve  
Your old one faithfully: I have giv'n you to him,  
Rated at twenty *Minæ*: he desires 5  
To send you back to *Ælis* to his father,  
Thence to redeem my child, that so there may be  
Mutual exchange betwixt us of our sons.

PHIL. I'm of a pliant nature, and will bend

V. 158. *My neck free from this galling collar.*] *Quod collus collar-  
riâ caret.* From this, and other passages in our Author, we  
may learn, that Slaves formerly wore a yoke about their necks.

V. 160. *Teem.*] The expression is singular in the original,—  
*Gravida est bonis.*

SCENE III.] All the Editions have made a new Scene in this  
place, though there is no reason for so doing, as *Philocrates* had  
not quitted the stage.

To either.---You may use me like a wheel ;--- 10  
 This way or that way will I turn and twirl,  
 As you shall please to order.

HEG. It is much  
 To your advantage truly, that you own  
 This easy nature, which enables you  
 To bear your state of slavery as you ought.--- 15  
 Follow me this way.---(*To Tynd.*) Here now is the man.

TYND. I thank you for the liberty you give me  
 To send this messenger to my relations,  
 That he may tell my father all about me,  
 And how I fare, and what I would have done.--- 20  
 We have agreed betwixt us, *Tynderus*,  
 To send you unto *Ælis* to my father ;  
 And, if that you return not, I have bargain'd  
 To forfeit for your trespasss twenty *Minæ*.

PHIL. Rightly agreed :---for the old gentleman 25  
 Expects me, or some other messenger,  
 To come to him from hence.

TYND. Then mind me now,  
 What I would have you say unto my father.

PHIL. O master, as I've hitherto behav'd,  
 My best endeavours I'll exert ; what most 30  
 Will turn to your advantage, I'll pursue  
 With all my heart, my soul, with all my power.

TYND. You act, as it behoves you.---Now attend.---  
 First, to my dearest mother and my father  
 Bear my respects, and next to my relations,---  
 Then to whatever other friend you see. 35  
 Inform them of my health ; and tell them likewise,  
 That I am slave here to this best of men,  
 Who ever has, and still goes on to treat me

With

With honourable usage.---

PHIL. Don't instruct me; 40

This I shall think of readily.---

TYND. For indeed,

Save that I have a guard plac'd over me,

I should conceive I had my liberty.---

Acquaint my father with th' agreement made

'Twixt me and *Hegio*, touching *Hegio's* son.--- 45

PHIL. This is mere hindrance, to recount and  
dwell on

What I already am so well appriz'd of.---

PHIL. 'Tis to redeem the youth, and send him  
hither

Exchang'd for you and me.---

PHIL. I shall remember.---

HEG. And soon too as he can, for both our sakes.

PHIL. You long not more to see your son return'd,  
Than he does his.

HEG. My son to me is dear;  
Dear is his own to every one.

PHIL. (*To Tynd.*) Ought else  
To bear unto your father?

TYND. Say, I'm well;  
And tell him, boldly tell him, that our souls 55

V. 52. *My son to me is dear.*] *Meus mihi, suus cuique est carus.*  
There is a passage in *Cicero's* Epistles to *Atticus*, Book 15. so very  
like this, that I am tempted to transcribe it. *Quia sua cuique*  
*spensa placet, mihi mea: suus cuique amor, mihi meus.*

Every one's wife is agreeable to him; mine is to me: every  
one has his own particular affection; I have mine.

V. 55. *And boldly tell him, &c.*] *Tyndarus* here, in the cha-  
racter of *Philocrates*, elegantly enlarges upon the fidelity, zeal  
and attachment he had ever had for the person of *Philocrates*, and  
which

Were link'd in perfect harmony together ;  
 That nothing you have ever done amiss,  
 Nor have I ever been your enemy ;  
 That in our sore affliction you maintain'd  
 Your duty to your master, nor once swerv'd 60  
 From your fidelity, in no one deed  
 Deserted me in time of my distress.

When that my father is inform'd of this,  
 And learns, how well your heart has been inclin'd  
 Both to his son and to himself, he'll never 65  
 Prove such a niggard, but in gratitude  
 He will reward you with your liberty ;  
 And I, if I return, with all my power  
 Will urge him the more readily to do it.  
 For by your aid, your courtesy, your courage, 70  
 Wisdom and prudence, you have been the means  
 Of my return to *Ælis*, since you own'd  
 To *Hegio* here my family and fortune,  
 By which you've freed your master from his chains.

PHIL. True, I have acted as you say,---and much  
 It pleases me, you bear it in remembrance. 76

which he in particular expresses on this occasion, when he is risking every thing to deliver him from slavery, in order that *Philocrates* out of gratitude, should not only sooner return to *Hegio*, but engage his father to give him his liberty. *Philocrates* in his turn, appearing as *Tyndarus*, is highly extolled by him, as is the good he has hitherto receiv'd, in the engaging and complaisant manner, with which *Philocrates* has always behaved towards him ; by which reason, he in effect encourages *Tyndarus* ; and convinces him, that he has every thing to hope for, from the generosity, gratitude and goodness of *Philocrates*. This is entertaining, and expressed with great delicacy. COSTE.

What



What I have done was due to your deserts :  
 For were I in my count to tell the sum  
 Of all your friendly offices towards me,  
 Night would bear off the day, ere I had done. 80  
 You was obliging, as obsequious to me,  
 As though you were my servant.

HEG. O ye Gods !---  
 Behold the honest nature of these men !---  
 They draw tears from me.---Mark, how cordially  
 They love each other ! and what praise the servant 85  
 Heaps on his master !

PHIL. He deserves from me  
 An hundred times more praise, than he was pleas'd  
 To lavish on me.

HEG. (*To Phil.*) Then, since hitherto  
 You've acted worthily, occasion now  
 Presents itself to add to your good deeds, 90  
 That you may prove your faithfulness towards him  
 In this affair.

PHIL. My wish to compass it  
 Cannot exceed th' endeavours I will use  
 To get it perfected.---And to convince you,  
 Here do I call high *Jove* to witness, *Hegio*, 95  
 I will not prove unfaithful to *Philocrates*.---

HEG. Thou art an honest fellow.---

PHIL. Nor will I

V. 96. *Unfaithful to Philocrates.*] The ancients had prodigious faith in oaths. *Philocrates* therefore, in the character of *Tyndarus* his servant, speaks this to confirm *Hegio* in the belief of his fidelity to his supposed master. There is a particular grace and elegance in making *Philocrates* thus swear to be faithful to himself.

Act otherwise to Him, than I myself  
Would act to Me.

TYND. Would you might make your words  
True by your actions !---Bear it in your mind, 100  
That I have said less of you than I would,  
And prithee be not angry with my words.  
Think, I beseech you, that my honour's staked  
For your dismissal, and my life is here  
A pledge for your return. When out of sight, 105  
As shortly you will be, deny not then  
All knowledge of me: when you shall have left me  
Here as a pawn in slavery for you,  
Yourself at liberty, desert not then  
Your hostage, then neglect not to procure 110  
His son's redemption in exchange for me.  
Remember, you are sent on this affair,  
Rated at twenty *Minae*. See, that you  
Be trusty to the trusty:---O beware,  
You are not of a frail and fickle faith.--- 115  
My father will, I know, do all he ought:  
Preserve me then your friend for evermore,  
And still find *Hegio* your's, as you have found him.  
By your right hand, which here I hold in mine,  
I pray you, be not you less true to me, 120  
Than I am unto you.---About it then;  
Be careful of this business;---you are now  
My master, you my patron, you my father:

V. 118. *And still find Hegio your's, as you have found him.]*  
*Atque hunc inventum inveni.*—*M. Coste* understands this in another  
sense, *find out this man we have already got scent of.* I have fol-  
lowed *De L'Oeuvre* and *Lambin*.

To you I do commend my hopes, my all.

PHIL. If I accomplish all that you command, 125  
Will that content you?

TYND. I shall be content.

PHIL. I will return furnish'd to both your wishes.---  
Would you ought else?

TYND. Back with what speed you may.

PHIL. Of that the business of itself reminds me.

HEG. (*To Phil.*) Follow me now.---I'll give you  
from my Banker 130

What you may want to answer your expences  
Upon your voyage, at the same time take  
A passport from the *Prætor*.

TYND. Why a passport?

HEG. Which he may carry with him to the army,  
That he may have permission without let 135  
To return home to *Ælis*.---(*To Tynd.*) Go you in.

TYND. Now speed you well, my *Tyndarus*!

PHIL. Adieu!

HEG. (*Aside.*) I've compass'd my design by  
purchasing  
These captives of the *Quæstors* from the spoil:---

V. 130. ——— I'll give you from my Banker  
What you may want to answer your expences ]

—*Viaticum ut dem a Trapezitâ tibi.*—

Some commentators have supposed, that by *viaticum* was meant a description and account of the road, something like what we have at this time in books for that purpose. And there is a passage in our Author in his *Pseudolus*, Act II. Scene III. v. 2. which seems to favour that opinion. But whatever be the sense *there*, it is plain that *here* it must be as I have translated it.—For what can *Hegio* be supposed to fetch, a *Trapezitâ*, from his *Banker*, but *Money*?

So please the Gods! I've free'd my son from  
 bondage,--- 140

Within, ho!---Keep a strict watch o'er this captive:

Let him not budge a foot without a guard.---

I soon shall be at home.---Now to my brother's:

I'll go and visit there my other captives,

At the same time enquire, if any know 145

This youth here.---(*To Phil.*) Do you follow, that I  
 may

Dispatch you strait;---for that's my first concern.

[*HEGIO goes off with PHILOCRATES, and  
 TYNDARUS goes in with the Slaves.*]

*The End of the SECOND ACT,*

A C T

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter ERGASILUS.*

**I**T's a sad case for a poor wretch to prowl  
 In quest of a meal's meat, and at the last  
 With much ado to find one ;---sadder is it,  
 With much ado to hunt upon the trail,  
 And at the last find nothing ; but most sad, 5  
 To have a keen and craving appetite,  
 Without a morsel to appease it's longing.---  
 A plague upon this day !---I'd dig it's eyes out,  
 Had I the pow'r, it has so fill'd mankind  
 With enmity towards me.---Never sure 10  
 Was there a wretch so starv'd, so cram'd with hunger,  
 Or one, whose projects have so little prosper'd.---  
 I fear, my belly will keep holy-day.  
 Would it were hang'd for me, this scurvy trade,  
 This Parasite's profession !---Our young sparks 15  
 Confort not now a-days with us poor drolls ;  
 They care not for us humble hangers-on,

V. 8. *A plague upon this day! I'd dig it's eyes out.] Huic diei oculos effodiam.*

V. 13. *My belly will keep holiday.] The original is,*

*Venter gutturque resident esuriales ferias.*

The allusion is, that as on feast-days and holidays people abstain from work, our Parasite says, his belly has no employment.

Who are content to take the lowest seat  
 At table, who bear buffets like a *Spartan*,  
 And have no other fortune but our jests.--- 20  
 Their choice is to associate with their equals,  
 Who, having ate with them, return the favour  
 At their own houses.---For themselves they cater,  
 Which was the province heretofore of Parasites.---  
 Shame on them! they will go into a brothel 25  
 Barefaced, nor muffled up; but all as publickly  
 As magistrates pass sentence on the guilty,  
 Unveil'd, in open court.---Buffoons they now  
 Count nothing worth; but they are all self-lovers.

V. 19. *Like a Spartan.*] The original is, *Laconas viros*. *M. Coste* has observ'd, that the Parasite here gives to those of his profession the appellation of *Lacedemonians*, because they were always placed at the lower end of the table; and there the guests entertained themselves with daubing their faces, boxing them on the ears, or punching them with their fists; to which indignities the poor wretches submitted, with the same firmness the *Lacedemonians* endured pain, which they were inured to from their infancy, in order to learn patience.

*Petronius* alludes to the same practice.—*Et ego quidem tres plagas Spartana nobilitate concoxi.*—I digested three blows with the dignity of a *Lacedemonian*.

V. 25-26. *Go into a brothel, — Barefaced, nor muffled up.*] The original is, *Aperto capite ad lenones eunt.*—*Aperto capite*, with the head uncovered, in opposition to *operto capite*, with the head covered. *M. Coste* observes, that the antients never went into brothels but in a mask; and that young gentlemen of family, who had the least sense of shame, did not dare to have any dealing with a pimp in publick. *Fletcher* in his *Woman-Hater*, Act IV. Scene III. has something to the same purpose.

Muffle yourself in your cloak by any means;  
 'Tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk  
 To their leachery, as tho' they had the rheum.

For when I went from hence a while ago ; 30  
 I met some of these young men at the Forum.  
 Good day, said I!--Where shall we dine together?  
 No answer.--What ! will no one speak ? says I,  
 None promise me a dinner ?---Silent all,  
 As they were dumb.--Nay, not a single smile. 35  
 Where shall we sup then ?---Still no invitation.  
 One of my best jests, such as heretofore  
 Have got me suppers for a month, I then  
 Repeat them.--Not a soul vouchsafed to smile.  
 I then found out, 'twas a concerted matter : 40  
 Not one would deign to imitate a dog,  
 When he's provok'd :---But if they did not chuse  
 To laugh outright, at least they might have shewn  
 Their teeth, as though they smiled.--Finding myself  
 The scoff and mockery of these sparks, I leave them,  
 March up to others, others still, and others ; 46  
 All the same thing ! all in confederacy,

V. 41. *Not one would deign to imitate a dog,  
 When he's provok'd.*]

*Ne canem quidem irritatam voluit quisquam imitari.*

That is, shew their teeth as a dog does when he is angry, as it is explained further on by our Author himself.—So *Lucretius*, Book V. v. 1062.

*Irritata canum quum primum magna Molossūm  
 Mollia ricta fremunt, duros nudantia dentes.*

———When dogs begin  
 To bend their backs, and shew their teeth and grin.

CREECH.

Like

Like the oil merchants in the market.---Well then,  
 Seeing myself thus fool'd, I came back hither.---  
 More parasites were fauntering at the Forum, 50  
 And to as little purpose as my self.---  
 I am determin'd, that the law shall right me  
 Against all those, who join in combination  
 To have me starv'd.---I will appoint a day  
 For them to give their answer.---I will have 55  
 Large satisfaction.---Dear as are provisions,  
 They shall be fined at least ten entertainments.---  
 Now to the port, where I have yet one hope  
 Of feasting :---if that fail me, I'll return  
 To this old *Hegio*, and his scurvy supper. 60

[*Exit.*

V. 48. *Like the oil merchants in the market.*] *Quasi in Velabro olearii.*—The *Velabrum* was a place in *Rome*, where the sellers of oil usually assembled; and as they us'd to agree among themselves never to sell their oil under a certain price, those who acted in confederacy in any other affair, were proverbially said to be, like the oil merchants in the *Velabrum*.---*M. Marolles* has observed too, that tho' here, as well as in many other passages of our Author, the Scene is in *Greece*, yet he is continually supposing it at *Rome*; as has been already observed in a Note on *Amphitryon*, page 17.

V. 52. *The law.*] In the original, this is called *barbaricâ lege*, that is, the *Roman*. Concerning the use of this word *barbaricâ*, see the Note to the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. v. 83.

V. 54. *I will appoint a day.*] *Ergastus* here alludes to a *Roman* law, which enacted, that when any person was summoned to answer to a complaint, a day should be appointed, and unless the party was a man of property, surety was required, that he would give in answer at that time.



## SCENE II.

*Enter HEGIO, with ARISTOPHONTES behind.*

What can be more delightful than promoting  
 The public good, as yesterday I did  
 By purchasing these captives? Ev'ry one,  
 Soon as he sees me, strait makes up to me,  
 Congratulates me on it :---they have tired me  
 Quite out, by stopping and detaining me :---  
 Scarce have I 'scaped alive from their civilities.  
 At length I got me to the *Prætor* ;---there  
 Scarce rested me :---I ask'd a pass-port of him :  
 'Twas granted ; and I gave it strait to *Tyndarus*,  
 Who is set off :---from thence I hurried home :  
 Then to my brother's, to my other captives.  
 I ask'd, if any one among them knew  
*Philocrates* of *Ælis*, when this man  
 Cried out, he was his friend and intimate.  
 On telling him he now was at my house,  
 He beg'd me, I would give him leave to see him :  
 On which I order'd off his chains that instant.---  
 (*To Arist.*) Follow me now, that you may have your  
 wish,  
 And meet the person you desire to see,

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 2.] *Lambin* explains this as follows.—*Hegio* had been told, that *Philocrates* was a man of fortune and family ; so giving him his freedom might be of service to the publick.

V, 13. *This man.*] Meaning *Aristophontes*.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Enter* TYNDARUS.

Would I were dead now rather than alive,  
 As things turn out!---Hope has deserted me,  
 No succour will come near me.---See the day,  
 In which there is no chance to save my life!  
 Destruction's unavoidable,---no hope, 5  
 That can dispel my fear,---no cloak to screen  
 My subtle lies, false dealings, and pretences;  
 No deprecation can excuse my perfidy,  
 No subterfuge can palliate my offence:  
 No room for confidence, no place for cunning.--- 10  
 What hitherto was hid is brought to light,  
 My tricks laid open, and the whole discover'd:  
 Nor have I ought to do but meet my fate,  
 And dye at once for me and for my master.---  
*Aristophontes*, who is just gone in, 15  
 Has been my utter ruin; for he knows me:  
 He is a friend and kinsman to *Philocrates*.  
 Salvation could not save me, if she would;

V. 18. *Salvation could not save me, if she would.*]

*Neque jam Salus servare, si volet, me potest.*

By *Salus*, which I have rendered *Salvation*, is meant the Goddess, that was worshipped by the *Romans* under that Appellation. There is no doubt, but that this passage was proverbial, since we meet with it several times in our Author in so many words,—as in his *Mossellaria*, Act II. Scene I. *Cistellaria*, Act IV. Scene II. v. 76. *Terence* likewise introduces it in *The Brothers*, Act IV. Scene VII. v. 43. where the word *Salus* is, in Mr. *Colman's* Translation, properly rendered *Providence*, though it would not be so fit here.

Nor can I 'scape,---except that I contrive  
Some cunning trick, some artifice. (*meditating.*)

A plague on't!

What can I think of?---what devise?---my thoughts  
Are foolish, and my wit quite at a stand. (*Retires aside.*)

SCENE IV.

*Enter* HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and Slaves.

HEGIO.

Where can he now have stole him out of doors?

TYND. (*Aside.*) 'Tis over with me!--Tyndarus,  
your foes

Are making their advances strait towards you.---

What shall I say? what talk off? what deny,

Or what confess?---'Tis all uncertainty;

Nor know I what to think of or confide in.---

Would that the Gods had utterly destroy'd you,

*Aristophontes*, ere you lost your country,

*Ipsa si cupiat Salus*

*Servare profus non potest hanc familiam.*

'Tis not in the power

Of *Providence* herself, were she desirous,

To save from ruin such a family.

We meet with the same expression also in *Cicero*, in one of his Orations against *Verres*—*Ecquod judicium Romæ tam dissolutum, tam perditum, tam nummarium fore putasti, quo ex judicio te ulla SALUS SERVARE posset?* Is there, thinkest thou, in *Rome*, an opinion so dissolute, so abandoned, so corrupted, as to imagine that *Salvation* can at all save you from the sentence you deserve?

V. 8. *Lost your country.*] *Periisti e patriâ tuâ.*—That is, by having been made a captive.

To disconcert a scheme so well contrived.

Our state is desperate, if I don't devise 10

Some cunning trick,

HEG. (*To Arist.*) Follow me.---Here he is :--  
Approach, and speak to him.

TYND. (*Aside, and turning away.*)

Can there exist

A greater wretch than I am?

ARIST. Why is this,

That you avoid my eyes, and slight me, *Tyndarus*,

As though I were a stranger, and you ne'er 15

Had known me.---It is true, I am a slave

As you are :---though in *Ælis* I was free ;

You from your youth have ever been a slave.

HEG. In troth I am not in the least amazed,  
That he should shun you, and avoid your sight, 20

Or hold you in despite and detestation,

When for *Philocrates* you call him *Tyndarus*.

TYND. *Hegio*, this fellow was at *Ælis* deem'd  
A madman :---give no ear to what he says.

V. 27. *Fits of the falling sickness, &c.*] The original is, *Qui sputatur morbus*. By this, we are told, *Plautus* means, the *Epilepsy* or *Falling sickness*.—*Hieronymus Mercurialis*, a celebrated physician in the 6th Century, has a Chapter upon these very words of *Plautus*, which he produces as an Authority, that this disease was cured by spitting. The title of his Chapter, (the 23d of his 3d Book) is, *De Morbo Comitiali*, i. e. *Epilepsia*, and his words are, —*Inter notissimos morbos est etiam is, qui Comitialis, vel Major nominatur*.—*Homo subito concidit ; ex ore spumæ moventur ; deinde, interposito tempore, ad se redit, et per se ipsum consurgit*.—The *Epilepsy*, or *Falling sickness*, is to be considered as one of the diseases most remarkable. The person seized with it falls down without any warning, and foams at the mouth, then, after a little time, comes to himself, and gets up again without any assistance.

'Tis

'Tis there notorious, that he fought to kill 25  
 His father and his mother, and has often  
 Fits of the falling sickness come upon him,  
 Which makes him foam at mouth.---Pray get you  
 from him.

HEG. Here---bear him further off. (*To the Slaves.*)

ARIST. How say you, rascal!  
 That I am mad? and that I fought to kill 30  
 My father and my mother? and have often  
 Fits of the falling sickness come upon me,  
 Which makes me foam at mouth?

HEG. Be not dismay'd.  
 Many have labour'd under this disease,  
 And spitting has restor'd them to their health. 35

TYND. I know, to some at *Ælis* it has prov'd  
 Of special use.

ARIST. And will you credit him?

HEG. I credit him!---in what?

ARIST. That I am mad.  
 See how he eyes you with a furious aspect!---  
 'Twere best retire.---'Tis, *Hegio*, as I said:--- 40  
 His frenzy grows upon him,---have a care.

HEG. True,---when he call'd you *Tyndarus*, I  
 thought,  
 That he indeed was mad.

TYND. Nay, but sometimes |  
 He knows not his own name, nor who he is.

HEG. He said, you was his friend.

TYND. I never saw him. 45

Q q 2 *Alcmæon*

*Alcmæon*, and *Orestes*, and *Lycurgus*,  
Are just as much my friends, as he is, *Hegio*.

ARIST. How, rascal!---do you dare bespeak me ill?  
Do I not know you?

HEG. By my troth 'tis plain  
You know him not, when for *Philocrates* 50  
You call him *Tyndarus* :---you are a stranger  
To him you see, and name him whom you see not.

ARIST. 'Tis he pretends himself the man he is not,  
Denies himself to be the man he is.

TYND. O to be sure, you'll get the better of me 55  
In reputation for veracity!

ARIST. You, as it seems, my truth will overpower  
With falsehood.---Prithee look me in the face.

TYND. Well,

ARIST. Speak.---Do you deny, that you are  
*Tyndarus*?

TYND. I tell you, I deny it.

ARIST. Will you say, 60  
You are *Philocrates*?

TYND. I say, I am.

ARIST. (*To Phil.*) And you,---do you believe him?

HEG. More than you,  
Or than myself.---The man, you say he is,  
Set out this day for *Ælis* to His father.

V. 46. *Alcmæon*, and *Orestes*, and *Lycurgus*.] Three celebrated madmen of antiquity: the two first of whom became so from having killed their mother, and the other from having held in contempt the worship of the god *Bacchus*.

ARIST. What

ARIST. What Father?---He's a slave.---

TYND. And so are you, 65  
Once free as I was,---as I trust I shall be,  
When I have gain'd this old man's son his liberty.

ARIST. How rascal! will you dare to call you  
free man?

TYND. Not *Freeman*, but I say, I am *Philocrates*.

ARIST. See, *Hegio*, how the rogue makes sport  
with you! 70

For he's a slave, and never own'd a slave  
Besides himself.

TYND. So then,---because you liv'd  
A beggar in your country without means  
For your support, you would have ev'ry one  
Plac'd on the self same footing with yourself.--- 75  
No wonder :---'tis the nature of the poor  
To hate and envy men of property.

ARIST. Have a care, *Hegio*, how you rashly credit  
him.

As far as I can see, he means to trick you :---  
Nor do I like at all his talking to you 80  
Of the redemption of your son.

TYND. I know,  
You wish it not : but with the help of heav'n  
I shall accomplish it :---I shall restore  
His son to him, and he will send me back

V. 65. *What father?---He's a slave.*] *Lambin* observes, that  
in the civil law slaves were supposed to have no relations ;  
and *M. De l'Oeuvre* says, that this shews us, that slaves among  
the antients were looked upon in no other light than brute ani-  
mals, neither troubling themselves with genealogy nor posterity.

To *Ælis* to my father; for which purpose 85  
Have I sent *Tyndarus*.

ARIST. Why You are He;  
Nor is there any other slave at *Ælis*  
Of that name but yourself.

TYND. And will you still  
Reproach me with my state of servitude,  
Brought on me by the chance of hapless war? 90

ARIST. I can't contain myself.

TYND. Ha! do you hear him?---  
Will you not fly?---He'll pelt us now with stones,  
Unless you have him seiz'd.

ARIST. I'm vext to death.

TYND. Look, how his eyes strike fire!---A cord,  
a cord,  
Good *Hegio*. Don't you see his body's charged 95  
With livid spots all over?---The black bile  
Disorders him, poor fellow!

ARIST. The black pitch  
Disorder you beneath the hangman's hand,  
And (if this old man would but serve you right,)  
Illuminate your head!

TYND. How wild he talks! 100  
He is possess'd by evil spirits.

HEG. Suppose

V. 89. *Reproach me with my state of servitude, &c.*] *Pareus* observes, that slaves, who were born so, were esteemed of less value than those who became such, either by the chance of war, or other accidents.

V. 96. *The black bile.*] It has been already observed, in a note on *Amphytrion*, that madness by the antients was attributed to the bile.



I order him to be feiz'd.

TYND. 'Twere the best way.

ARIST. It vexes me I cannot find a stone  
To dash the villain's brains out, who insists  
That I am mad.

TYND. There---do you hear him, Sir? 105  
He's looking for a stone.

ARIST. Shall I beg, *Hegio*,  
A word with you alone?

HEG. Speak where you are,---  
What would you?---I can hear you at a distance.

TYND. If you permit him to approach you nearer,  
He'll bite your nose off.

ARIST. *Hegio*, do not you 110  
Believe that I am mad, or ever was;  
Nor have I the disorder he pretends.  
If any outrage you do fear from me,  
Command me to be bound: 'tis my desire,  
So at the same time he be bound with me. 115

V. 110. *He'll bite your nose off.*] *Os denasabit tibi mordicans.*

V. 113. *The black pitch.*] *Plautus* here alludes to a punishment inflicted on malefactors, by wrapping up their bodies, when they were to be burned, in a garment smeared over with pitch, wax, and other combustibles. COSTE.

*Juvenal* alludes to the same, in his first Satire, v. 155.

*Pone Tigellinum, tedâ lucebis in illâ,  
Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,  
Et latum mediâ fulcum deducit arenâ.*

Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake,  
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light  
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

DRYDEN.

TYND. Let

TYND. Let him be bound, that chufes it.

ARIST. No more:---

I warrant I fhall make you, false *Philocrates*,  
To be found out the real *Tyndarus*.---  
Why do you nod at me?

TYND. I nod at you?

(*To Hegio*) What would he do, if you were further off?

HEG. How fay you? What if I approach this mad-  
man? 121

TYND. He'll teaze you with his fooleries, and jabber  
Stuff without head or tail.---He only wants  
The habit, elfe he is a perfect *Ajax*.

HEG. No matter---I'll go to him. (*advances to Arist.*

TYND. I'm undone.--- 125

Now do I ftand between the ftone and victim,  
Nor know I what to do.

HEG. *Aristophontes*,

If you would ought with me, I lend attention.

ARIST. Sir, you fhall hear the real truth from me,  
Which now you deem a falshood.---But I firft 130  
Would clear me to you from this charge of madnefs.---  
Believe me, *Hegio*, I'm not mad, nor have I  
Any complaint but this,---that I'm a flave.---  
O never may the king of gods and men

V. 123. *Stuff without head or tail.*] *Quod neque pes unquam, neque caput compareat.*

V. 124. *A perfect Ajax.*] *Ajax*, it is well known, became mad on account of the armour of *Achilles* being adjudged to *Ulyffes*.

V. 126. *Now do I ftand between the ftone and victim.*] *Nunc ego inter sacrum faxumque flo.* This expreffion is proverbial of any perfon's being in the moft imminent danger, and alludes to the practice of victims being knocked on the head by the prieft with a ftone, when they were offered in facrifice.

My

My native country suffer me to see, 135  
 If This is any more *Philocrates*  
 Than you or I.

HEG. Tell me, who is he then?

ARIST. The same, I said he was from the beginning.  
 If you shall find it other, I can shew  
 No cause, no reason, why I should not suffer 140  
 A lack of liberty, your slave for ever.

HEG. (to Tynd.) And what do you say?

TYND. That I am your slave;  
 And you my master.

HEG. I don't ask you that.---  
 Was you a free man?

TYND. Yes, I was.

ARIST. Indeed  
 He never was: he trifles with you, *Hegio*. 145

TYND. How do you know? or was you peradventure  
 My mother's midwife, that you dare affirm  
 What you advance with so much confidence?

ARIST. A boy I saw you when a boy.

TYND. A man  
 I see you now a man.---So---there's an answer.--- 150  
 If your behaviour was as would become you,  
 You would not interfere in my concerns.---  
 Do I in yours?

HEG. (to Arist.) Say, was his father's name  
*Thesaurochrysonicochryfides*?

ARIST. 'Twas not,---nor did I ever hear the name  
 Before to-day:--- *Philocrates*'s father 156  
 Was call'd *Theodoromedes*.

TYND. I'm ruin'd!

Be still my heart! --- prithee go hang yourself---  
 Still, still will you be throbbing,---Woe is me!  
 I scarce can stand upon my legs for fear. 160

HEG. Can I be sure this fellow was a slave  
 In *Ælis*, and is not *Philocrates*?

ARIST. So certain, that you'll never find it other.  
 But where is He now?

HEG. Where I least could wish him,  
 And where he wishes most himself to be. 165  
 Ah me! I am disjointed, fawn asunder,  
 By the intrigues of this vile rascal, who  
 Has led me by the nose just at his pleasure.---  
 But have a care you err not.

ARIST. What I say,  
 Is as a thing assur'd, a truth establish'd. 170

HEG. And is it certain?

ARIST. Yes,---so very certain,  
 That you can never find a thing that's more so.  
 I and *Philocrates* have been friends from boys.

HEG. What sort of person was *Philocrates*?

ARIST. His hair inclin'd to red, frizzled and curl'd,  
 A lenten jaw, sharp nose, a fair complexion, 176  
 And black eyes.---

HEG. The description's very like him.

TYND. Now by my troth it was a fore mischance,  
 My coming here: --- woe to the hapless twigs,

V. 158. *Prithee go hang yourself.*] I can offer nothing in defence of this to the modern reader, but that the original is---*I ac suspende te,*- -which from its frequently occurring in our Author, and in *Terence*, we must suppose was a familiar expression.

V. 166. *Disjointed, fawn asunder.*] *Deartuatus, deruncinatus.*

Will

Will die upon my back.

HEG. I plainly see, 180  
I have been cheated.

TYND. Why do ye delay?  
Haste, haste, ye chains, come and embrace my legs,  
That I may have you in my custody.---

HEG. These villainous captives, how they have  
deceiv'd me!

He, that is gone off, feign'd himself a slave, 185  
And this a free man.---I have lost the kernel,  
And for security the shell is left me.---  
Fool that I am! they have impos'd upon me  
In ev'ry shape.---But he shall never more  
Make me his sport.---Hoe, *Colapho*, *Cordalio*,  
*Corax*, go in and bring me out the thongs. 190

SLAVE. What, is he sending us to bind up faggots?  
[*The SLAVES go in, and return with thongs.*]

S C E N E V.

HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES,

H E G I O.

This instant manacle that rascal there. [*to his Slaves.*]

TYND. Ah! why is this? in what have I offended?

HEG. What, do you ask? you that have been the  
fower,

The weeder, and the reaper of these villainies.---

[SCENE V.] The editions have here again a new Scene without any occasion, as the Slaves return immediately with the thongs they were sent out to fetch. I have, however, followed the

TYND. Why, first of all, did you not call me  
harrower? 5

Husbandmen always harrow first the ground,  
Before they weed it.---

HEG. See, with what assurance  
He stands before me!

TYND. It becomes a slave,  
That's innocent, unconscious of a crime,  
To bear him with such confidence, especially 10  
Before his master.---

HEG. See you bind his hands,  
And hard too.

TYND. I am yours, my hands are yours;---  
If 'tis your pleasure, bid them be cut off.---  
But what's the matter?---why thus angry with me?

HEG. Because that by your knavish lying schemes  
You have destroy'd, as far as in your power, 16  
Me and my hopes, distracted my affairs,  
And by your tricks have chous'd me of *Philocrates*.  
I thought he was a slave, and you a free man,  
For so you said you were, and for that purpose 20  
You chang'd your names.

TYND. I own that I have acted  
E'en as you say,---that he has found the means  
For his escaping, and through my assistance.---  
Is it for this then you are angry with me?

division of the Scenes, which I find in the books, as well in this instance, as in that of Scene IV. as otherwise the continuation of one and the same Scene to such an extraordinary length, might not perhaps have appeared so agreeable to the reader.

HEG. What

HEG. What you have done, you'll find will cost  
you dear. 25

TYND. Death I esteem a trifle, when not merited  
By evil actions.---If I perish here,  
And he return not, as he gave his word,  
This act will be remembered to my honour,  
After I'm dead;--- that I contriv'd to free  
My master, when a captive, from his state 30  
Of slavery and oppression with the foe;  
Restor'd him to his country and his father,  
Preferring rather to expose my life  
To danger for him, than that he should suffer.

HEG. Enjoy that fame then in the other world. 35

TYND. He dies to live, who dies in Virtue's cause.

HEG. When I have put you to severest torture,  
And for your tricks have ta'en away your life,  
Let them extol you, that you are no more,  
Let them extol you, that you've lost your life, 40  
Nay, let them say, that you are still alive,  
It matters not to me, so you but die.

TYND. Do,---put your threats in force,---you'll  
suffer for it,  
If he return here, as I trust he will.

ARIST. (*Aside*) O ye immortal gods!---I know it now,  
I understand it all.---My friend *Philocrates* 46  
Enjoys his liberty, is with his father  
At large in his own country.---That is well.---  
There's not a man, whom I wish better to.---  
But O! it grieves me, I have done for Him 50  
So ill an office, who alas! is chain'd  
On my account for what I hap'd to say.

HEG. Did

HEG. Did I not charge you not to tell me false ?

TYND. You did.

HEG. Then wherefore have you dar'd to do it ?

TYND. Truth would have done him hurt I wish'd  
to serve : 55

Falsehood has done him good.

HEG. But hurt to you.

TYND. 'Tis best.---I've serv'd my master, and I  
joy in't:---

My good old master gave him to my care.---

And do you think this wrongly done in me ?

HEG. Most wrongly.

TYND. I, who can't but differ from you, 60

Say rightly.---Only think,---if any slave

Of your's had done the same thing for your son,

How, how would you have thank'd him!---would you  
not

Have giv'n him freedom ? would you not have held  
him

In your esteem high above all his fellows ?--- 65

I prithee answer me.

HEG. I think I should.

TYND. Why are you angry then with me ?

HEG. Because

You were to him more faithful than to me.

V. 67. *Why are you angry then with me ?*] I cannot help pointing out the excellent reasoning in this whole passage, which could not but have worked on the humanity of so amiable a character as *Hegio* is represented to be, if he had not been enraged to the greatest degree, on account of his despairing to recover his son.



TYND. What! could you have expected, that a man,

Newly a captive, and just made your slave, 70  
Should in one night and day be taught by you  
More to consult your interest than the good  
Of one, whom he had liv'd with from a boy?

HEG. Seek your reward then of that one.---

(To the Slaves.)

Go bear him,

Where he may put on large and ponderous chains.---  
To the stone-quarries after shalt thou go:  
There, in the time that others dig out eight,  
If ev'ry day thou dost not dig twelve stones,  
Thou shalt be dubb'd with stripes *Sexcentoplagus*.

ARIST. By Gods and men I do conjure you, *Hegio*,  
O let him not be lost. 81

HEG. I'll look to that.

V. 79. *Thou shalt be dubb'd with stripes Sexcentoplagus.*] *Sexcentoplagus nomen indetur tibi.* The meaning of this is,—*thou shalt be called Sexcentoplagus, from having six hundred stripes given thee.* This kind of pleasantry is not uncommon in modern as well as ancient writers. The nickname of *Don Choleric-Snap-Shorto-de-Testy*, in *Cibber's Fop's Fortune*, never fails to produce a laugh; and *M. Coste* has pointed out a similar piece of humour in *Moliere's Cuckold in Conceit*, A& I. Scene VI.

*Sganarelle est un nom, Qu'on ne me dira plus,  
Et l'on va m' appeller, Seigneur Cornelius.*

That is,—I shall no longer be known by the name of *Sganarelle*; they will now call me *Mr. Cornelius*, i. e. *Cuckold*.

V. 81. *O let him not be lost.*

HEG. *I'll look to that.*]

This is a joke in the original from the double meaning of the word *perduis*, which signifies to *destroy* and to *lose*; accordingly  
*Aristophontes*

At night he shall be guarded, bound with thongs,  
And in the day shall labour in the quarries.

I'll keep him in continual exercise,

Nor shall he know the respite of one day.

85

ARIST. Is that your resolution ?

HEG. Sure as death.---

Bear him directly to *Hippolytus*

The smith, and bid him clap upon his legs

Huge massy irons ; then without the gate

Go, carry him to *Cordalus* my freed-man,

90

That he may make him labour in the quarries ;

And tell him, 'tis my pleasure he be used

No better than the vilest slave I have.

TYND. Against your will why should I wish to live ?

My loss of life will be a loss of you.

95

There is no evil I need dread in death,

When death is over. Were I to survive

*Aristophontes* designs it in the first sense, and *Hegio* chuses to understand it in the latter.

ARIST. *Per deos atque homines ego te obtestor, Hegio;  
Ne tu hunc hominem perdis.*

HEG. *Curabitur.*

V. 95. *My loss of life will be a loss to you.*]

*Periculum vitæ meæ tuo stat periculo.*

The commentators explain this, that " by losing me you will  
" sustain the loss of a slave." *Samson*, in *Milton's* tragedy of  
that name, makes a similar reflection.

Much more affliction than already felt

They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,

If they intend advantage of my labours,

The work of many hands, which earns my keeping

With so small profit daily to my owners.

To

To th' utmost age of man, my space of time  
 To bear the hardships, which you threat me with,  
 Would yet be short.---Then fare you well,---be  
 happy,--- 100

Though you deserve another language from me.  
 And you, *Aristophontes*, take from me  
 As good a farewell, as you've merited:  
 For you have been the cause of this.

HEG. Hence with him. 105

TYND. One thing I yet request,---that, if *Philocrates*  
 Come back again, I may have leave to see him.

HEG. Bear him this instant from my sight, ye  
 slaves,  
 Or you yourselves shall suffer.

(*The Slaves lay hold on TYNDARUS,  
 and push him along.*)

TYND. This indeed  
 Is downright violence,---to be drag'd and driven. 110  
 [*He is born off by the Slaves.*]

V. 109. *This indeed—Is downright violence.*] *Vis hæc quidem hercle est.* There is a curious passage in *Suetonius's Life of Julius Cæsar*, Chap. 82. which illustrates the use of this expression,—*Hæc vis est,—This is violence,*—which the antients were used to cry out, when violently assaulted. It will be sufficient to put it down in *English*.—"When the conspirators saw, that *Cæsar* was seated, they stood round him by way of attendants; when immediately *Cimber Tullius*, who had undertaken to begin first, step'd nearer to him, as though he had some request to make; at which *Cæsar* expressing a dislike, and by his gesture seeming to desire to put it off to another time, *Cimber* caught hold of his gown at both the shoulders; whereupon, as *Cæsar* cried out,—*Ista quidem vis est,—This is violence,*—*Cassius* advanced in front, and wounded him a little below the throat."

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter* HEGIO *and* ARISTOPHONTES.

H E G I O.

So---he is carried off to limbo.---Well,---  
 I'll teach my other captives, how to dare  
 Attempt another such-like enterprife!  
 Had it not been for Him, who made discovery  
 Of this device, they all with knavish arts 5  
 Had led me by the bridle.---I'm resolv'd  
 Henceforth I will have faith in none of them.---  
 I have been once impos'd on full enough.---  
 Ah me! I hop'd to have redeem'd my son  
 From slavery.---That hope is vanish'd quite!--- 10  
 One son I lost at four years old;---a slave  
 Then stole him from me; nor have I once heard  
 From that time of the slave or of my son.---  
 My eldest is a captive with the foe.---  
 Ha! how is this? as though I had begot 15  
 My children only to be childless.---Follow me; (*to Arist.*  
 And I'll conduct you to your former station.  
 I am resolv'd, to no one will I shew  
 Pity henceforth,---since no one pities me.

ARIST. With an ill omen freed from chains I came,  
 With an ill omen I to chains return. [*Exeunt.*

V. 1. *Limbo.*] The original is, *phylacam*, from the Greek, signifying a place of confinement.

V. 4. *Him.*] Meaning *Aristophontes*.

V. 6. *Had led me by the bridle.*] *Offranatum duſtarent.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter ERGASILUS at a distance.*

**O** JOVE supreme! how has thy providence  
Preserv'd me! how hast thou increas'd my  
means,

And thrown most ample plenty in my way!  
What store of honours and emolument,  
Celebrity, sport, pastime, holidays, 5

With ev'ry choice provision for good cheer,  
Potations deep, and feastings in abundance,  
Till the gorg'd appetite shall cry, Enough!--

'Tis fix'd, in future I will cringe and crouch  
To no man, I: for now I am possess'd 10

Of means to help a friend, or hurt an enemy.

O this delightful day has heap'd upon me  
Delights the most delightful:---I am master  
Of an inheritance without incumbrance.---

V. 13. *O this delightful day, &c.*] In the original,  
*Amœnitate amœnâ amœnus oneravit dies.*

V. 14. *An estate without incumbrance.*] The original is,  
*Sine sacris hæreditatem sum aptus effertissimam.*

Every *Roman* family had their particular sacrifices; not only authorised by their pontifical Laws, but by the civil Law rendered hereditary, and ordered to be always preserved, according to the Law of the twelve Tables, *Sacra privata perpetua manento*—*Let private sacrifices remain perpetual.* This Law, the Reader will find cited, and commented upon at large, by *Cicero*, in his second Book of Laws—He there tells us, that “*Heirs are obliged*

Now will I shape my course to *Hegio* here, 15  
 And bring him as much happiness, as himself  
 Could wish for from the Gods, and even more.  
 Well---I will throw my cloak then o'er my shoulder,  
 Like slaves in comedies, for expedition,

“ to continue their sacrifices, be they ever so expensive, and that, for  
 “ this reason; that as, by the above Law, their sacrifices were to be  
 “ maintained, no one was presumed to supply the place of the deceased  
 “ better than his Heir.” To this then our Author alludes, when  
 he makes *Ergasilus* say, that, by the good news he is possessed  
 of, he has wherewithal to obtain of *Hegio* an heritage, without  
 being obliged to maintain any sacrifices for it, that is, without  
 expence. COSTE.

*Plantus* uses the same expression in his *Treasure*, Act II.  
 Scene IV. v. 83.

V. 18. I will throw my cloak then o'er my shoulders,  
 Like slaves in comedies.]

That is, that they may be more expeditious in executing their  
 master's commands, and not have their cloak obstruct them as  
 they walk.

Our Author has it again in *Epidicus*, Act II, Scene IV.  
 v. 10.

*Age, nunc orna te, Epidice, et palliolum in collum conjice.*

Accoutre now thyself, *Epidicus*,  
 And o'er thy shoulder throw thy cloak.

And we met with the same in *Terence's Phormio*, Act V.  
 Scene VI. v. 4.

*Sed ego nunc mihi cesso, qui non humerum hunc onero pallio,  
 Atque hominem prospero invenire, us hæc quæ contigerant sciat.*

———— And why

Do I not throw my cloak upon my shoulder,  
 And hast to find him out, that he may know  
 All that has happen'd. —————

COLMAN.

*Seneca* has the same allusion, when speaking of the effeminacy  
 of *Mecænas*, he says,

—Pallio

That I may be the first to tell it him: 20  
 And for my tidings I have hopes to get  
 Good eating with him to eternity.

S C E N E II.

*Enter* H E G I O.

The more I think on this affair, the more  
 Is my uneasiness of mind increas'd.---  
 That they should gull me in this sort!--and I  
 Never perceive it!--When this once is known,  
 I shall be made the jest of the whole town; 5  
 And soon as e'er I come into the Forum,  
 "That's the old fellow there," they all will cry,  
 "Who has been trick'd."---But is not this *Ergasilus*,  
 I see at distance?---Sure it is,---his cloak  
 Thrown o'er his shoulder.---What is he about? 10

ERG. (*Advancing.*) Haste, haste, *Ergasilus*,---look  
 to thy business.---

(*Loud.*) Hence, --- have a care, --- I warn you, and  
 forewarn you, ---

Let no man stop me in my way, unless  
 He thinks that he has had enough of life; ---  
 Whoever stops me, he shall kiss the ground. 15

—*Pallio veleretur caput exclusis utrinque auribus, non aliter quam in Mimo divitis fugitivi solent.* EPIST. 114.

Having his face muffled up in a cloak, without discovering any thing but his ears, just as slaves do in a comedy, when they are in haste.

V. 12. *I warn you, and forewarn you.*] *E minor interminorque.*

H E G.

HEG. He puts himself in posture as for boxing.---

ERG. I'll do't,--by heav'ns I'll do't.--Let ev'ry one  
Pursue his own track, nor by any business  
Clog up the street.---My fist is a *Balista*,  
My arm a *Catapulta*, and my shoulder 20  
A *Battering-Ram*.---On whomsoever once  
I dart my knee, I'll give him to the ground.---  
Whatever mortal I shall light upon,  
I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch

V. 19. *My fist is a Balista, &c.*] *Balista*, was an engine to throw darts, or stones, a *Catapulta* much the same, and a *Battering-Ram*, a large piece of wood with a ram's head carved at the end of it, which the ancients made use of to batter down the walls of a town in a siege.

V. 22. *I'll give him to the ground.*] *Ad terram dabo.*

V. 24. *I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch  
To pick them up again.*]

In the original,—*Dentilegos omnes mortales faciam.*

Something similar to this we meet with in an Epigram of *Martial*. Book VIII. Epigr. 57.

*De Picente.*

*Tres habuit dentes, pariter quos expuit omnes,  
Ad tumulum Picens dum sedet ipse suum.*

*Collegitque sinu fragmenta novissima laxi*

*Oris, et aggestâ contumularvit humo.*

*Ossa licet quondam defuncti non legat hæres :*

*Hæc sibi jam Picens præstitit officium.*

*On Picens.*

Three teeth in all poor *Picens* had to boast,  
These three before his future tomb he lost :  
Loos'd by a cough their native jaws they left,  
Of arms and ornament at once bereft.  
On these with reverend care the thrifty knave  
Bestows the honours of an early grave.  
He trusts not to the heir, who'll have his pelf ;  
*Picens* is *Undertaker* to himself.—



To pick them up again.

HEG. What mighty menaces! 25  
They quite astonish me.

ERG. If any dare  
Oppose my course, I'll make him to remember  
The day, the place for evermore, and me :  
Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.

HEG. What would the man be at with all his  
swaggering? 30

ERG. I give you notice, caution you before-hand,  
That it may be your own fault, if you're caught.---  
Keep home then, guard you from assault.

HEG. 'Twere strange this,  
Had not his belly got him this assurance.  
I pity the poor wretch, whose cheer has swol'n him 35  
To all this insolence.

ERG. Then for your bak'ers,  
Breeders of swine, rascals who feed their hogs  
With refuse bran, that no one can pass by  
Their bake-house for the stench ;---let me but see  
One of their swine here in the public way, 40  
My fists shall give the owner such a dusting,

This Epigram, as well as other passages in *Plautus*, *Taubman* says, alludes to the custom of the *Romans*, of collecting and picking up the bones of the dead, after their bodies were burned, in order to put them into urns. And this custom the Reader may see explained in a note of *Farnaby*, upon a passage in the *Troades of Seneca*. V. 799.

V. 29. *Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.*] This is exactly the sense of the original, *Qui mihi in cursu obstiterit, faxo vitæ is extemplo obstiterit suæ.*

V. 41. *My fists shall give the owner, &c.*] The original is,  
*Ex ipsis dominis meis pugnis exculcabo fursures.*

As shall beat out his bran about his ears.

HEG. He issues royal and imperial edicts !  
His belly's full : his belly gives him impudence.

ERG. Then for your fishmongers, who hawk about  
Upon a four-leg'd dull provoking jade 46  
Their stale commodities, whose very stench  
Drives off our saunterers in the Forum; --- troth,  
I'll beat their filthy baskets 'bout their chaps,  
That they may know how much offence they give 50  
To others' noses.---Then too for the butchers,  
Who under the pretence of selling lamb  
Will put off ewe upon you, fob you off  
With ram for weather mutton; ---in my way  
If I should chance to meet a ram of theirs, 55  
Woe to the ram, and woe too to it's owner !

HEG. Heyday ! this swaggering fellow issues out  
His edicts and commands, as though he were  
Comptroller of the Victualling : --- Our *Ætolians*  
Have made him, sure, Inspector of the Market. 60

ERG. No more a parasite, but I'm a king,---  
More kingly than a king,---a king of kings ;

V. 46. *Four-leg'd dull provoking jade.*] *Quadrupedanti crucianti canterio. Crucianti*, tormenting on account of the slowness of its pace.

V. 59. *Comptroller of the Victualling.*] There is a Pun, as *De L'Oeuvre* informs us, in the original, the sense of which I have endeavoured in some measure to preserve. *Ediliones ædilitias h'c habet.* The *Ædiles* had cognifance of the public markets, and *edilis* is from *edo*, to eat.

V. 60 *Inspector of the Market.*] *Agoranomum*, the name that the Greeks gave the officer, whose business was the same with the Roman *Ædiles*,---to take care of the Markets.

In port I have it, such an ample store!  
 Provision for the belly.---Why do I  
 Delay to load old *Hegio* here with transport, 65  
 Who is in troth the happiest man alive.

HEG. What transport is it, that himself, it seems,  
 Is in a transport to impart to me?

ERG. (*Knocking at HEGIO's door*)

Hoa there---where are ye? some one, ope the door. 70

HEG. He's come to sup with me.

ERG. Ope both the doors,  
 Ere piece-meal I demolish them with knocking.

HEG. I have a mind to speak to him.---*Ergasilus!*

ERG. Who calls *Ergasilus*?

HEG. Turn your head---Look on me.

ERG. Look on you?---That's what Fortune never  
 does, 75

Nor ever will.---Who is it?

HEG. Look.---I'm *Hegio*.

ERG. (*Turning.*) Best of best men, most oppor-  
 tunely met.

HEG. You have got some one at the port to sup  
 with,

And therefore do you treat me with this scorn.

V. 75. *Look on you? — That's what Fortune never does.]*

HEG. *Respice.* ERG. *Fortuna quod tibi nec facit, nec faciet.*

This is founded on the different senses of the word *respicere*, which signifies literally *to look back*, and metaphorically, to look upon with regard.—*Ergasilus*, taking it in the latter sense, observes that Fortune is not disposed to look upon him in a tolerable light, who had been so imprudent to stop him in his way, when he was upon business of such importance.

ERG. Give me thy hand.

HEG. My hand?

ERG. Thy hand, I say.

Give it this instant.

HEG. There it is. (*Giving his hand.*)

ERG. Be joyous. 81

HEG. Joyous! for what?

ERG. Because it is my order.---

Come, come, be joyous.

HEG. Joy alas! with me

By sorrow is prevented.

ERG. Do not grieve:

I'll wipe away this instant ev'ry stain 85

Of sorrow from your soul.---Pluck up,---be joyous.

HEG. Well,---though I know no reason to rejoice.

ERG. That's bravely done.---Now order---

HEG. Order what?

ERG. A monstrous fire.

HEG. A monstrous fire?

ERG. I say it:

An huge one let it be.

HEG. Why how now, *Vulture*?

Think you, that I will fire my house to please you?

ERG. Nay, prithee don't be angry.--Will you order, 91

Or will you not, the pots to be put on?

The dishes to be wash'd? the larded meats,

And kickshaws to be set upon the stoves?

Won't you send some one to buy fish?

HEG. He dreams 95

With his eyes open!

ERG. Bid another go

V. 96. *He dreams — With his eyes open.*] *Vigilans somniat* — a proverbial expression, which we meet with also in *Terence's Andria*. Act V. Scene, VI. V. 6. — Num

For pork, lamb, pullets?

HEG. Yes, you understand  
Good living, had you wherewithal to get it.

ERG. For hams, for turbot, falmon, mackerel, cod,  
A fat cheefe?

HEG. Easier 'tis for you to talk 100  
Of all those dainties, than with me to eat them.

ERG. Think you, I speak this on my own account?

HEG. You will have nothing, don't deceive  
yourself,

Like what you talk off.---Prithee bring with you  
A stomach suited to such common fare, 105  
As you may meet with ev'ry day,---no nice one.

ERG. But let me tell you, I shall be the author  
Of your providing a most sumptuous treat,  
E'en though I should forbid it.

HEG. I?

ERG. Yes, you,

—————*Num ille somniat*  
*Ea quæ vigilans voluit?* —————

Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams  
On what he wishes waking? COLMAN.

V. 97. *You understand—Good Living.*] *Scis bene esse.* By which  
the Romans meant all kinds of luxurious eating and drinking.

*At mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,*  
*Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbres*  
*Vicinus, BENE ERAT.* —————

*Horat. L. 2. Serm. II. V. 166.*

Yet when arriv'd some unexpected guest,  
Or rainy weather gives some hour of rest,  
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,  
An entertainment more profuse I made. FRANCIS.

HEG. Hey! your are then my master.

ERG. I'm your friend.---

Say, shall I make thee happy?

HEG. Certainly 111

I'd rather so, than you should make me wretched.

ERG. Give me thy hand.

HEG. There,---there's my hand.

ERG. The Gods,

The Gods are all your friends.

HEG. I feel it not.

ERG. You are not in a thorn-bush, else you'd feel.--

But let your sacred vessels be prepar'd, 116

And bid them bring forthwith a fatted lamb.

HEG. For what?

ERG. To make a sacrifice.

HEG. To whom?

Which of the Gods?

ERG. To Me.---For I am now.

Thy *Jupiter* supreme, --- I thy *Salvation*, 120

Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy.---

To make this God propitious, cram him well.

HEG. May *Jupiter* and all the Gods confound you.

ERG. Nay, you should rather thank me for the news

I bring you from the Port, such gladsome news.-- 125

V. 114-15.

*I feel it not,*

ERG. *You are not in a thorn-bush, else you'd feel.*

This is perhaps one of the poorest jokes in our Author.

HEG. *Non sentio.*

ERG. *Non enim es in fenticeto, eo non sentis,*

[V, 120. *Salvation.*] See the note, p. 294.

Your

Your supper likes me now.

HEG. Be gone, you fool,---  
You're come too late.

ERG. Your words had been more true,  
Had I come sooner.---Now receive from me  
The transport that I bring you.---At the Port  
Just now I saw your son, your *Philopolemus*, 130  
Alive and hearty,---in the packet-boat  
I saw him,---with him too that other spark,  
Your captive, he of *Ælis*, ---and besides,  
Your slave *Stalagmus*, he that run away,  
And stole your little boy at four years old. 135

HEG. Away,---you joke me.

ERG. Holy Gluttony  
So help me,---as I wish for evermore  
By her high title to be dignified,---

V. 126. *Your supper likes me now.*] The original is, *Nunc tu mihi places*. It is plain, from *Hegio's* answer, that this means the supper, which our Parasite now promises to himself will be an extraordinary one, on account of the good news he brings of the return of the old man's son.

V. 136. *Holy Gluttony.*] *Sancta Saturitas*. There is great humour in the Parasite's deifying and swearing by *Saturitas* or *Gluttony*, as I have rendered it. The Commentators have taken notice of an expression somewhat similar to this in *St. Paul's* Epistle to the *Philippians*, C. III. v. 19.—*Whose God is their Belly*.

V. 139. *My son?*] What follows is, as *Taubman* observes, an ingenious representation of that want of credit we are used to give to what inspires us with sudden joy. This affection we also meet with admirably painted by *Terence* in his *Self-Tormentor*. Act III. Scene I. v. 18.

CHREM. ——— *nuntium apporto tibi,*  
*Cujus maximè te feri participem cupis.*

MENED. *Num quidnam de guato meo audisti, Chreme?*

CHR.

I have ---

HEG. My son?

ERG. Your son, my Genius.

HEG. With him

The captive youth of *Ælis*?

ERG. By *Apollo*. 140

HEG. *Stalagmus* too, who stole my child---

ERG. By *Sora*.

CHR. *Valet atque vivit.*—ME. *Ubikam est quæso?* CH. *Apud me domi.*

ME. *Meus gnatus?* CH. *Sic est.* MEN. *Venit!* CH. *Certè.*

ME. *Clinia*

*Meus venit!* CH. *Dixi.* ME. *Eamus: duc ad me, obsecro.*

CH. ——— I have news for you,

Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.

ME. Of my son, *Chremes*? CH. He's alive and well.

ME. Where? CH. At my house--ME. My son? CH. Your son.

ME. Come home?

CH. Come home. ME. My dear boy come? my *Clinia*?

CH. He.

ME. Away then! prithee bring me to him. ———

COLMAN.

Mr. *Colman*, in his note on this passage, has taken notice of this very place in the *Captives* of our Author.

V. 141. By *Sora*, &c.] It is remarkable that the names of these places, which the *Parasite* swears by, are all of them in *Greek*; except in one or two of the very old editions. The particular humour intended by this is not perhaps entirely clear to us; though it seems partly intended to give occasion to what *Hegio* says afterwards, and the *Parasite's* answer thereupon.

HEG. Why do you swear thus by these barbarous cities, With uncouth names?

ERG. Because they are as hard

As is the supper which, you said, you'd give me.

HEG.



HEG. Long ago,---

ERG. By *Prænestæ*.

HEG. Come?

ERG. By *Signia*.

HEG. Art sure?

ERG. By *Pbryfinone*.

HEG. Have a care,

You do not tell a fallshood.

ERG. By *Alatrium*.

HEG. Why do you swear thus by these barbarous  
cities

145

With uncouth names?

ERG. Because they are as hard  
As is the supper which, you said, you'd give me.

HEG. A plague confound you!

ERG. Why? because you won't  
Believe me, though I speak in sober sadness.---  
But of what country was *Stalagmus*, when

150

He ran away?

HEG. Of *Sicily*.

ERG. But now

He's no *Sicilian*: he is a *Slave-onian*,

V. 152.

*He is a Slave-onian*

*To a Slave-onian yoke-mate tied for life.]* There is a pun in the original, such as it is, which I have endeavoured to preserve in some measure.—*Boius est, Boiam terit.*—*Boia* is the name of a town, and also means a kind of *Yoke* worn by *Slaves*. The ambiguity therefore consists in its being understood in one sense, *He is a Boian, and is coupled with a Boian woman*; and in the other, *He is a Boian, as he is joined to a Boia*. It is not very agreeable to explain the low puns of our Author, but in a *translation* it may be judged necessary.

To

To a *Slave-onian* yoke-mate tied for life.

A fit match for him to keep up the family.

HEG. And may I then rely on what you've said? 155

ERG. You may rely.

HEG. O ye immortal Gods!

If he speak truth, I shall seem born again.

ERG. And can you doubt me, when I swore so solemnly?

If you have little faith then in my oaths,

Go to the port yourself.

HEG. And so I will.--- 160

Take thou the necessary care within:

Use, and demand, broach any cask you like,

I make you cellar-man.

ERG. And if you find me

Not a true prophet, curry me with your cudgel.

HEG. If your intelligence should turn out true, 165

I will insure you everlasting eating.

V. 161. *Take thou the necessary care within.*] Our Author's *Parasites* have been imitated by modern dramatic Poets, particularly by *Fletcher* in the Character of *Lazarillo* in his *Woman-Hater*, and by *Massenger* in that of *Justice Greedy*, in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. *Sir Giles Over-reach*, in the latter, giving the *Justice* the command of the Kitchen, and absolute authority there in respect to the entertainment, (Act III. Scene II.) seems more particularly to have had its original from this passage; and *Lazarillo's* drawing his sword, and demanding the way, (*Woman-Hater*, Act III. Scene IV.) seems not unlikely to have been a hint from the behaviour of *Ergasilus* in the beginning of this Scene. There is also a character in many respects like it in a Comedy, called *The Canterbury Guests*, by *Ravenscroft*.

V. 164. *Curry me with your cudgel.*] *Fusti pectito*.

ERG.

ERG. From whence?

HEG. From me and from my son.

ERG. You promise?

HEG. I do.

ERG. And I too, that your son is come.

HEG. You'll manage for the best.

ERG. All good attend you.

[Exit Hegio.]

## SCENE III.

ERGASILUS *alone.*

He's gone,---and has intrusted to my care  
 The high and grand concern of catering.---  
 Immortal Gods! how I shall cut and quarter!  
 How I shall chop the crags from off the chines!  
 What devastation will befall the hams! 5  
 What a consumption rage among the bacon!  
 What massacre of fat sows paps! of brawn  
 What havock will arise!---Then what fatigue  
 Awaits the butchers! what the hog-killers!---

V. 6. *What massacre of fat sows paps!*] The original is,—  
*Quanta fumini absumedo!* Lambin tells us, that by *sumen* was  
 meant, the paps of a sow with the milk in them, cut off and  
 dried,—a great dainty among the Romans.—*Martial* alludes to  
 it in the 14th Epigram of his 13th Book. Our Author again  
 reckons it, among others, as such in his *Pseudolus*, Act I.  
 Scene XI. v. 33. And *Ben. Jonson*, (who was a close follower  
 of the antients,) in his *Alchemist*, Act II. Scene XI. makes *Sir  
 Epicure Mammon* reckon this among his luxurious dainties.

— And swelling paps

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,

Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce.

But to say more of what concerns good eating, 10  
 Is loss of time, and hindrance.---I will now  
 Go enter on my government, and sit  
 In judgment o'er the bacon,---set at liberty  
 Hams that have hung untry'd and uncondemn'd.

[*Exit.*]

\* \* \* The whole business of this Act is employed in the Parasite's coming to give HEGIO an account of the arrival of his son, with the captive youth of *Ælis*, and the slave that had stolen his other son. This naturally prepares the spectator for a very interesting incident, which is to follow in Act V.

*The End of the FOURTH ACT.*

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter, from HEGGIO's house, a LAD, servant to  
HEGGIO.*

**M**AY *Jove* and all the Gods, *Ergasilus*,  
 Confound thee and thy belly, with all Parasites,  
 And all who shall hereafter entertain them!  
 Storm, tempest, devaluation, have just broke  
 Their way into our house!--I was afraid, 5  
 He would have seiz'd me, like an hungry wolf:  
 I was indeed in a most piteous fright,  
 He made such horrid grinding with his teeth.---  
 Soon as he came, he knock'd down the whole larder  
 With all the meat in't:---then he snatch'd a knife, 10  
 And stuck three pigs directly in the throat;---

Scene I.] I have taken the liberty to make this the First Scene of the Fifth Act, though in all the Editions (I believe) it is the Last of the Fourth. Can it be supposed, that *Ergasilus* could execute what he had said he would in the preceding Scene, and which the *Lad* here tells us he had executed, without some time allowed for so doing. *M. Marolles* has indeed observed before me, that a *Lad* coming out from *Hegio's* house, to shew the confusion *Ergasilus* had occasion'd there almost in the instant he had entered it, made him suspect, either that the Scene had been misplaced, or that a whole Scene had been lost; as the necessary time for him to do what he is said to have done, is not allowed; "or perhaps, adds he, this should be the First Scene of the Fifth Act," which seems very probable.

V. 9. *Larder.*] *Carnarium.*

Broke all the pots and cups that were not measure,  
 And ask'd the cook, whether the salting-pans  
 With their contents might not be clap'd upon 15  
 The fire together all at once : --- He has broke  
 The cellar door down, laid the store-room open. ---  
 Secure him, I beseech you, fellow-servants : ---  
 I'll to my master, tell him he must order  
 Some more provisions, if he means to have 20  
 Any himself : --- for, as this fellow manages,  
 There's nothing left, or nothing will be shortly.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, and  
 PHILOCRATES. STALAGMUS at a distance.*

*HEGIO, to his son, advancing.*

O my dear boy ! --- To *Jove* and to the Gods,  
 In duty bound, I pay my utmost thanks ; ---  
 That they have thus restor'd you to your father ; ---  
 That they have freed me from the load of sorrow  
 I've labour'd under, since depriv'd of you ; --- 5  
 That I behold you villain in my pow'r ; ---

*(Pointing to STALAGMUS)*

And that this youth has kept his word with me.

*(Pointing to PHILOCRATES)*

No more, --- enough already I've experienc'd  
 Of heart-felt anguish, --- with disquietude

V. 14. *Salting-pans.*] *Serias.* These, we are told, were for the purposes express'd in the translation, and made of earth.

And

And tears enough have worn me,---I have heard 10  
 Enough too of your troubles, which, my son,  
 You told me at the Port.---Then now to business.

PHIL. Well, Sir, --- what recompence may I,  
 expect

For keeping of my word, and bringing back  
 Your son in liberty?

HEG. You've done, *Philocrates*, 15  
 What I can never thank you for enough, ---  
 So much you merit from my son and me.

PHILOP. Nay, but you can, my father, and you  
 shall,

And I shall too :---the Gods too will enable you  
 Amply to pay a kindness back to one, 20  
 Who has deserv'd so highly of us both.---

V. 12. *You told me at the Port.*] The opening of this Scene shews the art of our Author in the conduct of this play, as it supposes *Hegio* to have discoursed with his son concerning all his adventures, as they were coming from the ship, thereby avoiding a dull narration of what the audience were already sufficiently informed of, as well from the Prologue, as from the former Acts of the Play itself. MAROLLES.

V. 18. *Nay, but you can, my father, &c.*] *Philopolemus*, afraid that his father would pay for the important service he had just received with fine speeches, full of this thought, loses no time in remonstrating to him, that he had wherewithal really to testify his acknowledgments to *Philocrates* for the favours he had received. In this procedure, there is a spirit of candour and equity found only in the heart of the truly virtuous. And it is certain, this noble sincerity is oftner met with in young men, who have not been debauched by a commerce with the world, than in old men; who, usually cunning, hard-hearted and self-interested, love to deceive meerly because they have been deceived themselves, or at least, having been often in danger of it. COSTE.

Indeed,

Indeed, my father, but you must.

HEG. No more,---

(*To Phil.*) I've no tongue to deny whate'er you ask.

PHIL. I ask of you that slave I left behind  
An hostage for me, (one, who ever has 25  
Prefer'd my interest to his own,) that so  
I may reward him for his services.

HEG. Your services I'll thankfully repay.---  
That which you ask, and that and any thing  
Which you require, you may at once command.--- 30  
Don't be offended, that your slave has felt  
The marks of my displeasure.

PHIL. How displeasure?

HEG. Finding myself impos'd upon, in chains  
I had him laid, and sent him to the quarries.

PHIL. Ah me! it grieves me, that this best of  
fellows 35  
Should undergo these hardships for my sake.

HEG. I will have nothing therefore for his ransom:--  
Freed, without cost, so take him.

PHIL. Kindly done.  
But let him, pray, be sent for strait.

HEG. He shall.

(*To attendants*) Where are you?---Go, bring *Tyndarus*  
here directly.--- 40

Do you go in.---(*To Phil. and Philop.*) Mean time will  
I examine

This whipping-post, to learn what he has done

V. 42. *This whipping-post.*] The original is, *Statuâ verberêâ*,—  
an expression (I believe) peculiar to our Author. We meet with  
it



With my poor younger son.---You'll bath the while.

PHILOP. *Philocrates*, you'll follow.

PHIL. I attend you,

[*Exeunt PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCRAATES.*]

SCENE III.

HEGIO *and* STALAGMUS.

HEGIO.

My honest lad!---come hither;---my fine slave!

STAL. What d'ye expect from Me, when such  
a man,

As you are, will tell lies?---An honest lad!

A fine slave! I ne'er was, nor ever shall be;---

Hope not to make me so.

HEG. You see at once 5

Your situation:---if you speak the truth,

You'll better your bad fortune:---speak it then,---

Be true and just, though you was never so

In all your life before.

STAL. And do you think  
I blush to own it, when yourself affirm it? 10

HEG. But I shall make you blush;--- nay, I will  
make you

Redden all over.

STAL. So!---you threaten me

it in *Pseudolus*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 7. — and, if I mistake not,  
there, and here only.—

*Sed eccum video verboream statuam.*

*But lo! I see this whipping-post.*

V. 12. *Redden all over.*] *In ruborem te totum dabo*, that is, (as is  
plain from *Stalagmus's* answer,) by stripes.

As

As though I were not used to stripes.---Away then---  
Say, what's your pleasure?---'Tis but ask, and have.

HEG. Fine talking this!---To cut the matter short,  
Prithee be brief.

STAL. I'll do as you command. 16

HEG. O he was ever an obedient lad!---  
But to the business.---Now attend, and answer me  
To what I ask you:---if you speak the truth,  
You'll better your condition.

STAL. That's a joke!--- 20

Can you imagine, that I do not know  
What I deserve?

HEG. But yet you may avoid  
A part, if not the whole.

STAL. A trifling part:---  
Much is my due;---because I ran away,  
And stole your son, then sold him.

HEG. Sold! to whom? 25

STAL. *Theodoromedes the Polyplufian*  
Of *Ælis*, for six *Minæ*.

HEG. O ye Gods!  
He is the father of this same *Philocrates*.

STAL. I know him better than I know yourself,  
And I have seen him oft'ner.

HEG. *Jove* supreme

V. 16.] The learned reader will perceive, that a different turn is here given to what the Commentators suppose the sense of the original.

Preserve

Preserve me and my son!---Ho! there!---*Philocrates!*  
 I beg you, as you love me, to come forth:--- 31  
 I have to say to you---

S C E N E IV.

*Enter* PHILOCRATES.

PHIL. Behold me here:  
 Command me what you will: say, what's your  
 pleasure?

HEG. This fellow tells me, that he sold my son  
 At *Ælis* to your father for six *Minæ*.

PHIL. (*to Stal.*) How long was this ago?

STAL. Near twenty years. 5

PHIL. He says what is not true.

STAL. Or you or I do.---

Your father gave you, when a child, a slave  
 Of four years old for your own use and service.

PHIL. What was his name? --- If what you say is  
 true,

Tell me his name.

STAL. His name was *Pægnium* 10

But afterwards you call'd him *Tyndarus*.

PHIL. How came I not to recollect you?

STAL. 'Tis

The usual way with folks not to remember  
 Or know the man, whose favour is worth nothing.

PHIL. Tell me,---that slave, you sold unto my  
 father, 15

V.8. *For your own use and service.*] The original is, *peculiarem*,  
 of one's own particular possession.

And giv'n to me for my own service, was he  
This old man's son?

HEG. Lives he?

STAL. I had the money,  
I car'd for nothing more.

HEG. What says *Philocrates*?

PHIL. That he, this very *Tyndarus*, is your son,  
The proofs shew.---He was brought up from a boy 20  
With me a boy in modesty and virtue  
Even to manhood.

HEG. If ye speak the truth,  
I am indeed both happy and unhappy.  
I am unhappy, if he is my son,  
That I have us'd severity towards him. 25  
Ah me! I've treated him with less affection,  
And with more cruelty than it behoved me.  
It grieves me, I have wrought him so much harm:---  
Would it had ne'er been done!---But see, he comes,  
Accoutred little suiting to his virtues. 30

## S C E N E V.

*Enter* TYNDARUS.

I've often seen the torments of the damn'd  
In pictures represented: but no Hell

V. 30. *Accoutred, &c.*] *Ornatus haud ex suis virtutibus*,  
alluding to his being chained.

V. 2. *In pictures represented.*] *Meursius* informs, that the an-  
tients, in order to keep men more strict to their duty, and to  
deter them from evil actions, us'd to have those torments of the  
infernal world, which they imagined might hang over their  
heads, represented in pictures, in order that they might have  
them in view, as if real.

Can

Can equal that, where I was, in the Quarries.

That is a place, where ev'ry limb with toil

And labour must be wearied.---Soon as I

5

Arriv'd there,---as your brats of quality

Have daws, or ducks, or quails to play with,---me

They gave; t'amuse myself withal, a Crow.---

But see, my master's here before his door!

My other master too, return'd from *Ælis*!

HEG. Save you, my wish'd for son!

TYND. Ha! what?---your son! 10

Yes, yes, I understand you, why you call

Yourself my father, me your son :---you've done,

As parents do,---caus'd me to see the light.

PHIL. Save you, sweet *Tyndarus*!

TYND. And you too,---though

On your account I undergo this trouble.

15

V. 8. *A Crow.*] This is a pun in the original, *Upupa*, signifying the bird called a *Lapwing*, as also a *Mattock*, *Pick-axe*, or such like instrument. The word in our language, *Crow*, that is, an *Iron Crow*, which labourers use, serves very well to preserve the *equivoque*. It may be proper to remark, that we learn from many authors, that children of fashion among the *Greeks* and *Romans* had birds of several kinds given them for their amusement. Let it suffice to set down what *Pliny* says in his *Epistle to Clemens*, B. IV. Ep. II. speaking of *Regulus's* son, who was just then dead.—*Habebat puer, &c.—habebat luscin'as, psittacos, merulas: omnes Regulus circa rogum trucidavit.*—The boy had [*among other things enumerated*] *nightingales*, *parrots*, and *black-birds*: all which *Regulus* put to death about the funeral pile.

V. 13. *Caus'd me to see the light.*] As parents are the cause of their children's seeing the light, by giving them birth, so *Tyndarus* says, *Hegio* calls him his son, because he had brought him from the dark quarries into day light.

PHIL. But through my means you'll now arrive at  
wealth

And liberty.--This is your father,--(*pointing to Hegio.*)

This

(*pointing to Stalagmus,*)

The slave, that stole you hence at four years old,

And sold you to my father for six *Minæ*,

Who gave you to me, then a little boy 20

Like to yourself, for my own use and service.

He has confes'd the whole : we've brought him back  
From *Ælis* hither.

TYND. Where is *Hegio's* son ?

PHIL. Your brother,---he's within.

TYND. How say you ? have you  
Then brought him home ?

PHIL. I tell you, he's within. 25

TYND. 'Twas rightly done in you.

PHIL. This is your father,  
And that the thief, who stole you when a boy.

TYND. And for that theft, now I'm a man as he is,  
I'll give him to the hangman.

PHIL. He's deserving.---

TYND. And I'll reward him equal to his merits.---  
(*To Hegio.*) But tell me, pray,---are you indeed my  
father ? 31

HEG. I am, my son.

TYND. At length I recollect,  
And have a dark remembrance, that I've heard  
My father's name was *Hegio*.

HEG. I am he.

PHIL,

PHIL. O let your son be lighten'd of those chains,  
And that slave loaded with them.

HEG. 'Tis my purpose; 36  
I'll do it the first thing.---Then let us in,  
And strait fend for the smith to take the chains  
From off my son, and give them to that rascal.

STAL. 'Tis right to give them me, for I have  
nothing. 40

[*Exeunt.*]

A COMEDIAN *addresses the Spectators.*

Gallants, this play is founded on chaste manners ;  
No wenching, no intrigues, no child expos'd,  
No close old dotard cheated of his money,  
No youth in love, making his mistress free  
Without his father's knowledge or consent.  
Few of these sort of Plays our Poets find,  
T' improve our morals, and make good men better.  
Now if the piece has pleas'd you, with our acting  
If you're content, and we have not incur'd  
Displeasure by it, give us then this token : 10

V. 39. *'Tis right to give them me, for I have nothing.*] *Cui peculii nihil est, rectè feceris.* *Peculium* signifies the property, that a slave possesses in his own right. The joke here turns upon *Stalagnus's* taking what *Hegio* said in a different sense to what it was intended.

V. 2. *No wenching, no intrigues, &c.*] It is remarkable, that the very particulars here seemingly censured are to be found in several of our author's plays and in *Terence*. From the mention of a *Braggard Captain*, it is plain, that play was written before this of the *Captives*.

All who are willing, that reward should wait  
On chaste and virtuous manners, give applause.

V. 12. Give applause.] *Plausum date.* This making the *Comedians*, (who in the original are called *Greæ*, and sometimes *Caterua*) or at least one of them, request the applause of the spectators, or, as here, address them farther by way of *Epilogue*, was the constant custom among the *Romans* of finishing their Comedies, — It is so in every one of *Terence's*, as well as those of our Author. *Horace* mentions it in his *Art of Poetry*, v. 155.

*Sessuri, donec CANTOR Vos Plaudite dicat.*

If you would keep us till the curtain fall,  
And the last Chorus for a Plaudit call.—

FRANCIS.

*Quintilian* too alludes to it, in the first Chapter of his sixth Book. — “*Tunc est commovendum Theatrum, quum ventum est ad ipsum illud, quo veteres Tragoediæ, Comoediæque, clauduntur, PLAUDITE.*” — When you come to the PLAUDITE (the soliciting the applause of the Spectators) with which the ancient Tragedies and Comedies finish, you must endeavour to engage the attention of the whole Theatre.

And here, it is observable, that *Quintilian* speaks of the *Plaudite* being the end of antient Tragedies as well as Comedies. The *Greek Tragedies* have it not: we have no Tragedies of any *Roman* Author left, except of *Seneca*, or what are under his name; and not one of them ends with any such thing.

*Ben. Jonson*, (whose imitations of our Author, in his *Mosellaria* in particular, will be pointed out in their proper places,) has also copied the *Plaudite* in many of his Comedies; in his *Fox*, *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman*, in particular.

The End of THE CAPTIVES,



## On the UNITY of TIME in the CAPTIVES.

**M.** COSTE, in the preface to his translation of this Comedy into *French*, observes, that it is to all appearance perfectly regular, and that the unity of the subject is obvious. A Father, in order to redeem a Son taken prisoner of war, is desirous of exchanging him for two *Captives* in his possession, and which, with a view to that point, he had just purchased: one of these personates the Master, the other, his Servant: which Servant making the old man believe that himself, who really was the Master, is in fact the Servant, persuades him to send this pretended Servant to his Master's father, in order to exchange his son with one, who is afterwards discovered to be *another* son, who had in his infancy been also stolen from him. The fraud is soon found out: and the discovery naturally arises from the main subject; which incident, the only one of the play, is absolutely the whole plot of it. At the very time the old gentleman is in despair of ever seeing his son again, the young man, who had put the change upon him, returns himself with this very son, delivers him to his desponding father, and claims his own servant, who had so faithfully served him in so hazardous an enterprize --- This return, accompanied with these circumstances, very naturally brings on the *Catastrophe*.

Thus far we agree with *M. Coste*; but by no means so in what follows, where he tells us, that the *unities of place and time* are exactly observed. As to the first, the *unity of place*, he is right; for as he observes, the business is all carried on very naturally before *Hegio's* house. But what shall we say in regard to the *unity of time*, when *Philocrates* (as *Tyndarus*) is dispatched from *Chalydon* to *Ælis* in the *morning*, and returns long before *supper time*? *Chalydon*, where the scene is laid, is a city of *Ætolia*, part of *Greece* properly

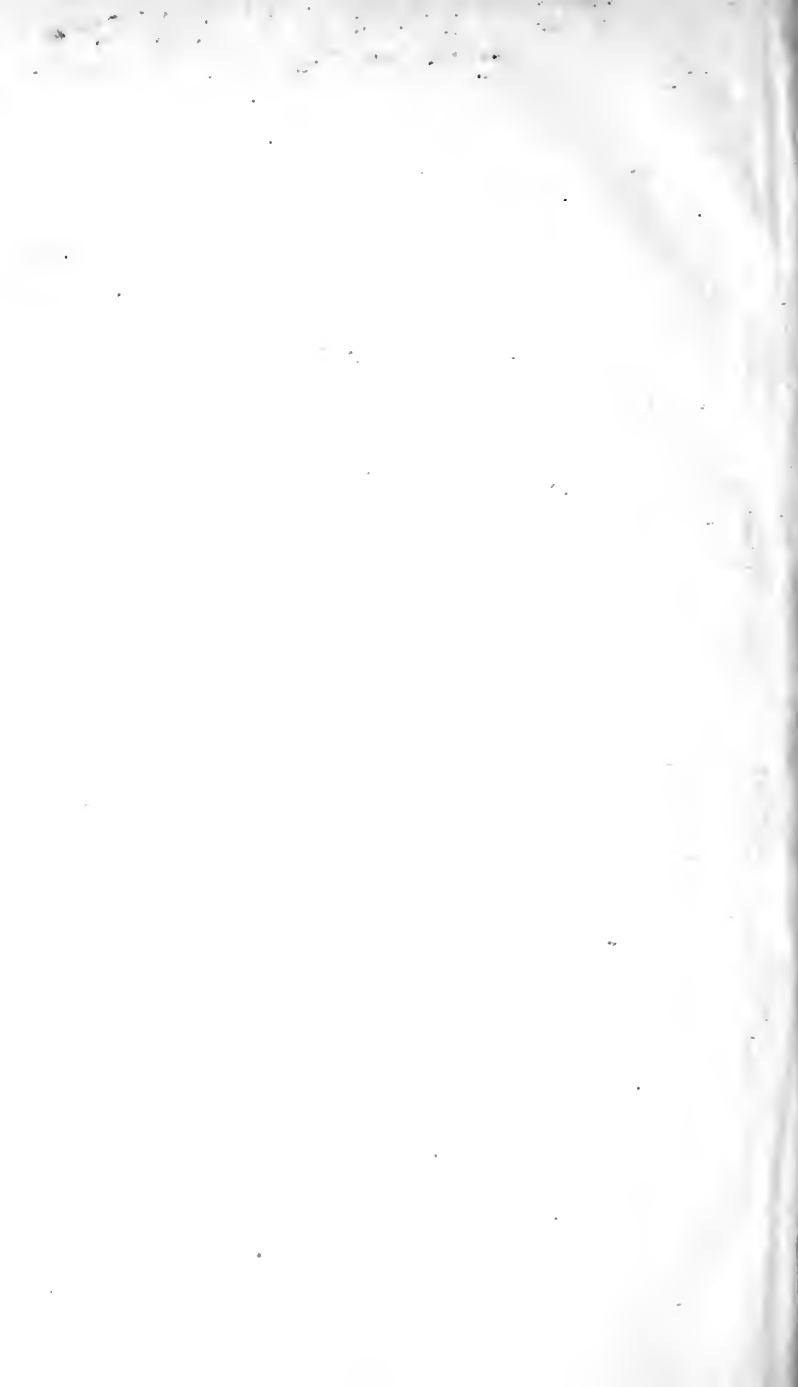
properly so called, and *Ælis* is in *Peloponnesus*. The distance between these two places, must be considerably more than an hundred miles; much too far to go and return again, without breaking into the *unity of time* established for the antient Drama.

*M. Marolles* has mentioned the difficulty of accounting for the quick return of *Philocrates* and *Philopolemus*. They were not, says he, so lucky as to meet one another; that could not be; for *Philocrates* tells *Hegio*, that he had not only brought back his son, but had obtained his liberty. *Ælis* being then at the distance from *Chalydon*, as before-mentioned, we must, as he observes, place it to that liberty in dramatic poetry, which so knowing and so judicious an Author as *Plautus* has indulged himself in; a liberty quite agreeable to the decorum of the stage, and which offends rather against the probability of true history, than that of a dramatic representation.

And in this liberty our Author was not singular; *Euripides*, in his *Supplicants*, as *Muretus* has observed, is most notoriously guilty of the same; when he makes a messenger return from *Thebes* to *Athens* in less time than he could have been supposed to have flown, and to give us an account of affairs, that could not have been transacted in so short a time, not even in a Dream.

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME.*







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