

THE SELF TORMENTOR
WITH MORE
ENGLISH SONGS
FROM
FOREIGN TONGUES

F. W. RICORD.



1874
John
H. Hall
S.



THE SELF-TORMENTOR

[HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS]

FROM THE LATIN OF
PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER.

WITH MORE

ENGLISH SONGS

FROM

FOREIGN TONGUES

BY

FREDERICK W. RICORD,

Author of "English Songs from Foreign Tongues."

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P

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TO

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is a remarkable fact that although the Comedies of Terence are mines whence Latin lexicographers and school book makers take specimens of elegant Latinity, and although the abbreviation of the poet's name, *Ter*, is familiar to the eye of every schoolboy who has studied a Latin Grammar or searched with any care through a Latin Dictionary, still comparatively few of the graduates of our colleges have ever read a word of the famous poet who was the idol of his own times and who, of all the Latin writers, was most admired and most closely studied by the scholars of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. In fact, no scholar, during that period, seemed to make any pretensions to the name until he had given printed evidence to the world that he had made critical study of the Comedies of Terence. The learned Philip Melanchthon, in the Latin Preface to his edition of Terence says, "Terence, without doubt, surpasses all others in purity of language, which virtue in discourse is, beyond all doubt, the most important; * * * * I shall not regret my labor, if thereby I shall make others love Terence more; * * * * I exhort all teachers to advise the young to study this author with great attention." Erasmus also held the writings of Terence in high esteem. In the dedication of his edition of Terence, which, together with his Commentaries, is written in Latin, he says: "From no other writer can the Roman tongue be learned with greater purity, nor is there any writer more delightful to the reader or more suitable for the young."

The great value set upon the works of Terence is shown by the fact that they were among the first of the ancient classic writings given to the world by means of the printing press. The precise year in which the first edition was printed is not known. The earliest of which we have any account is said to have appeared in 1469, only twenty years after the completion of the

art of printing. The only copy of this edition known to be in existence was purchased at a sale of books in 1792 for 1,160 livres. Other editions appeared in rapid succession after that time in the cities of Milan, Venice, Rome, Frankfort, Strasbourg, Antwerp, Paris, London, and wherever a printing press had been erected; and then, year after year, they multiplied until, in the year 1724, the various editions numbered 248, each edition edited by some scholar and replete with notes and commentaries written in the Latin tongue. Among the most valuable that are still to be found (and nearly all are very rare) are those of Melanchthon, Erasmus, Scaliger, Faernus, Lindenbrog, Dacier, Bentley and Westerhovius, the last being in two quarto volumes of more than 800 pages each, and containing the Latin commentaries of Donatus, the learned instructor of St. Jerome, also the notes of Calphurnius, Eugraphius, and other early annotators. Many of the editions of Terence are very curious, as well for learned discussions in regard to the meaning of various passages in the author's works, as for the gradual improvements which they show in the art of printing. The translator of this play has, in his collection of different editions of Terence, a copy of the edition published in Strasbourg in 1499 by John Gruninger. It is a folio volume of 341 pages, with a frontispiece representing the ancient Roman stage. Each play is preceded by an illustration, in which all the characters of the play are grouped, and the relations existing between them indicated by straight or tortuous lines passing (according to the nature of the relation) from one to another. Every scene is introduced by a picture in which the actors in such scene are represented, each with his name on a scroll above his head. The pictures are printed from movable blocks, and the effects produced by their various transpositions are often very ludicrous. Not only are both margins, as well as the foot of the page, covered with notes and comments, but interpretations and synonyms are printed in small characters between the lines of the text; and, what adds interest to the book, hundreds of annotations have been written throughout it in Latin by some scholar of the 16th or 17th century, possibly Melanchthon, Erasmus, or Scaliger.

The reader of the present play will be inclined to condemn as unnatural

and improbable the introduction of two persons at the same time, upon the stage, each unconscious of the presence of the other; or he may pronounce as absurd the representation of persons calling at one another's houses, or speaking of others plainly to be seen by the audience upon the stage, and yet so far off as not to overhear what is said; but this will be readily accounted for when it is understood that the ancient theatre had the sky for a roof, and that eight of our modern city buildings might have been erected upon it with their fronts to the audience. With such a stage, houses, streets and gardens were not impossible; and for one actor to speak apart from another and not be heard by him was a matter of fact and not a mere pretence. But with an auditorium proportioned to such a stage, it was highly important that the voices, features and stature of the actors should be in keeping. To this end, they wore buskins to increase their height and enormous masks to give them an unmistakable countenance; and these masks, which inclosed the whole head, were so contrived as to throw out the voice to a great distance. The fact that they were called *persona*, from the Latin word *personare*, meaning to *sound through*, indicates their principal use.

The scene of the present play is laid in a hamlet near Athens. The play itself, as the author tells us in the Prologue, is drawn from the Greek of Menander, a distinguished writer of comedy, who was born at Athens B. C. 342; and who, as we are told, was the author of a hundred and eight comedies, of which only a few fragments now remain. "*Heautontimorumenos*," (*Εαυτοντιμωρομενος*) which means, literally, "Taking Vengeance on One's Self," is the name given to the play composed by Menander; and Terence finding it more euphonious than its Latin synonym, gave it to his own. It is descriptive of one of the principal characters, who inflicts upon himself severe trials as a punishment for having driven his only son from home on account of fancied misbehavior. It was first acted in the Megale-sian Games, on which occasion St. Augustine tells us that when Chremes uttered the words in the twenty-fifth line of Scene 1st, Act 1st: "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*," the whole audience, though composed of persons of every class, arose and made the theatre resound with their applause. This passage is quoted by Cicero in his "*De Officiis*;" and

Seneca, too, quotes it in his *Epistola XCV*: "*Iste versus, et in pectore et in ore sit: Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" Many of the sayings of Terence are household words, handed down from century to century in various forms, with scarcely a thought as to their origin.

Suetonius, a distinguished Roman historian who lived during the 1st century, is said to have written a biography of our poet, in which we are told that Publius Terentius Afer was born in Carthage (about 193 B. C.); that he was a slave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman Senator, who not only gave him a liberal education, but his freedom, also, at an early age. How he became a slave, whether by birth or by the chances of war, is not known, but on being made free he assumed the name of his master, to which was added that of *Afer* (the African) on account of being born in Carthage.

The six comedies which have survived him were all acted in Rome under his own supervision, and must, therefore, have been written before he reached his thirty-fifth year, at which age he left Rome on a visit to Athens, whence he never returned.

Concerning the sojourn of Terence in Athens but very little is known. It is said that he there accomplished a vast amount of work, and was on his way home by sea with more than a hundred plays which he had written, when, as has been already said, a storm arose, and he and all his treasures perished. But the story of his dying at sea is somewhat doubtful. Eusebius says that he died in Arcadia, and others add that it was from a broken heart caused by the loss of all his manuscripts.

Of all the Roman dramatic poets his works alone, with those of Plautus, have come down to us. His plays are not only remarkable for the purity of their diction, but, as well, for their elegance and refinement. Besides being a man of culture and learning, he had been brought up in the most refined society of Rome. From boyhood he was a most welcome guest among the families of the Palatine, petted, in fact, by the proud Roman matrons and their accomplished daughters, in whose eyes he was one of the handsomest of men, and in whose judgment he was, by reason of his wit and grace, one of the most charming of companions.

The author of the present translation, on entering upon his work, believed

that he could exemplify in rhyme better than in blank verse the language of the play which preserves a happy mean between the sublimity of Tragedy and the lowness of Farce. And he, moreover, believed that in imitating the various and ever-alternating Latin meters and different kinds of verse by means of English meters and verse corresponding, at least, in name, he would in some degree prevent monotony and enliven, as was, doubtless, the great poet's object. The work has been one of love alone; and in the words of Melanchthon already quoted, he would say: "I shall not regret my labor if thereby I shall make others love Terence more."

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I.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR,

FROM THE LATIN OF TERENCE



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chremes—Father of Clitipho and Antiphila.

Clitipho—Son of Chremes.

Menedemus—Father of Clinia.

Clinia—Son of Menedemus.

Sostrata—Wife of Chremes.

Antiphila—Daughter of Chremes and Sostrata, and beloved by Clinia.

Bacchis—A courtesan and friend of Clitipho.

Nurse—Of Antiphila.

Phrygia—Maid servant of Bacchis.

Syrus—Servant of Clitipho.

Dromo—Servant of Clinia.

SCENE. A village near Athens.

THE EPITOME

OF

C. SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS.

Young Clinia, for Antiphila with love on fire,
Is sent to foreign wars by his offended sire,
Who then afflicts himself, repenting sore his act.
The son returns, but from his father hides the fact,
And lives with Clitipho, who lech'rous Bacchis woos.
Now Clinia bids Antiphila to come. By ruse,
Comes Bacchis, as Antiphila; in slave's attire
Antiphila upon her waits, which, from his sire,
Young Clitipho conceals. Through schemes by Syrus laid,
Ten minas, by the father, are to Bacchis paid.
Antiphila, to Clitipho, is sister found;
To Clinia she, to him a maid, for life, are bound.

C. SULPICI APOLLINARIS.

PERIOCHA.

In militiam proficisci gnatum Cliniam
Amantem Antiphilam compulit durus pater,
Animique sese angebat facti paenitens.
Mox ut reversu'st, clam patrem divertitur
Ad Clitiphonem ; is amabat scortum Bacchidem.
Cum arcesseret cupitam Antiphilam Clinia,
Ut ejus Bacchis venit amica ac servolae
Habitum gerens Antiphila ; factum id quo patrem
Suum celaret Clitipho : hic technis Syri
Decem minas meretriculae aufert a sene.
Antiphila Clitiphonis reperitur soror :
Hanc Clinia, aliam Clitipho uxorem accipit.

PROLOGUE.

Lest, friends, you be surprised to find a man so old
Selected for a part some youth might rather hold,
I will at first explain, and then my message speak.

A comedy it is, drawn from a play in Greek,
That I'm about to act, the Self-Tormentor named ;
Which from a single, to a double plot is framed.
Its novelties you'll see. Who wrote the same, as well
As whose it is in Greek, I certainly would tell,
Did I not think that most of you already know.
But why I take this part, first let me show.
As advocate I'm sent, not prologue speaker, friends ;
You are the judges here, I who the bard defends ;
But I, as pleader, can by eloquence succeed
So far alone as means are furnish'd me to plead,
By him who wrote the speech which fain I'd now recite.

Concerning tales wide-spread through jealousy and spite,
That Grecian plays he blends, attempting to devise,
Of Latin only few, he not at all denies,
Nor e'en repents, but means such labors to pursue.
Examples of good writers has he not a few :
And doing what they do, he thinks is no offense.

Wherein an old and envious poet makes pretence
That Terence, all at once, himself to verse applied,
And more on friendly aid than on himself relied,
Your judgement shall be form'd ; and be it what it may,
It shall prevail ; and all of you, I therefore pray,

PROLOGUS.

Ne cui sit vestrum mirum, cur partis seni
Poeta dederit, quae sunt adolescentium :
Id primum dicam : deinde quod veni eloquar.
Ex integra Graeca integram comediam
Hodie sum acturus Heauton timorumenon.
Duplex quae ex argumento facta est simplici.
Novam esse ostendi et quae esset ; nunc qui scripserit.
Et cuja Graeca sit, ni partem maximam
Existimarem scire vestrum, id dicerem.
Nunc quamobrem has partis didicerim paucis dabo.
Oratorem esse voluit me, non prologum ;
Vestrum iudicium fecit ; me actorem dedit ;
Sed hic actor tantum poterit a facundia,
Quantum ille potuit cogitare commode,
Qui orationem hanc scripsit, quam dicturus sum.
Nam quod rumores distulerunt malevoli,
Multas contaminasse Graecas, dum facit
Paucas Latinas ; factum id esse hic non negat,
Neque se pigere et deinde facturum autumat.
Habet bonorum exemplum, quo exemplo sibi
Licere id facere quod illi fecerunt putat.
Tum quod malevolus vetus poeta dicitat,
Repente ad studium hunc se applicasse musicum,
Amicum ingenio fretum, hand natura sua ;
Arbitrum vestrum, vestra existimatio
Valebit ; quare oratos vos omnis volo,

To let no hostile speech, a friendly one o'er-ride.
 Just judgement render, too, and every means provide
 For those who, with new plays, would make you well content ;
 Not poor ones though, lest he should think himself here meant,
 Who, in a recent piece, allowed a slave to chase
 Free people from the street. Shall Terence show him grace ?
 More of his sins you'll know should he e'er undertake
 New plays to write, unless an end to slurs he make.

Give me unbiased hearing ; favor me, I pray,
 With silence requisite to act this quiet play,
 So that the aged man of wrath, the busy slave,
 The all-consuming parasite, the shameless knave,
 The avaricious pimp, I need not e'er sustain
 As roles with bursting throat and labors full of pain.
 For my sake, let this plea as honest be received,
 And from such great fatigue, pray, let me be relieved,
 For they who write new plays, spare not at all my age,
 And when the work is hard my services engage,
 But when 'tis otherwise, to other troops apply.

The language of this piece is pure. My powers try,
 Good Friends, in this as well as in a noisy part.
 If greed of gain has never ruled me in my art,
 And if therein it e'er has been my chief delight
 To toil for your amusement here with all my might,
 Let my example, pray, to younger men be shown,
 That they your pleasure seek, in preference to their own.

Ne plus iniquum possit quam aequum oratio.
Facite aequi sitis ; date crescendi copiam,
Novarum qui spectandi faciunt copiam,
Sine vitiis ; ne ille pro se dictum existimet,
Qui nuper fecit servo currenti in via
Decesse populum ; cur insano serviat ?
De illius peccatis plura dicet, cum dabit
Alias novas, nisi finem maledictis facit.
Adeste aequo animo ; date potestatem mihi
Statariam agere ut liceat per silentium ;
Ne semper servus currens, iratus senex,
Edax parasitus, sycophanta autem impudens,
Avarus leno, assidue agendi sint mihi
Clamore summo, cum labore maximo.
Mea causa causam hanc justam esse animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi.
Nam nunc novas qui scribunt, nil parcunt seni ;
Siquae laboriosa'st, ad me curritur ;
Si lenis est, ad alium defertur gregem.
In hac est pura oratio ; experimini,
In utramque partem ingenium quid possit meum.
Si numquam avare pretium statui arti meae,
Et eum esse quaestum in animum induxi maximum,
Quam maxime servire vestris, commodis ;
Exemplum statuite in me, ut adolescentuli,
Vobis placere studeant potius quam sibi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Village Street. Enter *Chremes* and *Menedemus*, the latter with a spade and rake in hand.

Chre.—Acquaintance, sir, between us, though of recent date—
Beginning when you bought some land near mine of late—
And though, as ground for friendship, there be nothing more,
Yet either your stout heart, or that you live next door—
Which is, in my esteem, to friendship close allied—
Constrains me boldly and familiarly to chide
You toiling thus in what, it seems to me, your age,
As well as your great wealth, must bid you not engage.
Now, by both gods and men, wherefore, yourself, so hate?
Or what's your wish, with sixty years upon your pate,
And more, as I believe; possessor, too, of lands
Whose worth exceeds what any neighbor here commands;
With troops of slaves, 'midst whom you live, as if alone,
And for them trudge and haul, and 'neath their burdens groan.
Whene'er I go abroad, at morn, or, homeward bound,
However late I come, I see you on your ground,
With plough, or rake in hand, hard delving in the soil,
Without a moment's rest, intent upon your toil;
And ne'er can I believe such work real pleasure yields.
But you will say: if, in the culture of your fields,
Your slaves can, at their tasks, be willingly retain'd

ACTUS I.

SCENA I.

CHREMES. MENEDEMUS.

Chre.—Quamquam haec inter nos nuper notitia admodum'st,
Inde adeo quod agrum in proximo hic mercatus es,
Nec rei fere sane amplius quidquam fuit ;
Tamen vel virtus tua me vel vicinitas,
Quod ego in propinqua parte amicitiae puto,
Facit ut te audacter moneam et familiariter,
Quod mihi videre praeter aetatem tuam
Facere et praeter quam res te adhortatur tua.
Nam pro deum atque hominum fidem, quid vis tibi?
Quid quaeris? annos sexaginta natus es,
Aut plus eo, ut conjicio ; agrum his regionibus
Melio rem neque preti majoris, nemo habet ;
Servos compluris : proinde quasi nemo siet,
Ita tute attente illorum officia fungere.
Numquam tam mane egredior, neque tam vesperi
Domum revertor, quin te in fundo conspicer
Fodere aut arare aut aliquid ferre, denique
Nullum remittis tempus neque te respicis.
Haec non voluptati tibi esse satis certo scio.
Enim, dices, quantum hic operis fiat poenitet.
Quod in opere faciundo operae consumis tuae,

As long as you engage, so much the more you've gain'd.

Men.—Pray, Chremes, have you, then, so little work to do,
That you can care for things no wise concerning you?

Chre.—I am a man: what man concerns, must me concern.
'Tis mine to warn you now, or mine from you to learn.
If right, I'll copy you; if wrong, I must deter.

Men.—It suits me thus to live; please do what you prefer.

Chre.—E'er pleased it man to rack himself?

Men.—Yes, me, dear sir.

Chre.—If you had grief, I'd hold. 'Tis crime! Is that not so,
I pray? What merits punishment so great?

Men.—Oh, Oh!

Chre.—Pray do not weep; make known your secret; speak, sir, speak!
Withhold it not; be not afraid; believe I seek
Your good by cheerful words; by counsel; aught I have.

Men.—My story would you know?

Chre.—For reasons which I gave.

Men.—It shall be told.

Chre. But lay this heavy mattock by,
And weary not yourself.

Men.—Not so.

Chre.—Nay, tell me why.

Men.—Return it, please; I would not through a moment's flight
Repose.

Chre.—I'll not, I say.

Men. Ah, sir, you do not right.

Chre.—Oh, what a weight it is!

Men. For me, too light a one.

Chre.—Well then, proceed.

Men.—My friend, a young and only son

Si sumas in illis exercendis, plus agas.

Men.—Chreme, tantumne ab re tua'st oti tibi,
Aliena ut cures eaque nil quae ad te attinent?

Chre.—Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.
Vel me monere hoc vel percontari puta:
Rectum'st, ego ut faciam; non est, te ut deterream.

Men.—Mihi sic est usus; tibi ut opus facto'st, face.

Chre.—An cuiquam'st, usus homini, se ut cruciet?

Men.—Mihi.

Chre.—Siquid labori'st, nollem; sed quid istuc mali'st?
Quaeso, quid de te tantum meruisti?

Men.—Eheu!

Chre.—Ne lacrima, atque istuc quidquid est, fac me ut sciam;
Ne retice; ne verere; crede inquam mihi,
Aut consolando aut consilio aut re juvero.

Men.—Scire hoc vis?

Chre.—Hac quidem causa, qua dixi tibi.

Men.—Dicetur.

Chre.—At istos rastros interea tamen
Appone, ne labora.

Men.—Minime.

Chre.—Quam rem agis?

Men.—Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris.

Chre.—Non sinam, inquam.

Men.—Ah, non aequum facis.

Chre.—Hui, tam gravis hos, quaeso!

Men.—Sic meritum'st meum.

Chre.—Nunc loquere.

Men.—Filium unicum adolescentulum

I have—Ah, said I “*have?*” ‘Twere truer, *had*, to say,
For that I have, there’s doubt.

Chre.— Why so?

Men.— Attend, I pray:

A dame from Corinth, old and poor, hard by us dwells,
Whose daughter this, my son, ador’d, till through her spells,
He took her as a wife, and kept unknown to me.

This having learned, inhumanly, as now I see—

And not with love so fit in ailments of the mind—

I used that force, with parents common, though unkind,

And daily scolded him: “What! do you hope to thrive

While living thus, and, with a father still alive,

Pay worship to a jade, when you should love a wife?

You err, if this be so, nor know me, by my life!

Now learn that ’tis my will to own you as my son

So long as you do right; if wrong, howe’er, be done,

Mine then ’twill be to find what’s right from me to you.

Your conduct, sir, is bred from having naught to do.

When at your age, my time was not in idling spent,

But with an empty purse, to Asia far I went,

On gaining wealth and fame in feats of arms intent.

Thus, Chremes, thus I railed till, conquered by appeals,

So oft and rudely made, the youth no more conceals

Conviction that my age and love enabled me,

Far better than himself, his future good to see.

To Asia and the wars he went to serve his prince.

Chre.—What’s that?

Men.— That secretly he went, now, three months since.

Chre.—And you are both to blame; and yet in him I find
The marks of worth and sense of honor well refined.

Habeo. Ah, quid dixi? habere me? immo habui, Chreme:
Nunc habeam, necne, incertum'st.

Chre.— Quid ita istuc?

Men.— Scies.

Est e Corintho hic advena anus paupercola:
Ejus filiam ille amare coepit perditę,
Prope jam ut pro uxore haberet: haec clam me omnia,
Ubi rem rescivi, coepi non humanitus
Neque ut animum decuit aegrotum adolescentuli
Tractare, sed vi et via pervulgata patrum.
Quotidie accusabam; hem, tibine haec diutius
Licere speras facere, me vivo patre,
Amicam ut habeas prope jam in uxoris loco?
Erras, si id credis, et me ignoras, Clinia.
Ego te meum esse dici tantisper volo,
Dum quod te dignum'st facies; sed si id non facis,
Ego, quod me in te sit facere dignum, invenero.
Nulla adeo ex re istuc fit, nisi ex nimio otio.
Ego istuc aetatis non amori operam dabam,
Sed in Asiam hinc abii propter pauperiem, atque ibi
Simul rem et gloriam armis belli repperi.
Postremo adeo res rediit; adolescentulus
Saepe eadem, et graviter audiendo, victus est.
Et aetate putavit me et benevolentia
Plus scire et providere quam se ipsum sibi.
In Asiam ad regem militatum abiit, Chreme.

Chre.—Quid ais?

Men.— Clam me profectus mensis tris abest.

Chre.—Ambo accusandi; etsi illud inceptum tamen
Animi'st pudentis signum et non instrenui.

Men.—Oh, when from friends, the story of his flight was heard,
 I homeward went at once, my soul profoundly stirred.
 Uncertain what to do and sick from wounded love,
 I lay me down. My slaves approach; my clothes remove.
 I see them run, some hastily the board to spread,
 While others, viands bring, and each, by ardor sped,
 His utmost does to sooth and strengthen me half dead.
 And seeing this, I ask : Why should so many be
 Constrained to serve one man, so many wait on me ?
 Servants to make my clothes? Such cost for one alone—
 That one myself—why should I make? But he, my son,
 Has need thereof as much as I, nay, more than I,
 For these well fit his age, and he has tastes to gratify.
 Ah, him from home, have I unjustly forced to fly.
 Myself, I'd worthy deem, on all earth's woes to feed,
 Could I thus live while he, my son, remains in need,
 In banishment from home, by fault of mine alone.
 Meantime to him, for this great wrong that I have done,
 By toil and starving e'en, I shall somewhat atone.

And thus resolved, I stripped my floors and walls
 Of all that could be sold; my servants, from my halls
 I sent, retaining only those to whom the field,
 In recompense for work, a due return would yield.
 Aye, all I sold. Upon the home where he was reared,
 I wrote : "This house for sale," and fifteen talents cleared.
 Then hither came, where now I plant and sow,
 In hope that for the pains I daily undergo,
 My son will, in degree, find easement for his woe.
 In fact, I claim henceforth no right to any joy,
 Until 'tis granted me together with my boy.

Men.—Ubi comperi ex eis, qui fuere ei consciï,
Domum revertor maestus atque animo fere
Perturbato atque incerto prae aegritudine.
Assido ; accurrunt servi, soccos detrahunt :
Video alios festinare, lectos sternere,
Coenam apparare : pro se quisque sedulo
Faciebat, quo illam mihi lenirent miseriam.
Ubi video haec, coepi cogitare : Hem, tot mea
Solius solliciti sint causa, ut me unum expleant ?
Ancillae tot me vestiant ? Sumptus domi
Tantos ego solus faciam ? Sed gnatum unicum,
Quem pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa aetas magis ad haec utenda idonea 'st,
Eum ego hinc ejeci miserum injustitia mea.
Malo quidem me quovis dignum deputem,
Si id faciam. Nam usque dum ille vitam illam coleret
Inopem, carens patria ob meas injurias,
Interea usque illi de me supplicium dabo,
Laborans, quaerens, parcens, illi serviens.
Ita facio prorsus : nil relinquo in aedibus,
Nec vas, nec vestimentum : corrasi omnia,
Ancillas, servos, nisi eos qui opere rustico
Faciundo facile sumptum exercirent suum,
Omnes produxi ac vendidi ; inscripsi ilico
Aedis mercede ; quasi talenta ad quindecim
Coegi ; agrum hunc mercatus sum ; hic me exerceo.
Decrevi tantisper me minus injuriae,
Chreme, meo gnato facere, dum fiam miser ;
Nec fas esse, ulla me voluptate hic frui,
Nisi ubi ille huc salvus redierit meus particeps.

Chre.—Ingenio te esse in liberos leni puto,
Et illum obsequentem, si quis recte aut commode
Tractaret. Verum neque illum tu satis noveras,
Nec te ille; hoc quod fit, ubi non vere vivitur.
Tu illum numquam ostendisti quanti penderes,
Nec tibi ille'st credere ausus quae est aequum patri.
Quod si esset factum, haec numquam evenissent tibi.

Men.—Ita res est, fateor; peccatum a me maximum'st.

Chre.—Menedeme, at porro recte spero et illum tibi
Salvum affuturum esse hic confido propediem.

Men.—Utinam ita di faxint.

Chre.—Facient: nunc, si commodum'st,
Dionysia hic sunt hodie: apud me sis volo.

Men.—Non possum.

Chre.—Cur non? quaeso, tandem aliquantulum.
Tibi parce; idem absens facere te hoc vult filius.

Men.—Non convenit, qui illum ad laborem hinc pepulerim,
Nunc me ipsum fugere.

Chre.—Siccine'st sententia?

Men.—Sic.

Chre.— Bene vale.

Men.—Et tu.

Chre.—Lacrimas excussit mihi,
Miseretque me ejus; sed ut diei tempus est,
Monere oportet me hunc vicinum Phanium,
Ad coenam ut veniat; ibo, visam si domi'st.
Nil opus fuit monitore; jam dudum domi
Praesto apud me esse aiunt; egomet convivas moror.
Ibo adeo hinc intro; sed quid crepuerunt fores
Hinc a me? Quisnam egreditur? huc concessero.

SCENA II.

CLITIPHO. CHIREMES.

Clit.—Nil adhuc est quod vereare, Clinia: haud quaquam etiam cessant:

Et illam simul cum nuntio tibi hic affuturam hodie scio.

Proin tu sollicitudinem istam falsam, quæ exeruciat, mittas.

Chre.—Quicum loquitur filius?

Clit.—Pater adest, quem volui: adibo: pater, opportune advenis.

Chre.—Quid id est?

Clit.— Hunc Menedemum nostin' nostrum Vicinum?

Chre.— Probe.

Clit.—Huic filium scis esse?

Chre.— Audiavi esse in Asia.

Clit.— Non est, pater:

Apud nos est.

Chre.— Quid ais?

Clit.— Advenientem, e navi egredientem ilico

Abduxi ad cœnam: nam mihi magna cum eo jam inde a pueritia

Fuit semper familiaritas.

Chre.— Voluptatem magnam nuntias.

Quam vellem Menedemum invitatum, ut nobiscum esset amplius

Ut hanc lætitiã nec opinanti primus objicerem ei domi.

Atque hercle etiam nunc tempus est.

Clit.— Nay, nay, beware; just now it cannot be.

Chre.—Why not?

Clit.— Because, still Clinia is in doubt; just landed from the sea, All things he fears; his father's wrath, and lest, the same his mistress show, Whom he so loves, and for whose sake he went, and has returned.

Chre.— I know.

Clit.—To-day, he sent to her his slave with whom, too, Syrus went from me.

Chre.—What says he?

Clit.— He? That he's forlorn.

Chre.— Who should be less forlorn than he? What needs he that he has not now, which men esteem of highest worth? Has he not parents, country, friends, relations, riches, gentle birth? The value true, of these depends, in most part, on the owner's mind; Who uses them with skill, finds gain; who does not so, great loss must find.

Clit.—The poor old man was always harsh, and more than ever, now, I fear

That, moved with wrath toward his son, he'll show himself still more severe.

Chre.—Will he—(*aside*) But hold; if now this son hath for his father fear, 'tis right.

Clit.—What's said so low?

Chre.— That Clinia should have staid at home, all things despite. Perhaps the father may have been somewhat more harsh than pleased the son,

Yet this he should have borne; if not, pray, should he bear with any one? Now, ought this father mind his son, or ought this son his father mind? What seems to Clinia harsh, is not; for parents' harshnesses you'll find Are always much alike, that is, 'mongst men of somewhat lib'ral make: A glutton will they not approve, nor can they smile upon a rake. Of gold, they sparely give; but these their customs are, for virtue's sake.

Clit.— Cave faxis : non opus est, pater.

Chre.—Quapropter ?

Clit.— Quia enim incertum 'st etiam, quid se faciat : modo venit.
Timet omnia : patris iram et animum amicæ se erga ut sit suæ.
Eam misere amat : propter eam hæc turba, atque abitio evenit.

Chre.— Scio

Clit.—Nunc servulum ad eam in urbem misit, et ego nostrum una
Syrum.

Chre.—Quid narrat ?

Clit.— Quid ille ? miserum se esse.

Chre.— Miserum ? quem minus credere 'st ?

Quid reliqui 'st quin habeat, quæ quidem in homine dicuntur bona ?
Parentis, patriam incolumem, amicos, genus, cognatos, divitias.
Atque hæc perinde sunt ut illius animus qui ea possidet :
Qui uti scit, ei bona ; illi, qui non utitur recte, mala.

Clit.—Immo ille fuit senex importunus semper ; et nunc nil
magis

Vereor quam nequid in illum iratus plus satis faxit, pater.

Chre.—Illene ? Sed reprimam me : nam in metu esse hunc, illi est
utile.

Clit.—Quid tute tecum ?

Chre.— Dicam. ut ut erat, mansum tamen oportuit.

Fortasse aliquantum iniquior erat præter ejus lubidinem.
Pateretur : nam quem ferret, si parentem non ferret suum ?
Huncine erat equum ex illius more an illum ex hujus vivere ?
Et quod illum insinulat durum, id non est ; nam parentum injuriæ
Unius modi sunt ferme ; paulo qui est homo tolerabilis,
Scortari crebro nolunt, nolunt crebro convivariæ,
Præbent exigue sumptum : atque hæc sunt tamen ad virtutem omnia.

Oh, when the mind allows itself by wicked lusts to be enslaved,
Necessity compels it then to cherish thoughts and ways depraved.
A maxim 'tis: "From other's slips some profit for oneself to gain."

Clit.—You're right, I'm sure.

Chrc.— I'll go within, and of the feast, a glimpse obtain;
But mind, 'tis growing late, so go not far away nor long remain. (*Exit*)

Clit.—What unjust judges fathers are, when in regard to us they hold
That even from our boyish days, we ought, in conduct, to be old,
Nor taste at all the very things that youth, and only youth, requires.
They rule us by their present wants, not by their past, long lost desires.
If ever son be born to me, a facile father will I make,
Who, in accusing and excusing him of faults, such means will take
As mine does not, who, through another's sins, to lecture me, e'en seeks.
Zounds! when he drinks too much, he boasts to me of his odd freaks,
And bids me now: "From other's slips, some profit for myself to gain."
How wise! He little knows how deaf I am to what his words contain.
Far more, my sweetheart's words excite, when "Give" or "Bring to me,"
she cries,

And I no answer, have to make; ah, then, more deeply no one sighs.
But Clinia, now, although he has sufficient troubles of his own,
Yet has a mistress gently bred, who wicked arts has never known;
While mine is brazen, wanton, proud, extravagant and fond of show.
When I should give, I smile; for naught have I, yet dare not tell her so.
This snare I fell into of late, and would not have my father know.

Verum animus ubi semel se cupiditate devinxit mala,
Necesse 'st, Clitipho, consilia consequi consimilia; hoc
Scitum 'st periculum ex aliis facere, tibi quid ex usu siet.

Clit.—Ita credo.

Chre.— Ego ibo hinc intro, ut videam cœnæ quid nobis siet.
Tu, ut tempus est diei, vide sis nequo hinc abeas longius.

Clit.—Quam iniqui sunt patres in omnes adolescentis iudices!
Qui æquum esse censent nos jam a pueris ilico nasci senes;
Neque illarum affines esse rerum, quas fert adolescentia.
Ex sua lubidine moderantur, nunc quæ est, non quæ olim fuit.
Mihî si unquam filius erit, ne ille facili me utetur patre;
Nam et cognoscendi et ignoscendi dabitur peccati locus;
Non ut meus, qui mihî per alium ostendit suam sententiam.
Perii! is mi, ubi adbibit plus paulo, sua quæ narrat facinora!
Nunc ait periculum ex aliis facito, tibi quid ex usu siet.
Astutus! ne ille haud scit, quam mihî nunc surdo narret fabulam,
Magis nunc me amicae dicta stimulant: da mihî, atque affer mihî.
Cui quod respondeam nil habeo; neque me quisquam 'st miserior.
Nam hic Clinia, etsi is quoque suarum rerum sat agit, tamen habet
Bene et pudice eductam et artis ignaram meretriciæ.
Mea'st potens, procax, magnifica sumptuosa, nobilis.
Tum quod dem ei, recte est: nam nil esse mihî religio'st dicere.
Hoc ego mali non pridem inveni; neque etiam dum scit pater.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

CLINIA. CLITIPHO.

Clin.—If I had prospered in my love, I know she would already here
Have come; but in my absence, she, alas, has gone astray, I fear.
And many things concur to aggravate the torment of my soul:
The chance, the place, her age, the wicked mother, too, 'neath whose control
She is; to whom, save money, naught is sweet.

Clit.— Oh, Clinia.

Clin.— Wretched me.

Clit.—Beware lest some one from your father's house should now
your coming see.

Clin.—I will; but something now presages ill, I know not what, nor
how.

Clit.—Why will you thus a judgment form, ere well attested facts
allow?

Clin.—If naught were wrong, now were she here.

Clit.— E'en now she'll come.

Clin.— But when that "now"?

Clit.—You do not think how long's the road; and, then these
women's ways, you know,

How while they fix, unfix, refix, a year is gone.

Clin.— Oh Clitipho,

I fear.

Clit.— Take heart; there's Dromo now, and Syrus, too; see
where they go!

ACTUS II.

SCENA I.

CLINIA. CLITIPHO.

Clin.—Si mihi secundæ res de amore meo essent, jamdudum scio
Venissent : sed vereor, ne mulier me absente hic corrupta sit.
Concurrunt multæ opiniones, quæ mihi animum exaugeant :
Occasio, locus, ætas, mater, cujus sub imperio 'st mala,
Cui nil jam præter pretium dulce'st.

Clit.— Clinia.

Clin.— Ei misero mihi.

Clit.—Etiam caves, ne videat forte hic te a patre aliquis exiens.

Clin.—Faciam : sed nescio quid profecto mi animus præsentat mali.

Clit.—Pergin' istuc prius dijudicare, quam scis quid veri siet ?

Clin.—Si nil mali esset, jam hic adessent.

Clit.— Iam aderunt.

Clin.— Quando istuc 'jam 'erit ?

Clit.—Non cogitas hinc longule esse : et nosti mores mulierum :
Dum moliuntur, dum comuntur annus est.

Clin.— O Clitipho,

Timeo.

Clit.— Respira : eccum Dromonem cum Syro una : adsunt tibi.

SCENE II.

SYRUS. DROMO. CLITIPHO. CLINIA.

Syr.—Speak you truly?*Dro.*— Truly.*Syr.*— While we gabble thus, 'tis clear

They are loit'ring.

Clit. (to Clin.)— Clinia, now she's coming! Do you hear?*Clin. (to Clit.)*—Truly, now I hear and see, and no one happier feels.*Dro.*—No wise strange is this, with troops of servants at their heels,
Waiting on them.*Clin. (to Clit.)*— How's this? Servants? Whence?*Clit. (to Clin.)*— You think I know?*Syr.*—Leaving them with so much stuff to bear, was wrong.*Clin. (to Clit.)*— Oh, Oh!*Syr.*—Jewelry and clothes; 'tis growing late; they'll lose the way.

Stupid we to leave them; Dromo, go now, meet them, pray;

Haste! Be off!

Clin. (to Clit.)— Oh me! From what a height of hope, I'm
thrown!*Clit. (to Clin.)*—Wherefore this? And why dejected now?*Clin. (to Clit.)*— Shall I make known?See you? Slaves, gems, clothes has she, who had one maid to tend
Her of late; and whence these things?

SCENA II.

SYRUS. DROMO. CLITIPHO. CLINIA.

Syr.—Ain'tu?

Dro.— Sic est.

Syr.— Verum interea, dum sermones caedimus,
Illae sunt relictæ.

Clit.— Mulier tibi adest : audin', Clinia?

Clin.—Ego vero audio nunc demum et video et valeo, Clitipho.

Dro.—Minime mirum : adeo impeditæ sunt : ancillarum gregem
Ducunt secum.

Clin.— Perii ! unde illi sunt aucillae ?

Clit.— Men' rogas ?

Syr.—Non oportuit relictas : portant quid rerum !

Clin.— Ei mihi !

Syr.—Aurum, vestem : et vesperascit, et non noverunt viam.
Factum a nobis stulte'st. Abi dum tu, Dromo, illis obviam :
Propera : quid stas ?

Clin.— Vae misero mi, quanta de spe decidi !

Clit.—Qui istuc ? quæ res te sollicitat autem ?

Clin.— Rogitas quid siet ?

Viden'tu ? Ancillas aurum vestem, quam ego cum una ancillula
Hic reliqui, unde ei esse censes ?

Clit. (to Clin.)— I comprehend.

*Syr. (to himself)—*What a crowd? The house will not contain them all, I know.

How they'll eat, and how they'll drink! For master, how much woe!
(*espying Clit. and Clin.*) Here are friends, I wish'd.

Clin. (to Clit.)— Oh Jove, where now is honor gone?
While I distracted, thrust from home, have roved for love of you alone,
You, you, Antiphila, have gathered wealth and now would me disown,
Aye, you, for whom I'm thus disgraced; for whom, my father I despised,
Him, for whose sake, I grieve, and who, 'gainst follies such as this
advised,

Alas, advised in vain, and never could restrain my love for you,
But now this shall be done, which, when 'twere well 'twere done, I
would not do.

There lives no wretch like me!

Syr. (apart)— Some error surely hath been just begot
From out our words. (*To Clin.*) Pray, Clinia, do you take your love
for what she's not?

Her life's the same; her heart for you appears to be
Unchanged, so far as we could either hear or see.

*Clin.—*And what was that? For there is naught I'd not prefer
To knowing I was wrong wherein I doubted her.

*Syr.—*Then firstly this, lest anything you fail to know:
That ancient dame, once called her dam, was never so,
And now is dead, as from a gossip on the way
I heard, while she the story told.

Clit.— What gossip, pray?

*Syr.—*Stay, Clitipho, let me proceed; please not forestall.
I'll come to what you wish.

Clit.— Proceed.

Clit.— Vah, nunc demum intelligo.

Syr.—Di boni, quid turbae 'st! aedes nostrae vix capient, scio.
Quid comedent! quid ebibent! Quid sene erit nostro miserius!
Sed eccos video quos volebam.

Clin.— O Jupiter, ubinam 'st fides?
Dum ego propter te errans patria careo demens, tu interea loci
Conlocupletasti te, Antiphila, et me in his deseruisti malis,
Propter quam in summa infamia sum et meo patri minus sum
obsequens,
Cujus nunc pudet me et miseret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuisse frustra, neque eum potuisse umquam ab hac me aspellere.
Quod tamen nunc faciam; tum, quum gratum mihi esse potuit, nolui.
Nemo 'st miserior me.

Syr.— Hic de nostris verbis errat videlicet,
Quae hic sumus locuti. Clinia, aliter tuum amorem atque est
accipis;
Nam et vita 'st eadem et animus te erga idem ac fuit,
Quantum ex ipsa re conjecturam fecimus.

Clin.—Quid est obsecro? nam mihi nunc nil rerum omnium 'st
Quod malim quam me hoc falso suspicariet.

Syr.—Hoc primum, ut nequid hujus rerum ignores: anus,
Quae est dicta mater esse ei antehac, non fuit:
Ea obiit mortem: hoc ipsa in itinere alterae
Dum narrat, forte audivi

Clit.— Quae nam 'st altera?

Syr.—Mane: hoc quod coepi primum enarrem, Clitipho:
Post istuc veniam.

Clit.— Propera.

Syr.— Then first of all :
 Her dwelling reached, your Dromo at the door applied.
 A withered crone appear'd, and flung the portal wide.
 And Dromo rushed inside, I close upon his track.
 She fast'ning well the bolt, straight to her work went back.
 Thus, Clinia, was a chance, or ne'er was one enjoy'd,
 To learn how, while you roamed, the maid herself employ'd,
 As in her presence, unannounced, we forthwith hied ;
 For fittest time was thus presented to decide
 What was the usual way in which her life was spent,
 A thing which, doubtless, would declare her spirit's bent.

Confronted thus, we found her busy at the loom,
 In common garments dress'd, appropriate to the gloom
 Attendant on the beldam's death,—as since divined.
 Attired to please herself: no gems of any kind
 She wore, nor aught of borrow'd gloss, in Nature's stead ;
 And, then, her long, loose hair flung deftly round her head
 Fell carelessly behind—Nay, hark.

Clin.— Ah, Syrus, frame
 No tale inspiring joy, to cheat my hope.

Syr.— The dame
 Worked at the woof. Beside her was a little maid,
 Who likewise was engaged, rags o'er her shoulders laid,
 Neglected, foul with filth.

Clit.— If, Clinia, this be true,
 As I believe it is, what's happier now for you ?
 Mark you this maid described as foul and foully clad ;
 A sign it is there's nothing in the mistress bad,
 When on her body-guard, no presents are bestow'd ;
 For 'tis the rule for those who seek the shortest road

Syr.— Jam primum omnium,
Ubi ventum ad aedes est, Dromo pultat fores :
Anus quaedam prodit : haec ubi aperuit ostium,
Continuo hic se coniecit intro, ego consequor.
Anus foribus obdit pessulum, ad lanam redit.
Hic sciri potuit aut nusquam alibi, Clinia,
Quo studio vitam suam te absente exegerit,
Ubi de improvise 'st interventum mulieri :
Nam ea res dedit tum existimandi copiam.
Quotidianae vitae consuetudinem,
Quae cujusque ingenium ut sit, declarat maxime.
Textentem telam studiose ipsam offendimus,
Mediocriter vestitam veste lugubri
Ejus anuis causa opinor quae erat mortua
Sine auro : tum ornatam ita uti quae ornantur sibi,
Nulla mala re esse expolitam muliebri,
Capillus passus, prolixus, circum caput
Rejectus negligenter : pax !

Clin.— Syre mi, obsecro,
Ne me in laetitiam frustra conjicias.

Syr.— Anus
Subtemen nebat : praeterea una ancillula
Erat ; ea texebat una, pannis obsita,
Neglecta, immunda illuvie.

Clin.— Si haec sunt, Clinia,
Vera, ita uti credo, quis te 'st fortunatior ?
Scin' hanc quam dicit sordidatam et sordidam ?
Magnum hoc quoque signum 'st dominam esse extra noxiam,
Quum ejus tam negliguntur internuntii.
Nam disciplina est iisdem, munerarier

The mistress' heart to find, her maid, with gifts to load.

Clin. (*to Syr.*)—Proceed ; but mind you do not try my grace to seek
By lies. What said she when my name she heard you speak ?

Syr.—When told that you were home, that you had bid us pray
Her come to you, the maiden toss'd her work away,
And tears adown her cheek gave one another chase,
In proof of strong desire to see once more your face.

Clin.—Now, by the gods, for very joy, I've lost my head,
So great my fear.

Clit.— I knew you had no cause for dread,
But, Syrus, 'tis my turn ; the gossip's name, I pray ?

Syr.—We bring your Bacchis, too.

Clit.— What ? Bacchis did you say ?
Knave, where bring you her ?

Syr.— To our own house, 'tis clear.

Clit.—What, my father's house ?

Syr.— The same forsooth.

Clit.— Oh shameless man !

Syr.— Look here:
Never noted deed was done without some loss of peace.

Clit.—Rogue, at risk of mine, you seek your profit to increase.
Should you any error make, I must be lost, indeed.

Wherefore this ?

Syr.— Nay, but—

Clit.— What "but" ?

Syr.— Permit.

Clin.— Let him proceed.

Clit.—Granted.

Syr.— Things are then as if—

Clit.— What nonsense now, I pray,

Ancillas primum, ad dominas qui affectant viam.

Clin.—Perge, obsecro te, et cave ne falsam gratiam
Studeas inire. Quid ait ubi me nominas ?

Syr.—Ubi dicimus redisse te et rogare uti
Veniret ad te, mulier telam desinit
Continuo et lacrimis opplet os totum sibi,
Ut facile scires desiderio id fieri.

Clin.—Prae gaudio, ita me di ament, ubi sim nescio :
Ita timui.

Clit.— At ego nil esse scibam, Clinia.
Age dum vicissim, Syre, dic quae illa 'st altera ?

Syr.—Adducimus tuam Bacchidem.

Clit.— Hem, quid ? Bacchidem ?

Eho scelestes, quo illam ducis ?

Syr.— Quo ego illam ? ad nos scilicet.

Clit.—Ad patremne ?

Syr.— Ad eum ipsum.

Clit.— O hominis impudentem audaciam !

Syr.— Heus tu,

Non fit sine periculo facinus magnum nec memorabile.

Clit.—Hoc vide : in mea vita tu tibi laudem is quaesitum, scelus,
Ubi si paululum modo quid te fugerit, ego perierim.
Quid illo facias ?

Syr.— At enim—

Clit.— Quid enim ?

Syr.— Si sinas, dicam.

Clin.— Sine.

Clit.—Sino.

Syr.— Ita res est haec nunc, quasi cum—

Clit.— Quas, malum, ambages mihi

Speaks he ?

Clin.— Syrus, he is right ; the point without delay !

Syr.—I'll no longer keep my tongue ; you treat me very ill ;

Clitipho, you're hard to bear.

Clin.— He must be heard. (*To Clit.*) Be still !

Syr.—Love, you would, and would possess, with means your love to show ;

Yet, to win, no risk will take ; you are no fool, oh no,

Truly, if no fool will wish for what he cannot own.

Risking must with wishing go, or both be let alone.

Of these two conditions, now, which choose you : let us see.

Yet I know my plan is good and from all danger free.

For you may, sir, at your father's, fearless wooing hold ;

Then, to help you keep your promise, will I find the gold,

Which oft failing heretofore, my ears your anger show.

Wish you more ?

Clit.— If this could be ?

Syr.— If? Trying, you will know.

Clit.—Hasten ; tell your project ; what, pray, is it ?

Syr.— We'll aver

Clinia loves your mistress.

Clit.— Good. But his ; what, then, of her ?

Also his ; as if e'en one were not enough disgrace ?

Syr.—To your mother she shall go.

Clit.— And why ?

Syr.— Oh, too much space

'Twould require to tell ; there's cause enough.

Clit.— Inventions all !

Nought I see to tempt me into such a trap to fall.

Syr.—Stay ; if this you fear, I have a plan which both can say

Narrare occipit ?

Clin.— Syre, verum hic dicit : mitte, ad rem redi.

Syr.—Enimvero reticere nequeo : multimodis injuriu's,
Clitipho, neque ferri potis es.

Clin.— Audiundum hercle 'st, tace.

Syr.—Vis amare, vis potiri, vis quod des illi effici :

Tuum esse in potiundo periculum non vis : haud stulte sapis :
Siquidem id sapere 'st, velle te id quod non potest contingere.
Aut haec cum illis sunt habenda, aut illa cum his mittenda sunt.
Harum duarum conditionum nunc utram malis, vide :

Etsi consilium quod cepi rectum esse et tutum scio.

Nam apud patrem tua amica tecum sine metu ut sit copia 'st.

Tum quod illi argentum es pollicitus, eadem hac inveniam via,

Quod ut efficerem, orando surdas jam auris reddideras mihi.

Quid aliud tibi vis ?

Clit.— Siquidem hoc fit.

Syr.— Siquidem ? Experiundo scies.

Clit.—Age, age, cedo istuc tuum consilium : Quid id est ?

Syr.— Assimulabimus

Tuam amicam hujus esse.

Clit.— Pulchre : cedo, quid hic faciet sua ?

An ea quoque dicetur hujus, si una haec dedecori 'st parum ?

Syr.—Immo ad tuam matrem abducetur.

Clit.— Quid eo ?

Syr.— Longum 'st, Clitipho,

Si tibi narrem, quamobrem id faciam : vera causa 'st.

Clit.— Fabulae !

Nil satis firmi video, quamobrem accipere hunc mi expediat metum.

Syr.—Mane, habeo aliud, si istuc metuis, ambo quod fateamini

Dang'rous is not.

Clit.— Something such, please find.

Syr.— Without delay.

I'll meet her on the way and send her homeward.

Clit.— Eh ?

What's that you say ?

Syr.— I'll rid you now of every fear,
And help you sleep unharmed henceforth on either ear.

Clit.—What shall I do ?

Clin.— Do ? Do what's best.

Clit.— Ah Syrus, speak

In faith.

Syr. Too late! Begone! In vain, to-night, you'll seek.

Clin.—This is your chance ; enjoy it now ; you little know—

Clit.—Ho ! Syrus, ho ! (*to Syrus who is going*)

Syr.— Oh call and bawl ! I mean to go !

Clin.—If e'er another chance may come within your reach.

Clit.—Oh Syrus, you are right ! Back, Syrus, I beseech !

Syr. (*aside*)—He burns. (*To Clit.*) Well what ?

Clit.— Come back ! Come back !

Syr.— I'm here, proceed,

Though sure my plan displeases you.

Clit.— Oh no, indeed,

To you, I now commit myself, my love, my name ;

You shall be judge ; beware, though, lest you suffer blame.

Syr.—Ridiculous it is such feelings to express,
As if what must concern you much, concerns me less.
That this affair should fail, just let us now suppose :
Why, you a scolding get, and I, a storm of blows.
Sure this is quite enough to make me take good heed.

Sine periclo esse.

Clit.— Hujusmodi obsecro aliquid reperi.

Syr.— Maxime.

Ibo obviam huic, dicam ut revertatur domum.

Clit.— Hem.

Quid dixti?

Syr.— Ademptum tibi jam faxo omnem metum,

In aurem utramvis otiose ut dormias,

Clit.— Quid ago nunc?

Clin.— Tunc? quod boni,

Clit.— Syre, dic modo

Verum.

Syr.— Age modo: hodie sero ac nequicquam voles.

Clin.— Datur; fruare dum licet, nam necias

Clit.— Syre inquam.

Syr.— Perge porro, tamen istuc ago.

Clin.— Ejus sit potestas posthac an numquam tibi.

Clit.— Verum hercle istuc est. Syre, Syre, inquam, heus, heus Syre.

Syr.— Concaluit. Quid vis?

Clit.— Redi, redi!

Syr.— Adsum, dic quid est?

Jam hoc quoque negabis tibi placere.

Clit.— Immo, Syre,

Et me et meum amorem et famam permitto tibi.

Tu es judex: nequid accusandus sis vide.

Syr.— Ridiculum'st te istuc me admonere, Clitipho:

Quasi istic mea res minor agatur quam tua.

Hic siquid nobis forte adversi evenerit,

Tibi erunt parata verba, huic homini verbera:

Qua propter haec res neutiquam neglectu'st mihi.

Beg Clinia now pretend to love your friend.

Clit.—Indeed,

It shall be done ; for things are now in such a state
That 'tis of need.

Clit.—Oh Clinia, love for you is great.

Clin.—But should she fail.

Syr.—Her part, has she been made to learn.

Clin.—I marvel that you could with such contentment turn
A creature so disposed all decent folks to spurn.

Syr.—At just the lucky time to gain one's end, I came ;
For, at her house, I met a soldier, vile of fame,
In pressure of his suit, whom she, with cunning art,
Enticed and made, meanwhile, with unfeeling love to smart,
Perhaps to be thereby more pleasing still to you.

But look you ; take great heed lest some bold thing you do.
Your father's sight, you know, in such affairs is long ;
But you, when self-restraint were wise, are no wise strong.
From two-fold words and twistings of your neck refrain ;
From sighs, hems, coughs and winks, I pray you to abstain.

Clit.—I'll win your praise.

Syr.—Please try.

Clit.—Oh, I'll astonish you.

Syr. (*seeing the women*). How well these folks contrived our foot-
steps to pursue !

Clit.—Where pray ? (*Syrus restrains him.*) Why hold me back ?

Syr.—You've now no right to her !

Clit.—I know, at home ; but here.

Syr.—No more ; you must not stir.

Clit.—Permit me.

Syr.—No, I say.

Sed istunc exora, ut suam esse assimulet.

Clin.— Scilicet

Facturum me esse : in eum jam res rediit locum,

Ut sit necessus.

Clit.— Merito te amo, Clinia.

Clin.—Verum illa nequid titubet.

Syr.— Perdocta'st probe.

Clin.—At hoc demiror, qui tam facile potueris

Persuadere illi, quae solet quos spernere !

Syr.—In tempore ad eam veni, quod rerum omnium'st

Premum : nam quendam misere offendi militem

Ejus noctem orantem : haec arte tractabat virum,

Ut illius animum cupidum inopia incenderet :

Eademque ut esset apud te hoc quam gratissimum.

Sed heus tu ! vide sis nequid imprudens ruas.

Patrem novisti ad has res quam sit perspicax :

Ego te autem novi quam esse soleas impotens :

Inversa verba, eversas cervices tuas,

Gemitus, screatus, tussis, risus abstine.

Clit.—Laudabis.

Syr.— Vide sis.

Clit.— Tutemet mirabere.

Syr.—Sed quam cito sunt consecutae mulieres !

Clit.—Ubi sunt ? Cur retines ?

Syr.— Jam nunc haec non est tua.

Clit.—Scio, apud patrem : at nunc interim.

Syr.— Nilo magis.

Clit.—Sine.

Syr.—Non sinam, inquam.

Clit.— Oh please, a little!

Syr.— No!

Clit.—Let me salute.

Syr.— If wise, you'll go.

Clit. Well, be it so.

But he?

Syr.—Will stay with me.

Clit.— Oh happy man!

Syr. Go, go!

SCENE III.

BACCHIS. ANTIPHILA. CLINIA. SYRUS.

Bac.—You, Antiphila, I praise and judge to be in grace,
 Helped by study thus to match your manners with your face.
 Marvel I no wise, indeed, you see yourself admired,
 While with charms which clothe your mind, you find your speech attired
 When upon your mode of life, I've with myself conferred,
 When I've others seen like you who shun the common herd,
 Strange, it seems not, you are thus, and we of diff'rent sort;
 Yours, 'tis vantage to be chaste, but ours, with vice to sport.
 Beauty 'tis our lovers seek, and worship nothing more;
 When our charms have disappeared, then others they adore;
 And, unless we garner wealth, in begg'ry must we live.
 But resolving once to love, and all your life to give
 To one suited to your taste, the one you'll love is found.

Clit.— Quaesio paulisper.

Syr.— Veto.

Clit.—Saltem salutare.

Syr.— Abeas si sapias.

Clit.— Eo :

Quid istie ?

Syr.— Manebit.

Clit.— Hominem felicem !

Syr.— Ambula !

SCENA III.

BACCHIS. ANTIPHILA. CLINIA. SYRUS.

Bac.—Edepol te, mea Antiphila, laudo et fortunatam judico,
 Id cum studuisti, isti formae ut mores consimiles forent :
 Minimeque, ita me di ament, miror si te sibi quisque expetit.
 Nam mihi, quale ingenium haberes, fuit indicio oratio :
 Et cum egomet nunc mecum in animo vitam tuam considero,
 Omniumque adeo vostrarum vulgus quae ab se segregant ;
 Et vos esse istius modi et nos non `esse haud mirabile`st ;
 Nam expedit bonas esse vobis ; nos, quibuscum est res non sinunt.
 Quippe forma impulsi nostra nos amatores colunt :
 Haec ubi immutata`st, illi suum animum alio conferunt.
 Nisi si prospectum interea aliquid est, desertae vivimus.
 Vobis cum uno semel ubi aetatem agere decretum`st viro,
 Cujus mos maxime`st consimilis vostrum hi se ad vos applicant.

Kindness then each other showing, both are firmly bound,
 Never anything intruding, fellowship to wound.

Ant.—Ways of others, know I naught of; mine have been to make
 His content the source whence mine to take.

Clin.— Ah, for that sake,
 Antiphila, my love, for that have I my native land resought,
 For while from home so far away, all other pain to me was naught
 Compared with that of lacking you.

Syr. (apart).— So I believe.

Clin. (apart).— I can't endure!
 Oh may I not now make this beauteous spirit to myself secure?

Syr. (apart).—Your father, from his looks, I judge, will further wrath
 'gainst you display.

Bac.—What youth is yonder watching us?

Ant. (perceiving Clin.)— Oh help me, Bacchis, help, I pray!

Bac.—Tell me, forsooth, what ails you now?

Ant. Oh, I shall die.

Bac.— What's this surprise,
 Antiphila?

Ant.—Clinia or not?

Bac.— Who holds your eyes?

Clin.—All hail my soul!

Ant.— Hail long-lost friend!

Clin.— How fares my sweet?

Ant.—Oh joy to see you safe!

Clin.— And is it you I greet,
 Antiphila desired, and with such trembling, too?

Syr.—Oh go indoors! go in! The master waits for you.

Hoc beneficio utrique ab utrisque vero devincimini,
Ut numquam ulla amoris vestro incidere possit calamitas.

Ant.—Nescio alias : me quidem semper scio fecisse sedulo,
Ut ex illius commodo meum compararem commodum.

Clin.— Ah,

Ergo, mea Antiphila, tu nunc sola reducem me in patriam facis ;
Nam dum abs te absum, omnes mihi labores fuere quos cepi leves,
Praeter quam tui carendum quod erat.

Syr.— Credo.

Clin.— Syre, vix suffero.

Hocin' me miserum non licere meo modo ingenium frui ?

Syr.—Immo ut patrem tuum vidi esse habitum, diu etiam duras dabit.

Bac.—Quis nam hic adolescens est, qui intuitur nos ?

Ant.— Ah, retine me, obsecro.

Bac.—Amabo, quid tibi est ?

Ant.— Disperii, perii misera !

Bac.— Quid stupes,

Antiphila ?

Ant.—Videon' Cliniam an non ?

Bac.— Quem vides ?

Clin.—Salve, anime mi !

Ant.— O mi Clinia, salve !

Clin.— Ut vales ?

Ant.—Salvum venisse gaudeo.

Clin.— Teneone te,

Antiphila, maxime animo exoptatam meo ?

Syr.—Ite intro ; nam vos jamdudum expectat senex.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CHREMES. MENEDEMUS.

Chre.—The day already dawns ; why tap not at the gate,
And to my neighbor be the foremost to relate
His son's return ? This Clinia would not like, I know.
But when I see the man such torments undergo,
Through absence of his son, should I such joy delay
While damage to the youth, this act could not convey ?
I can't refrain ; in helping him I must engage,
And as my son to his, a friend of equal age,
Is rend'ring service now as I have found,
So we, of equal years, should be together bound.

Men. (entering.)—I'm born to wretchedness, it seems to me quite
clear,
Or false indeed, must be the saying which I hear :
That, " Time has healing in his wings for human woes " ;
For every day, I feel that worse than ever grows
This sorrow for my son ; and as Time flies, the more
I long to see him home ; aye, more his loss deplore.

Chre. (apart.)—I see he's coming out, and I will naught withhold.
(to Men.)—Hail Menedemus, peace ! Good news I must unfold

ACTUS III.

SCENA I.

CHREMES. MENEDEMUS.

Chre.—Luciscit hoc jam : cesso pultare ostium
Vicini, primo ex me ut sciat sibi filium
Redisse? Etsi adolescentem hoc nolle intelligo.
Verum cum videam miserum hunc tam excruciarier
Ejus habitu, celem tam insperatum gaudium,
Cum illi pericli nil ex indicio siet?
Haud faciam ; nam quod potero adjutabo senem.
Item ut filium meum amico atque aequali suo
Video inservire et socium esse in negotiis,
Nos quoque senes est aequum, senibus obsequi.

Men.—Aut ego profecto ingenio egregio ad miserias
Natus sum, aut illud falsum'st, quod vulgo audio
Dici : “ diem adimere aegritudinem hominibus ; ”
Nam mihi quidem quotidie argescit magis
De filio aegritudo, et quanto diutius
Abest, magis cupio tanto et magis desidero.

Chre.—Sed ipsum foras egressum video : ibo alloquar.
Menedeme, salve : nuntium apporto tibi,

Was forced to wander out, a livelihood to find.
 Now, when to win her back, large sums he must bestow,
 You'll give whate'er he asks. But that you may well know
 How ably she's prepared your ruin to obtain,
 Take notice that she brings an army in her train,
 With clothes and gems weighed down, and if some Persian lord
 Her lover were, the cost he could but ill afford,
 And much less you.

Men.— Is she at your house now ?

Chre.— Now there ?

I'm sure ; for she and train, last night, enjoy'd my fare,
 Which, if I grant again, must leave me quite undone,
 For, passing other things, by sipping wine alone,
 What havoc, while she said : " Ah, bah, this wine's too strong,
 Good father, something mild ! Ah, do ! For mild, I long !"
 Alas my barrels all, and all my jars how light
 By constant teasing made, and in a single night !
 What will you do when daily at your board they feed ?
 The gods so help me now, I pity much, indeed,
 Your fortune, sir.

Men.— Well, let him do whate'er he will,
 Aye, take and spend and waste. I'm bound to bear, if still
 I keep him home.

Chre.— So be it friend ; but if you're bound
 To manage matters thus, most wise it will be found
 To let him think you know not how your gold is spent.

Men.—What shall I do ?

Chre.— Do aught than what is your intent :
 Through others give, and let yourself be cheated e'en
 By means of scheming slaves. Already have I seen

Postilla coepit victum vulgo quaerere.
 Nunc cum sine magno intertrimento non potest
 Haberi, quidvis dare cupis. Nam ut tu scias,
 Quam ea nunc instructa pulchre ad perniciem sciet,
 Primum jam ancillas secum adduxit plus decem,
 Oneratas veste atque auro : satrapa si siet
 Amator, numquam sufferre sumptus queat :
 Nedum tu possis.

Men.— Estne ea intus ?

Chre.— Sit rogas ?

Sensi : nam unam ei coenam atque ejus comitibus
 Dedi : quod si iterum mihi sit danda, actum siet.
 Nam ut alia omittam, pytizando modo mihi
 Quid vini absumpsit, sic hoc, dicens asperum,
 Pater, hoc est ; aliud lenius sodes vide.
 Relevi dolia omnia, omnis serias :
 Omnis sollicitos habuit : atque haec una nox.
 Quid te futurum censes, quem assidue exedent ?
 Sic me di amabunt, ut me tuarum miseritum 'st,
 Menedeme, fortunarum.

Men.— Faciat quod libet :

Sumat consumat, perdat, decretum 'st pati,
 Dum illum modo habeam mecum.

Chre.— Si certum 'st tibi

Sic facere, illud permagni referre arbitror,
 Ut ne scientem sentiat te id sibi dare.

Men.— Quid faciam ?

Chre.— Quidvis potius quam quod cogitas :

Per alium quemvis ut des : falli te sinas
 Technis per servulum : etsi subsensi id quoque,

Them at their plots, and 'mongst themselves sly movements make.
 With Dromo, Syrus talks ; our youngsters often take
 Each other's views ; and better 'twere through fraud you lose
 A talent than a mina in the way you'd choose.

The money's naught ; the question for us is, forsooth,
 How we, with smallest risk, can send it to the youth ;
 For let him once but know the weakness of your heart,
 And how much rather e'en with all your wealth you'd part,
 Nay, even with your life, than suffer him to go,
 Ah, what a door you'd ope to wantonness and woe !
 How soon the time, when all life's sweets would turn to gall ;
 For license brings, at last, its punishment to all.

Whatever fills his mind, he'll have, and ne'er will he
 Care aught if what he seeks may just, or unjust be.
 You could not see your wealth and him both at an end.
 But would you close your purse ? With weapon he'd contend
 Which has a pow'r supreme, as he has learned to know ;
 'Tis this : he'd say, at once, that now 'tis time to go !

Men.—It seems to me, indeed, that things might turn out so.

Chre.—By Hercules, last night, I could no sleep obtain,
 So much I wish'd to place your son with you again.

Men.—Give me your hand, and in my cause an effort make.

Chre.—I'm ready.

Men.— Know you what I'd have you undertake ?

Chre.—Explain.

Men.— The plot against me which you've seen begun,
 Help them mature, at once. I wish to give my son
 Whate'er he wants, and see him now.

Chre.— I'll give it care ;
 But Syrus must be found and school'd in this affair.

Illos ibi esse, id agere inter se clanculum.
Syrus cum illo vostro consusurrant, conferunt
Consilia ad adolescentes : et tibi perdere
Talentum hoc pacto satius quam illo minam.
Non nunc pecunia agitur, sed illud quo modo
Minimo periclo id demus adolescentulo.
Nam si semel tuum animum ille intellexerit,
Prius proditurum te tuam vitam, et prius
Pecuniam omnem, quam abs te amittas filium : hui,
Quantam fenestram ad nequitiam patefeceris !
Tibi autem porro ut non sit suave vivere,
Nam deteriores omnes sumus licentia.
Quodcumque inciderit in mentem, volet : neque id
Putabit pravum an rectum siet, quod petet.
Tu rem perire, et ipsum non poteris pati.
Dare denegaris : ibit ad illud ilico,
Quo maxime apud te se valere sentiet :
Abiturum se abs te esse ilico minabitur.

Men.—Videre verum atque ita uti res est dicere.

Chre.—Somnum herele ego hac nocte oculis non vidi meis,
Dum id quaero, tibi qui filium restituerem.

Men.—Cedo dextram ; porro te idem oro ut facias, Chreme.

Chre.—Paratus sum.

Men.— Scin' quid nunc facere te volo ?

Chre.—Dic.

Men.— Quod sensisti illos me incipere fallere,
Id ut maturent facere : cupio illi dare
Quod vult, cupio ipsum jam videre.

Chre.— Operam dabo.

Syrus estprehendendus atque adhortandus mihi.

Look! Some one leaves my house; get home without delay,
 Lest, seen together thus, our purpose we betray.
 I must be gone; Simon and Crito who, you know,
 Are neighbors here, dispute about their bounds, and so
 Have call'd on me to judge. I'll go and say the aid
 Which I had promised them to-day must be delay'd;
 I'll soon return. (*exit.*)

Men.— Do so. Ye gods, for light I call!
 Are human beings, then, so constituted all,
 That each, another's state, knows better than his own?
 Or seems it so when, truly, 'tis the mind overthrown
 By great excess of joy, or by some whelming woe?
 This man knows better my affairs than I e'en know.

Chre. (returning)—I'm free, and now about your business straight
 will go.

(*Exit. Men., Chre. retires and halts at a short distance.*)

SCENE II.

SYRUS. CHREMES.

Syr. (to himself)—Run, Syrus, run, for get you must, if get you can,
 Some money, here or there, by swindling this old man.

Chre. (apart)—Did I not guess they were at work? 'Tis plain to see
 That Clinia's serving man must somewhat stupid be,
 And so upon my knave the task is laid by them.

Syr. (to himself)—Who speaks? I'm lost. Zounds, did he hear?

A me nescio quis exit : concede hinc domum,
Ne nos inter nos congruere sentiant
Paulum negoti mi obstat : Simus et Crito
Vicini nostri hic ambigunt de finibus :
Me cepere arbitrum : ibo ac dicam ut dixeram
Operam daturum me, hodie non posse eis dare.
Continuo hic adsum.

Men.— Ita quaeso, di vostram fidem !
Ita comparatam esse hominum naturam omnium,
Aliena ut melius videant et dijudicent
Quam sua ? An eo sit quia re in nostra aut gaudio
Sumus praepediti nimio aut aegritudine ?
Hic mihi nunc quanto plus sapit quam egomet mihi.
Chre.—Dissolvi me, otiosus operam ut tibi darem.

SCENA II.

SYRUS. CHREMES.

Syr.—Hac illac circumcursa : inveniundum es tamen
Argentum : intendenda in senem 'st fallacia.

Chre.—Num me fefellit hosce id struere ? videlicet
Ille Cliniae servus tardiusculus est :
Idcirco huic nostro tradita 'st provincia.

Syr.—Quis hic loquitur ? perii ! num nam haec audivit ?

- Chre.*— Ho, Syrus!
- Syr.*— Hem.
- Chre.*—Why here?
- Syr.*— Why not? But you thus early out to see
Is strange, so much you drank, last night.
- Chre.*— Not much for me.
- Syr.*—Not much, you think? You realize just what they say
About the eagle's age.
- Chre.*— That's good.
- Syr.*— The woman's way
Is kind; a graceful wench.
- Chre.*— Well, yes; she makes a show.
- Syr.*—By Hercules, her beauty's great.
- Chre.*— Oh, she's so, so.
- Syr.*—Not like the dames of old; but, for these days, most fair.
I'm not surprised that Clinia loves her to despair.
But, then, he has a father greedy, mean and cold:
This neighbor here; you know him sure? As if with gold
He were not whelmed, compels his son from home to go.
Pray, know you not what I relate?
- Chre.*— And why not know?
One knave deserves the mill.
- Syr.*— Ah, who?
- Chre.*— The servant: he
Who waits upon his son,
Syr. (aside)— I feared he spoke of me.
- Chre.*—That he has this allow'd.
- Syr.*— What could he do?
- Chre.*— What do?
He should have something sought; forsooth, some plot to brew,

Chre.—

Syre.

Syr.—

Hem.

Chre.—Quid tu istic ?*Syr.*— Recte. Equidem te demiror, Chreme,

Tam mane, qui heri tantum bibiris.

Chre.— Nil nimis.*Syr.*—Nil narras ? visa vero 'st quod dici solet

Aquilae senectus.

Chre.— Heia.*Syr.*— Mulier commoda

Faceta haec meretrix.

Chre.— Sane, idem visa 'st mihi.*Syr.*—Et quidem, hercle forma luculenta.*Chre.*— Sic satis.*Syr.*—Ita non ut olim, sed uti nunc, sane bona :

Minimeque miror, Clinia hanc si deperit.

Sed habet patrem quendam avidum miserum atque aridum,

Vicinum hunc : nostin' ? at quasi is non divitiis

Abundet, natus ejus profugit inopia.

Sis esse factum ut dico ?

Chre.— Quid ego nesciam ?

Hominem pistrino dignum.

Syr.— Quem ?*Chre.*— Istunc servolum

Dico adolescentis,

Syr.— Syre, tibi timui male.*Chre.*—Qui passus est id fieri.*Syr.*— Quid faceret ?*Chre.*— Rogas ?

Aliquid reperiret, fingeret fallacias,

Whereby this youth might give his mistress all she craved.
And thus this cross-grained man from sorrow might have saved.

Syr.—You joke.

Chre.— Nay, Syrus, nay ; thus to have done, 'twere meet.

Syr.—Should servants, then, their masters cheat ?

Chre.— At times to cheat

I much commend.

Syr.— So, I.

Chre.— Yes, I commend because

To great uncasiness it often brings a pause ;

And here an only son had help'd at home to stay.

Syr. (aside)—Now, if he be sincere or not, I cannot say ;
But he emboldens me still deeper plots to lay.

Chre.—But what expects this knave ? Must Clinia go again,
When, to supply his wants, he can no means obtain ?
Has he no plots against the sire ?

Syr.— A blockhead, he !

Chre.—In that case, 'twould become you well his aid to be,
For Clinia's sake.

Syr.— With ease I could, if you command.

For such affairs, from use, of course, I understand.

Chre.—So much the better, then.

Syr.— If pledged, I shall not lie.

Chre.—Proceed at once.

Syr.— And please remember, by the by,
What you've just said, if in a trouble of this kind
(For human nature's one) your son, sometime, you find.

Chre.—That cannot be, I hope.

Syr.— That cannot be, hope I,
Nor speak I thus of him from aught I can descry.

Unde esset adolescenti, amicae quod daret,
Atque hunc difficilem invitum servaret senem.

Syr.—Garris.

Chre.— Haec facta ab illo oportebat, Syre.

Syr.—Eho, quaeso laudas, qui eros fallunt ?

Chre.— In loco

Ego vero laudo.

Syr.— Recte sane.

Chre.— Quippe qui

Magnarum saepe id remedium aegritudinum 'st :

Huic jam mansisset unicus gnatus domi.

Syr.—Jocon' an serio ille haec dicat nescio,

Nisi mihi quidem addit animum, quo lubeat magis.

Chre.—Et nunc quid expectat, Syre ? an dum hinc denuo

Abeat, cum tolerare illius sumptus non queat ?

Nonne ad senem aliquam fabricam fingit ?

Syr.— Stolidus est.

Chre.—At te adjuvare oportet adolescentuli

Causa.

Syr.— Facile equidem facere possum, si jubes :

Etenim quo pacto id fieri soleat, calleo.

Chre.—Tanto hercle melior.

Syr.— Non est mentiri meum.

Chre.—Fac ergo.

Syr.— At heus tu, facito dum eadem haec memineris,

Siquid hujus simile forte aliquando evenerit,

Ut sunt humana, tuus ut faciat filius.

Chre.—Non usus veniet, spero.

Syr.— Spero hercle ego quoque.

Neque eo nunc dico, quo quicquam illum senserim :

But should it come—well—well—you know he's young, as yet.
(aside) And should the chance present, oh Chremes, I'll ne'er let
 My grasp on you be lost.

Chre.— Should aught like this turn out,
 We'll see what's best to do ; this thing, now go about. *(exit.)*

Syr.—No fitter speech than this from him have I e'er heard.
 And I a scamp, I can't believe it, on my word,
 With license full ! Hark, some one has our door just stirr'd. *(hides.)*

SCENE III.

CHREMES. CLITIPHO. SYRUS.

Chre.—Wherefore this ? What manners, Clitipho, are these ? Should
 this be done ?

Clit.—What's been done ?

Chre.— Did I not see you lewdly place your hand upon
 Bacchis ?

Syr. (apart)—True ! Lost.

Clit.— Me ?

Chre.— Aye, with these eyes ; do not deny.
 Wrong you've done your friend, indeed, to steal his love with wanton eye.
 Insult, truly, 'tis, at least,
 Touching thus the mistress of a friend invited to your feast.
 Shameless, yesterday, your actions

Syr. (apart)— Truly so.

Chre.— And grievous, too.

Sed siquid, nequid : quae sit ejus aetas, vides :
Et ne ego te, si usus veniat, magnifice, Chreme,
Tractare possim.

Chre.— De istoc cum usus venerit,
Videbimus quid opus sit : nunc istuc age.

Syr.—Nunquam commodius umquam erum audivi loqui,
Nec cum male facere crederem mi impunius
Licere. Quisnam a nobis egreditur foras.

SCENA III.

CHREMES. CLITIPHO. SYRUS.

Chre.—Quid istuc quaeso ? qui istic mos est Clitipho ? Itane fieri
oportet ?

Clit.—Quid ego feci.

Chre.— Vidin' ego te modo manum in sinum huic meretrici
Inserere ?

Syr.— Acta haec res est : perii.

Clit.— Mene ?

Chre.— Hisce oculis : ne nega.

Facis adeo indigne injuriam illi, qui non abstineas manum :
Nam istaec quidem contumelia 'st,
Hominem amicum recipere ad te atque ejus amicam subigitare.
Vel heri in vino quam immodestus fuisti,

Syr.— Factum.

Chre.— Quam molestus !

Ut equidem, ita me di ament, metui quid futurum denique esset.

Novi ego amantis : animum advertunt graviter quae non censeas.

Clit.—At fides mi apud hunc est, nil me istius facturum, pater.

Chre.—Esto : at certe ut hinc concedas aliquo ab ore eorum aliquantisper.

Multa fert libido : ea facere prohibet tua praesentia.

De me facio conjecturam : nemo 'st meorum amicorum hodie,

Apud quem expromere omnia mea occulta, Clitipho, audeam.

Apud alium prohibet dignitas ; apud alium ipsius facti pudet,

Ne ineptus, ne protervus videar : quod illum facere credito.

Sed nostrum 'st intellegere utcumque atque ubicumque opis sit obsequi.

Syr.—Quid iste narrat !

Clit.— Perii.

Syr.— Clitipho, haec ego praecipio tibi ?

Homini frugi et temperantis functu's officium.

Clit.— Tace sodes.

Syr.—Recte sane.

Clit.— Syre, pudet me.

Syr.— Credo : neque id injuria : quin

Mihi molestum 'st.

Clit.— Pergin' ?

Syr.— Herele verum dico quod videtur.

Clit.—Non accedam ad illos ?

Chre.— Eho quaeso, una accedundi via 'st.

Syr.—Actum 'st : hic prius se indicarit quam ego argentum effecero.

Chreme, vin' tu homini stulto mi auscultare ?

Chre.— Quid faciam ?

Syr.— Jube hunc

Abire hinc aliquo.

Clit.— Quo ego hinc abeam ?

Syr.— Quo lubeat : da illis locum :

Go, take a walk !

Clit.— A walk ! And where ?

Syr.— Ah, bah, as if no place there were !

Go there, and you, and where you choose !

Chre.— He wisely speaks, and I consent.

Clit.—For this, oh Syrus, curses be upon you sent. (*exit.*)

Syr.—Henceforward keep your hands where they belong.

Am I right ? What, Chremes, will he come to in the end,

If you fail to watch him closely, curb him, and chastise ?

Chre.—Care I'll take.

Syr.—But now's the time, while he's beneath your eyes.

Chre.—I'll attend.

Syr.— 'Twere wise, sir, for he heeds me less and less.

Chre.—Now, the news ? Does what we lately talked about progress ?
Something hit upon, or not ?

Syr.— The plot we were to lay,

Mean you ? Yes, I have it.

Chre.— Clever man ; what is it, say ?

Syr.—All I'll tell ; but things in order march.

Chre.— Come, Syrus, grace.

Syr.—Bacchis is too base.

Chre.— 'Tis plain.

Syr.— But if you knew how base.

Mark her purpose : Here a dame from Corinth made abode ;

Who, to Bacchis, as 'tis claimed, a thousand drachmae owed.

Chre.—Well, what then ?

Syr.— She died and left a daughter young and free.

Whom this Bacchis now as pledge for debt detains.

Chre.— I see. [good sir.

Syr.—Here she brought the maid—the same now with your wife,

Abi deambulatum.

Clit.— Deambulatum ! Quo ?

Syr.— Vah, quasi desit locus.

Abi sane istac, istorsum, quovis.

Chre.— Recte dicit, censeo.

Clit.—Di te eradicent, qui me hinc extrudis, Syre.

Syr.—At tu pol tibi istas posthac comprimito manus.

Censen' vero ? quid illum porro credis facturum, Chreme,

Nisi eum, quantum tibi opis di dant, servas, castigas, mones ?

Chre.—Ego istuc curabo.

Syr.— Atqui nunc, here, tibi istic adservandus est.

Chre.—Fiet.

Syr.— Si sapias : nam mihi jam minus minusque obtemperat.

Chre.—Quid tu ? Equid de illo quod dudum tecum egi egisti, Syre ?

Aut est tibi quod placeat an non dum etiam ?

Syr.— De fallacia

Dicis ? est : inveni nuper quandam.

Chre.— Frugi es ; cedo quid est ?

Syr.—Dicam : verum ut aliud ex alio incidit.

Chre.— Quidnam, Syre ?

Syr.—Pessuma heac est meretrix.

Chre.— Ita videtur.

Syr.— Immo si scias :

Vah, vide quod inceptat facinus : fuit quaedam anus Corinthia

Hic ; huic drachmarum argenti haec mille dederat mutuum.

Chre.—Quid tum ?

Syr.— Ea mortua 'st : reliquit filiam adolescentulam.

Ea relicta huic arraboni 'st pro illo argento.

Chre.— Intellego.

Syr.—Hanc secum huc adduxit, ea quae est nunc apud uxorem tuam.

Chre.—Well, what then ?

Syr.— To Clinia, Bacchis will the maid transfer,
To secure the thousand loan'd.

Chre.— Would this be sur'ty ?

Syr.— Whew !

Have you doubts ? I thought it good.

Chre.— And what then will you do ?

Syr.—Go to Menedemus ; her, a captive represent,
Rich and noble, whom to buy would swell the sum thus spent.

Chre.—Foolish this.

Syr.— How so ?

Chre.— For Menedemus, I'll reply :

I'll not buy. How now ?

Syr.— Encourage me.

Chre.— No need to buy.

Syr.—What ? No need ?

Chre.— No need, indeed.

Syr.— What's this ?

Chre.— You'll soon know more.

Syr.—Stay awhile ; what causes all this clamor at our door ?

SCENE IV.

SOSTRATA. CHREMES. NURSE. SYRUS.

Sos.—Unless my mem'ry is at fault, this is the ring, beyond surmise,
With which my infant was exposed.

Chre. (*to Syr.*)— What meaning in this gabble lies ?

Sos.—What say you ? Seems it not the same ?

Chre.—Quid tum ?

Syr.— Cliniam orat, sibi uti id nunc det : illam illi tamen

Post daturam : mille nummum poscit.

Chre.— Et poscit quidem ?

Syr.— Hui !

Dubium id est ? ego sic putavi.

Chre.— Quid nunc facere cogitas ?

Syr.—Egone ? ad Menedemum ibo : dicam hanc esse captam ex Caria,
Ditem et nobilem : si redimat, magnum inesse in ea lucrum.

Chre.—Erras.

Syr.— Quid ita ?

Chre.— Pro Menedemo nunc tibi ego respondeo :

Non emo : quid agis ?

Syr.— Optata loquere.

Chre.— Atqui non est opus.

Syr.—Non opus't ?

Chre.— Non hercle vero.

Syr.— Qui istuc, miror.

Chre.— Jam scies.

Syr.—Mane, mane, quid est quod tam a nobis graviter crepuerunt fores ?

SCENA IV.

SOSTRATA. CHREMES. NUTRIX. SYRUS.

Sos.—Nisi me animus fallit, hic profecto 'st anulus quem ego suspicor :
Is quicum exposita 'st gnata.

Chre.— Quid vult sibi, Syre, haec oratio ?

Sos.—Quid est ? isne tibi videtur ?

- Nur.*— I could not help at once decide
It was the same.
- Sos.*— But view it closely, Nurse, again.
- Nur.*— I'm satisfied.
- Sos.*—Go then within, and if she has already bathed, come let me
know,
And I'll await my husband here.
- Syr. (to Chre.)*— She waits for you ; see wherefore ; go !
She's sad, and not without a cause ; the cause I fear.
- Chre. (to Syr.)*— What cause, I pray ?
With great ado, no doubt, some most important nonsense she'll display.
- Sos.*—Ah, husband dear !
- Chre.*— Ah, dearest wife !
- Sos.*— I look'd for you.
- Chre.*— Say why, my dear.
- Sos.*—Think not, first I pray, that having for your law no fear,
I'd defy it.
- Chre.*— Shall I such a dreadful thing believe ?
I'll believe.
- Syr. (apart)*— Some sin unknown must now a purge receive.
- Sos.*—When about to give you once a child, you sternly bid
Me reject it if a girl.
- Chre.*— And I know what you did :
Kept it sure.
- Syr. (apart)*—That's true ; young master, to your purse now look.
- Sos.*—Nay ; an aged dame from Corinth, tho', the infant took
To expose.
- Chre.*— Could one by folly such, e'er be possessed ?
- Sos.*—What, alas, sir, have I done ?
- Chre.*— You ask ?

Nut.— Dixi equidem, ubi mi ostendisti, ilico
Eum esse.

Sos.— At satis ut contemplata modo sis, mea nutrix.

Nut.— Satis.

Sos.—Abi nunc jam intro, atque illa si jam laverit, mihi nuntia.
Hic ego virum interea opperibor.

Syr.— Te vult: videas quid velit:

Nescio quid tristis est: non temere 'st: timeo quid sit.

Chre.— Quid siet?

Ne ista hercle magno jam conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

Sos.—Ehem mi vir.

Chre.— Ehem mea uxor.

Sos.— Te ipsum quaero.

Chre.— Loquere, quid velis.

Sos.—Primum hoc te oro, nequid credas me adversum edictum tuum
Facere esse ausam.

Chre.— Vin' me istuc tibi, etsi incredibile 'st, credere?

Credo.

Syr.— Nescio quid peccati portat haec purgatio.

Sos.—Meministin' me gravidam, et mihi te maximo opere edicere,
Si puellam parerem nolle tolli?

Chre.— Scio quid feceris:

Sustulisti.

Syr.— Sic est factum: minor ergo herus damno auctus est.

Sos.—Minime: sed erat hic Corinthia anus haud impura: ei dedi
Exponendam.

Chre.— O Jupiter, tantam esse in animo inscitiam!

Sos.—Perii: quid ego feci?

Chre.— Rogitas?

Sos.— Ignorance I plead. If I've transgressed,

Chre.— Should you deny, I know that you,
 Void of knowledge, void of prudence, all things speak and do.
 Here what folly you've discovered! If, without delay,
 You had only done my will, the child were put away,
 Not to death in words alone, with hope of saving life.
 But so be it: I forgive the mother and the wife.
 How short-sighted you have been! What hoped you thus to gain?
 Now your child you've yielded to a woman who, 'tis plain,
 Will through you advantage reap, or sell her as a slave.
 And you thought, I fancy: "Let her live, 'tis all I crave."
 Hope you much from those who right, nor wrong, nor reason know,
 Caring nothing for the way that anything may go?

Sos.—Chremes, I confess my sin, but this I would implore:
 Being older much than I, you would excuse the more,
 Calling on your love my foolish actions to repair.

Chre.—Well, Sesostrā, be it so; such folly, though, to spare
 Might incite to further wrong. But, whatsoe'er they be,
 Reasons for it give me.

Sos.— Superstitious all, are we,
 Therefore, with the child, I gave a ring from off my hand,
 Which was fasten'd to its dress, as I had giv'n command:
 So, if die it must, 't would have a portion of our gold.

Chre.—Right was this: you saved yourself and child.

Sos.— The ring behold!

Chre.—Whence received?

Sos.— The maiden brought by Bacchis here.

Syr. (apart).— Ahem.

Chre.—Said she aught?

Sos.— Si peccavi mi Chreme,
Insciens feci.

Chre.— Id equidem ego, si tu neges, certo scio,
Te inscientem atque imprudentem dicere ac facere omnia ;
Tot peccata in hac re ostendis : nam jam primum, si meum
Imperium exequi voluisses, interemptam oportuit,
Non simulare mortem verbis, re ipsa spem vitae dare.
At id omitto : misericordia, animus maturus : sino.
Quam bene vero abs te prospectum'st ! quid voluisti ? Cogita.
Nempe anui illi prodita abs te filia'st planissime,
Per te vel uti quaestum faceret vel uti veniret palam.
Credo id cogitasti : quidvis satis est, dum vivat modo.
Quid cum illis agas, qui neque jus neque bonum atque aequum sciunt,
Melius pejus, prosit obsit, nil vident, nisi quod lubet ?

Sos.— Mi Chreme, peccavi, fateor ; Vincor : nunc hoc te obsecro,
Quanto tu me es annis gravior, tanto es ignoscentior,
Ut meae stultitiae in justitia tua sit aliquid praesidi.

Chre.— Scilicet equidem istuc factum ignoscam ; Verum, Sostrata,
Male docet te mea facilitas multa ; sed istuc quidquid est,
Qua hoc oceptum'st causa loquere.

Sos.— Ut stultae et miserae omnes sumus
Religiosae : cum exponendam do illi, de digito, anulum
Detraho et eum dico ut una cum puella exponeret,
Si moreretur, ne expers partis esset de nostris bonis.

Chre.— Istuc recte : conservasti te atque illam.

Sos.— Is hic est anulus.

Chre.— Unde habes ?

Sos.— Quam Bacchis secum adduxit adolescentulam,

Syr.— Hem.

Chre.— Quid illa narrat ?

Sos.— About to bathe, she gave to me the gem,
Which, at first, I noticed not, but soon, on closer view,
Recognized and hither ran.

Chre.— And what now fancy you,
Or about her know?

Sos.— Why naught. Of her you might inquire,
And, perhaps, might learn.

Syr. (*apart*).— More hope I see than I desire,
That she's surely ours.

Chre.— And lives the dame?

Sos.— I cannot tell.

Chre.—What avowed she, then?

Sos.— That she had done my bidding well.

Chre.—Give her name, that she be sought.

Sos.— 'Twas Philtera, I hear.

Syr. (*apart*).—She, herself, and will be found and I be lost.

Chre.— Then, dear,
Follow me.

Sos.— All works beyond my hope. How much I feared
Finding you as when you vow'd the child should not be reared.

Chre.—Oft his wish man loses; always when the Fates forbid;
Now a daughter I desire; of one would once be rid. (*Exit Chre & Sos.*)

Syr.—If I'm not much deceived, misfortune, now, is very close at hand,
And this affair compels my forces in a narrow pass to stand,
Unless I keep my master unaware that Bacchis holds his son.
To get the money that I hoped; or him to play a trick upon,
Were vain; and gladly now with well-protected flank would I retreat.
How sore I feel that e'en while seizing such a prize I should be beat!
What shall I do? What now contrive? 'Tis needful I begin again.
There's naught so difficult to find, but that by search we may obtain.

Sos.— Ea lavatum dum it, servandum mihi dedit.
Animum non adverti primum: sed postquam aspexi ilico
Cognovi, ad te exilui.

Chre.— Quid nunc suspicare aut invenis
De illa?

Sos.—Nescio, nisi ut ex ipsa quaeras, unde hunc habuerit,
Si potis est reperiri.

Syr.— Interii: plus spei video quam volo.
Nostra'st si ita'st.

Chre.— Vivitne illa cui tu dederas?

Sos.— Nescio.

Chre.—Quid renuntiavit olim?

Sos.— Fecisse id quod jusseram.

Chre.—Nomen mulieris cedo quod sit, ut quaeratur.

Sos.— Philtera.

Syr.—Ipsa'st, mirum ni illa salva'st et ego perii.

Chre.— Sostrata

Sequere me intro hac.

Sos.— Ut praeter spem evenit! quam timui male,
Ne nunc animo esses duro, ut olim in tollendo, Chreme!

Chre.—Non licet hominem esse saepe ita ut vult, si res non sinit.
Nunc ita tempus fert, mi ut cupiam filiam; olim nil minus.

Syr.—Nisi me animus fallit, hand multum a me aberit infortunium:
Ita hac re in angustum oppido nunc meae coguntur copiae:
Nisi aliquid video, ne esse amicam hanc gnati resciscat senex.
Nam quod de argento sperem aut posse postulem me fallere,
Nil est: triumpho, si licet me latere tecto abscedere.
Crucior bolum mihi tantum ereptum tam desubito e faucibus.
Quid agam? aut quid comminiscar? ratio de integro ineunda'st mihi.
Nil tam difficile'st, quin quaerendo investigari possiet.

Suppose I thus begin? 'Twere vain. How, then, if so? The same
'twould be.

But this will do. It cannot! no! But yes, 'tis good, 'tis best, I see.
By Hercules! I think this flown-off money will come back to me.

SCENE V.

CLINIA. SYRUS.

Clin.—'Twill be impossible henceforth for ills of any kind
To cause me grief, so sating is the joy that fills my mind.
Now to my sire I'll go and show more prudence than he seeks.

Syr. (aside).—I'm not deceived; the maid is own'd; 'tis in the words
he speaks.

(*to Clin*) It gives me joy that what took place has done you so much good.

Clin.—Ah, Syrus, heard you all?

Syr.— Why not? I who in council stood.

Clin.—To whom has Fortune kinder been than me?

Syr.— To none it could.

Clin.—The gods will witness bear that not for self so much, indeed,
I now rejoice as 'tis for her who merits honor's mead.

Syr.—That I believe; but Clinia, grant to me a little aid,
For Clitipho's affair needs care, and must at rest be laid,
Lest his amour with Bacchis spread.

Clin.— Oh Jove!

Syr.— Your ardor stay.

Clin.—Antiphila will marry me.

Quid si hoc nunc sic incipiam? nil est. Quid, sic? tantundem egero.
At sic opinor, non potest; immo optime. Euge! habeo optimam
Retraham hercle, opinor, ad me idem illud fugitivum argentum tamen.

SCENA V.

CLINIA. SYRUS.

Clin.—Nulla mihi res posthac potest jam intervenire tanta,
Quae mi aegritudinem afferat: tanta haec laetitia oborta'st.
Dedo patri me nunc jam, ut frugalior sim quam vult.

Syr.—Nil me fefellit: cognita'st quantum audio hujus verba.
Istuc tibi ex sententia tua obtigisse laetor.

Clin.—O mi Syre, audisti obsecro?

Syr.— Quid ni? qui usque una adfuerim.

Clin.—Cuiquam aequè audisti commode quidquam evenisse.

Syr.— Nulli.

Clin.—Atque ita me di ament, ut ego nunc non tam meapte causa
Laetor quam illius: quam ego scio esse honore quovis dignam.

Syr.—Ita credo; sed nunc, Clinia, age, da te mihi vicissim:
Nam amici quoque res est videnda in tuto ut collocetur,
Nequid de amica nunc senex.

Clin.— O Jupiter!

Syr.— Quiesce.

Clin.—Antiphila mea nubet mihi.

Syr.— Why interrupt me, pray ?

Clin.—What shall I do ? I'm filled with joy ; bear with me, please.

Syr.— I'd fain.

Clin.—We've reached the mansions of the gods !

Syr.— It seems I speak in vain.

Clin.—Nay speak ; I'll hear.

Syr.— But nothing do.

Clin.— Aye, all.

Syr.— Well then, I said :

That Clitipho's affair needs care, and must at rest be laid,
Now, if you quit my master's house and there this Bacchis leave,
Her to be wench of Clitipho, his father will perceive.
But if you take her thence, what's hid, remains a hidden scheme.

Clin.—Naught, Syrus, naught could more my wish to marry ill beseem.
What to my father say ? You comprehend ?

Syr.— Why not, pray, why ?

Clin.—What shall I say ? What pretext give ?

Syr.— I would not bid you lie :

Be true ; tell how the matter stands.

Clin.— What's that ?

Syr.— Why, I propose

You say Antiphila is yours, and Bacchis Clitipho's.

Clin.—Well, this is good and just and easy to be done, forsooth,
But then, perhaps, you'll have me bid my father hide the truth,
From your old lord ?

Syr.— Nay, bid him tell my master all.

Clin.— Ahem,

But sane and sober are you ? Thus you'd Clitipho condemn,
For how, indeed, could he be safe ? Pray, make it known.

Syr.—My device now wins the palm ; and here, with pride full-blown

Syr.— Sicin' mihi interloquere ?

Clin.—Quid faciam ? Syre mi, gaudeo ; fer me.

Syr.— Fero herele vero.

Clin.—Deorum vitam apti sumus.

Syr.— Frustra operam, opinor, sumo.

Clin.—Loquere : audio.

Syr.— At jam hoc non agis.

Clin.— Agam.

Syr.— Videndum'st inquam,

Amici quoque res, Clinia, tui in tuto ut collocetur.

Nam si nunc a nobis abis et Bacchidem hic relinquis,

Senex resciscet ilico esse amicam hanc Clitiphonis :

Si abduxeris, celabitur, itidem ut celata adhuc est.

Clin.—At enim istoc nil est magis, Syre, meis nuptiis adversum.

Nam quo ore appellabo patrem ? tenes quid dicam ?

Syr.— Quid ni ?

Clin.—Quid dicam ? Quam causam afferam ?

Syr.— Quin nolo mentiare.

Aperte ita ut res sese habet, narrato.

Clin.— Quid ais ?

Syr.— Jubco :

Illam te amare et velle uxorem, hanc esse Clitiphonis.

Clin.—Bonam atque justam rem oppido imperas, et factu facilem.

Et scilicet jam me hoc voles patrem exorare ut celet

Senem vestrum ?

Syr.— Immo ut recta via rem narret ordine omnem.

Clin.— Hem,

Satin' sanus es aut sobrius ? tu quidem illum plane perdis.

Nam qui ille poterit esse in tuto ? dic mihi.

Syr.—Huic equidem consilio palmam do : hic mi magnifice effero ;

Stand I claiming wondrous genius, and such craft display,
That by truth I cheat them both ; and when your chief shall say :
Bacchis, Clitipho, admires, my chief will scorn the tale.

Clin.—By this very means my hope of marriage sure must fail,
For, then thinking Bacchis mine, his daughter he'll refuse ;
But my fate you care not for, if Clitipho naught lose.

Syr.—Zounds, man ! Think you, for a year, I'd have you wear this mask ?
Just one day will serve, the gold to win ; 'tis all I ask.

Clin.—So ? But what would happen should his father learn it all ?

Syr.—Ask me this : “ But what would happen should the sky now fall ? ”

Clin.—Doubt I what to do.

Syr.—As if, indeed, you could no more
Free yourself from this, and all things, as they were, restore.

Clin.—'Tis enough ; let Bacchis come.

Syr.—Behold her at the door.

SCENE VI.

BACCHIS. CLINIA. SYRUS. PHRYGIA. DROMO.

Bac.—Too often have the words of Syrus brought me here in vain,
Ten promised minae to receive from him ; but if again
I be deceived, thenceforth, though oft he bid, he'll bid for naught ;
Or should I say just when I might by Clitipho be sought,
And bid him Clitipho invite, e'en Clitipho upon the rack
I'll place and cheat, so Syrus may atone with smarting back.

Clin. (*to Syr.*)—A pretty promise this for you.

Qui vim tantam in me et potestatem habeam tantae astutiae,
Vera dicendo ut eos ambos fallam ; ut cum narret senex
Voster nostro esse istam amicam gnati, non credat tamen.

Clin.—At enim spem istoc pacto rursum nuptiarum omnem eripis :
Nam dum amicam hanc meam esse credet, non committet filiam.
Tu fors quid me fiat parvi pendis, dum illi consulas.

Syr.—Quid, malum, me aetatem censes velle id assimularier ?
Unus est dies, dum argentum eripio : pax, nil amplius.

Clin.—Tantum sat habes ? quid tum quaeso, si hoc pater resciverit ?

Syr.—Quid si redeo ad illos qui aiunt : “ Quid si nunc caelum ruat ? ”

Clin.—Metuo quid agam.

Syr.— Metuis ? quasi non ea potestas sit tua,
Quo velis in tempore ut te exsolvas, rem facias palam.

Clin.—Age, age, traducatur Bacchis.

Syr.— Optime : ipsa exit foras.

SCENA VI.

BACCHIS. CLINIA. SYRUS. PHRYGIA. DROMO.

Bac.—Satis pol proterve me Syri promissa huc induxerunt,
Decem minas quas mihi dare pollicitus't : quod si is nunc me
Deceperit, saepe obsecrans me ut veniam, frustra veniet :
Aut cum venturam dixero et constituero, cum is certe
Renuntiarit, Clitipho cum in spe pendebit animi :
Decipiam ac non veniam, Syrus mihi tergo poenas pendet.

Clin.—Satis scite promittit tibi.

Syr. (to Clin.)— A joke, think you, 'twill prove?
If I heed not, she'll flounce.

Bac.— What stupid folks! I'll make them move.
Phrygia, you marked the house which we were told upon the way,
Charinus own'd?

Phry.— Aye, well.

Bac.— That on the right?

Phry.— Right well, I say.

Bac.— Run thither quick! A soldier there will keep the feast to-day.

Syr. (apart)— Now what means this?

Bac.— Tell him I'm here by force; kept under eye,
But that I mean to cheat my guards, and to his cover fly.

Syr.— Stay, *Bacchis*, stay! I'm ruin'd else; where goes this maid?
Explain.

Bid her come back!

Bac.— Go, go!

Syr.— Your money's here.

Bac.— Then I'll remain.

Syr.— 'Tis ready now.

Bac.— Seem I in haste?

Syr.— But know you what to do?

Bac.— Well, what?

Syr.— First go to *Menedemus*' house; your servants, too,
Transfer.

Bac.— What mean you, knave?

Syr.— Who? I? I'm coining money now

For you.

Bac.— You deem me fit to mock?

Syr.— The truth I must avow.

Bac.— Have I, then, aught to do with you?

- Syr.*— Atqui tu hancolari credis ?
Facies nisi caveo.
- Bac.*— Dormiunt : ego pol istos commovebo.
Mea Phrygia, audistin', modo iste homo quam villam demonstavit Charini ?
- Phry.*— Audivi.
- Bac.*— Proximam esse huic fundo ad dextram ?
- Phry.*— Memini.
- Bac.*—Curriculo percurre : apud eum miles Dionysia agitat :
- Syr.*—Quid haec coeptat ?
- Bac.*— Dic me hic oppido esse invitam atque asservari :
Verum aliquo pacto verba me liis daturum esse et venturam.
- Syr.*—Perii hercle ! Bacchis, mane mane : quo mittis istanc, quaeso ?
Jube maneat.
- Bac.*— I !
- Syr.*— Quin est paratum argentum.
- Bac.*— Quin ego maneo.
- Syr.*—Atqui jam dabitur.
- Bac.*— Ut lubet : num ego insto ?
- Syr.*— At scin' quid sodes ?
- Bac.*—Quid ?
- Syr.*— Transeundum'st nunc tibi ad Menedemum et tua pompa
Eo traducenda'st.
- Bac.*— Quam rem agis, scelus ?
- Syr.*— Egone ? Argentum cudo,
Quod tibi dem.
- Bac.*— Dignam me putas, quam illudas ?
- Syr.*— Non est temere.
- Bac.*—Etiam ne tecum hic res mihi'st.

Syr.— I have the gold you seek.

Bac.—Then let us go.

Syr.— Proceed. Ho, Dromo!

Dro. (entering)— Who calls?

Syr.— I.

Dro.— Well, speak.

Syr.—Conduct hence Bacchis' maids to your old master's dwelling, sir.

Dro.—What for?

Syr.— No matter what; and all their luggage there transfer;
And Chremes then will keep his household for a lighter sum.

Yet knows he not this gain will be a loss in time to come,

But what you know, if wise, you'll cease to know.

Dro.— You'll call me dumb.

Syr.— Minime : tuum tibi reddo.

Bac.—Eatur.

Syr.— Sequere hac. Heus, Dromo !

Dro.— Quis me vult ?

Syr.— Syrus.

Dro.— Quid est rei ?

Syr.—Ancillas omnes Bacchidis traduce huc ad vos propere.

Dro.—Quamobrem ?

Syr.— Ne quaeras : efferant quae secum huc attulerunt.

Sperabit sumptum sibi senex levatum esse harum abitu :

Ne ille haud scit, hoc paulum lucri quantum ei damni apportet.

Tu nescis id quod scis, Dromo, si sapias.

Dro. — Mutum dices.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CHREMES. SYRUS.

Chre.—So help the gods, when Menedemus I perceive
Thus made to suffer ills, I cannot else than grieve.
Now must he feed this wench with all her retinue.
At first he will not mind the cost, 'tis very true,
So much he longs to have his son at home once more ;
But when he comes to find great drafts upon his store
Must every day be made, nor hope to see the end,
He'll wish some fate again his son from home may send.
By luck here Syrus comes.

Syr. (to himself)— I'll now speak.

Chre.— Ho, Syrus !

Syr.— Well.

Chre.—What news, I pray ?

Syr.— I longed to meet you, sir, and tell.

Chre.—You act as if the dotard had been wrought upon.

Syr.—In what we lately plann'd ? No sooner said than done.

Chre.—In truth ?

Syr.— Forsooth.

Chre.— By Hercules, I must allow

ACTUS IV.

SCENA I.

CHREMES. SYRUS.

Chre.—Ita me di amabunt, ut nunc Menedemi vicem
Miseret me : tantum devenisse ad eum mali.
Illancine mulierum alere cum illa familia !
Etsi scio, hosce aliquot dies non sentiet :
Ita magno desiderio fuit ei filius.
Verum ubi videbit tantos sibi sumptus domi
Quotidianos fieri, nec fieri modum,
Optabit rursus ut abeat ab se filius.
Syrus optume eccum.

Syr.— Cesso hunc adoriri ?

Chre.— Syre !

Syr.— Hem.

Chre.—Quid est ?

Syr.— Te mi ipsum jam dudum optabam dari.

Chre.—Videre egisse jam nescio quid cum sene.

Syr.—De illo quod dudum ? dictum ac factum reddidi.

Chre.—Bonan' fide ?

Syr.— Bona.

Chre.— Hercle non possum pati,

My hand to pat your head ; good Syrus, hither now ;
I promise you reward, and gladly, too, indeed.

Syr.—But if you knew how well my genius served my need.

Chre.—Oh fie, sir, would you boast when Luck has led the way ?

Syr.—By Hercules, I speak the truth.

Chre.—What would you say ?

Syr.—Well, Menedemus knows from Clinia that your son
Is deep in love with Bacchis, sir, and that to shun
Discov'ry, he has brought her from your house to his.

Chre.—That's good.

Syr.—You think so.

Chre.—Wondrous good.

Syr.—If you knew this—

But list to what remains, which is still better, e'en.
He'll tell his father that your daughter he has seen ;
And that her form has kindled in his heart a flame,
And she must be his wife.

Chre.—She, just now found ?

Syr.—The same.

And will demand her soon.

Chre.—Why, Syrus, this, I pray ?

For naught I comprehend.

Syr.—How dull you are to-day !

Chre.—Perhaps.

Syr.—To wed, his father must the means supply,
For clothes and jewels that—you know ?

Chre.—That he may buy ?

Syr.—Of course.

Chre.—But I'll ne'er give nor plight my daughter, sir.

Syr.—Not ? Why ?

Quin tibi caput demulceam : accede huc, Syre :

Faciam boni tibi aliquid pro ista re, ac lubens.

Syr.—At si scias quam scite in mentem venerit.

Chre.—Vah ! gloriare evenisse ex sententia ?

Syr.—Nou hercle vero, verum dico.

Chre.—Dic quid est.

Syr.—Tui Clitiphonis esse amicam hanc Bacchidem

Menedemo dixit Clinia, et ea gratia

Secum adduxisse, ne tu id persentisceres.

Chre.—Probe.

Syr.—Dic sodes.

Chre.—Nimium, inquam.

Syr.—Immo si scias

Sed porro ausculta, quod super est fallaciae.

Sese ipse dicit tuam vidisse filiam :

Ejus sibi complacitam formam, postquam aspexerit :

Hanc cupere uxorem.

Chre.—Modone quae inventa 'st ?

Syr.—Eam :

Et quidem jubebit posci.

Chre.—Quamobrem istuc, Syre ?

Nam prorsum nil intelligo.

Syr.—Vah, tardus es.

Chre.—Fortasse.

Syr.—Argentum dabitur ei ad nuptias,

Aurum atque vestem qui—tenesne ?

Chre.—Comparet ?

Syr.—Id ipsum.

Chre.—At ego illi neque do neque despondeo.

Syr.—Non ? quam obrem ?

Chre.— Ask why? To such a man?

Syr.— As you prefer.

I do not mean to say for good, the maiden you must send,
But just pretend.

Chre.— 'Tis not my practice to pretend.

Now mind your own affairs, and please let mine alone.

Zounds! Plight to him with whom I would not make her one?

Syr.—I thought you might.

Chre.— Nay, nay.

Syr.— It might be nicely done.

And this is just the plot which, at your late command,
I had devised.

Chre.— No doubt.

Syr.— And what I took in hand,
I've managed for the best.

Chre.— And while, indeed, I pray

You may perfect your plot, please choose some other way.

Syr.—Another way we'll seek; but that affair to you

Made known by me, about the sum to Bacchis due.

It, doubtless, should be paid; nor will you, to evade,

Reply: What's that to me? To me was this sum paid?

Sought I the loan? Can she my daughter justly hold,

'Gainst my desire? Oh, 'tis too true, as oft we're told,

That law, too well enforced, may rank injustice do.

Chre.—Thus could I hardly act.

Syr.— Some might, but, sir, not you,

Whose wealth and mode of life are known to every one.

Chre.—I'll take to her the gold.

Syr.— Nay, rather bid your son

Do this.

Chre.— Quamobrem? me rogas? homini?

Syr.— Ut lubet

Non ego dicebam in perpetuum ut illam illi dares,
Verum ut simulares.

Chre.— Non mea'st simulatio :

Ita tu istaec tua misceto, ne me admisceas.

Ego cui daturus non sum, ut ti despondeam?

Syr.— Credebam.

Chre.— Minime.

Syr.— Scite poterat fieri :

Et ego hoc, quia dudum tu tanto opere jusseras,
Eo coepi.

Chre.— Credo.

Syr.— Ceterum equidem istuc, Chreme,

Aequi bonique facio.

Chre.— Atqui quam maxime

Volo te dare operam ut fiat, verum alia via.

Syr.— Fiat, quaeratur aliquid. Sed illud quod tibi

Dixi de argento, quod ista debet Bacchidi,

Id nunc reddendum 'st illi : neque tu scilicet

Eo nunc confugies : " quid mea ? num mihi datum'st ?

Num jussi ? num illa oppignerare filiam

Meam me invito potuit ? " Verum illud, Chreme,

Dicunt : " jus summum saepe summa'st malitia."

Chre.— Haud faciam.

Syr.— Immo aliis, si licet, tibi non licet.

Omnes te in lauta esse et bene aucta re putant.

Chre.— Quin egomet jam ad eam deferam.

Syr.— Immo filium

Jube potius.

Chre.— And why ?

Syr.— Because 'twould then be very clear
That Bacchis has his love.

Chre.— How so ?

Syr.— Why, 'twould appear
By far more like to be, if he upon her wait.
Besides, what I desire 'twill much facilitate.
But here's your son ; go, bring the gold.

Chre.— I'll bring it straight.

SCENE II.

CLITIPHO. SYRUS.

Clit.—However light the task, a load it may be made,
If, with reluctance met : to wit, this promenade
Not irksome in itself, has caused me greatest pain ;
And naught now frets me more than fear that, once again,
I may be sent away, lest Bacchis I should see.
Oh Syrus, may the gods, whate'er their number be,
Both you and all your cursed stratagems destroy !
Your time, in things like these, you constantly employ
To torture me.

Syr.— Go, hang yourself, as now you ought.
Your want of sense had well nigh ruin on me brought.

Clit.—I wish it had, as you deserve.

Syr.— Deserve ? And how ?

Chre.— Quamobrem ?

Syr.— Quia enim in hunc suspicio'st

Translata amoris.

Chre.— Quid tum ?

Syr.— Quia videbitur

Magis veri simile id esse, cum hic illi dabit :

Et simul conficiam facilius ego quod volo.

Ipse adeo adest : abi, effer argentum.

Chre.— Effero.

SCENA II.

CLITIPHO. SYRUS.

Clit.—Nulla'st tam facilis res, quin difficilis siet,
 Quam invitus facias. Vel me haec deambulatio,
 Quam non laboriosa, ad languorum dedit.
 Nec quicquam magis nunc metuo quam ne denuo
 Miser aliquo extrudar hinc, ne accedam ad Bacchidem.
 Ut te quidem di deaque omnes quantum'st cum tuo,
 Syre, istoc invento cumque incepto perduint !
 Hujus modi mihi res semper comminiscere,
 Ubi me excarnifices.

Syr.— I tu hinc quo dignus es ;
 Quam pene tua me perdidit protervitas !

Clit.—Vellem hercle factum, ita meritu's.

Syr.— Meritus ? quo modo ?

I'm glad to hear just what you think of me, e'en now
 Before you'd touched the gold which I came here to pay.

Clit.—What would you have me say? You went off, yesterday,
 And Bacchis hither brought, whom I'm forbid to see.

Syr.—I'll not grow mad. But do you know where now may be
 Your Bacchis, pray?

Clit.— With us?

Syr.— No.

Clit.— Where?

Syr.— At Clinia's, sir.

Clit.—Alas!

Syr.— Cheer up; you shall now take the gold to her,
 The promised gold.

Clit.— Stuff. Whence?

Syr.— Your father's purse, forsooth.

Clit.—You're joking with me now.

Syr.— You'll find I tell the truth.

Clit.—Then I'm a lucky man, and you to me most dear.

Syr.—Your father comes; beware. Let wonder not appear
 At what may hap. Accommodate yourself to all.
 Do what he bids, and let your words be few and small.

Ne me istuc prius ex te audivisse gaudeo,
Quam argentum haberes, quod daturus jam fui.

Clit.—Quid igitur dicam tibi vis? Abiisti: mihi
Amicam adduxti, quam non licitum'st tangere.

Syr.—Jam non sum iratus. Sed scin' ubi nunc sit tibi
Tua Bacchis?

Clit.— Apud nos.

Syr.— Non.

Clit.— Ubi ergo?

Syr.— Apud Cliniam.

Clit.—Perii.

Syr.— Bono animo es: jam argentum ad eam deferes,
Quod ei pollicitu's.

Clit.— Garris. Unde?

Syr.— A tuo patre.

Clit.—Ludis fortasse me.

Syr.— Ipsa re experibere.

Clit.—Ne ego homo sum fortunatus: deamo te, Syre.

Syr.—Sed pater egreditur: cave quicquam admiratus sis,
Qua causa id fiat: obsecundato in loco:
Quod imperabit facito: loquitor paucula.

SCENE III.

CHREMES. CLITIPHO. SYRUS.

Chre. (advancing)—Where's Clitipho?*Syr. (to Clit.)*—

Speak sir! Call out: "I'm here."

Clit.—

I'm here!

Chre. (to Syr.)—You've told him what to do?*Syr.*—

I've made the matter clear.

Chre. (to Clit.)—Take this, and offer it.*Syr. (to Clit.)*—

Go, stone! Why halt now, dunce?

Not take the purse?

Clit.—I will. (*takes it.*)*Syr.*—

Now follow me, at once,

And, Chremes, here remain till we return, I pray,

For nothing in yon house can cause us much delay. (*Ex. Syr. and Clit.*)

Chre.—The moneys given her, to just ten minae 'mount,
 Which sum, as recompense for her support, I'll count.
 For dress and ornaments must others quit my store;
 And then as marriage gift, at least two talents more.
 How oft injustice is by use to justice wrought.
 All business laying by, soon some one must be sought
 To whom, at last, to give my wealth so dearly bought.

SCENA III.

CHREMES. CLITIPHO. SYRUS.

Chre.—Ubi Clitipho nunc est ?

Syr.— Eccum me, inque.

Clit.— Eccum hic tibi.

Chre.—Quid rei esset dixti huic ?

Syr.— Dixi pleraque omnia.

Chre.—Cape hoc argentum ac defer.

Syr.— I ! quid stas, lapis ?

Quin accipis ?

Clit.— Cedo sane.

Syr.— Sequere hac me ocius ;

Tu hic nos, dum eximus, interea opperibere : .

Nam nil est illic quod moremur diutius.

Chre.—Minas quidem jam decem habet a me filia,

Quas pro alimentis esse nunc duco datas :

Hasce ornamentis consequentur alterae :

Porro haec talenta dotis apposcunt duo.

Quam multa, justa injusta, fiunt moribus !

Mihi nunc relictis rebus inveniendus est

Aliquis, labore inventa mea cui dem bona.

SCENE IV.

MENEDEMUS. CHIREMES.

Men. (to Clit., within)—I'm now the happiest man in this wide world, my dear,

My only son, thus seeing you once more appear
Yourself.

Chre. (apart)—He errs.

Men. (seeing Chre.)— I sought you, Chremes, with design
To beg you strive to save my son, myself, and mine.

Chre.—What shall I do ?

Men.— To-day your daughter came to life.

Chre.—And what of that ?

Men.— My Clinia asks her, as a wife.

Chre.—What kind of man are you ?

Men.— Why ask ?

Chre.— Have you forgot

The talk we had some time ago about a plot

To draw some money from your purse ?

Men.— Nay ; I have not.

Chre.—'Tis this, they're now about.

Men.— What's this you say to me ?

This woman at my house, to Clitipho must be

A mistress sure.

Chre.— 'Tis said, and you the tale receive.

SCENA IV.

MENEDEMUS. CHREMES.

Men.—Multo omnium nunc me fortunatissimum
Factum puto esse, gnate, cum te intellego
Resipisse.

Chre.— Ut errat.

Men.— Te ipsum quaerebam, Chreme :
Serva, quod in te est, filium et me et familiam.

Chre.—Cedo quid vis faciam ?

Men.— Invenisti hodie filiam.

Chre.—Quid tum ?

Men.— Hanc uxorem sibi dari vult Clinia.

Chre.—Quaeso quid tu hominis es ?

Men.— Quid ?

Chre.— Jamne oblitus es

Inter nos quid sit dictum de fallacia,
Ut ea via abs te argentum auferretur ?

Men.— Scio.

Chre.—Ea res nunc agitur ipsa.

Men.— Quid narras, Chreme ?

Immo haec quidem quae apud me est, Clitiphonis est
Amica.

Chre.— Ita aiunt : et tu credis omnia :

They say, too, that your son will wed, when I give leave,
And you will buy the gems and clothes and all they need.

Men.—That's true. Ah, Bacchis gets my gold !

Chre.—'Tis plain, indeed,
'Twill thus be giv'n.

Men.—Alas, I've then rejoiced in vain !
Yet every ill would choose, ere he should leave again.
What message to him, Chremes, shall I now impart,
That will not tell what I have learn'd, nor wound his heart.

Chre.—What ? Wound his heart ? You're far too kind.

Men.—Well, be it so.
But having thus begun, more kindness help me show.

Chre.—Then, say you've seen and talked with me about his plan.

Men.—And after that ?

Chre.—Say that I'll do whate'er I can.
As son, he'll suit me well ; and then if you desire,
Why, say I'll give my child.

Men.—'Tis all I could require.

Chre.—Thus he'll demand, and you will give what, with such speed,
You long to lose.

Men.—I'd give him all.

Chre.—And soon, indeed,
As things appear, you'll have enough of this affair ;
But as things are, you'll give but little, and with care,
If you are wise.

Men.—I will.

Chre.—Go see what he'll demand ;
I'm home, if aught you need.

Men.—I'll ask it at your hand.
For nothing will I do till you first understand.

Et illam aiunt velle uxorem, ut cum desponderim
Des qui aurum ac vestum atque alia quae opus sunt comparet.

Men.—Id est profecto : id amicae dabitur.

Chre.— Scilicet

Daturum.

Men.— Ah, frustra sum igitur gavisus miser.

Quidvis tamen jam malo quam hunc amittere.

Quid nunc renuntiem abs te responsum, Chreme,

Ne sentiat me sensisse atque aegre ferat ?

Chre.—Aegre ? nimium illi, Menedeme, indulges.

Men.— Sine :

Inceptum'st : perface hoc mihi perpetuo, Chreme.

Chre.—Dic convenisse, egisse te de nuptiis.

Men.—Dicam ; quid deinde ?

Chre.— Me facturum esse omnia,

Generum placere : postremo etiam, si voles,

Desponsam quoque esse dicito.

Men.— Hem, istuc volueram.

Chre.—Tanto ocius te ut poscat et tu, id quod cupis,

Quam ocissime ut des.

Men.— Cupio.

Chre.— Ne tu propediem,

Ut istam rem video, istius obsaturabere.

Sed haec uti sunt, cautim et paulatim dabis,

Si sapias.

Men.— Faciam.

Chre.— Abi intro : vide quid postulet.

Ego domi ero, siquid me voles.

Men.— Sane volo :

Nam te scientem faciam, quidquid egero.

ACT V.

SCENE I

MENEDEMUS. CHREMES.

Men.—My astuteness is not wondrous, nor am I a seer ;
But this prompter, aid, director mine, this Chremes here
Far excels all dolts. Now aught with which a fool we class,
May myself be like, as block, post, lump of lead, or ass ;
But not Chremes who, for dullness, can all these surpass.

Chre. (to Sos., within)—Come, beseech not thus the gods so oft your
thanks to hear,
Wife, unless you judge them by yourself, and therefore fear
They conceive alone what's said a hundred times a day.
Meantime, tell me why my son, with Syrus, stays away ?

Men.—Chremes, who's away ?

Chre.—Ho, Menedemus, 'tis your call !
Have you given Clinia, yet, my message, pray ?

Men.—Aye, all.

Chre.—What replied he ?

Men.—Pleased he seemed, as if he wished to wed.

Chre.—Ha, ha !

Men.—Wherefore laugh ?

Chre.—Why Syrus now comes in my head,
Tricks and all.

ACTUS V.

SCENA I.

MENEDEMUS. CHREMES.

Men.—Ego me non tam astutum neque ita perspicacem esse id scio :
Sed hic adiutor meus et monitor et praemonstrator Chremes
Hoc mihi praestat : in me quidvis harum rerum convenit,
Quae sunt dicta in stulto, caudex, stipes, asinus, plumbeus :
In illum nil potest : exuperat ejus stultitia haec omnia.

Chre.—Ohe, jam desine deos, uxor, gratulando obtundere,
Tuam esse inventam gnatam ; nisi illos ex tuo ingenio judicas,
Ut nil credas intellegere, nisi idem dictum 'st centies.
Sed interim quid illic jam dudum gnatus cessat cum Syro ?

Men.—Quos ais homines, Chreme, cessare ?

Chre.—Ehem, Menedeme, advenis ?

Dic mihi, Cliniae quae dixi nuntiastin'.

Men.—Omnia.

Chre.—Quid ait ?

Men.—Gaudere adeo coepit, quasi qui cupiunt nuptias.

Chre.—Ha, ha, he.

Men.—Quid risisti ?

Chre.—Servi venire in mentem Syri

Calliditates.

Men.— In truth ?

Chre.— He'll fix one's face to suit his need.

Men.—Mean you Clinia feign'd this joy ?

Chre.— Of course.

Men.— This, indeed,

Struck my mind.

Chre.— The rogue ?

Men.— The more you know, the more you'll own

He's a rogue.

Chre.— So ?

Men.— True : just hark—

Chre.— But stop ; at first make known

What you've spent ; for when you told your son that he could wed,

Dromo must have given you some hints ; for instance, said :

Jewels, servants, clothing needs the bride ; now money give.

Men.—Oh, no.

Chre.— What? No ?

Men.— No.

Chre.— Nor e'en your son ?

Men.— No, as I live !

Only urged the more that he might wed, this very day.

Chre.—Strange this. What said Syrus then ? Something, perhaps ?

Men.— Nay, nay.

Chre.—Why, I know not.

Men.— With your wit, 'tis strange you cannot tell.

Syrus, though, has taught and disciplined your son so well

That he never shows that Bacchis is my Clinia's friend.

Chre.—What ?

Men.— As naught, I count their hugs and kisses without end.

Chre.—What dissembling more was needed ?

Men.— Itane?

Chre.— Vultus quoque hominum fingit scelus.

Men.— Gnatus quod se assimulat laetum, id dicis?

Chre.— Id.

Men.— Idem istuc mihi

Venit in mentem.

Chre.— Veterator.

Men.— Magis, si magis noris, putes

Ita rem esse.

Chre.— Ain' tu?

Men.— Quin tu auscultas.

Chre.— Mane dum hoc prius scire expeto,

Quid perdidideris; nam ubi desponsam nuntiasti filio,

Continuo injecisse verba tibi Dromonem scilicet,

Sponsae vestem aurum atque ancillas opus esse; argentum ut dares.

Men.— Non.

Chre.— Quid? Non?

Men.— Non inquam.

Chre.— Neque ipse gnatus?

Men.— Nil prorsum, Chreme,

Magis unum etiam instare, ut hodie conficerentur nuptiae.

Chre.— Mira narras. Quid Syrus meus? ne is quidem quidquam?

Men.— Nihil.

Chre.— Quam obrem, nescio.

Men.— Equidem miror, qui alia tam plane scias.

Sed ille tuum quoque Syrus idem mire finxit filium,

Ut ne paululum quidem subolat esse amicam hanc Cliniae.

Chre.— Quid ais?

Men.— Mitto jam osculari atque amplexari: id nil puto.

Chre.— Quid est quod amplius simuletur?

Men.—

Bah!

Chre.—

Nay, what?

Men.—

Then hear:

In my mansion is a room shut to the list'ning ear;
 Off'ring all the privacy that lovers e'er desired.

Chre.—Pray, what then?*Men.*—

To tell the truth, there Clitipho retired.

Chre.—Singly?*Men.*—

Singly.

Chre.—

Fear I now.

Men.—

And there went Bacchis, too.

Chre.—Singly?*Men.*—

Singly.

Chre.—

Woe's me!

Men.—

Ent'ring, closed the door.

Chre.—

Oh, whew!

Clinia witness'd this?

Men.—

Why not? For near at hand were we.

Chre.—Then, oh Menedemus,

Bacchis has my son; woe's me!

Men.—How so?*Chre.*—

I've scarce whereon I can ten days depend.

Men.—Is this because your son's

devoted to his friend?

Chre.—Nay, to his mistress,

though.

Men.—

If so.

Chre.—

You doubt 'tis so?

Is any one so soft, with passions, too, so slow,

That he could let his mistress mate before his eyes?

Men.—Why not?

For easier thus their motives they disguise.

Chre.—Thus mock?

'Tis well deserved; I'm with myself enraged.

What signs, whereby this ill I might have well presaged,

Men.—

Vah !

Chre.—

Quid est ?

Men.—

Audi modo.

Est mihi ultimis conclave in aedibus quoddam retro :

Huc est intro latus lectus, vestimentis stratus est.

Chre.—Quid postquam hoc est factum ?

Men.—

Dictum factum huc abiit Clitipho.

Chre.—Solutus ?

Men.—

Solutus.

Chre.—

Timeo.

Men.—

Bacchis consecuta 'st ilico.

Chre.—Soluta ?

Men.—

Soluta.

Chre.—

Perii !

Men.—

Ubi abiire intro operuere ostium.

Chre.—

Hem,

Clinia haec fieri videbat ?

Men.—

Quidni ? mecum una simul.

Chre.—Fili 'st amica

Bacchis : Menedeme, occidi.

Men.—Quamobrem ?

Chre.—

Decem dierum vix mi est familia.

Men.—Quid ? istuc times quod ille operam amico dat suo ?

Chre.—Immo quod amicae.

Men.—

Si dat.

Chre.—

An dubium id tibi 'st ?

Quemquamne tam comi animo esse aut leni putas,

Qui se vidente amicam patiatur suam ?

Men.—Quidni ? quo verba facilius dentur mihi.

Chre.—Derides ? merito.

Mihi nunc ego suscenseo.

Quot res dedere, ubi possem persentiscere,

Were I not stone ! What things I saw ! Oh wretched man !
 But if I live, they shall not carry out their plan,
 For now—

Men.— Can't curb yourself ? Your self-respect all gone ?
 Example am I not for you ?

Chre.— For wrath alone,
 Oh neighbor, I am crazed.

Men.— Such words from you, pray tell ?
 Is it no sin that you who counsel friends so well,
 Who are for others wise can give yourself no aid ?

Chre.—What shall I do ?

Men.— What I did not, as once you said :
 Show now a father's love ; teach Clitipho to dare
 Confide in you ; to you to look and make his prayer,
 Lest other aid he seek, to others give more care.

Chre.—Nay, rather let him go, no matter where he may,
 Than that his sins should e'er give me to want a prey ;
 For, forced such daily drafts upon my means to make,
 I must, ere long, like you be burthen'd with a rake.

Men.—What sorrows will you reap unless great care you use !
 With harshness you'll begin and then, no doubt, excuse,
 And thankless he.

Chre.— Unknown my grief.

Men.— Oh be content.
 But what about the marriage now ? Perhaps your bent
 Is somewhere else.

Chre.— Nay, with you both I'm satisfied.

Men.—About the dower then, what shall I say ? Decide.
 Why silent now ?

Chre.— The dower ?

Ne essem lapis ! quae vidi ! Vae misero mihi !

At ne illud haud inultum, si vivo, ferent :

Nam jam

Men.— Non tu te cohibes ? non te respicis ?

Non tibi ego exempli satis sum ?

Chre.— Prae iracundia,

Menedeme, non sum apud me.

Men.— Tene istue loqui ?

Nonne id flagitium 'st, te aliis consilium dare,

Foris sapere, tibi non posse te auxiliarier ?

Chre.—Quid faciam ?

Men.— Id quod me fecisse aiebas parum.

Fac te patrem esse sentiat : fac ut audeat

Tibi credere omnia, abs te petere et poscere :

Nequam aliam quaerat copiam ac te deserat.

Chre.—Immo abeat potius malo quovis gentium,

Quam hic per flagitium ad inopiam redigat patrem ;

Nam si illi pergo suppeditare sumptibus,

Menedeme, mihi illaec vero ad rastros res redit.

Men.—Quot incommoditates hac re accipies, nisi caves !

Difficilem ostendes te esse et ignosces tamen

Post, et id ingratum.

Chre.— Ah necis quam doleam.

Men.— Ut lubet.

Quid hoc quod volo, ut illa nubat nostro ? nisi quid est

Quod magis vis.

Chre.— Immo et gener et affines placent.

Men.—Quid dotis dicam te dixisse filio ?

Quid obticuisti ?

Chre.— Dotis ?

Men.— Yes.

Chre.— Ah.

Men.— Chremes, friend,

Fear not to tell, if small ; naught can thereon depend.

Chre.—In proportion to my means, two talents deemed I due.
But to save my peace of mind, my son, my fortune, too,
All my wealth, I give to her.

Men.— What's this you now propose ?

Chre.—Feign astonishment, I pray, and bid my son disclose
Wherefore 'tis.

Men.— I must, for " wherefore " is unknown to me.

Chre.—Wherefore ? That his mind, which luxury and vice, I see,
Have so warp'd, may be redeemed. I'll make him beg his crust !

Men.—What's this threat ?

Chre.— Enough. In this now give me leave.

Men.— I must.

Thus you wish ?

Chre.— Yes.

Men.— Be it.

Chre.— Now tell Clinia to remove

Hence his wife. My son, as due, with words will I reprove,
Syrus though—

Men.— Him, what now ?

Chre.— What now ? If I live, shall he
Polished be and combed so well that he'll remember me.

Villain, thus to make a butt of me for his delight ?

Coward, daring not a helpless widow so much spite,
As he has me.

Men.— Ita dico.

Chre.— Ah.

Men.— Chreme,

Nequid vereare, si minus : nil nos dos movet.

Chre.— Duo talenta pro re nostra ego esse decrevi satis :

Sed ita dictu opus est, si me vis salvum esse et rem et filium,

Me mea omnia bona doti dixisse illi.

Men.— Quam rem agis ?

Chre.— Id mirari te simulato et illum hoc rogitato simul,

Quam obrem id faciam.

Men.— Quin ego vero quam obrem id facias nescio.

Chre.— Egone ? ut ejus animum, qui nunc luxuria et lascivia

Diffluit, retundam, redigam, ut quo se vertat, nesciat.

Men.— Quid agis ?

Chre.— Mitte : sine me in hac re gerere mihi morem.

Men.— Sino :

Itane vis ?

Chre.— Ita.

Men.— Fiat.

Chre.— Ac jam uxorem ut arcessat paret.

Hic ita ut liberos est aequum dictis confutabitur.

Sed Syrum.

Men.— Quid eum ?

Chre.— Egon' ? Si vivo adeo exornatum dabo,

Adeo depexum, ut dum vivat meminerit semper mei.

Qui sibi me pro deridiculo ac delectamento putat.

Non, ita me di ament, auderet facere haec viduae mulieri,

Quae in me fecit.

SCENE II.

CLITIPHO. MENEDEMUS. CHREMES. SYRUS.

Clit.— Menedemus, can it be, pray tell,
That my father could so soon all love for me thus quell?
What, pray, have I done? Is mine offence of such dark hue?
Others do the same.

Men.— I know this heaviest falls on you,
Yet no less I grieve, not even knowing what you've done
Neither why I grieve, unless it be my heart you've won.

Clit.—Father 's here, you said.

Men.— Behold. (*exit Men.*)

Chre.— What 'gainst me do you find?
In my acts, your good and folly both I've had in mind.
When I learned that reckless ways and present joys bid fair
To absorb your mind, the future giving you no care,
I resolv'd you should not want, nor yet my wealth outlive,
And to you, its spendthrift heir, I found it wrong to give;
So, your nearest kindred, guardians of my wealth, I made.
'Gainst your follies, Clitipho, they'll ever lend their aid;
And with them you'll always find food, clothes, and roof.

Clit.— Woe's me!

Chre.—Better thus my wealth, than Bacchis heir thereof should be.

SCENA II.

CLITIPHO. MENEDEMUS. CHREMES. SYRUS.

Clit.— Itane tandem quaeso est, Menedeme, ut pater
Tam in brevi spatio omnem de me ejecerit animum patris ?
Quodnam ob facinus ? quid ego tantum sceleris admisi miser ?
Vulgo faciunt.

Men.— Scio tibi esse hoc gravius multo ac durius,
Cui fit : verum ego haud minus aegre patior, id qui nescio
Nec rationem capio, nisi quod tibi bene ex animo volo.

Clit.—Hic patrem astare aibas.

Men.— Eccum.

Chre.— Quid me incusas, Clitipho ?
Quidquid ego hujus feci, tibi prospexi et stultitiae tuae.
Ubi te vidi animo esse omisso et suavia in praesentia
Quae essent prima habere neque consulere in longitudinem :
Cepi rationem, ut neque egeres neque ut haec posses perdere.
Ubi cui decuit primo, tibi non licuit per te mihi dare,
Abii ad proximos, tibi qui erant, eis commisi et credidi.
Ibi tuae stultitiae semper erit praesidium, Clitipho,
Victus, vestitus, quo in tectum te receptes.

Clit.— Ei mihi !

Chre.—Satius est quam te ipso herede haec possidere Bacchidem.

- Syr.* (*apart*)—Wretched me, through ignorance, such cause of strife
Clit.—Let me die ! [to give!
Chre.— Far better, first to learn what 'tis to live,
 And when learn'd, if tasteless, then the other course pursue.
Syr.—May I speak ?
Chre.— Aye.
Syr.— Safely ?
Chre.— Speak.
Syr.— Oh what a wrong in you,
 Or how mad, to make him bear my sin !
Chre.— Cease this pert cry.
 Mix not ; none blames you ; you need not to the altar fly,
 Nor entreater seek.
Syr.— Pray, what's this strife ?
Chre.— Ill-will, I've none
 'Gainst my son, nor you ; nor can you chide for what I've done. (*exit.*)
Syr.—Gone ! Oh had I ask'd him—
Clit.— What ?
Syr.— Where I should get my food,
 Thus abandon'd. You your sister seek, 'tis understood.
Clit.—And, Syrus, has it come to this, that e'en with hunger I must
Syr.—While there is life there's hope. [fight ?
Clit.— Of what ?
Syr.— Of having both an appetite.
Clit.—And do you laugh at such a grave affair ? And counsel, have
 you none ?
Syr.—Not so : yours, while your father talk'd, was I ; yours am I now
 alone ;
 And in so far as I can see—
Clit.— Well, what ?

Syr.—Disperii : scelestus quantas turbas concivi insciens !

Clit.—Emori cupio.

Chre.— Prius, quaeso disce, quid sit vivere.

Ubi scies, si displicebit vita, tum istoc utitor.

Syr.—Here, licetne ?

Chre.— Loquere,

Syr.— At tuto ?

Chre.— Loquere.

Syr.— Quae ista'st pravitas

Quaevae amentia'st, quod peccavi ego, id obesse huic ?

Chre.— Ilicit.

Ne te admisce : nemo accusat, Syre, te : nec tu aram tibi,

Nec precatorem pararis.

Syr.— Quid agis ?

Chre.— Nil succenseo,

Nec tibi nec huic : nec vos est aequum quod facio mihi.

Syr.—Abiit ! Vah, rogasse vellem.

Clit.— Quid ?

Syr.— Unde peterem mihi cibum :

Ita nos alienavit : tibi jam esse ad sororem intelligo,

Clit.—Adeon' rem rediisse, ut periculum etiam a fame mihi sit, Syre ?

Syr.—Modo liceat vivere, est spes.

Clit.— Quae ?

Syr.— Nos esurituros satis.

Clit.—Irrides in re tanta ? neque me quidquam consilio adjuvas ?

Syr.—Immo et ibi nunc sum et usque id egi dudum dum loquitur
pater :

Et quantum ego intelligere possum.

Clit.— Quid ?

Syr.— 'T will not be long unseen.

Clit.—Pray, what?

Syr.— Why, this : that you are not their son, I think.

Clit.— What do you mean?

Why, Syrus, are you sane?

Syr.— I'll tell my thoughts, then judge you if I'm right ;
While you were thought an only child, you yielded them their sole delight,
And all your whims were gratified ; but mark : a daughter yesterday
Was found, and with her also found a cause for driving you away.

Clit.—Why, so 'twould seem.

Syr.— Would he, for such a venial sin, have you undone?

Clit.—I could not so believe.

Syr.— Observe besides : a mother, to a son
Arraign'd for crime, will render aid and 'gainst a father's wrath defend.
In your case, 'tis not so.

Clit.— That's true. What, Syrus, do you recommend?

Syr.—Concerning this suspicion, question them ; your reasons, too,
make plain ;

If your suspicion be not just, you will, at least, their mercy gain,
Or know whose son you are.

Clit.— Right ; I'll obey. (*exit.*)

Syr.— 'Twas lucky, to my mind,
This thought should come, because the less of hope he now may find,
The easier can he with his father then a friendly place secure.
I'm not so sure he will not wed ; but Syrus gets no thanks, I'm sure.
What's this ? The old man comes. I'll fly, in view of what I've done.
'Tis strange I'm not sent off. To Menedemus, I'll be gone ;
My pleader, he shall be, for faith in Chremes have I none.

Syr.— Non aberit longius.

Clit.—Quid id ergo?

Syr.— Sic est : non esse horum te arbitror.

Clit.— Qui istuc, Syre?

Satin' sanus es?

Syr.— Ego dicam quod mi in mentem'st; tu dijudica.

Dum istis fuisti solus, dum nulla alia delectatio

Quæ prior esset, te indulgebant, tibi dabant : nunc filia

Postquam'st inventa vera, inventa'st causa qua te expellerent.

Clit.—Est verisimile.

Syr.— An tu ob peccatum hoc esse illum iratum putas?

Clit.—Non arbitror.

Syr.— Nunc aliud specta : matres omnes filiis

In peccato adjutrices, auxilio in paterna injuria

Solent esse : id non fit.

Clit.— Verum dicis : quid ego nunc faciam, Syre?

Syr.—Suspicionem istanc ex illis quaere : rem profer palam.

Si non est verum, ad misericordiam ambos adduces cito,

Aut scibus cujus sis.

Clit.— Recte suades ; faciam.

Syr.— Sat recte hoc mihi

In mentem venit : namque adolescens, quam in minima spe situs erit,

Tam facillime patris pacem in leges conficiet suas.

Etiam haud scio anne uxorem ducat ac Syro nil gratiae.

Quid hoc autem ? senex exit foras : ego fugio ; adhuc quod factum'st ;

Miror non jusse me abripi hinc : nunc ad Menedemum hinc pergam.

Eum mihi precatorem paro : seni nostro nil fidei habeo.

SCENE III.

SOSTRATA. CHREMES.

Sos.—If not more cautious, husband dear, you'll do your son a grievous ill.

Forsooth with wonderment you fill

My mind, by suffering such a freak to sway your judgment and your will.

Chre.—Oh will you be a silly woman still? Pray was there ever aught I wish'd to do in all my life, that you wish'd not to bring to naught?

Yet should I ask wherein I sinn'd, or why did this, you could not show. Upon what grounds resist you now, oh fool?

Sos.— Think you I do not know?

Chre.—Of course, you know; I'd rather grant you know, than hear you prate again.

Sos.—In this affair, 'tis gross injustice, sir, to bid my tongue refrain.

Chre.—I bid you naught; say what you will; I'll do no less than I

Sos.—Will you? [intend.

Chre.— Yes.

Sos.— And see you not wherein your act may end?

Foundling he calls himself!

Chre.— Foundling?

Sos.— Yes, he'll think 'tis so,

Husband dear.

Chre.— Confess it!

SCENA III.

SOSTRATA. CHREMES.

Sos.—Profecto, nisi caves tu homo, aliquid gnato conficies mali :
Idque adeo miror, quomodo

Tam ineptum quicquam tibi venire in mentem, mi vir, potuerit.

Chre.—O, pergin' mulier esse? nullanne ego rem umquam in vita mea
Volui, quin tu in ea re mihi fueris adversatrix, Sostrata ?

At si rogem jam, quid est quod peccem, aut quamobrem hoc faciam ;
nescias.

In qua re nunc tam confidenter restas, stulta ?

Sos.—Ego nescio ?

Chre.—Immo scis, potius quam quidem redeat ad integrum haec eadem
oratio.

Sos.—O, iniquus es, qui me tacere de re tanta postules.

Chre.—Non postulo jam : loquere : nilo minus ego hoc faciam tamen.

Sos.—Facies ?

Chre.—Verum.

Sos.—Non vides quantum mali ex ea re excites ?

Subditum se suspicatur.

Chre.—Subditum, ain'tu ?

Sos.—Sic erit

Mi vir.

Chre.—Confitere.

Sos.— Let this come, sir, from a foe!
I confess he's not my son, who is my son, indeed?

Chre.—What now? And fear you, wife, you could not prove him
yours in case of need?

Sos.—Because a daughter I may claim?

Chre.— Bah, no; for reasons easier shown:
Because his manners are your own,
You'll prove, with ease, that he's your son; in fact, your counterpart is he:
Blemish none is there in him, of which you, wife, are free.
Then, moreover, only you to such could e'er give birth.
Here he comes; how grave! You'll see how much his looks are worth.

SCENE IV.

CLITIPIO. SOSTRATA. CHREMES.

Clit.—Mother, if there ever was a time, when joy I gave
You, on being call'd your son and own'd as such, I crave
Your remembrance of that time. Let pity now be shown
Me here wishing, begging you to make my parents known.

Sos.—I beseech you, son, to cherish not the vain conceit
That some waif you are.

Clit.— I am,

Sos.— Ah, will you thus entreat?
You'll outlive us both, I hope, and find you are our son.
If you love me, though, take care all words like these to shun.

Chre.—If you love me, though, take care from every vice to haste!

Clit.—Vices! What?

Sos.— Au, te obsecro, istuc inimicis siet.
 Egon' confitear meum non esse filium, qui sit meus?
Chre.—Quid? metuis ne non, quum velis, convincas esse illum tuum?
Sos.—Quod filia'st inventa?
Chre.— Non: sed quod magis erendum siet
 Id quod est consimilis moribus,
 Convinces facile ex te esse natum: nam tui similis est probe.
 Nam illi nil viti est relictum, quin siet itidem tibi.
 Tum praeterea talem nisi tu nulla pareret filium.
 Sed ipse egreditur; quam severus! rem cum videas, censeas.

SCENA IV.

CLITIPHO. SOSTRATA. CHREMES.

Clit.—Si umquam ullum fuit tempus, mater, cum ego voluptati tibi
 Fuerim, dictus filius tuus tua voluntate, obsecro,
 Ejus ut memineris atque inopis nunc te miserescat mei.
 Quod peto et volo, parentes meos ut commonstres mihi.

Sos.—Obsecro, mi gnate, ne istuc in animum inducas tuum,
 Alienum esse te.

Clit.— Sum.

Sos.— Miseram me, hocine quaesisti obsecro?
 Ita mihi atque huic sis superstes, ut ex me atque ex hoc natus es.
 Et cave posthaec, si me amas, umquam istuc verbum ex te audiam.

Chre.—At ego, si me metuis, mores cave in te esse istos sentiam.

Clit.— Quos?

Chre.— If you would know: fraud, idling, lazing, waste,
Glutt'ny too! And mind, you are our son! Mind all that's said!

Clit.—Parents talk not thus.

Chre.— Nay had you sprung from out my head
E'en like Pallas from Jove's brain, I'd not, though such the case,
Let your wicked ways e'er bring upon my name disgrace.

Sos.—Gods—

Chre.— I call no gods! 'Tis I am call'd to act with speed!
Parents, whom you have, you seek; you seek not what you need:
Means to please your sire and guard what he has toil'd to earn.
Did you not through fraud here bring a vile—with shame, I burn
Speaking in her presence such a name; you, otherwise,
Feel no shame for aught.

Clit. (aside)— How much myself I now despise!
How asham'd! Nor can I favor find within his eyes.

SCENE V.

MENEDEMUS. CHREMES. SOSTRATA. CLITIPHO.

Men.—This rebuke which Chremes gives his son is far too great.
'Tis inhuman e'en. I'll now make peace. 'Tis fortunate
They are here.

Chre.— Ho, Menedemus; why not take away
Now my daughter? Like you not my terms?

Chre.— Si scire vis, ego dicam : gerro, iners, fraus, helluo,
Ganeo, damnosus : crede, et nostrum te esse credito.

Clit.—Non sunt haec parentis dicta.

Chre.— Non, si ex capite sis meo
Natus, item ut aiunt Minervam esse ex Jove, ea causa magis
Patiar, Clitipho, flagitiis tuis me infamem fieri.

Sos.—Di istaec . . .

Chre.— Deos nescio : ego quod potero enitar sedulo.
Quaeris id quod habes, parentes : quod abest non quaeris, patri
Quomodo obsequare, et ut serves quod labore invenerit.
Non mihi per fallacias adducere ante oculos . . . pudet
Dicere hac praesente verbum turpe : at te id nullo modo
Facere puduit.

Clit.— Eheu, quam nunc totus displiceo mihi,
Quam pudet : neque quod principium capiam ad placandum scio.

SCENA V.

MENEDEMUS. CHREMES. SOSTRATA. CLITIPHO.

Men.—Enimvero Chremes nimis graviter cruciat adolescentulum,
Nimisquae inhumane : exeo ergo ut pacem conciliem : optime
Ipsos video.

Chre.— Ehem, Menedeme, cur non arcessi jubes
Filiam et quod dotis dixi firmas ?

- Sos.*— Husband, I pray
You, forbear.
- Clit.*— My father; pardon !
- Men.*— Pardon, I advise.
- Listen, sir.
- Chre.*— To Bacchis give my wealth with open eyes ?
Never !
- Men.*— This we'll not permit.
- Clit.*— If you would spare my life,
Pardon me.
- Sos.*— Do, Chremes.
- Men.*— Do, I pray, and stop this strife.
- Chre.*—What is best? That I'm forbid what I began, seems clear.
- Men.*—Do your duty.
- Chre.*— I'll forgive, if he will promise here
To accept my terms.
- Clit.*— Oh, father, all you ask : command !
- Chre.*—Take a wife !
- Clit.*— Oh, father !
- Chre.*— Naught I'll hear.
- Men.*— For him I'll stand.
- He will.
- Chre.*— Yet says naught.
- Clit.*— Woe 's me !
- Sos.*— My son, why hesitate ?
- Chre.*—Let him choose.
- Men.*— He'll do your will.
- Sos.*— This seems a cruel fate
While unknown ; when known, not hard.
- Clit.*— Your will, sir, shall be done.

- Sos.*— Mi vir, te obsecro
Ne facias.
- Clit.*— Pater, obsecro mi ignoscas.
- Men.*— Da veniam, Chreme :
Sine te exorent.
- Chre.*— Mea bona ut dem Bacchidi dono sciens ?
Non faciam.
- Men.*— At id nos non sinemus.
- Clit.*— Si me vivum vis, pater,
Ignosce.
- Sos.*— Age, Chremes mi.
- Men.*— Age quaeso, ne tam offirma te, Chreme.
- Chre.*— Quid istic ? video non licere ut coeperam hoc pertendere.
- Men.*— Facis, ut te decet.
- Chre.*— Ea lege hoc adeo faciam, si facit
Quod ego hunc aequum censeo.
- Clit.*— Pater, omnia faciam : impera.
- Chre.*— Uxorem ut ducas.
- Clit.*— Pater.
- Chre.*— Nil audio.
- Men.*— Ad me recipio :
Faciet.
- Chre.*— Nil etiam audio ipsum.
- Clit.*— Perii.
- Sos.*— An dubitas, Clitipho ?
- Chre.*— Immo utrum vult.
- Men.*— Faciet omnia.
- Sos.*— Haec dum incipias, gravia sunt,
Dumque ignores : ubi cognoris, facilia.
- Clit.*— Faciam pater.

Sos.—I propose that pretty girl whom you will love, my son,
Daughter of Phanocrata.

Clit.— That red-faced maiden, pray,
Green-eyed, gaping, hook-nosed wench? I cannot, father, nay?

Chre.—Nice, he seems; he means to wed.

Sos.— Another I'll commend.

Clit.—If to marry, then, I must, some other I intend
Taking.

Sos.— Good!

Clit.— The daughter of Archonides, our friend.

Sos.—Better!

Clit.— Father, one thing more.

Chre.— What?

Clit.— Syrus, in my cause

Wrought well; him forgive.

Chre.— I will. Farewell. Give your applause.

Sos.—Gnate mi, ego pol tibi dabo illam lepidam, quam tu facile ames.
Filiam Phanocratae nostri.

Clit.— Rufamne illam virginem,

Caesiam, sparso ore, adunco naso? non possum, pater.

Chre.—Heia! ut elegans est: credas animum ibi esse.

Sos.— Aliam dabo.

Clit.—Immo quandoquidem ducenda'st, egomet habeo propemodum
Quam volo,

Sos.— Nunc laudo, gnate.

Clit.— Archonidi hujus filiam.

Sos.—Satis placet.

Clit.— Pater, hoc nunc restat.

Chre.— Quid?

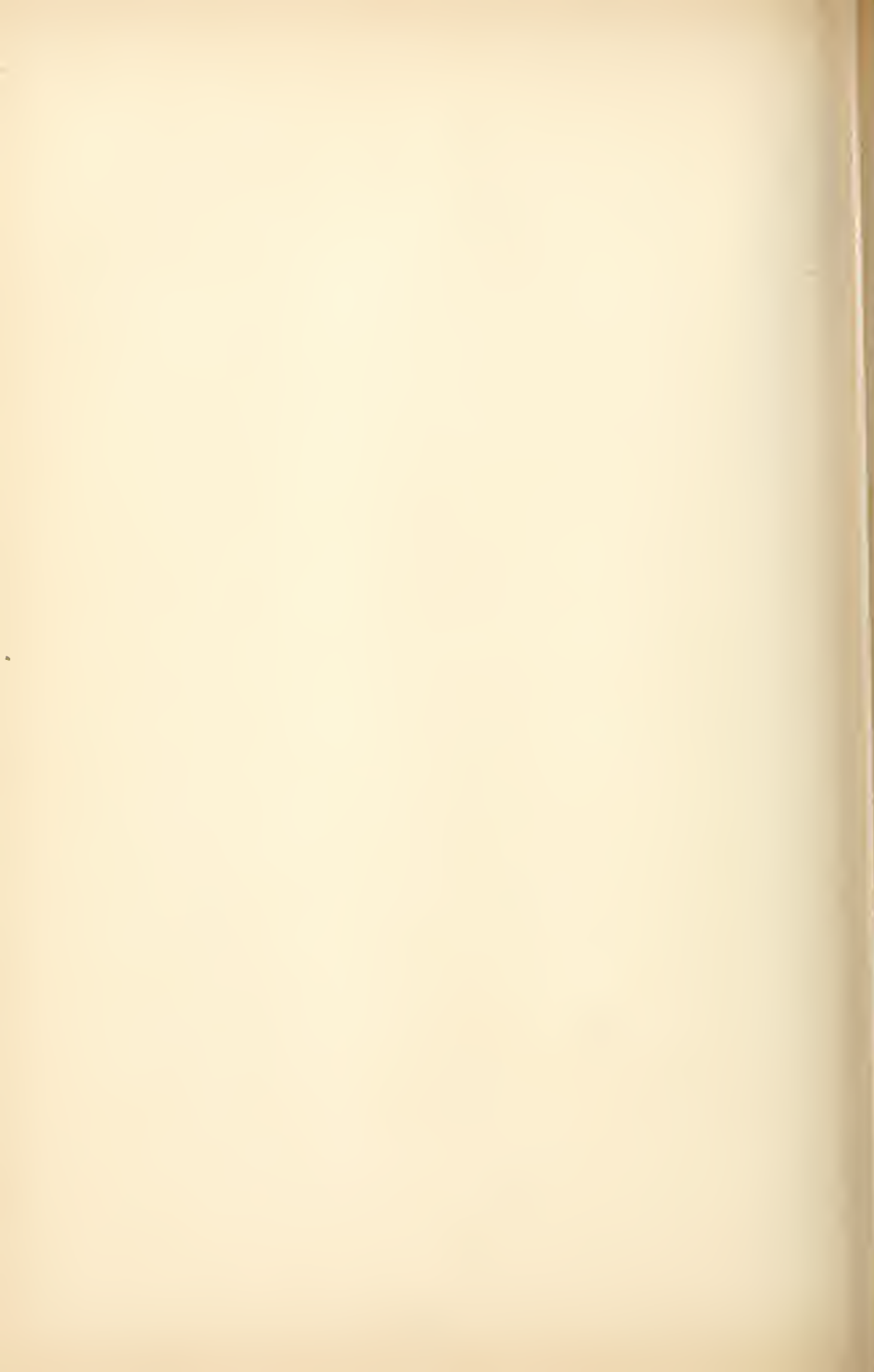
Clit.— Syro ignoscas volo

Quae mea causa fecit.

Chre.— Fiat: Vos valetate et plaudite.

II.

FAMILIAR TALES.



ROLAND, THE SHIELD-BEARER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

King Carl once by his table sat
At Aix 'mid knights invited,
And with his fish and meats so fat,
And wine their tastes delighted.
The golden dishes brightly shone,
And many a green and ruby stone
The stately hall illumined.

Then spake the King so bold and stout :
“ How vain is all this flaunting ;
The richest gem, the world throughout,
To us will e'er be wanting ;
The gem that with the sun compares,
A giant on his shield now wears,
Deep in the Ardennes forest.”

Count Richard, likewise Saint Turpin,
Lord Haimon, Naims the Baier,
Anglant's Milon and Count Garin,
Are all at once on fire.
Each for his sword and corslet hies,
Each for his saddled charger cries,
To ride straight for the giant.

Roland, the Shield-Bearer.

Then Roland, Milon's son, cried out :

“ Dear father, hark, I pray, sir,
That I am large enough you doubt,
This giant to essay, sir,
Yet not too small, 'tis very clear,
To lug about your pond'rous spear,
Together with your buckler ! ”

The Ardennes wood sought they with speed—

These paladins well weight'd—
But at its edge each stopp'd his steed
And there all separated.
And Roland, in his father's rear,
Bore in his hand the hero's spear,
His shield he also carried.

By sun's and moon's alternate light,
The search each warrior pushes,
But of the giant gets no sight,
Among the rocks and bushes.
The fourth long day, upon the ground,
Lord Milon slept at noon right sound
Within an oak tree's shadow.

Far in the distance, Roland spied
A flash, as 'twere of light'ning,
Pierce through the woods, both far and wide,
The stags and roe bucks fright'ning.
It came, he saw, straight from the shield
Borne by a giant huge and steel'd,
Who down the mount was moving.

Then to himself young Roland spake :

“ Ho, ho ! Here’s something frightful !
But ought I now my father wake
From slumber so delightful ?
No sleep is taken by his steed ;
His spear, shield, sword no slumber need,
Nor I, the springal Roland.”

Then to his side that weapon clasps,
Whose weight his father pleases,
And in his hand the lance he grasps,
The buckler likewise seizes,
His father’s steed he then bestrides,
And through the fir trees softly rides,
The hero not to waken.

And when the mountain side he nears,
The giant stands there jeering ;
“ What means this brat,” the monster sneers,
“ On such a horse appearing ?
His sword is twice his length and girth,
His lance will weigh him to the earth,
And then his shield will crush him.”

“ Prepare to fight ! ” shrieks Roland out.
“ Your jesting you shall rue, sir,
And find the shield so broad and stout
Will guard me well ’gainst you, sir.
A little man, a long, tall jade ;
A little arm, a long, thick blade,
Must e’en help one another.”

Roland, the Shield-Bearer.

The giant swings his monstrous stick
Far forth with deadly meaning ;
Young Roland skillfully and quick,
Himself and charger screening,
His lance against the giant flings,
Which on the jeweled buckler rings
And back to him comes bounding.

But Roland now more cautious grown,
His sword with both hands seizes ;
The giant clutches, too, his own ;
Alas his life-blood freezes
When Roland 'neath him takes a stand,
And upward smites his sin'ster hand,
And hand and shield sends rolling.

The giant now a glance forlorn
Upon the shield bestowing,
Feels, with the gem thus from him torn,
His strength is likewise going.
So, for the shield away flies he,
But Roland stabs him in the knee,
And down sends him, too, rolling.

Then Roland grasped him by the hair ;
His head struck from his shoulders ;
And from the mighty veins laid bare,
Streams drench'd the stumps and boulders.
Then from the monster's shield he snatch'd
The jewel none on earth e'er match'd,
And reveled in its lustre.

He gave it 'neath his garb a place,
And to a streamlet going,
Washed well his bloody hands and face,
His clothes and sabre glowing.
Back swiftly rode the hero then
To where his father in the glen
Was slumb'ring 'neath the oak tree.

He nestled by the warrior's side,
And there was soundly sleeping,
When in the cooling eventide
Lord Milon cried, up-leaping :
“Wake, wake, my son! Wake, Roland. wake!
The shield and lance, come, quickly take,
And let us seek this giant!”

In haste they left their leafy bed
And through the forest wended ;
Brave Roland, where his father led,
With shield and lance attended.
And soon they reach'd the rocky plain,
Where Roland had the giant slain
And there they found him lying.

Scarce Roland could himself command,
When nowhere he detected
The head as well as sin'ster hand
His blade had just exsected.
No more the giant's sword and spear,
No more his shield and casque were here,
But trunk and bloody members.

The monstrous carcass Milon spies :
 " What corse is this here lying ?
 One sees by its enormous size—
 E'en with an oak tree vying—
 The giant's 'tis ! At what a cost
 Have I through sleep this honor lost !
 I must forever mourn it."

At Aix, before the castle gate
 The King now stood dejected :
 " What is my brave paladins' fate—
 My heroes, long expected ?
 Ho ! On my word, if I see right,
 Here Haimon comes, my doughty knight,
 The giant's head upon his spear-point."

Sir Haimon stopp'd in dismal mood,
 And from his lance sent thund'ring
 The horrid head besmeared with blood
 Down where the King stood wond'ring.
 " I found this head as on I hied,
 And fifty paces from it spied
 The giant's trunk among the bushes."

Archbishop Turpin then they spied,
 The giant's gauntlet bringing ;
 The hand, which still remain'd inside
 'Mid laughter from it flinging :
 " A relic, ha ! A beauty, too !
 I brought it all the forest through,
 'T was found just as you see it !"

Bavarian Naims now reach'd the ground,

The giant's cudgel bearing :

“ Look here, what in the woods I found !

I'm sick with sweat and swearing,

And ready 'neath the load to sink.

Ho ! Bairish beer ! A right good drink

Might save me yet from swooning.”

Toward the gate Count Richard walk'd,

His jaded steed beside him,

Which 'neath such weight of armor stalk'd

The knight could no more ride him.

“ Let him now search the woods who will,

He'll find,” quoth he, “ some war-gear still ;

I've taken all I needed.”

Garin now to the centre flies,

The giant's buckler swinging.

“ He has the shield ! His is the prize

Who comes, the jewel bringing !”

“ I have the shield, my gracious King,

Alas, the gem I do not bring,

Though from it, see, 'tis broken.”

At last, Lord Milon comes in view,

His pathway to the castle wending.

He lets the steed his way pursue,

And rides with head low bending.

Behind him Roland follows near,

And bears in hand his mighty spear

Together with his buckler.

Roland, the Shield-Bearer.

But as towards the gates they wheel'd,
 Before the King to enter,
The youngster loosen'd from the shield,
 The button in the center,
And placed the jewel in its stead,
Which straightway o'er the landscape shed
 The brilliancy of sunshine.

And when the myriad shafts so bright
 From Milon's buckler darted,
Out spake the King in great delight :
 “ Hail, Milon, lion-hearted,
Who brought the giant to a stand,
And from him lopp'd both head and hand,
 And won the precious jewel ! ”

Lord Milon turned himself about
 And saw the brilliant, marv'ling :
“ Speak, Roland ! Speak, thou half-grown sprout !
 Who gave thee this, thou starveling ? ”
“ For God's sake, father, do not frown
Because I slew the uncouth clown
 While you were soundly sleeping. ”

ROLAND AND OLIVER.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

And still they fight. Oh fearful contest! Breast to breast.
Their horses, long since slain, lie on the field at rest.
Alone they stand upon an island in the Rhone
Whose yellow waters roll with one continuous moan,
While furious winds pile on the shore wave over wave.
When holy Michael to Apolyon battle gave,
The shock produced no greater wonder nor affright.
Already had they fought from early dawn till night.

Whoe'er had seen the twain before they reached the field,
Before their visors had their visages conceal'd,
Had seen two girlish faces on two fair-hair'd boys ;
Two children yesterday, their parents' dearest joys,
Replete with charms ; to-day, o'ercharged with madd'ning zeal,
They've grown to be two dismal spectres clad in steel ;
Two phantoms whom the fiend had furnish'd with one soul,
Two masks between whose bars the flames of fury roll.
Grim, silent, obstinate, each seeks his foe to gore,
While wistful boatmen who had brought them to the shore,
Have cause at last to fly affrighted from the plain,
And at safe distance, glimpses of the combat gain,

For of these children whom they gaze upon appall'd,
 The one is Oliver, the other Roland, call'd.
 And since they took the field, glum, fierce, by fury stirr'd,
 From these two mouths not yet has pass'd a single word.

A high and mighty lord is Oliver of Wien,
 A son of old Gerard, a grandson of Garin.
 And for this fight, the sire had well-equipp'd the son :
 His shield presented Bacchus making war upon
 The Normans, Rollon drunk and Rouen in dismay.
 The smiling god by tigers drawn, drives on his way,
 Well fill'd with wine, and smites the cider-loving crew.
 His casque is by a hydra's wings half hid from view.
 He wears the breastplate that was worn by Solomon.
 His two-edged rapier shines resplendent as the sun.
 Upon it is his name, there ever to be seen.
 And when he left his home, the bishop of Stadt Wien
 A blessing gave the crest of this bold feudal lord.

The steel-clad Roland wears Durandal†—famous sword !

So closely now they fight that from their burning throats,
 The hot breath makes its mark upon their mail'd coats.
 Foot presses foot ; the island 'neath their furious hits
 Is jarred throughout. Steel, iron, cuts ; and shorn-off bits
 Of crest and shield—while neither will his station yield—
 Are thickly sent, now here, now there, o'er stream and field.
 Their brassards are besmirch'd with sickly rills of blood,
 Which, oozing from their wounds, their eyes and nostrils flood.
 Now all at once upon Sir Oliver's strong mask
 A blow is struck that robs him of both sword and casque.

Disarm'd, with naked head, and Roland's eye on fire,
He turns his face to heav'n and thinks upon his sire.
Durandal gleams on high ! Of life there seems no chance.
"Ho !" Roland cries, "I'm nephew of the King of France,
And e'en must do what such relationship demands ;
So, when my enemy disarm'd before me stands,
I stay my hand. Go, then, another sword secure,
And that 'tis temper'd well, this time, I pray, make sure,
And something good to drink bring hither with you straight,
For I am dry."

"Thanks," Oliver replied.

"I'll wait,"

Said Roland, "make you haste."

Sir Oliver then bid

A boatman who behind a chapel had been hid :

"Go quick to town and tell my father, on the spot,
To send a sword to one of us, and that we're hot."

Meantime, the heroes sit beneath the spreading wood,
And each the other helps to move his iron hood.
Their eyes they wash and give their tongues a little run.
The boatman soon returns, his errand promptly done.
The aged Count he found, and from him brings a sword
And wine—the wine that mighty Pompey so ador'd,
Which Tournon on his ancient hills, to raise, was wont.
The sword was that illustrious, fearful Closamont,
But which, however, many persons call Haute-Claire.

The boatman fled. The heroes finish, with no air
Of wrath, their colloquy. The sun shines no wise loth.
To Roland, Oliver presents the wine ; then both

Advance towards their posts, in fight to re-engage.
 And now behold how swiftly, by its deep'ning rage,
 The combat maddens them ! Back to each heart returns
 That nameless spirit which, to be the victor, yearns,
 And which inbitter'd by the fruitless toils of fight,
 Now adds the flash of eyes to weapons' lesser light.

And still they fight while streams of blood adown them run.
 The live-long day they fight, but finally the sun
 Descends into the west. The night comes on. "Comrade,"
 Says Roland, "something's wrong ; I'm feeling very bad :
 I've hardly strength to stand, and I must ask—'tis odd—
 Some rest."

"'Tis my intention by the aid of God,"

Says Oliver, who smiled a smile that vanish'd soon,
 "To conquer you by my good sword, not by a swoon ;
 Come, Roland, lie upon the grass till all is right,
 And I will fan you with my plume throughout the night ;
 Lie down, I pray, and sleep."

"Nay, boy, thou art not smart,"

Fierce Roland cries ; "I joked ; I wished to try thy heart.
 I've more than strength enough to meet thee breast to breast
 For e'en four days and nights without a moment's rest."

The fight goes on. Death eyes the game. Red torrents flow.
 Durandal strikes and Closamont returns the blow.
 On every side fly sparks, as steel the iron bites.
 The deep'ning shades around are fill'd with lurid lights.
 And still they fight. The river's fog mounts all ablaze,
 And travellers think they see amid the light and haze
 Fantastic woodmen who from labor never cease.

The day returns. The clashings of their blades increase.
Again descends the sun, and still they fight. The skies
Once more grow bright, and yet the combat never dies.
No rest, except when thrice the sun his own had found,
They sat conversing, for a moment, on the ground,
And then the fight resumed.

The old Gerard, in Wien,
For three long days had not his look'd-for son yet seen ;
And now for news he bids a juggler try his skill.
“ My Lord,” ere long the juggler said, “ they’re fighting still.”

Four days have pass'd, while woods and rocks and isle entire
Have quaked beneath this monstrous storm of steel and ire.
They meet, retreat, but never fly nor weary creep.
Now here, now there rain blows ; together streams they leap,
And grass and bushes, mid the strife, fling far and wide,
E'en like two raging whirlwinds racing side by side.
Oh giant conflict ! Storm of thunderbolts and flame !
But Oliver, at length, grasps Roland's sturdy frame,
Down which was flowing now his own life blood,
And hurls his famous sword, Durandal, in the flood.

“ And now my turn it is,” cries Oliver, “ to send
A boatman for a sword wherewith yourself to fend.
The sword of giant Sinnagog is now at Wien :
Durandal's match it is in point of stuff and sheen,
My father won it from the giant in a fight ;
Accept it.” Roland smiles. “ Nay, I shall be all right
With this ” ; and from the earth uproots an oak with ease.
Sir Oliver selects an elm amongst the trees,
And throws his sword away, while Roland, less aglow,

Renews the fight. He will not let his foeman show
The gen'rous dealing he himself had once display'd.

No more with swords in hand, no more in casques array'd.
They beat each other now—to wildest fury wrought—
With trunks of mighty trees, as erst the giants fought.

Thus far, five times the sun had sought the western skies,
When Oliver—an eagle now with dove-like eyes—
Stops short, and cries: "This combat, Roland, ne'er will stand
As long as there shall be a single tree at hand.
Like lions and like tigers, we shall never rest.
That brothers we henceforth become, were it not best?
I have a sister, sir—fair Aude—with arms so white—
She shall be yours."

"By heav'n!" cries Roland, "you are right,"
So now, let's drink; the heat begins my throat to goad."
And thus it was that Roland won the lovely Aude.

* Roland and Oliver were the two most famous of the twelve paladins of Charlemagne. To give a "Roland for an Oliver," is to give as good as you receive. Roland (called Orlando in Italian) is the hero of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, as well as of a great many tales and romances.

† Durandal was the name of his famous sword made by the fairies, and of such temper that it would "cleave the Pyrenees at a blow."

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.

Within those far-famed walls 'neath which Euphrates moved,
Once lived young Pyramus and Thisbe, his beloved.
He bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair,
Had in adjacent homes grown up a hapless pair.
From earliest childhood reared within each other's sight,
Acquaintance grew to love, and love, at last, to plight.
But parents having barr'd what could not be denied,
Unsatisfied they liv'd and lov'd and long'd and sigh'd ;
Yet hid from all around, what each the other show'd,
And thus the more conceal'd, the more their fire glow'd.

The old division wall that 'twixt their dwellings ran,
Contained a narrow chink whose length was scarce a span.
While this was known to none, though ages old no doubt,
(What will not love perceive) these lovers found it out ;
And safely through this chink their voices made a way,
And through it tender words they murmured, day by day.
Oft by it, as they stood—each on a diff'rent side—
And thus allow'd to speak, but ah, to touch denied :

“ Oh envious Wall,” they cried, “ Oh why our love defeat ?
 How little were it now, that thou should’st let us meet !
 Yet if this be too much, why, e’en our kisses, stay ?
 Still not ungrateful we, for thou afford’st the way,
 Whereby our sighs may pass, nor will our sighs betray.”

Thus all the livelong day they sigh’d and chid in vain ;
 And when night came, they wept and vow’d to meet again,
 And e’en the stubborn wall, to press and kiss, were fain.
 But when Aurora now the stars had put aside,
 And Phœbus with his rays, the moisten’d herbage dried,
 The chink they sought once more, and then once more began
 To tell their loves and woes, and afterwards to plan
 Escape. At last they fix a night to leave their home ;
 And thro’ the streets to fly, and thro’ the woods to roam.
 But singly they must go. Lest error should be made,
 They plan, at Ninus’ tomb, to meet beneath the shade,
 There offer’d by a tree that snow-white berries bore—
 A *Morus* broad whose limbs, a fountain, dangled o’er.
 Exulting now they wait the slowly-wasting day,
 And watch the shades of night glide o’er each roof and way.
 First *Thisbe* opes her door, and thro’ the darkness steals,
 But better to deceive, with veil her face conceals,
 And hast’ning to the tomb, she sits beneath the tree.

Love boldness gives ! But ah, what monster can this be
 Approaching her, his mouth besmear’d with blood of prey ?
 She starts ! A lion ’tis who seeks his thirst to lay !
 And well she marks his form beneath the moon’s pale ray.
 She flies ! She knows not where. A cave her progress stops.
 She rushes in. Alas ! alas ! her veil she drops !

When now the thirsty beast is at the font appear'd,
The woods he seeks ; the veil he finds, and having seiz'd,
To tear and stain it with his bloody mouth is pleas'd.

Now Pyramus arrives, and in the dust the trace
Of savage beast perceives, while pallor clothes his face.
But when the bloody veil all torn, attracts his sight :
“ Alas ! ” he cries, “ Death takes two lovers in one night ;
And of the hapless twain, the better far is she.
Oh horrid thought ! 'Tis I that killed thee ! Wretched me !
'Tis I that sent thee here by night, nor did attend.
Nor even thee precede ! Oh now my body rend !
My vitals now consume ! Me now attack and mock,
Ye beasts whate'er ye be that dwell beneath this rock ! ”

Death cowards *simply wish* : a coward none was he ;
But lifting Thisbe's veil he bears it to the tree,
And to it kisses gives ; of tears, pours out a flood,
And murmurs to it low : “ Dear Veil, take, too, my blood ! ”
Then with it wraps his sword, and bowing to the ground,
He drives it in his breast, then draws it from the wound.
Pursuing close the blade, the hot blood, now enlarg'd—
Like prison'd waters, when some faulty pipe o'ercharg'd
Therewith, gives way and thro' the gap them freely lets—
Vehement bursts, and breaks in scores of tiny jets.
The berries of the tree thus sprinkled with the blood,
Their whiteness lose ; the roots drenched by the purple flood,
Thenceforth the Punic dye e'er carry to the bud.

And fear now laid aside ; and lest he should complain,
The maiden hastens forth her lover to regain,

And all her ills relate, and prove that still she's true.
 But coming to the tree, perceives its alter'd hue.
 " 'Tis strange ! " she murmurs low, " Ah, have I lost my way ? "
 And thus in doubt, her eyes towards the body stray.
 She starts in terror back ; her cheeks now lose their glow ;
 The current of her blood halts in its peaceful flow,
 As when the quiet stream is smitten by the storm.
 Now fixedly she looks, and knows her lover's form ;
 And now she beats her breast and to him loudly calls,
 And tears her golden hair, and on his body falls,
 And bathes his wounds with tears ; his blood to staunch she tries ;
 With kisses mingling sobs, with fierce caresses cries :
 " Oh Pyramus ! What fate hath taken thee from me ?
 Oh Pyramus, but speak ! Thy Thisbe calls to thee !
 Oh hear me, my beloved ! Thine eyes but let me see ! "

And at that name and voice those eyes half ope in pain ;
 But with one tender look on her they close again.
 Then first she spies her veil wrapp'd 'round the naked blade ;
 And springing up, she cries : " Thy hand this wound hath made !
 'Tis for my love thou died'st ! As strong a hand have I,
 And love as strong as thine can likewise help me die !
 Oh yes, I'll follow thee, and as thou died'st for me,
 Thy consort I'll become, and parted though I be
 By death, ah yet in death I still can fly to thee !
 O wretched parents thine ! O wretched parents mine !
 May these last dying words your hearts at least incline
 To place us in one tomb—all now that can be done
 For two who lived to love, who died at last but one !
 And thou, oh Tree, 'neath whom now lies one lover dead,

Shalt thy protecting arms soon o'er another spread !
Keep thou grim Slaughter's sign as witness of our pain,
And henceforth and fore'er, black let thy fruit remain !"
Then aiming well the sword by which her lover died,
She leans upon its point and falls hard by his side.
Her prayer the gods nor scorned, nor did the parents spurn,
For Morus-berries still from white to black e'er turn ;
And what she also ask'd : they rest both in one urn.

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.

FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.

Among the Phrygian hills may even now be found
A linden and an oak which modest walls surround ;
And, close at hand, a lake where fields were wont to bloom,
But now of ducks and coots the solitary home.
Here Jove, in mortal form, came on a certain day,
While Hermes with his rod, before him led the way.
In search of food and rest, a thousand doors they tried ;
Of all the thousand doors, but one was open'd wide :
This to a cot belong'd whose roof with reeds was thatch'd ;
And here Philemon dwelt, in years with Baucis match'd.
Here both in youthful prime, had come as man and wife,
And here had aged grown, here led an humble life.
Here both had always dwelt, each to the other all,
And each to serve or bid, howe'er the roll might fall,
Display'd an equal grace, whate'er might be the call.

The gods, on finding now a place wherein to rest,
Pass'd thro' the lowly door with heads, forsooth, depress'd ;
And straight the aged host a bench before them drew,
And Baucis thereupon a homely cov'ring threw ;
Then to the hearth repair'd and from the ashy bed

Brought out a spark which quick with leaves and bark she fed.
And blowing womanlike, the flames all o'er them spread.
Her closet then she oped, and cloven wood thence took,
And heaping this well up, the pot placed on the hook.

Meantime, Philemon had from out the garden brought
Most sav'ry herbs ; and from the beams o'erhead had caught—
By dint of handling well a long and two-prong'd fork—
A fitch—oft hack'd before—of tender smoke-dried pork.
From this he quickly cut as much as would suffice,
And in the boiling pot then dropp'd the unctuous slice,
While all with laugh and joke, the passing moments cheat,
Nor feel delay. A basin used to bathe the feet,
Of beech-wood made and hanging on the wall close by,
With water being filled, the gods its virtue try.
A willow couch stands near, whereon they may recline
And rest their weary limbs and at their leisure dine.
O'er this a cloth is spread—a festal cloth 'tis deem'd—
Quite old and cheap, 'tis true, yet well the couch beseem'd.
Thereon the gods recline ; and now the tott'ring dame
A table by them puts, one leg whereof is lame.
This she repairs with tiles, in guise of prop and splint,
And when 'tis firm, she rubs the boards with sprigs of mint.
Minerva's mottled fruit, the olive, on it lays,
And cornels soak'd in wine, she temptingly displays,
And succ'ry, too, and roots and lumps of whitest cheese,
And eggs in ashes left just long enough to please.
In earthen vessels all. And then a bowl is brought
Of sculptur'd clay, with cups from beech-wood neatly wrought,
Well rubb'd inside with wax all leakage to prevent.

No time is lost : the food warm from the pot is sent ;
 Then wines are brought—not old, nor yet of vaunted source ;
 And these removed ere long, on comes the second course
 Of nuts and figs and wrinkled palms together laid,
 And apples, too, and prunes in baskets well display'd ;
 And grapes collected freshly from the purple vines ;
 And honey, too ; but best of all, a face that shines
 With looks of hearty welcome for her way-worn guests.

But look ! Some magic power, each empty cup attests.
 Each seems to fill itself, and emptied, fill again.
 Whence comes the wine ? The hosts affrighted search in vain ;
 Then falling down before their guests, forgiveness pray
 For off'ring food so mean to beings such as they.

A sacrifice to make, Philemon speeds in chase
 Of Baucis' only goose, custodian of the place.
 The goose was quick of wing, the old folk slow of feet,
 And so, at every turn, the goose was sure to beat ;
 And flying to the guests, from sacrifice is spared.
 "Stay ! We are gods ! Yours be reward for bounty shared,"
 They cried, "but woe to those who spurn'd us from their door !
 Yet you must quit this peaceful cot foreverinore,
 And up yon mountain take with us the toilsome way."

The gods move forth ; the hosts their high commands obey ;
 But 'tis with stiff and aged limbs they mount the steep ;
 And now when from the top they were an arrow's flight,
 They look'd behind and lo, the fields had fled from sight !
 Submerged was every cot save their dear cot alone !
 And while they wond'ring gaze, and for their neighbors moan,

That cot—that aged cot—which once but two could hold—
A fane becomes, and columns from its props unfold.
Its yellow reed-thatch'd roof, in gleaming gold, is wrought ;
And marble pavements rise and doors with carvings fraught.
And while amazed they gaze, Jove thus bespeaks the pair :
“ Ask, worthy man and wife—oh man and wife most rare !—
Ask what you will ; 'tis yours ! ”

With Baucis now alone
Philemon counsels low, and thus their wish makes known :
“ To be thy priests, great Jove, and at thy altar bow,
We ask ; and since in peace we've lived, and live e'en now,
That we together die, nor that my long-loved wife
Be buried in my sight, nor she outlive my life.”

Their prayer was heard. The temple's keepers they were made,
And thenceforth lived. Years left their love all undecay'd.
But one day, as they stand before the temple's gate,
In converse sweet, Philemon gazing on his mate,
Beholds her limbs transformed, her head a crown of leaves,
And Baucis likewise, him thus change, while neither grieves ;
And as to stately trees they see each other swell,
They murmur, each to each, and o'er and o'er : “ Farewell ! ”
And when no longer one can see the other's face,
They blindly, lovingly, their branches interlace.

These trees are standing still ; and what I here narrate,
Is meant not to deceive. In fact, I've seen of late,
The branches deck'd with wreaths ; and seeing them, I said
The gods will honor pay, for honors to them paid.

THE WHEEL OF HEUSDEN.

FROM THE DUTCH OF W. BILDERDIJK.

“A cry, a cry! My lady, hark!
Outside the castle walls.
A weary traveler I see;
For shelter, 'tis he calls.”

“A traveler? And we alone,
My husband off so far!
Alas, a traitor he might prove
Should I the gates unbar.”

“The moonlight shows there is but one,
And harmless he appears,
And, ah, the winter's wind is sharp;
Pray, lady, quell thy fears.”

“If honest and alone he seem,
Admit him to the hall;
But, Herman, keep thyself awake
And ready at my call.

“ A strange presentiment I feel,
Yet know not whence it comes ;
And every fibre of my heart
It reaches and benumbs.”

Wide swung the castle's pond'rous gates,
And through, the wand'rer hied,
To find a shelter 'neath the roof,
As well as Robert's bride.

And homage, too, the wand'rer found,
As high his head he bore,
And with a soldier's step he trod
The sounding marble floor.

His voice, as out he boldly spake,
Made all the arches ring,
While every movement of his limbs
Betoken'd him a king.

The lady sat beside her maid,
Whose hand a distaff fed,
And from a buzzing spinning-wheel,
She drew a purple thread.

A well-trimmed silver lamp—by which
Was lit the vaulted space—
A shadow o'er her visage threw,
But lighted up his face.

- “ I give thee welcome, sir, she said :
The wind is keen outside ;
My hearth and bread thou shalt enjoy,
And here the morrow bide.
- “ Come, sit thee down ; an evening dish
The maid shall for thee fetch,
And on a bed and 'neath a quilt,
Shalt then thy limbs outstretch.”
- “ I will accept, my lady fair,
With many thanks, I trow,
Your roof, your bread, your water-cup,
For I am weary now.
- “ By more than this, thou shalt not find
That I can be beguiled
So long as I must vainly seek
My child, my only child.”
- “ Your child ! ” cried Ada, looking up.
“ A daughter,” he replied,
“ An only child, for whom, alas,
I've vainly sought and sigh'd.
- “ All countries have I wandered through,
To earth's remotest shore,
But only locks of snow to find
And limbs all stiff and sore.

“ Oh, no, I never will accept
A bed whereon to rest,
Till God hath granted me the bliss
To press her to my breast.”

And then he lifts his hand to swear,
While she in mute amaze
And trembling, turns away her face,
Beneath the wand'rer's gaze.

Her panting bosom seeks relief ;
Alas her tongue is bound,
While droops her head upon her breast,
Her breast in tears all drown'd.

In vain she tries to move her lips,
Her painful thoughts to tell,
In vain she tries to hide the thoughts
That now her bosom swell.

The lamp gives forth its light in vain,
Her features to reveal,
For all the while, she keeps them hid,
And dumb becomes the wheel.

“ My grief—a father's bitter grief ”—
Thus speaks the stranger guest—
“ Has, noble dame, your pity stirr'd
And robb'd your soul of rest.

The Wheel of Heusden.

“ I thank and bless your tender heart ;
 May God, whose love is great,
Should you a mother e'er become,
 Preserve you from my fate.

“ Oh, be it never yours to feel
 The pang that must be borne,
When in an old and doting breast,
 The heart is wrung and torn.”

Up sprang the lady with a cry,
 Then falls and swoons away,
While maid and grey-beard on her gaze
 In wonder and dismay.

Anon beside her prostrate form
 They kneel to bathe her face,
And to her lips they hold the lamp,
 Some sign of life to trace.

She starts and with bewilder'd look
 Regards her aged guest,
And then unconscious sinks again,
 Her lips the firmer press'd.

And now the work of death seems done,
 For stifled is her slightest moan,
And smooth'd her brow and stretch'd her frame
 As lifeless as a stone.

Hark! Bugle notes the welkin fill,
And cries are heard without ;
And far above them all ascends
Her husband's well-known shout.

She hears ; she shrieks : "'Tis Heusden's voice,
My husband, true and brave !
He comes ; he comes ! My Heusden comes,
To snatch me from the grave !"

Wide flew the gates ; the knight darts through,
And up the steps he bounds,
And with the clatter of his heels
The marble hall resounds.

O'erjoyed, he flies to meet his wife,
Now on her knees upraised,
"Oh God," she cries, "Once more, once more,
I see thee ! God be praised !"

"What ails thee, love ? What means this scene ?
Am I not by thy side ?
And did thy Heusden ever fail
Whatever might betide ?"

With torches now the servants come.
The hall is all ablaze ;
And now the aged trav'ler meets
The knight's astonished gaze.

The Wheel of Heusden.

“ Ho ! ” shouts the knight, “ ’Tis England’s king ! ”

“ Ha, Heusden ! ” he replies,

“ Oh father mine, oh father mine ! ”

The lady faintly cries.

“ Forgive me, father, oh forgive ! ”

Entreats she now her sire,

And Etheliin his daughter knows,

And all his blood ’s on fire.

“ Ah, yes, ” he cries, “ I’m England’s king,

The father without child,

And, Heusden, thou the robber art,

That hath her thus beguil’d !

“ Restore her, robber ! Yield thy prey ;

Or tremble ’neath my blade ! ”

“ I tremble ? I ? ” brave Heusden cries,

“ I tremble ? I afraid ? ”

“ Kind heaven gave me Ada’s heart.

You scorn’d my offer fair,

And I a knight, your equal, too,

For I, to kings, am heir ! ”

“ Oh father, be no tyrant now,

But hear thine Ada’s plaints ;

The heart is never ruled by force ;

Love thrives amid restraints.

“ It is too late to claim thy child :
God wills that right shall reign.
Thy pride is cruelty alone,
And all thy rage is vain.

“ I holy vows have made, and thou
Must e'en be reconciled :
I am the wife of Heusden here,
He, father of my child.”

“ Enough ; your offspring moves my heart,
Barbarian plumed and mailed !
As father, you have conquered me,
As robber, you had fail'd !

“ It must be so ; inhuman 'twere
My blood to evil treat—
Alas, that blood with miscreant's mixed,
And Ada at his feet ! ”

In grief his head drops on his breast,
And on the floor he sees
His child and Heusden lowly bent,
And clinging to his knees.

“ Oh, father,” sobbed the blooming bride,
Let now thine anger cease,
And bless our vows and bless our child,
And God shall give us peace ! ”

The Wheel of Heusden.

The King to heav'n now lifts his eyes,
Drench'd by a kindly flood :
" Oh God," he cries, " It must be so ;
They are my blood, my blood !

" Forgive, as I forgive them both,
What they to me have done.
A hero thou hast Ada sent,
And me, a princely son !

" Rise, Ada ! Heusden, she is yours !
I yield ; it must be so,
And God, who lets me see my child,
I'll trust in weal or woe.

" Long live the glory of your house,
Through sons who, in accord,
'Gainst wrong to fight, and for the right,
Shall boldly wield the sword.

" On your escutcheon henceforth place
This buzzing spinning wheel,
That call'd me here beneath your roof,
My jewel to reveal.

" And now, at last, my weary limbs
May taste your proffered rest,
For now my vow has been fulfilled,
And God my trial bless'd."

HANS GROVENDRAAD.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF JAN VAN RYSWICK.

Hans Grovendraad, an honest clown,
By cobbling in his native town,
 Had earned a living ever.
His work was strong and clean and fine,
And none who served at Crispin's shrine
 Was at his trade more clever.

Besides—what many liked to see—
He had a heart both stout and free,
 And well his thoughts propounded.
In doing right, none was more bold ;
Nor would he for a mine of gold,
 The truth e'er suffer wounded.

Not e'en the mayor nor the priest
Could budge him from his path the least,
 Except by force of reason.
And aught that truth and right betray'd,
As I've already plainly said,
 He look'd upon as treason.

•

Alas, this able-bodied wight,
 Like others had to toil and fight,
 An honest living seeking ;
 And often sorry gains could make,
 And when of buying e'er he spake,
 Of pay were others speaking.

Dame Fortune, whimsical and blind,
 His dwelling never seem'd to find,
 And few his friendship sought for ;
 So with his stone upon his lap,
 The needed bread and meat and pap
 For wife and babes he wrought for.

And when folks saw him on his bench,
 They cried : " His sign-board 's not in French ;
 He 's nothing but a pegger,
 And seems to hate whatever 's new,
 So, mind you, in a year or two,
 He'll be a common beggar."

" Yes," said another, " he 's a fool,
 And knows not how his tongue to rule,
 But always keeps it wagging.
 In times like these, he who will preach
 And cares not whom his talk may reach,
 Can't long of luck be bragging."

“Yes,” said a third, with lengthen’d face,
“How can it elsewise be? God’s grace!

He don’t serve even mammon!
On Sundays, never goes to mass,
And then, confound the shameless ass,
He says: ‘Good works are gammon.’

“When priests in prayer go through the street,
He runs himself half off his feet,
To ’scape God’s service ’tending;
With heretics, far more than wife,
He loves to spend his godless life.
He’ll pay, though, his offending.”

And so his neighbors all irate,
Pounced down upon the cobbler’s pate;
But nothing Hans resented.

“They’re fools,” thought he, “so let them rest,
But I will try to do my best.”
And thus he worked contented.

One day, scarce heeding this or that,
Hard working o’er a shoe he sat—
Some patches putting in it—
To gratify a restless lout
Who said that “Sure, the shoe without,
He could not live a minute.”

Just then, a dame with visage fair,
But with a terror-stricken air,
 Within the shop came shrieking,
Her arms in supplication raised,
As if some fiend, by passion crazed,
 Her life was madly seeking.

“Oh Hans!” she cried, “my honest friend,
I pray thee, thy protection lend,
 I know not where to hide me.
The people, wheresoe'er I go,
Assail, and dirt upon me throw,
 And shamefully deride me.”

“What ails thee, dame,” cried Grovendraad,
“That thus thou boundest in like mad?
 Speak out, don't be affrighted!
I'm always prompt to help the right,
And for thy sake would gladly fight,
 And see thy wrongs required.”

Then with a deep-drawn sigh she said
“To persecution doomed, I've fled
 Through every town and city,
But shelter, I can no where find,
And though for help I've begg'd and pined,
 I can obtain no pity.

“ At last a refuge here I sought,
For here a friend to find, I thought ;
Alas, the people knew me !
‘ Away ! ’ they cried, ‘ Get out, thou hag,
Thy body through the streets we’ll drag !
Get out, thou witch ! Beshrew thee ! ’

“ They seemed intent upon my life :
‘ There goes,’ they scream’d, ‘ old Satan’s wife,
Who does us so much evil ;
Now, at her, boys, with sticks and stones
And pelt her well and break her bones
And send her to the devil ! ’

“ And then I ran—for death I fear’d—
All wounded and with mud besmear’d,
No strength, alas, remaining ;
Aye, here to you in hope I flew,
To save me from the rabble crew,
Whose rage is past restraining.

“ Please keep me till the evening here,
And then I’ll go, although I fear
That outside I’m awaited,
Where then, perhaps, ’twould only end
In robbing thee of every friend
And heaping on thee hatred.”

Quoth Hans : " That 's neither here nor there ;
 Thy safety now is my affair ;
 I raise o'er thee my banners,
 And thou shalt here abide with me,
 And shalt from every fear be free ;
 I'll teach these fellows manners !

" Sit down, sit down ! Don't fear at all !
 Remove thy doubts ; remove thy shawl ;
 My wife will soon attend thee.
 Don't mind these addle-pated folk ;
 They only mean to have a joke ;
 A good square meal will mend thee."

When evening came, a hellish roar
 Arose before the cobbler's door :
 " Hi, Hans ! The devil take thee !
 Give up that witch, thou cursed lout !
 Unlock the door ! She must come out !
 Unlock it, or we'll make thee ! "

" Oh yes," cries one, " I know she's here.
 The scoundrel harbors her, 'tis clear ;
 Don't spare the vile Free-mason,
 The swindler, aye, the devil's son ;
 Not worse, the stars e'er shone upon ;
 The town he brings disgrace on !

“ He shall not sew another stitch
If, for a single day, this witch
 He dare to take the care of ;
And he who ere a shoe shall send
To this ungodly wretch to mend,
 Had best his life beware of.

“ It is a thing that one can't stand,
To let this woman plague the land
 With her accurs'd behavior ;
She brings upon us hell's own flames ;
The country's government defames,
 And e'en the blessed Saviour ! ”

“ Hark ! ” cries the dame, “ Hark, honest Hans !
Thou runn'st a very narrow chance,
 In giving me thine aid, sir ;
These brutes will rob thee of thy bread ;
And me to have, alive or dead,
 They mean to make a raid, sir ! ”

“ Oh fiddlesticks ! ” quoth Grovendraad,
“ Thou canst not think that I'm a lad
 So easily affrighted ;
These fellows are both blind and dumb
And he that will to them succumb,
 Is ten-fold more benighted ! ”

Poor Hans ! He did not die that year,
But, then, to him 'twas very clear
 He made not much by cobbling ;
And though he worked and tried to live,
He never could the reason give
 Why his affairs went hobbling.

A home, at last, he was without,
And all his goods went up the spout,
 Nor could he beg nor borrow.
With broken heart and aching head,
The poor-house gave him then a bed
 And there he died of sorrow.

And now, my friend, you want to know
The dame who wrought for Hans such woe,
 And all his prospects ended :
The tale is true for every clime,
And has been true throughout all time—
 Hans had DAME TRUTH defended.

ARION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. W. SCHLEGEL.

Arion, prince of Grecian singers—
Whose harp seem'd living in his hand
And ever glad to feel his fingers ;
Who welcome found in every land—
In ship with gold well freighted,
Tarentum left elated,
To seek his home on Hellas' strand.

To seek his friend so long desired—
His friend who over Corinth reign'd,
Who, when to roam, he first felt fired,
His purpose would have thus restrain'd :
“ Here share with me my treasures ;
Here seek with me thy pleasures ;
He loses oft who thinks he 's gained.”

Arion cried : “ The wish is planted
In every poet's breast to rove.
Art, which to me Apollo granted,
A thousand lusts now seems to move.
If I with wealth come freighted ;
If, too, with glory weightied,
Thou, Periander, must approve.”

And now he comes. The second morning,
 On deck he quaffs the breeze at rest :
 “ Oh Periander, vain thy warning :
 Thou 'lt lose thy cares upon my breast ;
 And gifts to heav'n we'll tender ;
 And grateful homage render,
 While mirth and songs our joys attest.”

The wind and waves had all subsided ;
 The sailors sigling pass'd him by,
 But never had he much confided
 In waves that sleep and men that sigh.
 He marks the crew low speaking ;
 He knows his wealth they're seeking,
 And soon he hears them loudly cry :

“ Thy doom, Arion, is decided ;
 'Tis death, but not on shore a grave !
 Take, take the knife for thee provided ;
 Take ! Take, or leap beneath the wave ! ”
 “ Must hope,” he cries, “ thus perish ?
 Accept what less I cherish—
 Accept my wealth, my life but save ! ”

“ Ho, ho ! And would'st thou live and wander ?
 And then a lesson have us taught ?
 Ha, ha ! Before King Periander,
 Would'st thou for robb'ry have us brought ?
 No, no ! Thy goodly treasure
 Could give us little pleasure,
 If thy return must haunt our thought.”

“ Since I can live on no condition,”
The harpist cried without a sigh,
“ At least accord the poor petition
That as I lived, I so may die ;
And when my song is ended,
My cithern’s tones expended,
I’ll bid the world a last good-bye.”

No human feelings in them linger :
His gold they seek ; his life is naught ;
But, ah, to hear so great a singer
At once engages every thought.
“ If you,” he cries, “ would listen,
I must in jewels glisten,
For thus alone my muse is caught.”

So then his well-shaped limbs resplendent
In gold and purple he arrays,
While o’er his god-like form goes pendent
A robe whose folds with jewels blaze ;
And, dazzling his beholders,
All o’er his neck and shoulders
His golden hair in ringlets plays.

The cithern on his bosom slumbers ;
His right hand on the strings he lays ;
From every breeze drinks heavenly numbers
And glistens ’mid the morning rays.
The sailors stood astounded,
He to the ship-side bounded,
And thus began his song to raise.

“ Dear Cithern, comrade of my measures,
 Come with me to the land of Night !
 A stranger Pluto’s dog, displeasures,
 But he shall feel sweet music’s might !
 Elysium’s heroes yonder,
 Ye who in bliss now wander,
 I greet you in the realms of light !

“ But can ye drive away my anguish ?
 I leave my dearest friend behind.
 Thou, Orpheus, did’st in Hades languish,
 Thy fair Eurydice to find.
 As but a dream she tarried—
 That prize thy lyre carried—
 And thou thenceforth fled’st womankind.

“ I meet my death by fear unshaken.
 The gods on high close wardship keep ;
 They see a life defenseless taken,
 And doom you, caitiffs, when I leap.
 I come Nereides bravely !
 I come, a stranger, save me ! ”
 And then he sprang down in the deep.

The waves had scarce Arion covered,
 When safe his murd’ers sailed away ;
 But dolphins close behind him hovered,
 Some magic power to obey.
 And when the flood infolds him,
 A dolphin’s back upholds him,
 While all around, its comrades play.

'Tis only waves in wildest motion
Can wake the common fish from sleep,
But music lures from deepest ocean,
And makes the playful dolphin leap.
'Tis music him entices,
A prey to mean devices,
Of sportsmen hunting on the deep.

Arion's—others round him flocking—
Begins now shoreward to advance.
The singer on his back, while rocking,
Performs upon his harp a dance,
And little waves upleaping,
The lively measure keeping,
Give gladness to the blue expanse.

At last, by aid divine directed,
They reach the ever-famous shore,
Where once so wondrously erected,
Colossus stood in days of yore.
And here as they must sever
Companionship forever,
Arion strikes his harp once more.

“ Oh, that I could thy great devotion
To me repay, thou truest friend !
My home 's the land, but thine 's the ocean,
Our consort, then, must ever end.
Here Galatéea riding,
And trustfully thee guiding,
Thou would'st, the billows, proudly rend.”

On shore, Arion sped as lightly
 As when through foreign lands he went,
 Till Corinth's towers rising brightly,
 New beauties to his carols lent.
 By love alone now hurried,
 His loss from thought, he buried,
 With friend and harp at last content.

He reaches home : " Wayworn I've sought thee,
 Dear friend, within thine arms to rest."
 He cries, " The art Apollo taught me
 Has more than satisfied my breast.
 True, thieves of wealth bereft me,
 And drowning even left me,
 Yet am I still of fame possessed."

His story having then recited,
 Astounded Periander cried :
 " Shall deed like this go unrequited,
 And pow'r still with me abide?
 This horrid crime's disclosure
 Demands of thee composure,
 So now, thyseit and story hide."

No sooner had the sailors landed,
 Than all were brought before the king.
 " What word," he asks, " are you commanded
 By brave Arion here to bring ?"
 " We left him well and thriving
 And in Tarentum living."
 But hark ! They start ; they hear him sing !

And now his well-shaped limbs resplendent
In gold and purple he arrays,
While o'er his god-like form goes pendent
A robe whose folds with jewels blaze ;
And dazzling his beholders,
Adown his neck and shoulders
His golden hair in ringlets plays.

The cithern on his bosom slumbers ;
His right hand on the strings he lays ;
The wretches fall beneath his numbers,
And cry in anguish and amaze :
“ To slay him we intended,
Apollo him defended,
And now his would-be slayers slays ! ”

“ Arion lives ! The singer merits
The succor sent him from above.
I do not call avenging spirits.
Your blood could not your sin remove.
Go, brutes 'mid brutes to perish !
Go, where you ne'er can cherish
One spark of faith, or hope or love ! ”

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICK VON SCHILLER.

To Dionysius, Damon made his way,
His garment 'round his dagger folding,
The guards him seize, the king beholding.
"What would'st thou with this knife? Say, dastard, say!"
Cried out the tyrant, trembling with dismay.
"To end," quoth Damon, "thine oppression."
"Then, caitiff, die, on thy confession!"

"I scorn," young Damon cried, "from death to flee.
My life, I know, is at thy pleasure,
But I beseech thee let its measure
Be yet three days, and so long set me free,
That my poor sister I may once more see.
A friend his body will surrender,
And if I fail, his life will tender."

The king looked 'round him with a wicked leer,
Then spake, as if upon reflection :
"Go!" Three days take, with my protection ;
But keep thee well in mind and keep with fear,
That if in time thou failest to appear,
Thy friend upon the cross shall perish,
But thee I'll pardon, aye, and cherish."

His friend was brought. "The king," now Damon cried,
"My death upon the cross directed
For deeds wherein I was detected,
Yet will he for three days my doom abide,
That I may see my sister made a bride ;
So take my place a little season,
Till I can answer for my treason."

Him silently embraced this noble friend,
Who to his wish at once assented,
And Damon went his way contented.
Ere in the east the sun could thrice ascend,
His holy mission had attain'd its end.
Homeward he went, nor would he tarry,
Through fear his promise might miscarry.

Alas, scarce homeward turn'd, down comes the rain,
And from the hillsides, streams go leaping,
His pathway pitilessly sweeping.
And when allowed the river's shore to gain,
He finds the bridge has braved the storm in vain—
Its arches by the rapids tumbled,
And all in hopeless ruins crumbled.

Now up and down the shore, on either hand,
He runs and peers with heart half broken,
And shouts and lists for friendly token.
No boat, no human being on the strand
To help him on the other side to land :
Nought but the tempest's wild commotion,
Nought but a stream changed to an ocean !

Upon the shore he sinks in wild dismay,
 His hand to Jove uprais'd imploring,
 " Oh stay," he cries, " this stream's mad roaring !
 The hours fly ! Half ended is the day,
 And should night find me here so far away,
 Encompass'd by these waters ruthless,
 My friend must die and deem me truthless."

With growing fury, on the torrent sweeps,
 Wave over wave, tumultuous riding ;
 The moments into hours gliding,
 Till anguish spent, hope to his bosom creeps,
 And in the flood, intrepidly he leaps,
 The waters 'neath him plowing blindly,
 A God above him watching kindly.

On shore, now rescued from a wat'ry tomb,
 He kneels in thanks, tho' sore and wounded,
 Alas to find himself surrounded
 • By robbers creeping from the forest's gloom,
 Who, ere he reach'd the land, had sworn his doom,
 Who rush upon him wildly singing
 And o'er his head, their bludgeons swinging.

" What seek you here ? " he shouts, quick on his feet.
 " My life is now my only treasure,
 And this must bide my monarch's pleasure ! "
 A bludgeon seizing then, as lightning fleet,
 " For friendship's sake," he cries, " thus you I greet ! "
 And with three blows, he lays three dying,
 And sends the rest in terror flying.

On then he speeds ; but flaming o'er the sand,
The sun o'erwhelms his frame with anguish,
And fearing that his strength must languish,
He cries : " Hast saved me from the robber band,
Oh Jove, when from the flood placed safe on land,
That to fatigue I must surrender,
And Pythias life for me must tender ? "

But hark, what tinkles like a silver bell,
Not far away ! He stops to listen,
When lo, amidst the foliage glisten—
While dancing gaily all along the dell—
The waters, from a rock hard by, that well !
Towards the stream, his footsteps turning,
He drinks and bathes himself all burning.

Aslant, the sun peeps through the tree-tops high,
And on the fields beside them stretching,
Tall shadows of their forms is sketching.
And now two trav'lers on the road close by,
He sees with hurried footsteps past him fly,
And hears one to the other crying :
" By this time on the cross he's dying ! "

These startling words recall him to his feet.
He flies by goading fears incited,
Till, by the setting sun now lighted,
The walls of Syracuse his vision greet ;
And running on the roadway him to meet
He spies his slave who runs e'en faster,
And shouts in terror to his master :

“ Back, back! Thy friend is doom'd! Away, away!
 To save thy life, be now contented!
 He dies, nor can it be prevented!
 With cheerful soul throughout the livelong day,
 He swore thou would'st return spite thy delay,
 Nor can this confidence unshaken
 Be from him, e'en by death now taken!”

“ Too late! Too late! No, see him yet, I must!
 If not as savior long awaited,
 At least, in death to be re-mated!
 A tyrant proved so wickedly unjust
 Shall never boast that friend no friend can trust;
 No, not one moment can I falter
 At dying, too, on friendship's altar!”

The sun goes down as through the city gate
 He bounds, the lifted cross perceiving,
 With gaping crowds about it heaving,
 And on the rope his friend resigned to fate.
 “ Hold, hold!” he shouts; “ I am not yet too late!
 Hold, hold! 'Tis mine—this condemnation!
 Here, here I am! Oh blest salvation!”

And to and fro, the crowds in wonder swing,
 As o'er his friend, with lover's madness,
 He weeps and laughs in grief and gladness,
 While shouts of praise throughout the welkin ring,
 And all the tale is carried to the king,
 Who, not devoid of godly essence,
 Commands them straightway to his presence.

Ashamed, he looks upon the twain and cries :

“ I yield ; love hath the vict'ry wrested,

And me of pride, at last divested.

I see how often virtues vice belies,

And how, such friends, I ought to win and prize,

Of friends, oh would you have another ?

Then take me, too, as friend and brother ! ”

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE (INFERNO, CANTO V).

When thus my teacher had the names recited
Of dames and chiefs who had life's course completed,
Grief fill'd my breast and every nerve seem'd blighted.

“ Oh gentle poet,” I at length entreated,
“ I would address those two far yonder riding,
As if upon a zephyr softly seated.”

He said : “ Thou shalt observe when hither gliding,
They near us come ; then pray them, now so loving,
By that same love, and they'll approach confiding.”

And presently the breeze to us them moving,
I raised my voice : “ Oh spirits grieved and tired,
Come now and speak to us, naught disapproving.”

And then as doves, by ardent longings fired,
With flapping wings strain for the nest, delighted
By near approach, and e'en the more inspired,

So from the band which Dido held united,
Straight through the baneful atmosphere now speeding,
To us they come, thus tenderly invited.

“ Oh mortal who, poor spirits kindly heeding,
Canst through this gloomy air accost us even,
Who with our blood have left the world all bleeding,

“ If as a friend we held the King of Heaven,
Of peace we'd pray for thee a boundless treasure,
Since thou for us such proofs of grief hast given.

“ Whate'er to hear and speak it be thy pleasure,
Shall cheerfully by us be heard and spoken,
While now the wind keeps silence for a measure.

“ The town wherein of life I first gave token,
Sits on the sea-shore where the Po descending,
Finds with his tributaries peace unbroken.

“ Love, gentle natures swiftly apprehending,
To this man show'd that form for love so fitted—
That form now lost in mode still me offending.

“ Love, that ne'er loved-one's debt of love remitted,
A passion for this man in me created,
Which, as thou seest, has not my breast yet quitted.

“ Love to one death consigned these forms ill-fated.
Our slayer shall in Caina meet correction.”
'Twas in these words, her story, she related.

And when I saw these souls in such dejection,
I bowed my head, all speech within me dying,
Until the poet ask'd : " Is this reflection ? "

The silence broke, " Alas," I said, replying,
" How many dreams, what potent yearning
Led on these lovers to a pass so trying ! "

And then still more to learn, towards them turning,
I said : " Francesca, pangs of hearts thus broken,
Because so great, with tears my cheeks are burning ;

" But in that time of pleasing dreams, what token,
I pray, was Love, at last, disposed to tender,
Whereby your loving hearts became outspoken ? "

And she to me : " Naught can such pangs engender
As does the mem'ry of some happy hour
Midst woe, as well your guide the proof can render.

" But if to have the root as well as flower
Of this our love, thou art so strongly pleading,
I'll give of words and tears, an equal shower :

" One day, for mere amusement, we were reading
Of Launcelot, by love so sorely tested.
We were alone, no interruption heeding.

" And oft one's eyes upon the other's rested,
That reading by ; and cheeks by love were lighted ;
But only once were we of strength divested :

“ ’Twas when we read how lips, by love invited,
This fervent lover’s kisses warmly greeted.
He who shall ne’er from me be disunited,

“ Now wrought upon, my quiv’ring lips entreated.
Our lives this book, and he who wrote it tainted,
That day we left its reading uncompleted.”

While now one spirit thus the picture painted,
The other wept so that, by grief affected,
I seem’d, as though death-smitten, and I fainted

And fell e’en like a corpse, head-long projected.

III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HANS AND VERENE.

FROM THE ALEMANNIC OF J. P. HEBEL.

With one alone I'm suited :
Ah, how she pleases me !
And if this maid I could but meet
And win—she is so passing sweet,
 So passing sweet,
In Paradise I'd be.

And oh this maid so pleasing,
How dearly would I prize ;
She's always in such happy mood,
With cheeks the hue of milk and blood,
 Of milk and blood,
And like two stars her eyes.

And when I see her coming,
My brow is all aglow ;
My heart can scarcely keep its place ;
The moisture starts all o'er my face,
 All o'er my face,
I can't tell why 'tis so.

On Tuesday, by the fountain,
Her eyes upon me bent,
"Come, Hans," she said, "What makes thee sad?
Has something with thee turned out bad?
Aught turned out bad?"
I think she something meant.

I should, of course, have spoken,
And told her all my pain;
Ah if more wealth I only had,
And if my heart were not so sad,
Were not so sad,
And she would come again.

Ah, well, I'll go and find her,
She's midst the flowers at home;
And all my heart I'll let her see,
And if she should not friendly be,
Not friendly be,
A soldier I'll become.

I'm but a poor, lone fellow,
And she is true, I know;
To others I have done no ill;
With her I'd grow far better still,
Far better still,
With her it must be so.

Hist! Some one's in the hedge here!
The branches some one stirr'd;
Leaf cannot rustle thus 'gainst leaf:
God help me, for 'tis my belief,
 'Tis my belief,
That I've been overheard.

“ Oh Hans! I'm here! Thou hast me!
If thou wilt make me thine.
I thought thou would'st, some time ago:
On Tuesday, I was sure 'twas so,
 Was sure 'twas so,
Why said'st thou not: Be mine?”

“ Thou art not rich in incomes;
Thou art not rich in gold;
But virtue more than wealth can yield,
And thou can'st bless both house and field,
 Both house and field,
And I have love untold.”

“ Verene! Oh what hear I?
And me wilt thou so bless?
Saved am I from a cruel fate;
Ere long it would have been too late;
 Not now too late.
Oh, will I have thee? Yes.”

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

Aye, every one,
Two angels wait upon,
And e'er unseen close by the shoulders hover.
One on the right
With never-erring sight,
Can through the eye, the inmost soul discover.

Each honest deed,
Indites he with all speed,
And each good thought and pious word he prizes.
At night, his scroll
With gladness doth uproll,
And with it speedily to Allah rises.

With equal zeal,
All follies to reveal,
And every impious thought to see collected,
He on the left
Is equally as deft,
To read what from the brow may be reflected.

What sins he sights,
He just as quickly writes,
But still he keeps the book unseal'd an hour.
On God now call,
For oh, this angel all
Thy sins repented of, to blot hath pow'r.

Repent'st thou naught
Of evil deed or thought,
And tearless are thine eyes at night, while sleeping?
What's unrepent
Is seal'd, alas, and sent,
But then the angel on thy right stands weeping.

GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF VIRGINIA LOVELING.

In grandmother's chamber a picture hangs,
In childhood's years 'twas taken,
With laughing mouth and lustrous eyes,
And hair in ringlets shaken.

The children around it look up and stare,
And ask among them whether,
They would not like that pretty girl
To play with them together.

With spectacles on, and from her armchair,
Peeps up the old grandmother :
"What! Don't you know that girl?" she asks,
"You play with one another."

MY GENTLE FRIEND.

A SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Thou hast, dear friend, a flight unlooked for taken,
To 'scape the ills with which thou hast so striven,
And resting yonder, mid the joys of Heaven,
Hast left me here by doubts and terrors shaken.

If there, where thine it was in bliss to waken,
The mem'ry of this life to thee be given,
Recall the love which my sad soul has riven,
The love of one who deems himself forsaken.

And should'st thou in this bleeding heart discover
Some token, by the grief therein excited,
That I am still thy faithful, stricken lover,

Ask God who hath my earthly hopes thus blighted,
To help me just as quickly thee recover,
As thou and I, alas, were disunited.

THE WATCHMAN'S CRY.

FROM THE ALEMANNIC OF J. P. HEBEL.

Oh listen all to what I'm singing,
While TEN the bell is slowly ringing.
Now say your prayers and go to sleep!
Who can a quiet conscience keep,
Hath slumber soft. On heaven's height
An eye there is that guards the night.

Oh listen all to what I'm singing,
ELEVEN now the bell is ringing.
And him who yet at labor sweats,
Him who at cards still plays and bets,
I ask—nor will I more entreat—
To go to bed that sleep be sweet.

Oh listen all to what I'm singing,
While TWELVE the bell is slowly ringing.
If any one in grief or ache,
At this lone hour be awake,
God grant that rest for him be found,
And that he rise both glad and sound.

Oh listen all to what I'm singing,
While ONE the bell is slowly ringing.
And if, by Satan tempted out,
A thief be hiding here about—
I hope there's none, yet may there be—
Go home! The Judge above can see!

Oh listen all to what I'm singing,
While TWO the bell is slowly ringing.
And thou whose heart before 'tis day,
To care again will fall a prey,
Thou fool, this is no time to weep;
Care's now for God! For thee is sleep.

Oh listen all to what I'm singing,
While THREE the bell is slowly ringing.
The darkness now begins to flee;
Let him that safe the day shall see,
Thank God, and with a soul at rest,
Go to his work and do his best.

TO THE MORKERLA.

FROM THE SWABIAN OF J. G. SCHEIFELE.

I know a shrub of wond'rous grace ;
Two flowers only on it rest.
Of all though in my garden's space,
This flourishes by far the best ;
And when I search my garden through,
With eyes and mouth distended ;
And many blossoms meet my view,
There's none with glow so splendid.

Of nature rare this shrub must be,
That I should love to view it,
And that its side-long glance at me
Should tempt me thus to woo it.
Its perfume too ! Indeed, indeed,
A perfume so delightful !
Alas, light frosts it will but need,
My shrub to render frightful.

'Twere pity should there come some day,
A storm to carry hither
The snow which April flings at May,
To desecrate and wither.
'Twere best to take within my room
My shrub and there defend it;
There could it live and gaily bloom,
And there no harm attend it.

From care then free, come at your will,
Ye Frosts that nip so madly;
'Twill stand upon my window sill,
And smile on all so gladly.
And when its fragrance shall be gone,
And gone its leafy treasure,
I'll have its stalk to look upon;
E'en this will give me pleasure.

WHAT GOES ON IN THE BOSOM.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF C. VERHULST.

What goes on in the bosom,
The world can never know.
There joy disputes and struggles
With yearnings and with woe.

What goes on in the bosom,
The winds cannot tell o'er,
Nor birds amid the foliage,
Nor waves that wash the shore.

What goes on in the bosom,
The life brings not to sight,
For there's a veil about it
That bars fore'er the light.

What goes on in the bosom,
Oft breaks life's brittle cord
Like reed which rushing tempest
Uproots without a word.

TYCHO BRAHE'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE DANISH OF J. L. HEIBERG.

Hush'd in night was every sound.
Overhead the moon seem'd soaring,
Streams of light o'er Zealand pouring—
Streams that hills and woodlands found.
O'er Uranieburg* from high,
Stars in merry mood were beaming,
Tycho, heedless of them seeming,
Stood and gazed like one half-dreaming,
Stood and gazed and heaved a sigh.

“Tell,” he said, “Oh, Fatherland!
Tell me what has been my treason;
Tell me, Fatherland, the reason
I must quit thy hallow'd strand!
Has my love been all in vain?
Sought I not to raise thy glory
To the stars in deathless story?
Will not all the Heavens o'er me
Swear I've lived but for thy gain?”

Tycho Brahe's Farewell.

" My Chaldea thee I found.
 Ah, I love thy fields, so even,
 Where the nights seem made for heaven,
 And the skies, a pleasure ground.
 Oh, for thee my love is fire !
 Ne'er, oh ne'er would I forsake thee.
 Keep me then as thou didst take me ;
 I a temple e'er would make thee,
 For yon brilliant starry choir !

" Must Urania for her friend,
 Now another land discover,
 Where to die, her ardent lover,
 I my way must sadly wend ?
 Ah, I know not what the shore.
 Stars will still my path enliven
 And no matter where I'm driven,
 Everywhere there is a heaven,
 And, indeed, what need I more ? "

* The castle of Uranienburg, on the Island of Hween, was erected as an astronomical observatory, and presented to Tycho by Frederic II, King of Denmark. Charles IV, successor of Frederic, became imbittered against Tycho, stopped his pension and virtually drove him from his country.

FORTUNE AND TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL KNORTZ.

Endless are the lamentations
Born of Fortune's fickle grace ;
Springing from the thought that life seems
Only of a moment's space.

Thine's the fault when but an instant
Gladness lends thy life its light,
For, to capture Time and Fortune,
Every being hath the might.

Every day and every hour,
Duties newly found are thine.
Have a heart that with thy fellow's,
Beats in sympathy divine.

Every good deed lives forever ;
Bringing joy and grateful rest,
If not to the hearts of others,
Always to the doer's breast.

He is happy who such treasures
Strives to gather far and near,
And to him the times long gone by
In the future will appear.

DE TEMPORUM MUTABILITATE.

FROM THE LATIN OF SENECA.

Voracious Time craves all ; on all things lays his hand ;
All things unseats, and grants to nothing rest.
Broad rivers disappear ; seas leave the parching land,
And mountains sink ; and falls each lofty crest.
Such toys why sing ? The heavens whose grandeur move our awe,
In flames shall some day wrap themselves and flee.
All things Death claims : To perish is not doom, but law ;
And earth itself shall cease at length to be.

ROSES AND THORNS.

A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. N. VON BODENSTEDT.

My neighbor has a wife I find,
With well-gear'd tongue and ill-gear'd mind.
She scolds all day about the house,
And gives no peace to man or mouse.
Whene'er a word her husband utters,
She fumes and rages, spits and sputters,
And he, poor fellow, e'er keeps still,
For fight he wont, though fight she will.

* * *

Good men oft show themselves offended.
No lover can be always kissing.
Sweet roses are by thorns attended ;
But thorns are plagues, the roses missing.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM LANGEY.*

FROM THE LATIN OF THEODOCIUS BEZA.

Here, reader, noble Langey peaceful lies,
To Mars and Pallas bound by equal ties ;
In peace or war, none better lived than he ;
His life you know, and how he died now see :
Through ceaseless toils he parted with his health,
And in the cause of France, his lordly wealth
With such unsparing hand he e'er bestowed,
That, dying, more than Miles or Dentalus owed.
He died in poverty, you'll say ; and yet,
He's rich to whom his country is in debt.

* Guillaume du Bellay Seigneur de Langey died in France. A. D. 1543. On his tombstone is the following epitaph :

“ Ci git Langey qui de plume et d'épée
A Surmonté Ciceron et Pompée.”

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

FROM THE LATIN OF HUGO GROTIUS.

Who, curious, undertakes all things to span,
By dint of labor all his own, nor can
A limit to his mental pow'rs admit,
A poor judge makes—a valuer unfit
Of self and nature ; for the God o'er all
Would have us wonder much, with knowledge small,
And touch alone what in our way is set.
This primal error leads to greater yet,
For he who lack of knowledge will deny,
Himself with fallacy must satisfy.
The mind that's most at ease, will err the least,
Content on knowledge smoothly earned to feast ;
Nor will it seach for that which searching flies.
Not knowing some things, ofttimes is most wise.

TO M. LOUIS RACINE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

In your didactic verses, Racine, you have caught
The savage doctrines by your sage Jansenius taught.
I oft admire you, true, but naught you say believe ;
And if your style delights, your God I can't receive :
A tyrant, Him you've call'd ; a father, Him I've made ;
Your worship is enforced ; my homage freely paid ;
And more than you, the value of his blood I own :
You serve him as a slave ; I love him as a son.
Believe me now : such doctrines from your mind efface.
Conceive we God alone, when we conceive his grace.
Our minds then let us yield, our hearts to him prefer,
And let us Christians be, and no more doctors, sir.

EQUALIZING ALL THINGS.

A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. N. VON BODENSTEDT.

“The lack of equal chance to all,
Explains full oft life's bitter sequel.
How well would everything befall,
If great and small were only equal!”

’Twas thus the grumbler wisdom vaunted.
All things for him, are fashioned wrong.
The eagle by the gnat is taunted,
The gnat not having wings so long.
Like dwarfs, so giants should be small,
And dwarfs, like giants should be tall.

God's works we might improve by putting
All things upon an equal footing:
Let mountains to the vales be graded,
And vales no more by mountains shaded.

All that is great let's have diminished,
Nor let the work be held as finished,
Till sense and nonsense shall be blended,
And gems to pebbles have descended;
And when all this shall come to be,
Call me, I pray, the change to see.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. REINBECK.

A butterfly on wings extended,
Was in a garden flirting round about,
When in a rose he spied half buried,
A bee thence drawing nectar out.

He laughed and ask'd : " Pray, wherefore tarry
So endlessly, a single flower to taste ?
Kiss all in turn, and like me gaily
To other blossoms then make haste."

" And, pray, what gain you by such trifling ?
What gather you in store, while thus you roam !"
And saying this, the bee rose humming,
And honey-laden'd flew straight home.

THE SWAN AND THE SPARROW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHN KLENERT.

A swan while swimming once in all his pride,
Was by a sparrow in the rushes spied,
Who straightway all his jealous thoughts let loose,
And twenty times called out : "There goes a goose !"
The swan no answer to him deign'd to make,
But gravely steer'd his way across the lake,
Nor did the insult injure him one pin :
He still remain'd the swan that he had been.

SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. RÜCKERT.

King Solomon, that monarch wise,
Once casting o'er a field his eyes,
Observed a farmer slowly going
Among the rocks, his barley sowing.

“What are you at?” the King cries out;
“That field will never yield a sprout.
Of sense, pray, do not show such lack, sir,
Your seed you'll nevermore get back, sir.”

The farmer to a pause now brought,
Uncertain stood a while and thought;
Then started on, the seed forth-heaving,
While to the Monarch answer giving:

“I've nothing but this field alone;
Iv'e plowed it oft and often sown;
Why should I harbor doubts distressing?
From me, the seed, from God, the blessing.”

IDLENESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Let Idleness be better understood ;
It may be evil, or it may be good.
With riches, 'tis a pearl of price ;
With poverty, a monstrous vice.

In winter-time of life, one may in peace enjoy
The fruits which did in Spring-time all his strength employ.
To soldiers, bards, and all who seek to be renown'd,
Rest is allow'd, but only on their laurels found.

AN ANGEL.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF H. PEETERS.

I have a little Prayer-book,
 With pictures through and through,
It has Morocco covers
 So finely gilded, too.
God-mother wish'd to teach me,
 And so this book she got,
Which, though I've had five summers,
 Is without scratch or blot.

No pictures half so lovely
 Can anywhere be found,
And gold and silver borders
 These pictures all surround.
Of one among them chiefly,
 The colors much I prize ;
It is a praying angel,
 That has such sparkling eyes.

My playmates, when they look at
This angel's curly hair :
" 'Tis just like that of Charley,
The Miller ! " they declare ;
" The Miller who last summer,
At eve the fancy took,
To tell us that sweet story,
Down there beside the brook."

On Sundays, when the church bell
Through all the valley rings,
I go to church where Charley,
The sweetest singer, sings.
And when I read my Prayer-book,
And to the angel come,
I can't turn any further,
And, all at once, I'm dumb.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF ALMEIDA GARRETT.

Like thee she was, that vision fair ;
Like thine her form, like thine her hair ;
 In beauty just like thine she beam'd,
That vision which my pathway cross'd,
 When long ago of love I dream'd,
And when in dreams myself I lost.

Like thine, like thine, that noble mien,
Those looks, those actions, so serene.
 That quiet smile which ever lent
Her being such a mellow tone,
And which like veil, all o'er her thrown,
 A softer beauty to her sent.

Like thine her plain and honest speech—
Which all could please and all could reach—
 A potency divine possess'd
To pierce—aye, pierce, but not excite—
It was not flame, but purest light,
 And found the very inmost breast.

Like thine her eyes resplendent shone ;
The perfume of her breath thine own—
 The roses' perfume—roses twined
With daisies soft—those roses fair—
Those roses white—that perfume rare,
 A thousand, thousand times refined !

But 'tis not thou ! Ah, 'tis not thou !
Dispelled is that illusion now !
 Not thou that once upon me beam'd,
Not thou, that vision I beheld—
That vision which my heart so swell'd,
 Ah 'tis not thou o'er whom I dream'd !

SOLOMON, THE POET KING.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF JULIUS VUYLSTEKE.

Solomon in song excelling,
Lodg'd within his royal dwelling,
Wives a thousand—all his own.

Wives a thousand, says the story.
Still his wisdom was his glory,
For he loved but one alone.

One alone with charms transcendent,
One—a host in arms resplendent,*
One alone—the Shulamite.

For the others, found he pleasures,
Kisses, gold, and richest treasures ;
Songs for her alone could write.

* *Flemish*.—"Schriklijke als een legerschare."

Latin.—"Terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata."

English.—"Terrible as an army with banners."

WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE?

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

Of pearls and diamonds hast thou ;
Hast all one could implore ;
Hast eyes that shine the brightest.
Sweet maid, what wouldst thou more ?

Upon those eyes the brightest,
Have I a hundred score
Of choicest ditties written.
Sweet maid, what wouldst thou more ?

And with thine eyes, the brightest,
Hast thou my soul made sore,
And to perdition brought me.
Sweet maid, what wouldst thou more ?

HYMN TO LOVE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Love all potential, earth and heaven ruling,
Causing sweet warfare 'twixt our various feelings ;
Oh, there be many robb'd of life's sweet flower,
When in thy power !

Pleasures but transient, foolish occupations,
Burning desires, terrors overwhelming,
Joyful commotions, cheats accepted gaily,
Come from thee daily.

Tyrant so cruel t'wards the tender aged,
Holding out blessings, giving only evils,
Leading thy victims, lured by short-lived gladness,
Great is thy madness !

Fly his deceptions ; firmly make resistance
'Gainst his enchantments, O inveigled lovers !
Aye, 'tis a serpent lurking 'mid the roses, .
What he proposes.

Love that is Heav'n-born, gentle in behavior,
Ne'er employs arrows bearing with them poison.
Virtues his own, in songs of praise we'll treasure,
Sapphic in measure.

“TO MEET AGAIN!”

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. VON FEUCHTERSLEBEN.

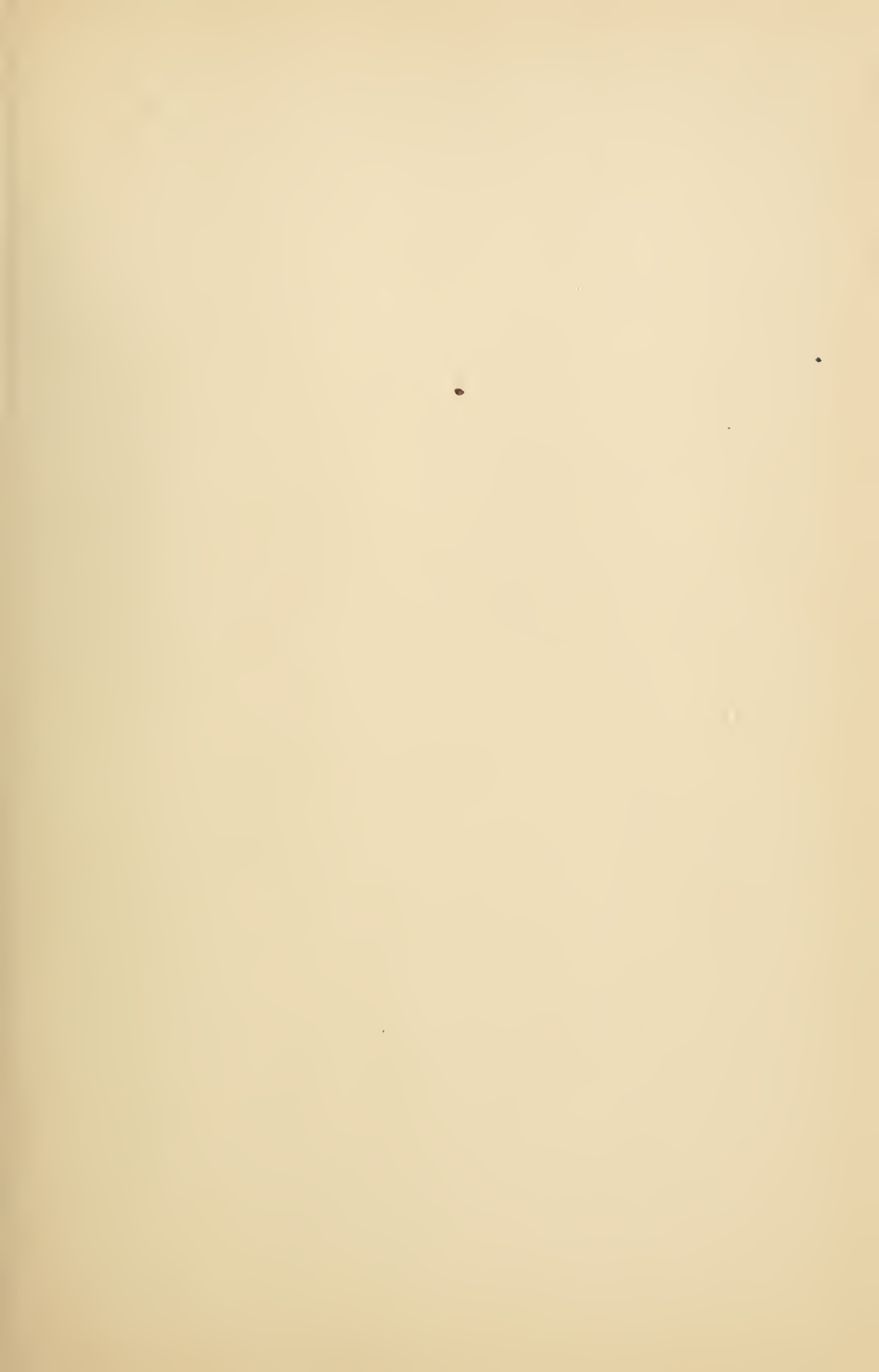
It is declared as God's behest,
That man, whate'er he loves the best,
 Must part with.

And yet in life no pain's so great
As that, the dear ones, 'tis our fate
 To part with, aye, part with.

To thee is sent a rose-bud rare ;
In water is it placed with care ;
 But mark now :
At morn it blooms a gorgeous rose ;
At night its beauty fades and goes.
 This mark now, aye, mark now.

God has on thee bestowed a love ;
Her holdest thou, all else above,
 Thine own for :
A coffin comes within thy hall ;
Therein, how soon thou lay'st thine all !
 Now moan for, aye, moan for.

My meaning, sure, is very plain ;
 Aye, very plain :
When men e'er part—in joy or pain—
E'en let them say : “To meet again !”
 Aye, meet again.



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