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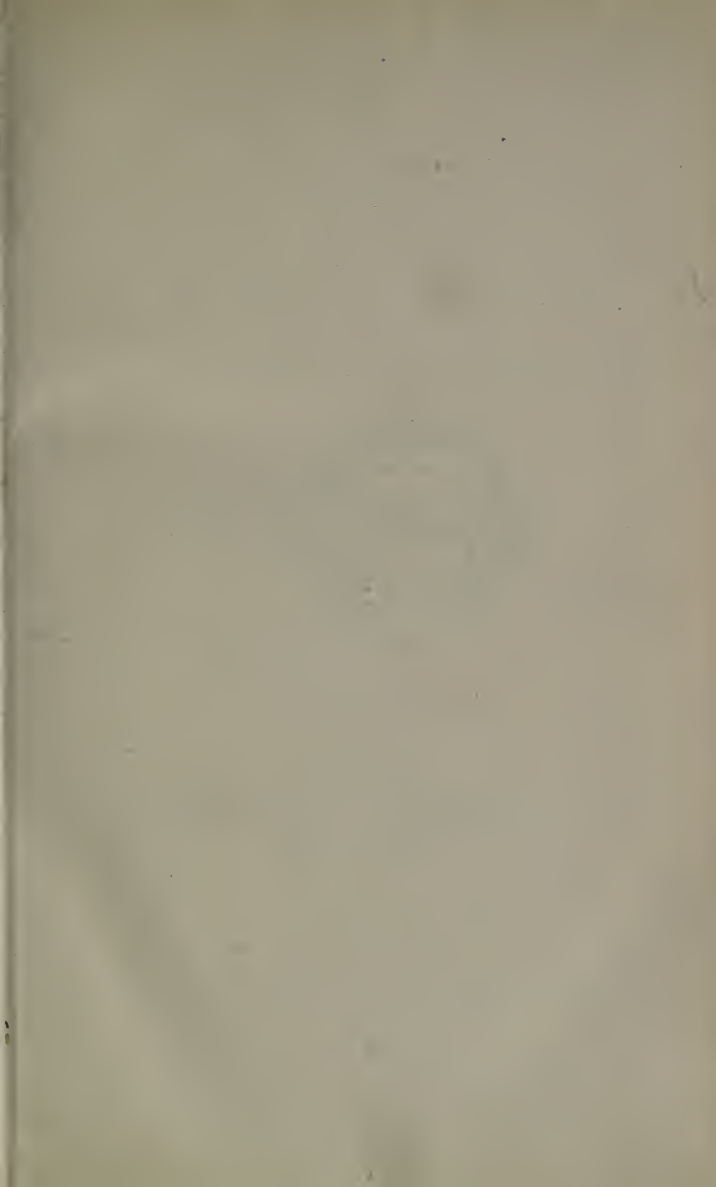
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THE  
COMEDIES  
OF  
P L A U T U S

LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE, WITH NOTES

BY  
HENRY THOMAS RILEY, B.A.,  
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING THE  
TRINUMMUS, MILES GLoriosus, BACCHIDES, STICHUS, PSEUDOLUS  
MENÆCHMI, AULULARIA, CAPTIVI, ASINARIA,  
AND CURCULIO.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET,  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following pages contain a literal translation of all the existing works of Marcus Accius Plautus (or, as he is called by Ritschel and Fleckeisen, T. Maccius Plautus), the Roman Comic writer. It is believed that this version will be found strictly faithful, and to convey to the English reader much of that spirit which rendered the Dramas of this rugged but interesting author such especial favourites with a Roman audience.

The text of Ritschel has been adopted in the six plays to which his invaluable labours have as yet extended—the *Trinummus*, *Miles Gloriosus*, *Bacchides*, *Stichus*, *Pseudolus*, and *Menæchmi*. Hildyard's Edition has been used in the *Aulularia*, with the exception of the Supplement by Codrus Urceus, which has been translated from Richter's Edition. The text of Lindemann has been adopted in the *Captivi*; in the *Asinaria*, that of Richter; and in the *Curculio*, that of Fleckeisen.

Some account of the Translations of Plautus which have previously appeared in the English language will be prefixed to the Second Volume.

H. T. R.

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TRINUMMUS;  
THE THREE PIECES OF MONEY.

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Dramatis Personæ.

IN THE PROLOGUE.

LUXURY.

POVERTY.

---

IN THE PLAY.

CHARMIDES, an Athenian merchant.

LESBONICUS, the son of Charmides.

CALICLES, a friend of Charmides.

MEGARONIDES, a friend of Calicles.

STASIMUS, the servant of Charmides and Lesbonicus.

PHILTO, a wealthy Athenian.

LYSITELES, the son of Philto, and a friend of Lesbonicus.

A SHARPER.

Scene.—A Street in Athens: the house of CHARMIDES on one side, and that of PHILTO on the other.

## THE SUBJECT.

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CHARMIDES, a wealthy Athenian, his property having been much diminished by the reckless conduct of his son, goes abroad. His dissolute son, Lesbonicus, being left behind at Athens, consumes the little resources left him, and then puts up his father's house for sale. At his departure, Charmides has entrusted his interests and the care of his son and daughter to his friend Callicles, and has also informed him that in his house there is a treasure buried as a reserve against future contingencies. In order that this may not be lost, Callicles buys the house of Lesbonicus for a small sum. Ignorant of his reason for doing so, his fellow-citizens censure him for his conduct, and accuse him of a breach of good faith in ministering to the extravagance of Lesbonicus by supplying him with money. For this reason Megaronides expostulates with his friend Callicles, and greatly censures him; on which, Callicles, in self-defence, entrusts him with the secret of the treasure. Charmides having left behind him a grown-up daughter in the care of Callicles, Lysiteles, a young man of rank and character, falls in love with her, and through his father, Philto, asks her in marriage. Her brother, Lesbonicus, is not averse to the match, but refuses to let her marry without giving her a portion; and he offers her to Lysiteles, on condition that he will receive as her marriage-portion a piece of land near the city, the sole remnant of his fortune. This, however, Lysiteles refuses to accept. In the mean time, Callicles, at the suggestion of Megaronides, determines to give the young woman a dowry out of the treasure buried in the house which he has bought; but that Lesbonicus may not suspect whence the money really comes, a Sharper is hired, with instructions to pretend that he brings letters from Charmides with a thousand gold pieces as a portion for his daughter when she should marry. It happens, that while the Sharper is on his way with his pretended errand to the abode of Callicles, Charmides, having unexpectedly returned to Athens, is going towards his house. He meets the Sharper, who discloses his errand and attempts to impose upon Charmides, who thereupon discovers himself. Charmides then meets his servant Stasimus, who tells him of the purchase of his house by Callicles, whereon he conceives himself to have been betrayed by his friend. Afterwards, on discovering the truth, he praises the fidelity of Callicles, and bestows his daughter on Lysiteles, with a portion of a thousand gold pieces, and, at the intercession of Lysiteles, he forgives his son Lesbonicus, and informs him that he is to be married to the daughter of Callicles.

# TRINUMMUS; THE THREE PIECES OF MONEY.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

CHARMIDES, going abroad, entrusts a treasure (*Thesaurum*) secretly hidden, and all his property (*Rem*), to his friend Callicles. He (*Istoc*) being absent, his son wantonly squanders his estate. For (*Nam*) he sells even the house: and Callicles makes purchase of it. His sister, a maiden (*Virgo*) without a dowry, is asked *in marriage*. That in a less degree (*Minus*), with censure, Callicles may bestow on her a dowry, he commissions one (*Mandat*) to say that he has brought the gold from her father. When (*Ut*) the Counterfeit has reached the house, the old man (*Senex*), Charmides, as he has *just* returned, disappoints him; his children *then* are married.

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## THE PROLOGUE<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter LUXURY and POVERTY.*

LUX. Follow me this way, daughter, that you may perform your office.

POV. I am following, but I know not what to say will be the end *of our journey*.

LUX. 'Tis here. See, this is the house. Now go you in.

(*Exit POVERTY, who enters the house of CHARMIDES.*)

LUX. (*to the AUDIENCE*). Now, that no one of you may be mistaken, in a few words I will conduct you into the *right* path, if, indeed, you promise to listen to me. First, then, I will now tell you who I am, and who she is who has gone in here (*pointing to the house*), if you give your attention. In

<sup>1</sup> *The Prologue*) This Prologue is one of the few figurative ones to be found in the Comedies of Plautus. He appropriately represents Luxury as introducing her daughter Poverty to the abode of the dissipated Lesbonicus. Claudian has a somewhat similar passage in his poem to Rufinus:

Et Luxus, populator opum, cui, semper adhærens,

Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas.

"And Luxury, the waster of wealth, whom, ever attending, wretched Poverty accompanies with humble step." It has been justly observed, that Plautus here avoids a fault which he often falls into, of acquainting the audience with too much of the plot.

the first place, Plautus has given me the name of *Luxury*, and then he has willed that this *Poverty* should be my daughter. But why, at my suggestion, she has *just* entered here, listen and give attentive ear while I inform you. There is a certain young man who is living in this house ; by my assistance he has squandered away his paternal estate. Since I see that there is nothing left for him to support me, I have given him my daughter, together with whom to pass his life. But expect nothing about the plot of *this* play : the old men who will come hither will disclose the matter to you. The name of this play in the Greek is “The Treasure” [Thesaurus] ; Philemon wrote it<sup>1</sup> : Plautus translated it into Latin<sup>2</sup>, and gave it the name of “The Three Pieces of Money” [Trinummus]. Now, he begs this of you, that it may be allowed the play to keep that name. Thus much *have I to say*. Farewell. Attend in silence. (*Exit.*)

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* MEGARONIDES.

MEG. To reprove one's friend for a fault that deserves it, is a thankless task ; but sometimes 'tis useful and 'tis profitable. Therefore, this day will I soundly reprove my friend for a fault that much deserves it. Unwilling *am I*, did not my friendship bid me do it. For this faultiness has encroached too much upon good morals, so drooping now are nearly all *of them*. But while they are in this distempered state, bad morals, in the mean time, have sprung up most plenteously, like well-watered plants ; nor is there now anything abundant here but *these same* bad morals. Of them you may now reap a most plenteous harvest : and here a set of men are making the favour of a few of much more value than that in which they may benefit the many. Thus *private* interests outdo that which is to the *public* advantage—*interests* which in many points are a hindrance, and a nuisance, and cause an obstruction both to private and to public welfare.

<sup>1</sup> *Philemon wrote it*)—Ver. 19. Not only Philemon, but Menander also, wrote a play, entitled the “Treasure.”

<sup>2</sup> *In Latin*)—Ver. 19. “Barbare.” We learn from Festus, and other authors, that the Greeks were in the habit of calling all nations, without exception, but themselves, “barbarians.” Hence the present expression, which literally means into barbarous language.”



## SCENE II.

*Enter CALLICLES.*

CALL. (*as he enters*). I wish our household God<sup>1</sup> to be graced with a chaplet. Wife<sup>2</sup> (*addressing her within*), pay him due respect, that this dwelling may turn out for us prosperous, lucky, happy, and fortunate; and (*in a lower voice*) that, as soon as I possibly may, I may see you dead and gone.

MEG. This is he who in his old age has become a child<sup>3</sup>—who has been guilty of a fault that deserves correction. I will accost the man.

CALL. (*looking around*). Whose voice is it that sounds near me?

MEG. Of one who wishes you well, if you are as I desire you to be; but, if you are otherwise, of one who is your enemy, and is angry with you.

CALL. Health to you, O my friend and years'-mate! How are you, Megaronides?

MEG. And, i' faith<sup>4</sup>, health to you, Callicles! Are you well? Have you been well?

<sup>1</sup> *Household God*)—Ver. 39. Literally, "Lar." The Lares were the household Gods, or tutelary Deities of each family. The figures of them were kept, among the Romans, near the hearth, in the "Lararium," which was a recess formed for that purpose, and in which prayers were offered up on rising in the morning. There were both public and private Lares. The latter were by some thought to have been identical with the "Manes," or "shades," of the ancestors of the family occupying the house. The public Lares were the "Urbani," presiding over the cities; "Rustici," over the country; "Compitales," over cross-roads; and "Marini," over the sea. Varro tells us that there were 265 stations for the statues of the Lares at the corner of the streets of Rome. "Lar" was an Etrurian word, signifying "noble," or "lord." The Greeks adorned their household Gods with the leaves of the plane-tree, the Romans with ears of corn. This was especially done on entering a new house, on which the wish was expressed that it might turn out prosperous, lucky, happy, and fortunate to the new occupants. "Quod bonum, faustum, felix, fortunatumque sit." Callicles here expresses this wish on taking possession of the house which he has just bought of Lesbonicus.

<sup>2</sup> *Wife*)—Ver. 40. Being at the door of his house, before shutting it, he calls to his wife within. His kind wish as to the duration of her life he expresses just as he shuts the door.

<sup>3</sup> *Has become a child*)—Ver. 43. He means to say that he has become a boy, from the fact of his being in need of correction.

<sup>4</sup> *And i' faith*)—Ver. 49. "Hercle," "by Hercules;" "Ecastor," "by Castor

CALL. I am well, and I have been still better.

MEG. *And* how does your wife do? How is she?

CALL. Better than I wish.

MEG. 'Tis well, i' faith, for you, that she is alive and well.

CALL. Troth, I believe that you are glad if I have any misfortune.

MEG. That which I have, I wish for all my friends as well.

CALL. Harkye, how does your wife do?

MEG. She is immortal; she lives, and is likely to live.

CALL. I' faith, you tell me good news; and I pray the Gods that, surviving you, she may last out your life.

MEG. By my troth! if indeed she were only married to yourself, I could wish it sincerely.

CALL. Do you wish that we should exchange?—that I should take yours, and you mine? I'd be making you not to get a bit the better of the bargain of me.

MEG. Indeed, I fancy<sup>1</sup> you would not be surprising me unawares.

CALL. Aye, faith, I should cause you not to be knowing<sup>2</sup> the thing you were about.

MEG. Keep what you've got; the evil that we know is the best. But if I were now to take one that I know not, I should not know what to do.

CALL. In good sooth, just as one lives<sup>3</sup> a long life, one lives a happy life.

MEG. But give your attention to this, and have done with your joking, for I am come hither to you for a given purpose.

"Edepol," "by Pollux," or "by the temple of Pollux," and "Pol," "by Pollux," were the every-day oaths in the mouths of the Romans, and were used for the purpose of adding weight to the asseverations of the speaker. A literal translation of them throughout this work would hardly be in accordance with the euphony required by the English ear. They are therefore rendered throughout by such expressions as "i' faith," "troth," "by my troth," &c.

<sup>1</sup> *Indeed I fancy*)—Ver. 61. "Neque," which implies a negative, seems to be more in accordance with the sense of the passage than the affirmative "nempe," which is the reading of Ritschel; it has therefore been adopted.

<sup>2</sup> *Not to be knowing*)—Ver. 62. That is, "the risk you would run in taking her for your wife."

<sup>3</sup> *Just as one lives*)—Ver. 65. The meaning of this passage seems to be somewhat obscure, and many of the Editions give this line to Megaronides. It is probable

CALL. Why have you come?

MEG. That I may rebuke you soundly with many harsh words. CALL. Me, *do you say?*

MEG. Is there any one else here besides you and me?

CALL. (*looking about*). There is no one.

MEG. Why, then, do you ask if 'tis you I *mean* to rebuke? Unless, *indeed*, you think that I am about to reprove my own self. For if your former principles *now* flag in you, or if the manners *of the age* are working a change in your disposition, and if you preserve not those of the olden time, but are catching up *these* new ones, you will strike all your friends with a malady *so* direful, that they will turn sick at seeing and hearing you.

CALL. How comes it into your mind to utter these expressions?

MEG. Because it becomes all good men and *all* good women to have a care to keep suspicion and guilt away from themselves.

CALL. Both cannot be done. MEG. Why so?

CALL. Do you ask? I am the keeper of my own heart, so as not to admit guilt *there*; suspicion is centred in the heart of another. For if now I should suspect that you had stolen the crown from the head of Jupiter in the Capitol<sup>1</sup>, *the statue* which stands on the highest summit *of the temple*; if you had not done so, and still it should please me to suspect you, how could you prevent me from suspecting you? But I am anxious to know what this matter is.

however, that Callicles intends, as a consolation for them both, to say that life itself is a blessing, and that they ought not by unnecessary anxieties to shorten it, but rather to submit with patience to their domestic grievances.

<sup>1</sup> *In the Capitol*—Ver. 84. Plautus does not much care about anachronism or dramatic precision; though the plot of the play is derived from the Greek, and the scene laid at Athens, he makes frequent reference to Roman localities and manners. It is probable that the expression here employed was proverbial at Rome, to signify a deed of daring and unscrupulous character. From ancient writers we learn that there was a statue of Jupiter seated in a chariot, placed on the roof of the Capitoline Temple. Tarquinius Priscus employed Etrurian artists to make a statue of pottery for this purpose; and the original chariot, with its four horses, was made of baked clay. In later and more opulent times, the crown placed on the statue was of great value, so much so as to act as a temptation to one Petilius, who attempted to steal it, and being caught in the fact, was afterwards nicknamed "Capitolinus." Mention is again made of this statue in the *Menæchmi*, act v, sc. 5, l. 38.

MEG. Have you any friend or intimate acquaintance whose judgment is correct?

CALL. Troth, I'll tell you without reserve. There are some whom I know to be friends; there are some whom I suspect *to be so*, but whose dispositions and feelings I am unable to discover, whether they incline to the side of a friend or an enemy; but of my assured friends, you are the most assured. If you know that I have done anything unwittingly or wrongfully, *and* if you do not accuse me of it, *then* you yourself will be to blame.

MEG. I know it; and if I had come hither to you for any other purpose, you request what is right.

CALL. If you have anything to say, I am waiting for it.

MEG. Then, first of all, you are badly spoken of in general conversation by the public. Your fellow-citizens are calling you greedy of grovelling gain<sup>1</sup>; and then, *again*, there are others who nickname you a vulture<sup>2</sup>, *and say* that you care but little whether you devour enemies or fellow-citizens. Since I have heard these things said against you, I have, to my misery, been sadly agitated.

CALL. It is, and it is not, in my power, Megaronides: as to their saying this, that is not *in my power*; as to their saying this deservedly, that is *in my power*.

MEG. Was this Charmides a friend of yours? (*He points to the house of CHARMIDES.*)

CALL. He *both* is and he was. That you may believe it to be so, I will tell you a circumstance as a proof. For after this son of his had squandered away his fortune, and he saw himself being reduced to poverty, and that his daughter was grown up a young woman, and that she who was both her mother and his own wife was dead; as he himself was about to go hence to Seleucia<sup>3</sup>, he committed to my

<sup>1</sup> *Greedy of grovelling gain*)—Ver. 100. Plautus makes this into one word, "turpilucricupidum." Probably it was used as a nickname for avaricious persons. It is here attempted to be expressed by an alliteration. Thornton renders it "Gripeall."

<sup>2</sup> *A vulture*)—Ver. 101. Both on account of the sordid and greedy habits of that bird, and because, as is stated in the next line, it cares not which side supplies its maw when it follows the course of contending armies.

<sup>3</sup> *Hence to Seleucia*)—Ver. 112. There were several cities of this name. The one in Syria, a maritime city on the Orontes, near Antioch, is probably here referred to.

charge the maiden his daughter, and all his property, and that profligate son. These, I think, he would not have entrusted to me if he had been unfriendly to me.

MEG. What *say* you as to the young man, who you see to be *thus* profligate, *and* who has been entrusted to your care and confidence? Why do you not reform him? Why do you not train him to frugal habits? It would have been somewhat more just for you to give attention to that matter, if you could have somehow made him a better man, *and* not for you yourself to be a party to the same disreputable conduct, and share your dishonour with his disgrace?

CALL. What have I done?

MEG. That which a bad man *would* do.

CALL. That is no *name* of mine.

MEG. Have you not bought this house from *that* young man? (*A pause.*) Why are you silent? *This*, where you yourself are now living. (*He points to the house of CHAR- MIDES.*)

CALL. I did buy it, and I gave the money *for it*,—forty minæ<sup>1</sup>, to the young man himself, into his own hand.

MEG. You gave the money, *do you say*?

CALL. 'Twas done; and I am not sorry 'twas done.

MEG. I' faith—a young man committed to untrusty keeping. Have you not by these means given him a sword with which to slay himself? For, prithee, what else is it, your giving ready money to a young man who loves *women*, and weak in intellect, with which to complete his edifice of folly which he had *already* commenced?

CALL. Ought I not to have paid him the money?

MEG. You ought not to have paid him; nor ought you either to have bought anything of or sold anything to him; nor should you have provided him with the means of becoming worse. Have you not taken in the person who was entrusted to you? Have you not driven out of his house the man who entrusted him to you? By my faith, a pretty

<sup>1</sup> *Forty minæ*)—Ver. 126. Unless he adds the adjective “*aurea*,” “golden,” Plautus always means silver “*minæ*.” The “*mina*” was the sixtieth part of the Attic talent, and contained one hundred “*drachmæ*,” of about ninepence three-farthings each.

trust, and a faithful guardianship! Leave him to take care of himself; he would manage his own affairs *much* better.

CALL. You overpower me, Megaronides, with your accusations, in a manner so strange, that what was privately entrusted to my secrecy, fidelity, and constancy, for me to tell it to no one, nor make it public, the same I am now compelled to entrust to you.

MEG. Whatever you shall entrust to me, you shall take up *the same* where you have laid it down.

CALL. Look round you, then, that no overlooker may be near us (MEGARONIDES *looks on every side*); and look around every now and then, I beg of you.

MEG. I am listening if you have aught to say.

CALL. If you will be silent, I will speak. At the time when Charmides set out hence for foreign parts, he showed me a treasure in this house, here in a certain closet—— (*He starts as if he hears a noise.*) But do look around.

MEG. There is no one.

CALL. Of Philippean pieces<sup>1</sup> to the number of three thousand. Alone with myself, in tears, he entreated me, by our friendship and by my honour, not to entrust this to his son, nor yet to any one, from whom that might come to his knowledge. Now, if he comes back hither safe, I will restore to him his own. But if anything should happen to him, at all events I have *a stock* from which to give a marriage-portion to his daughter, who has been entrusted to me, that I may settle her in a condition of life that befits her.

MEG. O ye immortal gods! how soon, in a few words, you have made another man of me; I came to you *quite* a different person. But, as you have begun, proceed further to inform me.

CALL. What shall I tell you? How that this worthless fellow had almost utterly ruined his caution and my own trustiness and all the secret.

MEG. How so?

CALL. Because, while I was in the country for only six days, in my absence and without my knowledge, without

<sup>1</sup> *Of Philippean pieces*)—Ver. 152. These were gold coins much in circulation throughout Greece, struck by Philip, King of Macedon.



consulting me, he advertised with bills: this house for sale.

MEG. The wolf hungered the more, and opened his mouth the wider; he watched till<sup>2</sup> the dog went to sleep; and intended to carry off the whole entire flock.

CALL. I' faith, he would have done it, if the dogs had not perceived this in time. But now, in my turn, I wish to ask you this: let me know what it was my duty for me to do. Whether was it right for me to discover the treasure to him, against which *very thing* his father had cautioned me, or should I have permitted another person to become the owner of this house? Ought that money to have belonged to him who bought the house? In preference, I myself bought the house; I gave the money for the sake of the treasure, that I might deliver it safe to my friend. I have not, then, bought this house either for myself or for my own use; for *Charmides* have I bought it back again; from my own *store* have I paid the money. This, whether it has been done rightfully or wrongfully, I own, Megaronides, that I have done. Here, then, are my misdeeds; here, then, is my avarice. Is it for these things that they spread false reports against me?

MEG. Stay—you have overcome your corrector. You have tied my tongue; there is nothing for me to say in answer.

CALL. Now I entreat you to aid me with your assistance and counsel, and to share this duty of mine in common with me.

MEG. I promise you my assistance.

CALL. Where, then, will you be a short time hence?

MEG. At home.

CALL. Do you wish anything else?

MEG. Attend to the trust reposed in you.

CALL. That is being carefully done.

MEG. But how say you——?

<sup>1</sup> *Advertised with bills*)—Ver. 168. The method among the Romans of letting, or selling houses, was similar to ours. A bill was fixed upon the house, or some conspicuous place near it, inscribed with “*Ædes locandæ*,” “This house to be let,” or “*Ædes vendundæ*,” “This house for sale.”

<sup>2</sup> *He watched till*)—Ver. 170. He alludes to the conduct of Lesbionicus, who watched for the absence of his guardian, Callicles, that he might sell the house. This he would attempt to do, probably, on the plea that his father, not having been heard of for a long time, must be presumed to be dead, and the house has consequently descended to him, as his heir.

CALL. What do you want ?

MEG. Where is the young man living now ?

CALL. This back part<sup>1</sup> of the building he retained when he sold the house.

MEG. That I wanted to know. Now, then, go at once. But what say you, where is the damsel now ? She is at your house, I suppose ?

CALL. She is so ; I take care of her almost as much as of my own *daughter*.

MEG. You act properly.

CALL. Before I go away, are you going to ask me anything else ?

MEG. Farewell. (*Exit CALLICLES.*) Really, there is nothing more foolish or more stupid, nothing more lying or indeed more tattling, more self-conceited or more forsworn, than those men of this city everlastingly gossiping about, whom they call Busybodies<sup>2</sup>. And thus have I enlisted myself in their ranks together with them ; who have been the swallower of the false tales of those who pretend that they know everything, and *yet* know nothing. They know, *forsooth*, what each person either has in his mind, or is likely to have ; they know what the king whispered in the ear of the queen ; they know what Juno talked about in conversation with Jupiter ; that which neither is nor is likely to be, do these fellows know. Whether they praise or dispraise any one they please, falsely or truly, they care not a straw, so they know that which they

<sup>1</sup> *The back part*)—Ver. 194. "Posticulum" probably means detached buildings at the back of the house, and within the garden walls, which adjoin the "posticum" or "posticula," the "back door" or "garden-gate."

<sup>2</sup> *Call Busybodies*)—Ver. 202. The word "Scurra," which is here rendered "busybody," originally meant "a fellow-townsmen," well to do in life, and a pleasant companion. In time, however, the word came to have a bad signification attached to it, and to mean an idle fellow, who did nothing but go about cracking his jokes at the expense of others, gossiping, and mischief-making, and at last to signify "a clown," "buffoon," or "mimic" on the stage. These men are most probably termed here "assidui," "everlasting gossipers," from a habit which many people have of making frequent calls on their neighbours, sitting down, and never thinking of taking their departure till they have exhausted all their stock of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. Gossiping was notoriously the propensity of the Athenians. Numbers did nothing but saunter about the city, and go from spot to spot, with the question *τι καινού*, "Any news?" Few will fail to remember the censure of them in the Seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, v. 21: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing."

choose to know. All people were in the habit of saying that this Callicles was unworthy of this state, and, himself, to exist, who had despoiled this young man of his property. From the reports of these tale-bearers, in my ignorance I rushed forward to rebuke my guiltless friend. But if the authority was always required from the foundation, upon which they speak of anything they have heard, unless that clearly appeared, the matter ought to be to the peril and loss of the tale-bearer. If this were so, it would be for the public benefit. I would cause those to be but few, who know that which they do not know<sup>1</sup>, and *I would make them* have their silly chattering more restricted. (*Exit.*)

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* LYSITELES.

LYS. I am revolving many things in my mind at once, *and* much uneasiness do I find in thinking upon them. I tease, and fret, and wear myself out; a mind that enjoins a hard task<sup>2</sup> is now my master. But this thing is not clear to me, nor has it been enough studied by me, which pursuit of these two I should rather follow for myself; which of the two I should think of the greater stability for passing my life *therein*: whether it were preferable for me to devote myself to love or to aggrandisement; in which alternative there is more enjoyment of life in passing one's days. On this point I am not fully satisfied. But this I think I'll do, that I may weigh both the points together, I must be both judge and culprit in this trial: I'll do so—I like it much. First of all, I will enlarge upon the pursuits of love, how they conduce *to one's welfare*. Love never expects any but the willing man to throw himself in his toils; these he seeks for, these he follows up, *and* craftily counsels against their interests. He is a fawning flatterer, a rapacious grappler<sup>3</sup>, a deceiver, a

<sup>1</sup> *They do not know*)—Ver. 221. That is, "who only pretend to know."

<sup>2</sup> *That enjoins a hard task*)—Ver. 226. "Exercitor" means the "instructor" or "training master" in the Gymnastic exercises. Of course, to beginners, the "exercitores" would be hard task-masters.

<sup>3</sup> *A rapacious grappler*)—Ver. 239. "Harpago" means either a "grappling-iron" or a "flesh-hook." It was often made in the form of a hand, with the

sweet-tooth, a spoiler, a corrupter of men who court retirement, a pryer into secrets. For he that is in love, soon as ever he has been smitten with the kisses of the object that he loves, forthwith his substance vanishes out of doors and melts away. "Give me this thing<sup>1</sup>, my honey, if you love me, if you *possibly* can." And then this gudgeon says: "O apple of my eye, be it so: both that shall be given you, and still more, if you wish it to be given." *Then* does she strike while he is wavering<sup>2</sup>; and now she begs for more. Not enough is this evil, unless there is still something more—what to eat, what to drink. A thing that creates<sup>3</sup> a *further* expense, the favour of a night is granted; a whole family is *then* introduced for her—a wardrobe-woman<sup>4</sup>, a perfume-keeper<sup>5</sup>, a cofferer, fan-bearers<sup>6</sup>, sandal-bearers<sup>7</sup>, singing-girls, casket-

fingers bent inwards. The grappling-iron was used to throw at the enemy's ship, where it seized the rigging and dragged the vessel within reach, so that it might be easily boarded and destroyed. Cupid is so called here, figuratively, from his insidious approaches, and the difficulty which his victims have in shaking him off.

<sup>1</sup> *Give me this thing*)—Ver. 244. This is supposed to be pronounced in a miming or affected way, to imitate the wheedling manners of the frail tempter.

<sup>2</sup> *While he is wavering*)—Ver. 247. Literally, "she strikes him as he hangs." Lindemann seems to think that there is a play upon the word "pendentem," which would apply either to the slave, who, according to the barbarous custom of the Romans, was lashed as he hung from the hook to which he was fastened by the hands, or to the lover who is hesitating between assent and refusal; on which she, by her artfulness—"ferit"—"strikes the decisive blow." Terence has the expression "ferior munere," "to strike with a present."

<sup>3</sup> *A thing that creates*)—Ver. 250. This passage is here read with a period after "comest," and not after "sumpti," as Ritschel's edition has it. This seems more agreeable to the sense of the passage, which is, however, probably in a corrupt state.

<sup>4</sup> *Wardrobe-woman*)—Ver. 252. The duty of the "vestiplica" would be to fold up and try the clothes of her mistress. These slaves were also called "vestispicæ," and servants "a veste."

<sup>5</sup> *A perfume-keeper*)—Ver. 252. The "unctor" was probably a male slave, whose duty it was to procure and keep the perfumes and unguents for his mistress.

<sup>6</sup> *Fan-bearers*)—Ver. 252. Both male and female slaves, and eunuchs, were employed to fan their mistresses. The fans were of elegant form and beautiful colours, and were frequently made of peacocks' feathers, being of a stiff shape, and not pliable, like ours. They were used both for the purpose of cooling the air and driving away flies and gnats.

<sup>7</sup> *Sandal-bearers*)—Ver. 252. The sandal was often one of the most costly articles of the female dress, being much adorned with embroidery and gold. Originally it was worn by both sexes, and consisted of a wooden sole, fastened with

keepers<sup>1</sup>, messengers, news-carriers, *so many* wasters of his bread and substance. The lover himself, while to them he is complaisant, becomes a beggar. When I revolve these things in my mind, and when I reflect how little one is valued when he is in need; away with you, Love—I like you not—no converse do I hold with you. Although 'tis sweet to feast and to carouse, Love still gives bitters enough to be distasteful. He avoids the Courts<sup>2</sup> of justice, he drives away your relations, *and* drives yourself away from your own contemplation. Nor do men wish that he should be called their friend. In a thousand ways is Love to be held a stranger, to be kept at a distance, and to be *wholly* abstained from. For he who plunges into love, perishes more dreadfully than if he leapt from a rock. Away with you, Love, if you please; keep your own<sup>3</sup> property to yourself. Love, never be you a friend of mine; some there are, however, whom, in their misery, you may keep miserable and wretched—those whom you have easily rendered submissive to yourself. My fixed determination is to apply my mind to my advancement in life, although, in that, great labour is undergone by the mind. Good men wish these things for themselves, gain, credit, and honour, glory, and esteem; these are the rewards of the upright. It delights me, then, the more, to live together with the upright rather than with the deceitful promulgators of lies.

thongs to the foot. In latter times, its use was confined to females, and a piece of leather covered the toes, while thongs, elegantly decorated, were attached to it. From the present passage it appears that it was the duty of a particular slave to take charge of sandals.

<sup>1</sup> *Casket-keepers*)—Ver. 253. The “cistellatrix” probably had charge of the jewel casket of her mistress. The present passage shows in what affluence and splendour some of the courtesans lived in those days.

<sup>2</sup> *Avoids the Courts*)—Ver. 261. Shakspeare has a somewhat similar passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest East begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.”

<sup>3</sup> *Keep your own*)—Ver. 266. This is as much as to say, “I divorce myself from you, and utterly repudiate you.” The words “*tuas res tibi habeto*” were the formula solemnly pronounced among the Romans by the husband in cases of divorce, when he delivered back to the wife her own separate property.

## SCENE II.

*Enter PHILTO.*

PHIL. (*looking about*). Where has this man betaken himself out of doors from the house ?

LYS. (*coming up to him*). I am here, father ; command me what you will, and I shall cause no delay to you, nor will I hide myself in any skulking-place out of your sight.

PHIL. You will be doing what is consonant to the rest of your conduct if you reverence your father. By your duty to me, my son, I wish you, for my sake, not to hold any converse with profligate men, either in the street or in the Forum. I know this age—what its manners are. The bad man wishes the good man to be bad, that he may be like himself. The wicked, the rapacious, the covetous, and the envious, disorder and confound the morals of the age : a crew gaping for gain, they hold the sacred thing as profane—the public advantage as the private emolument. At these things do I grieve, these are the matters that torment me. These things am I constantly repeating both day and night, that you may use due precaution against them. They only deem it right to keep their hands off that which they cannot touch with their hands ; as to the rest, seize it, carry it off, keep it, be off and go hide, that is the word with them. These things, when I behold them, draw tears from me, because I have survived to see such a race of men. Why have I not rather descended to the dead<sup>1</sup> ere this ? For these men praise the manners of our ancestors, and defile those same persons whom they commend. With regard, then, to these pursuits, I enjoin you not to taint your disposition with them. Live after my fashion, and according to the ancient manners ; what I am prescribing to you, the same do you remember and practise. I have no patience with these fashionable manners, upsetting preconceived notions, with which good men are now disgracing themselves. If you follow these my injunctions to you, many a good maxim will take root in your breast.

<sup>1</sup> To the dead)—Ver. 291. "Ad plures," "to the many," signifies "the dead, inasmuch as they are more in number than the living. It was probably used as a euphemism, as to make mention of death was considered ominous of ill. Homer in the Odyssey, uses *τους πλειονας* in a similar sense.



LYS. From my earliest youth, even up to this *present* age, I have always, father, paid all submission to the injunctions you have given. So far as my nature was concerned, I considered that I was free; so far as your injunctions were concerned, I deemed it proper that my mind should pay all submission to you.

PHIL. The man who is struggling with his inclination from his earliest age, whether he ought to prefer to be so, as his inclination thinks it proper that he should be, or whether, rather so as his parents and his relations wish him to be—if his inclination conquers that man, it is all over with him; he is the slave of his inclination *and* not of himself. But if he conquers his inclination, he *truly* lives *and* shall be famed as a conqueror of conquerors. If you have conquered your inclination rather than your inclination you, you have reason to rejoice. 'Tis better by far that you should be such as you ought to be, than such as pleases your inclination. Those who conquer the inclination will ever be esteemed better men than those whom the inclination *subdues*.

LYS. I have ever esteemed these maxims as the shield of my *youthful* age; never to betake myself to any place where vice was the order of the day<sup>1</sup>, never to go to stroll about at night, nor to take from another that which is his. I have taken all precautions, my father, that I might not cause you uneasiness; I have ever kept your precepts in due preservation<sup>2</sup> by my own rule of conduct.

PHIL. *And* do you reproach me, because you have acted aright? For yourself have you done so, not for me: my life, indeed, is nearly past<sup>3</sup>; this matter principally concerns your own. Keep on overlaying<sup>4</sup> good deeds with other good

<sup>1</sup> *Where vice was the order of the day*)—Ver. 314. "Damni conciliabulum." Literally, "the place of counsel for wickedness."

<sup>2</sup> *In due preservation*)—Ver. 317. Buildings were said to be "*sarta tecta*," "in good repair," when the roof was proof against rain. The expression is here used figuratively, to signify, "I have punctually observed your injunctions."

<sup>3</sup> *Is nearly past*)—Ver. 319. It is worthy of remark that this line is quoted by Cicero in his second Epistle to Brutus: "Sed de hoc tu videris. De me possum dicere idem quod Plautinus pater in Trinummo, 'mibi quidem ætas acta ferme est.'" "As for that matter, it is your concern. For my own part, I may say with the father in the Trinummus of Plautus, 'my life is nearly past'"

<sup>4</sup> *Keep on overlaying*)—Ver. 320. Philto is most probably alluding to the metaphorical expression, "*sarta tecta*," used just before by his son; and he tells him

deeds, that the rain may not come through. He is the upright man who is not content *with it*, however upright and however honest he may *chance to be*. He who readily gives satisfaction to himself, is not the upright man, nor is he really honest: he who thinks *but* meanly of himself, in him is there a tendency to well-doing.

LYS. For this reason, father, I have thought that since there is a certain thing that I wish for, I would request it of you.

PHIL. What is it? I am already longing to give assent.

LYS. A young man here, of noble family, my friend and years' mate, who has managed his own affairs but heedlessly and unthinkingly—I wish, father, to do him a service, if you are not unwilling.

PHIL. From your own means, I suppose?

LYS. From my own means—for what is yours is mine, and all mine is yours.

PHIL. What is he doing? Is he in want?

LYS. He is in want.

PHIL. Had he property? LYS. He had.

PHIL. How did he lose it? Was he connected with public business<sup>1</sup>, or with commercial matters? Had he merchandise or wares to sell, when he lost his property?

LYS. None of these. PHIL. What then?

LYS. I' faith, my father, by his good-nature. Besides, to indulge his tastes, he wasted some part of it in luxury.

PHIL. By my troth now! a fellow spoken of boldly, and as on familiar terms;—one, indeed, who has never dissipated his fortune by any good means, and is *now* in want. I cannot brook that, with qualities of that description, he should be your friend.

LYS. 'Tis because he is without any bad disposition that I wish to relieve his wants.

PHIL. He deserves ill of a beggar who gives him what to eat or to drink; for he both loses that which he gives

that the only way to keep rain from coming in at the roof (that is, to keep evil thoughts out of the mind) is to overlay one good deed with another, just as tile is laid upon tile.

<sup>1</sup> *With public business*)—Ver. 331. He means by this expression, “has he been farming the taxes or the public lands?” which of course would be a pursuit attended with considerable risk.

and prolongs for the other a life of misery. I do not say this because I am unwilling and would not readily do what you desire; but when I apply these expressions to that same person, I am warning you beforehand, so to have compassion on others, that others may not have to pity you.

LYS. I am ashamed to desert him, and to deny him aid in his adversity.

PHIL. I' troth, shame is preferable to repentance by just as many letters<sup>1</sup> *as it consists of*.

LYS. In good sooth, father, by the care of the Gods, and of my forefathers, and your own, I may say that we possess much property, honestly obtained. If you do a service to a friend, it ought not to make you repent that you have done so; it ought rather to cause you shame if you do not do it.

PHIL. If from great wealth you subtract something, does it become more or less?

LYS. Less, father. But do you know what is wont to be repeated to the niggardly citizen<sup>2</sup>? "That which thou hast mayst thou not have, and mayst thou have that misfortune which thou hast not; since thou canst neither endure it to be enjoyed by thyself nor by another."

PHIL. I know, indeed, that so it usually is: but, my son, he is the *truly* niggardly man<sup>3</sup> that has nought with which to pay his dues.

LYS. By the care of the Gods, we have, father, both *enough for us* to enjoy ourselves, and with which to do kind offices to kind-hearted men.

<sup>1</sup> *By just as many letters*)—Ver. 345. Commentators differ as to the meaning of this passage, which is somewhat obscure. Philto seems to say that shame before doing an unwise action is every way preferable to repentance after having done it; preferable, indeed, by each individual letter it is composed of, or, as we should say in common parlance, "every inch of it."

<sup>2</sup> *Niggardly citizen*)—Ver. 350. "Immunis" means one that does not bear his share in the taxes and tribute of the state, or, in other words, pay his scot and lot. Hence, with an extended signification, it means one that will not out of his abundance assist the distress of others, and who is, consequently, a niggardly and covetous person.

<sup>3</sup> *Truly niggardly man*)—Ver. 354. Philto here alludes to the primary meaning of the word "immunis;" and hints that it may be more properly applied to Lesbonicus, who has reduced himself to poverty by his extravagance, than to himself; inasmuch as he is now perforce "immunis," not having wherewithal to pay the public dues and taxes.

PHIL. Troth, I am not able to refuse you anything that you ask *of me*. Whose poverty do you wish to relieve? Speak out boldly to your father.

LYS. *That of* this young man Lesbonicus, the son of Charmides, who lives there. (*He points to the house of CHARMIDES.*)

PHIL. Why, hasn't he devoured both what he had, and what he had not<sup>1</sup>?

LYS. Censure him not, my father: many things happen to a man which he likes, *many, too*, which he does not like.

PHIL. Troth, you say falsely, son; *and* you are doing so now not according to your usual wont. For the prudent man, i' faith, really frames his own fortunes for himself: many things, therefore, do not happen which he does not like, unless he is a bungling workman.

LYS. Much labour is requisite for this workmanship in him who seeks to be a clever workman in fashioning his life—but he is still very young.

PHIL. Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired. Age is the relish of wisdom—wisdom is the nutriment of old age. However, come, say what you wish now to give him.

LYS. Nothing at all, father. Do you only not hinder me from accepting it if he should give anything to me.

PHIL. And will you be relieving his poverty by that, if you shall accept anything of him?

LYS. By that very *means*, my father.

PHIL. Faith, I wish that you would instruct me in that method.

LYS. Certainly. Do you know of what family he is born?

PHIL. I know—of an extremely honourable one.

LYS. He has a sister—a fine young woman *now* grown up: I wish, father, to take her without a portion for my wife.

PHIL. A wife without a portion?

LYS. Just so—your riches saved *as well*. By these means you will be conferring an extreme favour on him, and in no way could you help him to greater advantage.

PHIL. Am I to suffer you *to take* a wife without a portion?

<sup>1</sup> *What he had not*)—Ver. 360. That is, by the dishonest expedient of running into debt for it.

LYS. You must suffer it, father; and by these means you will be giving an estimable character to our family.

PHIL. I could give utterance to many a learned saying, and very fluently too: this old age of mine retains stories of old and ancient times. But, since I see that you are courting friendship and esteem for our family, although I have been opposed to you, I thus give my decision—I will permit you; ask *for the girl, and* marry her.

LYS. May the Gods preserve you to me. But, to this favour add one thing.

PHIL. But what is this one thing?

LYS. I will tell you. Do you go to him, do you solicit him, *and* do you ask for her yourself.

PHIL. Think of that now.

LYS. You will transact it much more speedily: all will be made sure of that you do. One word of yours in this matter will be of more consequence than a hundred of mine.

PHIL. See, now, how, in my kindness, I have undertaken this matter. My assistance shall be given.

LYS. You *really* are a kind *father*. This is the house; here he dwells. (*He points to the house of CHARMIDES.*) Lesbonicus is his name. Mind and attend to the business; I will await you at home. (*Exit.*)

### SCENE III.

PHILTO, *alone.*

PHIL. These things are not for the best, nor as I think they ought to be; but *still*, they are better than that which is downright bad. But this one circumstance consoles myself and my thoughts—*namely*, that he who counsels in respect to a son nothing else but that which pleases himself alone, *only* plays the fool; he becomes wretched in mind, *and yet* he is no nearer bringing it about. He is preparing a very inclement winter for his own old age when he arouses that unseasonable storm. (*The door of the house of CHARMIDES opens.*) But the house is opened to which I was going; *most* conveniently, Lesbonicus himself is coming out of doors with his servant. (*PHILTO retires to a distance.*)

## SCENE IV.

*Enter LESBONICUS and STASIMUS.*

LESB. 'Tis less than fifteen days since you received from Callicles forty minæ for this house; is it not as I say, Stasimus?

STAS. When I consider, I think I remember that it was so.

LESB. What has been done with it?

STAS. It has been eaten and drunk up—spent away in unguents, washed away in baths<sup>1</sup>. The fishmonger *and* the baker have carried it off: butchers, *too, and* cooks, green-grocers, perfumers, *and* poulterers; 'twas quickly consumed. I' faith! that money was made away with not less speedily than if you were to throw a poppy among the ants.

LESB. By my troth, less has been spent on those items than six minæ?

STAS. Besides, what have you given to your mistresses?

LESB. That I am including as well in it.

STAS. Besides, what have I pilfered of it?

LESB. Aye, that item is a very heavy one.

STAS. That cannot *so* appear to you, if you make all due deductions<sup>2</sup>, unless you think that your money is everlasting. (*Aside.*) Too late and unwisely,—a caution that should have been used before,—after he has devoured his substance, he reckons up the account too late.

LESB. The account, however, of this money is by no means clear.

STAS. I' faith, the account is *very* clear: the money's gone<sup>3</sup>. Did you not receive forty minæ from Callicles, and did he *not* receive from you the house in possession?

<sup>1</sup> *Washed away in baths*)—Ver. 409. This will probably refer, not to the money paid for mere bathing at the public baths, which was a "quadrans," the smallest Roman coin, but to the expense of erecting private baths, which generally formed a portion of the luxuries of a Roman house. The public baths, however, may have possibly been the scene of much profligacy, and have afforded to the reckless and dissipated ample opportunities for squandering their money. That this may have been the fact, is rendered the more likely when we consider the equivocal signification of the word "bagnio."

<sup>2</sup> *Make all due deductions*)—Ver. 414. "Si sumas." Literally, "if you subtract."

<sup>3</sup> *The money's gone*)—Ver. 419. Instead of a Latin word, the Greek οἷχεται



LESB. Very good.

PHILTO (*aside*). Troth, I think our neighbour has sold his house<sup>1</sup>. When his father shall come from abroad, his place is in the *beggar's gate*<sup>2</sup>, unless, perchance, he should creep into his son's stomach<sup>3</sup>.

STAS. There were a thousand Olympic drachmæ<sup>4</sup> paid to the banker<sup>5</sup>, which you were owing upon account.

is introduced, which means "is gone," or "has vanished." Greek terms were current at Rome, just as French words and sentences are imported into our language; indeed, the fashions of Rome were very generally set by the Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> *Has sold his house*)—Ver. 422. He feels satisfied now that Lysiteles has been correctly informed, and that Lesbonicus really is in difficulties.

<sup>2</sup> *The beggar's gate*)—Ver. 423. He probably alludes to the "Porta Trigemina" at Rome, which was upon the road to Ostia. It received its name from the three twin-born brothers, the Horatii, who passed beneath it when going to fight the Curiatii. This, being one of the largest and most frequented roads in Rome, was especially the resort of mendicants; among whom, in the opinion of Philto, the father of Lesbonicus will have to take his place. Some Commentators would read "ponte" instead of "portâ," and they think that the allusion is to the Sublician bridge at Rome, where we learn from Seneca and Juvenal that the beggars used to sit and ask alms.

<sup>3</sup> *His son's stomach*)—Ver. 424. He satirically alludes to the reckless conduct of Lesbonicus, who has spent everything to satisfy his love for eating, drinking, and debauchery.

<sup>4</sup> *Olympic drachmæ*)—Ver. 425. As already mentioned, the "drachma" was about ninepence three-farthings in value. As one hundred made a "mina," one-fourth of the price received for the house would go to satisfy the banker's claim.

<sup>5</sup> *To the banker*)—Ver. 426. The "Trapezitæ" were the same as the "Argentarii" at Rome, who were bankers and money-changers on their own account, while the "Mensarii" transacted business on behalf of the state. Their shops, or offices, were situate around the Forum, and were public property. Their principal business was the exchange of Roman for foreign coin, and the keeping of sums of money for other persons, which were deposited with or without interest, according to agreement. They acted as agents for the sale of estates, and a part of their duty was to test the genuineness of coin, and, in later times, to circulate it from the mint among the people. Lending money at a profit was also part of their business. It is supposed that among the Romans there was a higher and a lower class of "argentarii." The more respectable of them probably held the position of the banker of modern times; while those who did business on a paltry scale, or degraded themselves by usury, were not held in any esteem. Their shops, being public property, were built under the inspection of the Censors, and by them were let to the "argentarii." "Trapezitæ," as they are here called, was properly the Greek name for these persons, who were so styled from the *τραπέζα*, or "table," at which they sat. All will remember the "tables of the money-changers" mentioned in the New Testament. The "mensarii" were employed to lend out the public money to borrowers at interest.

LESB. Those, I suppose, that I was security for<sup>1</sup>?

STAS. Say, rather<sup>2</sup>, "Those that I paid down"—for that young man whom you used to say<sup>3</sup> was *so* rich.

LESB. It was so done.

STAS. Yes, just to be squandered away.

LESB. That was done as well. But I saw him in a pitiable state, and I did have pity on him.

STAS. You have pity on others, and you have neither pity nor shame for yourself.

PHIL. (*aside*). 'Tis time to accost him.

LESB. Is this Philto that is coming here? Troth, 'tis he himself.

STAS. I' faith, I could wish he was my slave, together with his savings<sup>4</sup>.

PHIL. Philto right heartily wishes health to *both* master and servant, Lesbonicus and Stasimus.

LESB. May the Gods give you, Philto, whatever you may wish for. How is your son?

PHIL. He wishes well to you.

LESB. In good sooth, he does for me what I do for him in return!

STAS. (*aside*). That phrase, "He wishes well," is worthless, unless a person does well *too*. I, too, "wish" to be a free man; I wish in vain. He, *perhaps*, might wish to become frugal; he would wish to no purpose.

PHIL. My son has sent me to you to propose an alliance and bond of friendship between himself and your family. He

<sup>1</sup> *I was security for*)—Ver. 427. "Spondeo," "I promise," was a term used on many occasions among the Romans, derived from the Greek *σπενδόμεναι*, "to pour out a libation;" the usual mode of ratifying a treaty. Among others, it was pronounced by a person when he became security that another should repay money, as Lesbonicus, to his misfortune, had done in the present instance.

<sup>2</sup> *Say, rather*)—Ver. 427. Stasimus will not allow his master to mince the matter in the slightest degree. "Don't say 'I was security for it,' but 'I paid it down.'"

<sup>3</sup> *You used to say*)—Ver. 428. He probably alludes to some former occasion, on which his master, having been duped into the belief, was telling him of the extraordinary wealth of his new acquaintance.

<sup>4</sup> *With his savings*)—Ver. 434. "Peculium" was the property amassed by a slave out of his savings, which he was permitted to keep as his own. According to the strictness of the law, the "peculium" was the property of the master. Sometimes it was agreed that the slave should purchase his freedom with his "peculium" when it amounted to a certain sum.



wishes to take your sister for his wife; and I have the same feelings, and I desire it. .

LESB. I *really* don't understand your ways; amid your prosperity you are laughing at my adversity.

PHIL. I am a man<sup>1</sup>: you are a man. So may Jupiter love me, I have neither come to laugh at you, nor do I think you deserving of it! But as to what I said, my son begged me to ask for your sister as his wife.

LESB. It is right that I should know the state of my own circumstances. My position is not on an equal footing with yours; seek some other alliance for yourselves.

STAS. (*to LESBONICUS*). Are you really sound in mind or intellect to refuse this proposal? For I perceive that he has been found for you a *very* friend in need<sup>2</sup>.

LESB. Get away hence, and go hang yourself<sup>3</sup>.

STAS. Faith, if I should commence to go, you would be forbidding me<sup>4</sup>.

LESB. Unless you want me, Philto, for anything else, I have given you my answer.

PHIL. I trust, Lesbonicus, that you will *one day* be more obliging to me than I now find you to be. For both to act<sup>5</sup> unwisely and to talk unwisely, Lesbonicus, are sometimes neither of them profitable.

<sup>1</sup> *I am a man*)—Ver. 447. This is somewhat like the celebrated line in Terence:

"Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto,"

"I am a man, nothing that is human do I think unbecoming to me."

<sup>2</sup> *Friend in need*)—Ver. 456. "Ferentarius." The "ferentarii" were the light-armed troops, who, being unencumbered with heavy armour, were ready to come immediately and opportunely to the assistance of those who were in danger of being overpowered by the army. The word is here used figuratively, to signify "a friend in need."

<sup>3</sup> *And go hang yourself*)—Ver. 457. The word "dierecte" is supposed to come from an obsolete verb, "dierigo," "to extend out on both sides," and to allude to a punishment inflicted upon slaves, when they were fastened to a stake in the ground, with the arms and legs extended. Applied to a slave, it would be an opprobrious expression, equivalent to "go and be hanged."

<sup>4</sup> *Be forbidding me*)—Ver. 457. He means, that if he should take his master at his word and go away, he would be the first to stop him.

<sup>5</sup> *Both to act*)—Ver. 461-2. The exact meaning of these lines is somewhat obscure. Thornton's translation is:

— Or in word

Or deed to play the trifler would ill suit  
One of my years.

STAS. Troth, he says what's true.

LESB. I will tear out your eye if you add one word.

STAS. Troth, but I will talk; for if I may not be allowed to do so as I am, then I will *submit to* be called the one-eyed man<sup>1</sup>.

PHIL. Do you now say this, that your position and means are not on an equal footing with ours?

LESB. I do say so.

PHIL. Well, suppose, now, you were to come to a building to a *public* banquet, and a wealthy man by chance were to come there as your neighbour<sup>2</sup>. The banquet is set on table, one that they style a public one<sup>3</sup>. Suppose that dainties were heaped up before him by his dependents, *and* suppose anything pleased you that was *so* heaped up before him, would you eat, or would you keep your place next to this wealthy man, going without your dinner?

LESB. I should eat, unless he were to forbid me doing so.

STAS. But I, by my faith, even if he were to forbid me, would eat and cram with both cheeks stuffed out; and what pleased him, that, in especial, would I lay hold of beforehand; nor would I yield to him one jot of my *very* existence. At table it befits no one to be bashful; for there the decision<sup>4</sup> is about things both divine and human.

<sup>1</sup> *The one-eyed man*)—Ver. 465. He means that he is determined to speak out at all risks, even if his master should be as good as his word, and tear his eye out.

<sup>2</sup> *As your neighbour*)—Ver. 469. "Par" here means a close neighbour, as reclining next to him on the same "triclinium," or "couch," at the entertainment.

<sup>3</sup> *Style a public one*)—Ver. 470. It is not certain what kind of public banquets are here referred to. Public entertainments were given to the people on the occasion of any public rejoicing: such, for instance, as a triumph, as we learn from Suetonius in his life of Julius Cæsar. They were also given when the tenths were paid to Hercules. The clients, also, of the Patricians were in the habit of giving entertainments to their patrons on festival days, when each client contributed his share in kind; and numerous invitations were given, abundance and hospitality being the order of the day. Sometimes these feasts were held in a temple, and perhaps they are here referred to. There were also frequent entertainments in the "Curia," or "Court-houses" of Rome, at which the "curiales," or men of the "curia," or "ward," met together.

<sup>4</sup> *There the decision*)—Ver. 479. Scaliger supposes that Stasimus is making a parody on the transaction of business by the Senate, who were said "to give their decisions on matters sacred and human;" and that he means to say that the feast is his Senate-house, and the food are the things sacred and human which he is bound to discuss, without respect for anybody.

PHIL. You say what is the fact.

STAS. I will tell you without *any* subterfuge: I would make place for him on the highway, on the footpath, in *the canvass* for public honors; but as to what concerns the stomach—by my troth, not this much (*shows the breadth of his finger-nail*), unless he should *first* have thrashed me with his fists. With provisions at the present prices, a feast is a fortune without incumbrances<sup>1</sup>.

PHIL. Always, Lesbonicus, do you take care and think this, that that is the best, according as you yourself are the most deserving: if that you cannot *attain to*, at least be as near as possible to the most deserving. *And* now, Lesbonicus, I wish you to grant and accept these terms which I propose, and which I ask of you. The Gods are rich; wealth and station befit the Gods: but we poor mortal beings are, *as it were*, the salt-cellar<sup>2</sup> for *the salt of* life. The moment that we have breathed forth this, the beggar is held of equal value at Acheron<sup>3</sup> with the most wealthy man when dead.

STAS. (*aside*). It will be a wonder if you don't carry your riches there with you. When you are dead, you may, *perhaps*, be as good as your name imports<sup>4</sup>.

PHIL. Now, that you may understand that position and

<sup>1</sup> *Without incumbrances*)—Ver. 484. Every Roman family of consequence was bound to perform particular sacrifices, which were not only ordained by the pontifical laws, but the obligation was also rendered hereditary by the civil law, and ordered to be observed by the law of the Twelve Tables: "Sacra privata perpetua manento," "Let private sacrifices remain perpetual." This law is quoted and commented upon by Cicero in his Second Book on the Laws. He there tells us that "heirs are obliged to continue their sacrifices, be they ever so expensive; and for this reason, as by the above law these sacrifices were to be maintained, no one was presumed to be better able to supply the place of the deceased person than his heir." A property exempt from this necessity, might be truly said to be one without incumbrances.

<sup>2</sup> *The salt-cellar*)—Ver. 492. By this expression, Plautus seems to mean that life is to the body as salt is to flesh; it preserves it from corruption.

<sup>3</sup> *At Acheron*)—Ver. 494. Acheron was a river of the Brutii in Campania. There was another river of this name in Epirus. The word usually denotes one of the rivers of Hell; here it means the Infernal regions themselves.

<sup>4</sup> *As your name imports*)—Ver. 496. The meaning of Stasimus is—"Perhaps when you are dead, in leaving your property to another, you may really prove yourself the amiable man your name would bespeak you to be;" Philto being derived from the Greek φιλέω, "to love."

means have no place here, and that we do not undervalue your alliance; I ask for your sister without a marriage-portion. May the matter turn out happily. Do I understand her to be promised? Why are you silent?

STAS. O immortal Gods, what a proposal!

PHIL. Why don't you say, "May the Gods prosper it. I agree<sup>1</sup>?"

STAS. (*aside*). Alas! when there was no advantage in the expression, he used to say, "I agree;" now, when there is advantage *in it*, he is not able to say so.

LESB. Since you think me, Philto, worthy of an alliance with you, I return you many thanks. But though this fortune of *mine* has sadly diminished through my folly, I have, Philto, a piece of land near the city here; that I will give as a portion to my sister: for, after *all* my follies, that alone, besides my existence, is left me.

PHIL. Really I care nothing at all about a portion.

LESB. I am determined to give her *one*.

STAS. (*whispers to LESBONICUS*). And are you ready, master, to sever that nurse from us which is supporting us? Take care how you do it. What are we ourselves to eat in future?

LESB. (*to STASIMUS*). Once more, will you hold your tongue? Am I to be rendered accountable to you?

STAS. (*aside*). We are evidently done for, unless I devise something or other. Philto, I want you. (*He removes to a distance, and beckons to PHILTO.*)

PHIL. If you wish aught, Stasimus.

STAS. Step a little this way.

PHIL. By all means.

STAS. I tell you this in secrecy, that neither he nor any one else may learn it of you.

PHIL. Trust me boldly with anything you please.

<sup>1</sup> *I agree*—Ver. 502. "Spondeo" was a word in general use to denote that the person entered into a promise or engagement. Being the nearest male relation of the damsel, Philto wishes Lesbonicus to close the matter by saying "spondeo," "I agree to betroth her," which he hesitates to do; on which, Stasimus, alluding to his having been the security for the thousand drachmæ, tells him that he had been ready enough to say "spondeo" when it was not to his advantage; namely, at the time when he said "spondeo," "I promise," and became the security to the banker for his friend. See Note 1 in page 24.

STAS. By Gods and men I warn you, not to allow that piece of land ever to become yours or your son's. I'll tell you my reasons for this matter.

PHIL. Troth, I should like to hear them.

STAS. First of all *then*, when at any time the ground is being ploughed, in every fifth furrow the oxen die.

PHIL. Preserve me from it.

STAS. The gate of Acheron is in *that* land of ours. Then the grapes, before they are ripe, hang in a putrid state.

LESB. (*in a low voice*). He is persuading the man to something, I think. Although he is a rogue, still he is not unfaithful to me.

STAS. Hear the rest. Besides that, when elsewhere the harvest of wheat is most abundant, there it comes up less by one-fourth than what you have sowed.

PHIL. Ah! bad habits ought to be sown on that spot, if in the sowing they can be killed.

STAS. And never is there any person to whom that piece of land belongs, but that his affairs turn out most unfortunate. Of those to whom it has belonged, some have gone away in banishment; some are dead outright; some, *again*, have hanged themselves. See this man, now, to whom it belongs, how he has been brought to a regular backgammoned state<sup>1</sup>.

PHIL. Preserve me from this piece of land.

STAS. "Preserve me from it," you would say still more, if you were to hear everything from me. For there every other tree has been blasted with lightning; the hogs die<sup>2</sup> there most shockingly of inflammation in the throat; the sheep are scabby, as bare *of all wool*, see, as is this hand *of mine*. And then, besides, there is not one of the Syrian natives<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Backgammoned state*)—Ver. 837. "Ad incitas redactus, "brought to a standstill," was a term borrowed from the game of "Duodecim Scripta," or "twelve points," and was applied when one of the parties got all his men on the twelfth point, and, being able to move no further, lost the game in consequence. Probably the game partook of the nature of both backgammon and chess.

<sup>2</sup> *The hogs die*)—Ver. 540. From Pliny the Elder we learn that "angina," or swelling of the throat, was a common distemper among hogs.

<sup>3</sup> *The Syrian natives*)—Ver. 542. He makes mention of the Syrians, because, living in a hot climate, they would be most likely to be able to endure extreme heat.

a race which is the most hardy of men, who could exist there for six months ; so surely do all die *there* of the solstitial fever<sup>1</sup>.

PHIL. I believe, Stasimus<sup>2</sup>, that it is so ; but the Campanian<sup>3</sup> race much outdoes that of the Syrians in hardiness. But, really, that piece of land, as I have heard you describe it, is one to which it were proper for all wicked men to be sent for the public good. Just as they tell of the Islands of the Blest, where all meet together who have passed their lives uprightly : on the other hand, it seems proper that *all* evil-doers should be packed off there, since it is a *place* of such a character.

STAS. 'Tis a *very* receptacle of calamity. What need is there of *many* words ? Look for any bad thing whatsoever, there you may find it.

PHIL. But, i' faith, you *may find* it there and elsewhere too.

STAS. Please, take care not to say that I told you of this.

PHIL. You have told it me in perfect secrecy.

STAS. For he, indeed (*pointing at LESBONICUS*), wishes it to be got rid of from himself, if he can find any one to impose upon<sup>4</sup> *about it*.

PHIL. I' faith, *this land* shall never become my property.

STAS. Aye, if you keep in your senses. (*Aside.*) I' faith, I have cleverly frightened<sup>5</sup> the old fellow away from this land ; for, if *my master* had parted with it, there is nothing for us to live upon.

<sup>1</sup> *The solstitial fever*)—Ver. 544. He seems to mean, that if a person went to live there at the beginning of the year, he could not possibly live there beyond six months, being sure to die of fever at the time of the Solstice, or Midsummer.

<sup>2</sup> *I believe, Stasimus*)—Ver. 545. Philto only says so for peace sake, as no man in his senses was likely to believe a word of it. As he does not want the piece of land for his son, he wishes to make no words about it.

<sup>3</sup> *But the Campanian*)—Ver. 545. He just makes this remark casually, probably to show Stasimus that he knows about things in general as well as he does. Some think, however, that he intends to correct Stasimus, and to tell him that even the Campanians, who were considered an effeminate race, could boast of more hardihood than the Syrians.

<sup>4</sup> *To impose upon*)—Ver. 558. "Os quoi sublinat"—literally, "can besmear his face." This expression alludes to the practical joke of making a fool of a person by painting his face while he is asleep.

<sup>5</sup> *I have cleverly frightened*)—Ver. 560. As before remarked, he is probably much mistaken in thinking so.



PHIL. Lesbonicus, I *now* return to you.

LESB. Tell me, if you please, what has he been saying to you?

PHIL. What do you suppose? He is a man<sup>1</sup>; he wishes to become a free *man*, but he has not *the money* to give.

LESB. And I wish to be rich, but all in vain.

STAS. (*aside*). You might have been, if you had chosen; now, since you have nothing, you cannot be.

LESB. What *are you talking about* to yourself, Stasimus?

STAS. About that which you were saying just now: if you had chosen formerly, you might have been *rich*; now you are wishing too late.

PHIL. No terms can be come to with me about the marriage-portion; whatever pleases you, do you transact it yourself with my son. Now, I ask for your sister for my son; *and* may the matter turn out well. What now? are you still considering?

LESB. What—about that matter? Since you will have it so—may the Gods prosper it—I promise her.

PHIL. Never, by my troth, was a son born so ardently longed for by any one, as was that expression “I promise her,” *when* born for me.

STAS. The Gods will prosper *all* your plans.

PHIL. So I wish. Come this way with me, Lesbonicus, that a day may be agreed on for the nuptials, in the presence of *Lysiteles*: *this agreement* we will ratify on that same day.

(*Exit PHILTO.*)

LESB. Now, Stasimus, go you there (*points to the house which he has sold to CALLICLES*) to the house of Callicles, to my sister; tell her how this matter has been arranged.

STAS. I will go. LESB. And congratulate my sister.

STAS. Very well. LESB. Tell Callicles to meet me——

STAS. But rather do you go now——

LESB. That he may see what is necessary to be done about the portion.

STAS. Do go now. LESB. For I have determined not to give her without a portion.

STAS. But rather do you go now. LESB. And I will never allow it to be a detriment to her *by reason of*——

STAS. Do be off now. LESB. My recklessness——

<sup>1</sup> *He is a man*)—Ver. 563. His meaning seems to be, “he is a *man*, with feelings like ourselves, and naturally wishes for his freedom.”

STAS. Do go now<sup>1</sup>. LESB. It seems by no means just, but that, since I have done wrong——

STAS. Do go now. LESB. It should be chiefly a detriment to myself.

STAS. Do go now. LESB. O my father! and shall I ever see you *again*?

STAS. Do go now. Go—go now.

LESB. I am going. Do you take care of that which I have asked you. I shall be here directly.

(*Exit LESBONICTUS.*)

### SCENE V.

#### STASIMUS.

STAS. At length I have prevailed on him to go. In the name of the *immortal* Gods, i' faith, 'tis a matter well managed by wrongful means of performance, inasmuch as our piece of land is safe; although even now 'tis still a very doubtful matter what may be the result of this affair. But, if *the land* is parted with, 'tis all over<sup>2</sup> with my neck; I must carry a buckler in foreign lands, a helmet *too*, and my baggage. He will be running away from the city when the nuptials have been celebrated; he will be going hence to extreme and utter ruin, somewhere or other, to serve as a soldier, either to Asia or to Cilicia<sup>3</sup>. I will go there (*looking at the door of the house bought by CALLICLES*), where he has ordered me *to go*, although I detest this house ever since he has driven us out of our abode.

(*Exit into the house of CHARMIDES.*)

## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*Enter CALLICLES and STASIMUS.*

CALL. To what effect were you speaking about this, Stasimus?

<sup>1</sup> *Do go now*)—Ver. 586. Stasimus is continually urging him to follow Philto, and bring the matter to a conclusion, as he fears that so good an opportunity may be lost through his master's habitual carelessness, especially as Philto has agreed not to receive the land as a marriage-portion.

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis all over*)—Ver. 595. He means that he will no longer have any support from his master, and that he will have to turn soldier, and so earn his livelihood.

<sup>3</sup> *Asia or to Cilicia*)—Ver. 599. Alluding, probably to the wars which were con-



STAS. That Lesbonicus, the son of my master, has betrothed his sister ; in those terms.

CALL. To what person has he betrothed her ?

STAS. To Lysiteles, the son of Philto ; without a portion, too.

CALL. Without a portion, will he marry her into a family so rich<sup>1</sup> ? You are telling me a thing not to be credited.

STAS. Why, faith, you would be for never believing. If you don't believe this, *at all events* I shall be believing—

CALL. What ? STAS. That I don't care a fig *for your belief*.

CALL. How long since, or where, was this matter agreed to ?

STAS. On this very spot—here, before his door (*pointing to PHILTO's house*). This moment-like<sup>2</sup>, as the man of Præneste says.

CALL. And has Lesbonicus, amid his ruined fortunes, become so much more frugal than in his prosperous circumstances ?

STAS. Why, in fact, Philto himself came of his own accord to make the offer for his son.

CALL. (*aside*.) By my troth, it really will be a disgrace, if a portion is not given to the maiden. In fine, I think, i' faith, that that matter concerns myself. I will go to my corrector, and will ask advice of him. (*Exit*.)

STAS. I pretty nearly guess, and I have a strong suspicion, why he makes such speed *on this* : *namely*, that he may turn Lesbonicus out of his bit of land, after he has turned him out of his house. O Charmides, my master ! since your property here is being torn to pieces in your absence, I wish I

continually occurring between the Greeks and the Persian monarchs, or else to the custom of hiring themselves out as mercenary soldiers, as Xenophon and the ten thousand did to the younger Cyrus.

<sup>1</sup> *Into a family so rich*)—Ver. 605. "In tantas divitias," literally, "into so great wealth."

<sup>2</sup> *This moment-like*)—Ver. 609. "Tammodo." He is joking upon the patois of the people of Præneste, who said "tammodo," instead of "modo," "this instant," or "just now." Festus also alludes to this expression, as used by the Prænestines. In the Truculentus, act iii., sc. 2, l. 23, he again takes them off for cutting "Ciconia" down to "Conia." Præneste was a town of Latium, not far from Rome. Its present name is Palestrina.

could see you return safe, that you might *both* take vengeance on your enemies, and give the reward to me according as I have behaved, and do behave towards you. 'Tis an extremely difficult thing for a friend to be found *really* such as the name imports, to whom, when you have entrusted your interests, you may sleep without any care. But lo ! I perceive our son-in-law<sup>1</sup> coming, together with his neighbour. Something—what, I know not—is wrong between them. They are *walking*, each with a hasty step ; the one is catching the other that is before him by the cloak. They have come to a stop in no very courteous fashion. I'll step aside here a little distance. I have a wish to hear the conversation of these two that are to be connected by marriage. (*He retires to a distance.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter* LYSITELES *and* LESBONICUS.

LYS. Stay, this moment ; don't turn away, and don't hide yourself from me. (*He catches hold of his cloak.*)

LESB. (*shaking him off*). Can't you allow me to go whither I was proceeding ?

LYS. If, Lesbonicus, it seems to be to your interest, either for your glory or for your honour, I will let you go.

LESB. You are doing a thing that it is very easy to do.

LYS. What is that ? LESB. An injury to a friend.

LYS. It is no way of mine, and I have not learned so to do.

LESB. Untaught *as you are*, how cleverly you do it. What would you have done, if any one had taught you to be thus annoying to me ? *You*, who, when you pretend to be acting kindly to me, use me ill, and are intending evil.

LYS. What !—I ? LESB. Yes—you.

LYS. How do I use you ill ?

LESB. Inasmuch as you do that which I do not wish.

LYS. I wish to consult your advantage.

LESB. Are you kinder to me than I am to myself ? I

<sup>1</sup> *Our son-in-law*)—Ver. 622. He means Lysiteles, the contemplated son-in-law of his master Charmides, whom he has just been apostrophising.

have sense enough; I see sufficiently well those things that are for my own advantage.

LYS. And is it having sense enough to refuse a kindness from a well-wisher?

LESB. I reckon it to be no kindness, when it does not please him on whom you are conferring it. I know, and I understand myself what I am doing, and my mind forsakes not its duty; nor will I be driven by your speeches from paying due regard to *my own* character.

LYS. What do you say? For *now* I cannot be restrained from saying to you the things which you deserve. Have your forefathers, I pray, so handed down this reputation to you, that you, by your excesses, might lose what before was gained by their merit, and that you might become a bar to the honour of your own posterity? Your father and your grandfather made an easy and a level path for you to attain to honour; *whereas* you have made it to become a difficult one, by your extreme recklessness and sloth, and your besotted ways. You have made your election, to prefer your passions to virtue. Now, do you suppose that you can cover over your faults by these means? Alas! 'tis impossible. Welcome virtue to your mind, if you please, and expel slothfulness from your heart. Give your attention to your he-friends in the Courts of justice<sup>1</sup>, *and* not to the couch of your she-friend, as you are wont *to do*. And earnestly do I now wish this piece of land to be left to you for this reason, that you may have wherewithal to reform yourself; so that *those* citizens, whom you have for enemies, may not be able altogether to throw your poverty in your teeth.

LESB. All these things which you have been saying, I know—could even set my seal<sup>2</sup> to them: how I have spoiled my patrimonial estate and the fair fame of my forefathers. I knew how it became me to live; to my misfortune I was not able to act *accordingly*. Thus, overpowered by the force of passion, inclined to ease, I fell into the snare; and now to you, quite as you deserve, I do return most hearty thanks.

<sup>1</sup> *In the Courts of justice*)—Ver. 651. It was the custom of the young men of the Patrician class among the Romans to plead gratuitously for their friends and clients, in the Forum or Court of justice.

<sup>2</sup> *Set my seal*)—Ver. 655. Affixing the seal to an instrument was then, as now the most solemn way of ratifying it.

LYS. Still, I cannot suffer my labour to be thus lost, and yourself to despise these words ; at the same time, it grieves me that you have *so* little shame. And, in fine, unless you listen to me, and do this that I mention, you yourself will easily lie concealed behind your own self, so that honour cannot find you ; when you will wish yourself to be especially distinguished, you will be lying in obscurity. I know right well, for my part, Lesbonicus, your highly ingenuous disposition ; I know that of your own accord you have not done wrong, but that it is Love that has blinded your heart ; and I myself comprehend all the ways of Love. As the charge of the balista<sup>1</sup> is hurled, so is Love ; nothing is there so swift, or that *so swiftly* flies ; he, too, makes the manners of men both foolish and froward<sup>2</sup>. That which is the most commended pleases him the least<sup>3</sup> ; that from which he is dissuaded pleases him. When there is a scarcity, *then* you long for *a thing* ; when there is an abundance of it, then you don't care for it. The person that warns him off from *a thing*, the same invites him ; he that persuades him to it interdicts him. 'Tis a misfortune of insanity for you to fly to Cupid for refuge. But I advise you again and again to think of this, how you should seek to act. If you attempt to do according as you are now showing signs<sup>4</sup>, you will cause the

<sup>1</sup> *Charge of the balista*)—Ver. 668. The word “balista” here signifies the charge of the military engine known as the “balista.” It was used by the ancients for the purpose of discharging stones against the higher part of the walls of besieged places, while the “catapulta” was directed against the lower. The charge of the “balista” varied from two pounds to three hundred-weight.

<sup>2</sup> *Foolish and froward*)—Ver. 669. “Moros.” This word is derived from the Greek *μωρός*, “foolish.” It seems to be used in juxtaposition with “moroses,” for the sake of the alliteration.

<sup>3</sup> *Pleases him the least*)—Ver. 670. So Shakspeare alludes to the contradictory nature of love in Romeo and Juliet :

“Love—heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms.”

<sup>4</sup> *Are now showing signs*)—Ver. 675. The meaning of this passage is extremely obscure. Perhaps, however, it is this, “If you persist in your extravagance, and are resolved to part with this land, the very last of your possessions, you will prove the conflagration and ruin of your family. Then you will be seeking a remedy—water with which to quench it. When you have got this remedy, as you cleverly suppose, in going abroad to fight and earn glory, you will ply it with such zeal, that you will overdo it, and, in getting killed yourself, will thereby quench the last spark on which the very existence of your house depended.” On

conflagration of your family; and then, in consequence, you will have a desire for water with which to quench *this conflagration* of your family. And if you should obtain it, just as lovers are subtle in their devices, you will not leave even one spark with which your family may brighten up.

LESB. 'Tis easy to be found: fire is granted, even though you should ask it of a foe. But you, by your reproof, are urging me from my faults to a viler course. You are persuading me to give you my sister without a portion. But it does not become me, who have misused so great a patrimony, to be still in affluent circumstances, and to be possessing land, but her to be in want, so as with good reason to detest me. Never will he be respected by others who makes himself despised by his own relatives. As I said, I will do; I do not wish you to be in doubt any longer.

LYS. And is it so much preferable that for your sister's sake you should incur poverty, and that I should possess that piece of land rather than yourself, who ought to be upholding your own walls?

LESB. I do not wish you so much to have regard to myself, in order that you may relieve my poverty, as that in my neediness I may not become disgraced: that people may not spread about this report of me, that I gave my own sister without a portion to you, rather in concubinage<sup>1</sup> than in marriage. Who would be said to be more dishonorable than I? The spreading of this report might do credit to you, but it would defile me, if you were to marry her without a portion. For you it would be a gain of reputation, for me it would be something for people to throw in my teeth.

LYS. Why so? Do you suppose<sup>2</sup> that you will become Dictator if I accept the land of you?

this Lesbonicus says, though not carrying on the metaphor in the same sense, "I will find means, even amid the enemy, to render my name illustrious, for there the fire may be found which is to keep my family from becoming extinguished."

<sup>1</sup> *Rather in concubinage*)—Ver. 690. His pride is hurt at the idea of his sister being married without a portion, and thereby losing one of the distinctive marks between a wife and a mistress. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a female to be given in marriage without a portion, however small.

<sup>2</sup> *Do you suppose*)—Ver. 695. Lysiteles says, satirically, and rather unkindly, it would seem, "What, do you suppose that, if I accept this piece of land of you, you will attain the Dictatorship as the reward of your high spirit?" The Dictatorship was the highest honour in the Roman Republic.

LESB. I neither wish, nor require, nor do I think so ; but still, to be mindful of his duty, is *true* honour to an upright man.

LYS. For my part, I know you, how you are disposed in mind ; I see it, I discover it, I apprehend. You are doing this, that when you have formed an alliance between us, and when you have given up this piece of land, and have nothing here with which to support life, in beggary you may fly from the city, in exile you may desert your country, your kindred, your connexions, your friends,—the nuptials once over. People would suppose that you were frightened hence by my means, and through my cupidity. Do not fancy in your mind that I will act so as to allow that to happen.

STAS. (*advancing*). Well, I cannot but exclaim, “ Well done, well done, Lysiteles, *encore*<sup>1</sup>.” Easily do you win the victory ; the other is conquered : your performance is superior. This one (*pointing to* LYSITELES) acts better in character, and composes better lines<sup>2</sup>. By reason of your folly do you still dispute it ? Stand in awe of the fine.

LESB. What means this interruption of yours, or your intrusion here upon our conversation ?

STAS. The same way that I came here I'll get me gone.

LESB. Step this way home with me, Lysiteles ; there we will talk at length about these matters.

LYS. I am not in the habit of doing anything in secret. Just as my feelings are I will speak out. If your sister, as I think it right, is thus given to me in marriage without a portion, and *if* you are not about to go away hence, that which shall be mine, the same shall be yours. But if you are minded otherwise, may that which you do turn out for you for the best. I will never be your friend on any other terms ; such is my determination.

(*Exit* LESBONICUS, *followed by* LYSITELES.

<sup>1</sup> *Encore*)—Ver. 705. Πάλιν. This Greek word was no doubt used by the Romans just as we employ the French word “*encore*.” In a similar manner it was probably used in the theatres, the usage of which is here figuratively referred to.

<sup>2</sup> *Composes better lines*)—Ver. 707. In the line before, he alludes to the contest of the Comic poets for the prize of Comedy, to be decided according to the merits of their respective plays. As the poets were often the actors of their plays, he addresses them in this line in the latter capacity. Then, in the next line, he refers to the custom of the Romans in early times of training slaves as actors, where, if they did not please the spectators, they were taken off the stage and fined or beaten for their carelessness.



## SCENE III.

STASIMUS.

STAS. Faith, he's off. D'ye hear—Lysiteles? I want you. He's off as well. Stasimus, you remain alone. What am I now to do, but to buckle up my baggage and sling my buckler on my back<sup>1</sup>, and order soles to be fastened<sup>2</sup> beneath my shoes? There is no staying *now*. I see that no long time hence I shall be a soldier's drudge. And when my master has thrown himself into the pay<sup>3</sup> of some potentate, I guess that among the greatest warriors he will prove a brave<sup>4</sup>—hand at running away, and that there he will capture the spoil, who—shall come to attack my master. I myself, the moment that I shall have assumed my bow and quiver and arrows, *and* the helmet on my head, shall—go to sleep very quietly in my tent. I'll be off to the Forum; I'll ask that talent<sup>5</sup> back of the person to whom I lent it six days since, that I may have some provision for the journey to carry with me. *(Exit.)*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter MEGARONIDES and CALLICLES.*

MEG. According as you relate the matter to me, Callicles,

<sup>1</sup> *On my back*)—Ver. 719. When marching, the “clypeus,” or “shield,” was slung on the back of the soldier. The “sarcina,” or “baggage,” probably resembled our knapsack.

<sup>2</sup> *Soles to be fastened*)—Ver. 720. The “soccus” was a slipper or low shoe, which did not fit closely, and was not fastened by a tie. These were worn both by men and women, and especially by Comic actors. His meaning probably is, that he will be obliged to have high heels and thick soles put to his shoes, so as to turn them into “caligæ,” the heavy kind of shoes worn by the Roman soldiers.

<sup>3</sup> *Into the pay*)—Ver. 722. “In saginam,” means “for his food;” as what we technically call “the mess” was provided for the soldier by those who hired him. The term “sagina” is found especially applied to the victuals of the gladiators, who were trained up and dieted on all kinds of nourishing food for the purpose of adding to their strength, and thereby heightening interest attendant on their combats.

<sup>4</sup> *Prove a brave*)—Ver. 723. In this line and the next he is witty upon the sorry figure which he fancies Lesbonicus will make in the field of battle.

<sup>5</sup> *Ask that talent*)—Ver. 727. Many a truth is said in jest, and perhaps part of this talent is the fruit of the theft which he seems in joke only to admit in . 414; as some Commentators have remarked, where was Stasimus, a slave, to get so much money as a talent, more than 200*l*? As, however, in other respects, he seems to have been a faithful servant, let us in charity suppose that he came honestly by his talent, and that it was his fairly acquired “peculium.”

it really can by no means be but that a portion must be given to the girl.

CALL. Why, troth, it would hardly be honestly done *on my part*, if I were to allow her to contract a marriage without a portion, when I have her property in my possession at home. \* \* \* \*

MEG. \* \* \* A portion is ready at your house; unless you like to wait until her brother has disposed of her in marriage without a portion. After that, you might go to Philto yourself, and might say that you present her with a portion, *and* that you do it on account of your intimacy with her father. But I dread this, lest that offer might bring you into crimination and disgrace with the public. They would say that you were *so* kind to the girl not without some good reason; that the dowry which you presented her was given you by her father; they would think that you were portioning her out of that, and that you had not kept it safe for her just as it was given, and that you had withheld *some part*. Now, if you wish to await the return of Charmides, the time is very long; meanwhile, the inclination to marry her may leave this *Lysiteles*; this proposal, too, is quite a first-rate one for her.

CALL. All these very same things suggest themselves to my mind.

MEG. Consider if you think this more feasible and *more* to the purpose: go to the young man himself, *and* tell him how the matter *really* stands.

CALL. Should I now discover the treasure to a young man, ill-regulated, *and* brimful of passion and of wantonness? No, faith, most assuredly, by no means. For I know, beyond a doubt, that he would devour even all that spot where it is buried. I fear to dig for it, lest he should hear the noise; *lest, too*, he might trace out the matter itself, if I should say I will give her a portion.

MEG. By what method, then, can the portion be secretly taken out?

CALL. Until an opportunity can be found for that business, I would, in the meanwhile, ask for a loan of the money from some friend or other.

MEG. Can it be obtained from some friend or other?

CALL. It can. MEG. Nonsense; you'll certainly meet



with this answer at once: "O, upon my faith, I really have not anything that I can lend you."

CALL. Troth, I would rather they would tell me the truth than lend me the money *with a bad grace*.

MEG. But consider this plan, if it pleases you.

CALL. What is the plan? MEG. I have found out a clever plan, as I think.

CALL. What is it? MEG. Let some person, now, be hired, of an appearance as much unknown as possible, such as has not been often seen. Let this person be dressed up to the life after a foreign fashion, just as though he were a foreigner.

CALL. What is he to understand that he must do after that?

MEG. It is necessary for him to be some lying, deceiving, impudent fellow—a *loungeur* from the Forum.

CALL. And what then, after that?

MEG. Let him come to the young man as though from Seleucia, from his father; let him pronounce his salutation to him in the words of his father, say that he is prospering in business, and is alive and well, and that he will be shortly coming back again. Let him bring two letters; let us seal these, as though they are from his father. Let him give the one to him, *and* let him say that he wishes to give the other to yourself.

CALL. Go on, and tell me still further.

MEG. Let him say that he is bringing some gold as a marriage-portion from her father for the girl, and that his father has requested him to deliver it to you. Do you understand me now?

CALL. Pretty nearly; and I listen with great satisfaction.

MEG. Then, in consequence, you will finally give the gold to the young man when the girl shall be given in marriage.

CALL. Troth, 'tis very cleverly *contrived*.

MEG. By this means, when you have dug up the treasure, you will have removed *all cause for* suspicion from the young man. He will think that the gold has been brought to you from his father; *whereas*, you will be taking it from the treasure.

CALL. Very cleverly and fairly contrived; although I am ashamed, at this time of life, for me to be playing a double

part. But when he shall bring the letters sealed, don't you suppose that the young man will then recollect the impression of his father's signet<sup>1</sup> ?

MEG. Will you be silent now ? Reasons innumerable may be found for that circumstance. That which he used to have he has lost, *and* he has since had another new one made. Then, if he should bring them not sealed at all, this might be said,—that they had been unsealed for him by the custom-house officers<sup>2</sup>, and had been examined. On matters of this kind, *however*, 'tis mere idleness to spend the day in talk ; although a long discussion might be spun out. Go now, at once, privately to the treasure ; send to a distance the men-servants *and* the maids ; and—do you hear ?

CALL. What is it ? MEG. Take care that you conceal this matter from that same wife of yours as well ; for, i' faith, there is never any subject which they can be silent upon. Why are you standing now ? Why don't you take yourself off hence, and bestir yourself ? Open the treasure, take thence as much gold as is requisite for this purpose ; at once close it up again, but secretly, as I have enjoined you ; turn all out of the house.

CALL. I will do so. MEG. But, really, we are continu-

<sup>1</sup> *His father's signet*)—Ver. 789. The custom of wearing rings among the Romans was said to have been derived from the Sabines. The stones set in them were generally engraved with some design, and they were universally used by both Greeks and Romans for the purpose of a seal. So common was the practice among the Greeks, that Solon made a very wholesome law which forbade engravers to keep the form of a seal which they had sold. In some rings the seal was cut in the metal itself. The designs engraved on rings were various ; sometimes portraits of ancestors or friends, and sometimes subjects connected with the mythology or the worship of the Gods. The onyx was the stone most frequently used in rings. The genuineness of a letter was tested, not by the signature, but by the seal appended to it ; hence the anxiety of Callicles on the present occasion.

<sup>2</sup> *The custom-house officers*)—Ver. 794. The "portitores" were the officers who collected the "portorium," or "import duty," on goods brought from foreign countries. These "portitores," to whom it was frequently farmed, greatly annoyed the merchants by their unfair conduct and arbitrary proceedings. At Rome, all commodities, including slaves, which were imported for the purpose of selling again, were subject to the "portorium." The present instance is an illustration of the license of their proceedings, for we can hardly suppose that they were entitled as of right to break open the seals of letters from foreign countries.

ing too long a discourse ; we are wasting the day, whereas there is need now of all expedition. There is nothing for you to fear about the seal ; trust me *for that*. This is a clever excuse to give, as I mentioned, that they have been looked at by the officers. In fine, don't you see the time of day ? What do you think of him *being* of such a nature and disposition ? He is drunk already ; anything you like may be proved for him. Besides, what is the greatest point of all, this person will say that he brings, *and* not that he applies for, *money*.

CALL. Now, that's enough.

MEG. I am now going to hire a sharper<sup>1</sup> from the Forum, and then I will seal the two letters ; and I'll send him thither (*pointing to the house of* CHARMIDES), well tutored in his part, to *this* young man.

CALL. I am going in-doors then to my duty in consequence. Do you see about this matter.

MEG. I'll take care it's done in the very cleverest style.  
(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* CHARMIDES.

CHARM. To Neptune, potent o'er the deep and most powerful, the brother of æthereal Jove, joyously *and* sin-

<sup>1</sup> *A sharper*)—Ver. 815. "Sycophanta." At an early period there was a law at Athens against the exportation of figs. In spite, however, of prohibitions and penalties, the fig-growers persisted in exporting the fruit. To inform the authorities against the practice was deemed mean and vexatious, so the statute came in time to be looked upon as obsolete. Hence, the term *συκοφαντεῖν*, "to inform relative to the exportation of figs," came to be applied to all mean and dishonest accusations. In time, the word "sycophant" came to be applied to a man who was a cunning and villanous character, and who, as it has been justly observed, in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, was "a happy compound of the common barretor, informer, pettifogger, busybody, rogue, liar, and slanderer." In fact, he was such a person as we mean by the epithet "swindler" or "sharper." Information being encouraged by the policy of Athens, and the informer gaining half the reward, it was upon this honourable calling that the "sycophantæ" in general thrived. They were ready, however, for any other job, however dishonourable, and perjury would not be declined by them if they could obtain their price. They would, consequently, be much in the neighbourhood of the Courts of justice ; and the "Forum," as in the present instance, would not be an unlikely place to meet with them.

cerely do I proffer praise, and return my grateful thanks; to the salt waves, too, with whom lay *supreme* power over myself,—*one, too*, that existed over my property and my life,—inasmuch as from their realms they have returned me safe and sound even to my own native city. And, Neptune, before the other Deities, do I both give and return to you extreme thanks. For all people talk of you as being cruel and severe, of voracious habits, filthy, unsightly, unendurable, *and* outrageous; on the other hand, I have experienced your *kindly* aid. For, in good sooth, I have found you mild and merciful upon the deep, even to that degree that I wished. This commendation, too, I had already heard with *these* ears before of you among men,—that you were accustomed to spare the poor, *and* to depress and overawe the rich. Adieu! I commend you; you know how to treat men properly, according as is just. This is worthy of the Gods; they should ever prove benignant to the needy; to men of high station, quite otherwise. Trusty have you proved, *though* they are in the habit of saying that you cannot be trusted. For, without you, it would have happened, I am very sure, that on the deep your attendants would have shockingly torn in pieces and rent asunder wretched me, and, together with me, my property as well, in every direction throughout the azure surface *of ocean*. But just now, like *raging* dogs, *and* no otherwise, did the winds in hurricane beset the ship; storms and waves, and raging squalls *were about* to roar, to break the mast, to bear down the yards, to split the sails; had not your favouring kindness been nigh at hand. Have done with me, if you please; henceforth have I now determined to give myself up to ease; enough have I got. With what pains have I struggled, while I was acquiring riches for my son. But who is this<sup>1</sup> that is coming up the street with his new-fangled garb and appearance? I' faith, though I wish to be at home, I'll wait *awhile*; at the same time, I will give my attention *to see* what business this *fellow* is about. (*He retires aside.*)

<sup>1</sup> *But who is this*—Ver. 840. It seems at first sight rather absurd that Charimides, who has just returned from a voyage, should wait in the street to gossip with a stranger who is coming towards him; but we must remember that he sees that the fellow is making straight for his house, and his curiosity is excited by that fact, combined with the very extraordinary dress which Megaronides has hired for him from the playhouse, and has thereby probably much overdone the character which he is intended to represent.

SCENE II.

*Enter the SHARPER.*

SHARP. To this day I give the name of "*The Festival of the Three Pieces*" (*Trinummus*); for, on this day, have I let out my services in a cheating scheme for three pieces of money. I am *just* arrived from Seleucia, Macedonia, Asia, and Arabia,—*places* which I never visited either with my eye or with my foot. See now, what business poverty brings upon the man that is wretchedly destitute; inasmuch as I am now obliged, for the sake of three pieces of money, to say that I received these letters from a certain person, about whom I don't know, nor have I *ever* known, who the man is, nor do I know this for certain, whether he was ever born or not.

CHARM. (*behind*). Faith, this fellow's surely of the mushroom genus; he covers himself entirely with his top<sup>1</sup>. The countenance of the fellow appears to be Illyrian; he comes, *too*, in that garb.

SHARP. He who hired me, when he had hired me, took me to his house; he told me what he wanted *to be done*; he taught and showed me beforehand how I was to do everything. If, then, I should add anything more, my employer will on that account the better forward his plan through me. As he dressed me out, so am I *now* equipped; *his* money did that. He himself borrowed my costume, at his own risk, from the theatrical wardrobe<sup>2</sup>; if I shall be able, now, to impose on this man through my garb, I will give him occasion clearly to find that I am a very trickster.

CHAR. (*behind*). The more I look *at him*, the less does the appearance of the fellow please me. 'Tis a wonder if that

<sup>1</sup> *With his top*)—Ver. 851. The Sharper, as personating a foreigner, has on a "petasus," or hat with very wide brims, extending straight out on each side. For this reason Charmides wittily compares him to a mushroom—all head. The "causia" was a similar hat worn by the Macedonians, with the brims turned up at the sides.

<sup>2</sup> *The theatrical wardrobe*)—Ver. 858. "Chorego" — literally, "from the Choregus." It was the duty of this person at Athens to provide the Choruses for tragedies and comedies, the Lyric Choruses of men and boys, the dancers for the Pyrrhic dance, the Cyclic Choruses, and the Choruses of flute-players for the religious festivals of Athens. He also had to provide the Chorus with the requisite dresses, wreaths, and masks—whence the application to him on the present occasion

fellow there is not either a night-robber<sup>1</sup> or a cutpurse. He is viewing the locality; he is looking around him and surveying the houses; troth, I think he is reconnoitring the spot for him to come and rob bye and bye. I have a still greater desire to watch what he is about: I'll give attention to this matter.

SHARP. This employer of mine pointed out these localities to me; at this house are my devices to be put in practice. I'll knock at the door.

CHARM. (*behind*). Surely this fellow is making in a straight line for my house; i' faith, I think I shall have to keep watch this night of my arrival.

SHARP. (*knocks at the door of the house of CHARMIDES*). Open this door!—open it! Hallo, there! who now has the care of this door<sup>2</sup>?

CHARM. (*coming up to him*). Young man, what do you want? What is it you wish? Why are you knocking at this door?

SHARP. Eh! old gentleman; I am inquiring here for a young man named Lesbonicus, where in this quarter he lives—and likewise for another person, with such white hairs on his head as yours; he that gave me these letters said his name was Callicles.

CHARM. (*aside*). In fact, this fellow is looking for my own son Lesbonicus and my friend Callicles, to whom I entrusted both my children and my property.

SHARP. Let me know, respected sir<sup>3</sup>, if you are acquainted with it, where these persons live.

<sup>1</sup> *A night-robber*)—Ver. 862. "Dormitator" seems to mean a thief, who slept during the day and pursued his avocations by night. "Sector zonarius" is a "cutter of girdles," similar to our "cutpurse." It was the custom of persons of the middle and lower classes to wear their purses suspended from the "zona," or "girdle," round the waist; and sometimes they used the folds of the girdle itself for the purpose of depositing their money therein.

<sup>2</sup> *Care of this door*)—Ver. 870. It was not the usage to enter a house without giving notice to those within. This was done among the Spartans by shouting, while the Athenians, and other nations, either used the knocker of the door or rapped with the knuckles or a stick. In the houses of the rich a porter was always in attendance to open the door. He was commonly a slave or eunuch, and was, among the Romans, chained to his post. A dog was also in general chained near the entrance, and the warning, "Cave canem," "Beware of the dog," was sometimes written near the door.

<sup>3</sup> *Respected sir*)—Ver. 877. "Pater," literally, "father."



CHARM. Why are you inquiring for them? Or who are you?—Or whence are you?—Or whence do you come?

SHARP. I gave the return correctly to the Censor<sup>1</sup>, when I was questioned by him——

CHARM. \* \* \* \*

SHARP. You ask a number of things in the same breath; I know not which in especial to inform you upon. If you will ask each thing singly, and in a quiet manner, I'll both let you know my name, and my business, and my travels.

CHARM. I'll do as you desire. Come then; in the first place, tell me your name.

SHARP. You begin by demanding an arduous task.

CHARM. How so?

SHARP. Because, respected sir, if you were to begin before daylight, i' faith, to commence at the first part of my name<sup>2</sup>, 'twould be the dead of the night before you could get to the end of it.

CHARM. According to your story, a person should have a long journey's provision crammed tightly in for your name.

SHARP. I have another *name* somewhat less,—about the size of a wine-cask<sup>3</sup>.

CHARM. What is this name of yours, young man?

SHARP. "Hush," that's my name<sup>4</sup>; that's my every-day one.

CHARM. I' faith, 'tis a scampish name; just as though<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To the Censor*)—Ver. 879. "Juratori." It was the duty of the Censor, among the Romans, to make these inquiries of every person when taking the Census. As the Censors were bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of their duties, they were, in common with all persons so bound, called "juratores," "oathsmen." The Sharper gives Charmides an impudent answer, saying that he has answered the Censor on these points, and that is enough.

<sup>2</sup> *Beginning of my name*)—Ver. 855. He probably alludes to his varied calling, commensurate with everything in the line of roguery. See the Note to line 815.

<sup>3</sup> *Size of a wine cask*)—Ver. 888. He alludes, probably, to the "amphora," or large earthen jar, in which wine was kept. This was, perhaps, a cant saying, just as if we should say, "As little as a hogshead."

<sup>4</sup> "Hush," *that is my name*)—Ver. 889. "Pax." This word was used to enjoin silence, like our word "Hush," or "Whist." He seems to allude to his own thieving avocation, which often required him to be as mute as a mouse. Some of the editions have "tax," as though from "tango," "to prig," or "steal." This, Thornton renders "Touchit."

<sup>5</sup> *Just as though*)—Ver. 891. This passage is of obscure signification. A note of exclamation ought to be inserted after "pax," and then the meaning of the old

you were to say, "Hush," if I *were* confiding anything to you, *and then* it is at an end forthwith. (*Aside.*) This fellow is evidently a sharper. What say you, young man——?

SHARP. What is it *now*? CHARM. Speak out; what do these persons owe you whom you are seeking?

SHARP. The father of this young man, Lesbonicus, delivered to me these two letters; he is a friend of mine.

CHARM. (*aside*). I have *now* caught him in the fact; he says that I gave him the letters. I will have some fine sport with the fellow.

SHARP. As I have begun, if you will give attention, I will say on.

CHARM. I'll give you my attention.

SHARP. He bade me give this letter to his son, Lesbonicus, and this other one, as well, he bade me give to his friend Callicles.

CHARM. (*aside*). Troth, but since he is acting the impostor, I, on the other hand, have an inclination to act the cheat as well. Where was he himself?

SHARP. He was carrying on his business prosperously.

CHARM. But where? SHARP. At Seleucia.

CHARM. \* \* \* \* \* And did you receive these from himself?

SHARP. With his own hands he himself delivered them into my hands.

CHARM. Of what appearance is this person?

SHARP. He is a person somewhere about half a foot taller than you.

CHARM. (*aside*). This is an odd matter, if in fact I am taller when absent than when present. Do you know *this* person?

man seems to be, that, as in conversation a stop is instantly put to the discourse on saying "hush!" so, if anything is entrusted to him, it is as easily done for (*perisse*), and that it vanishes the instant you call him by his name. This is the explanation given by Lindemann. Ritschel reads "pax," but most of the old Commentators have "tax," which seems the more probable reading. The passage is thus rendered in Thornton's translation:

SHARP. 'Tis Touchit;—that, sir, is my name.

A common one.

CHARM. A very knavish name:

As though you meant to say if anything

Was trusted to you, *touch it*, and 'tis gone——



SHARP. You are asking me a ridiculous question ; together with him I was in the habit of taking my meals.

CHARM. What is his name ?

SHARP. One, i' faith, that belongs to an honorable man.

CHARM. I would like to hear it.

SHARP. Troth, his name (*hesitating*)—his—his— (*Aside.*) Woe to unfortunate me.

CHARM. What's the matter ? SHARP. Unguardedly, I this moment swallowed the name.

CHARM. I like not the *man* that has his friends shut up within his teeth.

SHARP. And yet this moment 'twas dwelling on the very edge of my lips.

CHARM. (*aside*). I've come to-day in good time before this fellow.

SHARP. (*aside*). To my sorrow I'm caught in the fact.

CHARM. Have you now recollected the name ?

SHARP. 'Fore Gods and men, i' faith, I'm ashamed *of myself*.

CHARM. See, now, how well you know this man.

SHARP. As well as my own self. This is in the habit of happening: the thing you are holding in your hand, and seeing with your eyes, that same you are looking for as lost. I'll recollect it letter by letter. C is the beginning of the name.

CHARM. Is it Callias ? SHARP. *No*: it isn't that.

CHARM. Callippus ? SHARP. It isn't that.

CHARM. Callidemides ? SHARP. It isn't that.

CHARM. Callinicus ? SHARP. *No*: it isn't that.

CHARM. Or is it Callimachus ?

SHARP. 'Tis in vain *you suggest* ; and, i' faith, I really don't care one fillip about it, since I recollect *enough* myself for my own purpose.

CHARM. But there are many people here of the name of Lesbonicus ; unless you tell *me* the name of his father, I cannot show *you* these persons whom you are looking for. What is it like ? Perhaps we can find it out by guessing.

SHARP. It is something like this: Char——

CHARM. Chares ? Or Charicles ? Or is it Charmides ?

SHARP. Ah ! that's he ; may the Deities confound him.

CHARM. I have said to you once before already \* \* \* \* that it is proper for you rather to speak well of a man that is your friend, than to curse him.

SHARP. Isn't it the fact<sup>1</sup> that this most worthless fellow has lain perdu between my lips and my teeth?

CHARM. Don't you be cursing an absent friend.

SHARP. Why, then, did this most rascally fellow hide himself away from me?

CHARM. If you had *only* called him, he would have answered to his name. But where is he himself *now*?

SHARP. Troth, I left him at Rhadama<sup>2</sup>, in the isle of Apeland.

CHARM. \* \* \* \* \* (*aside*). What person is there a greater simpleton than I, who myself am making inquiries where I am? But it is by no means unimportant to this *present* purpose. What do you say *as*——?

SHARP. What now?

CHARM. I ask you this. What places have you visited?

SHARP. *Places* exceedingly wonderful in astonishing ways.

CHARM. I should like to hear *about them*, unless it is inconvenient.

SHARP. Really I quite long to tell you. First of all we were conveyed to Pontus, to the land of Arabia<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Isn't it the fact*)—Ver. 925. He alludes to his having forgotten the confounded name, which was on the very tip of his tongue.

<sup>2</sup> *At Rhadama*)—Ver. 928. Rhadama is a fictitious name—pure gibberish. "Cercopia" is a preferable reading to "Cecropia," which was an epithet of Athens, itself supposed to be the scene of the Comedy. The other word would imply some unknown region, called "Apeland," as the Sharper's only aim is to impose upon the credulity of Charmides, and to hinder him from asking unseasonable questions. He coins the word upon the spur of the moment, though there really were the "Ape Islands," or the isles of Pithecusæ, off the coast of Campania. They are mentioned by Ovid, in the 14th book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 291: "For the father of the Gods, once abhorring the frauds and perjuries of the Cerecopians, and the crimes of the fraudulent race, changed these men into ugly animals; that these same beings might be able to appear unlike men and yet like them. He both contracted their limbs and flattened their noses, bent back from their foreheads; and he furrowed their faces with the wrinkles of old age; and he sent them into this spot with the whole of their bodies covered with long yellow hair. Moreover, he first took away from them the use of language and of their tongues, made for dreadful perjury; he only allowed them to be able to complain with a harsh jabbering."

<sup>3</sup> *Land of Arabia*)—Ver. 933. He gets out of depth directly he leaves imaginary places and touches on real countries. He makes Arabia to be in Pontus, while they were really about two thousand miles asunder

CHARM. How now; is Arabia then in Pontus?

SHARP. It is. Not that *Arabia* where frankincense is produced, but where the wormwood grows<sup>1</sup>, and the wild marjoram which the poultry love.

CHARM. (*aside*). An extremely ingenious knave this. But the greater simpleton I, to be asking of this fellow from what place I have come back, *a thing* which I know, and he does not know; except that I have a mind to try how he will get out of it at last. But what say you *further*? Whither did you go next from thence?

SHARP. If you give me your attention, I will tell you. To the source of the river which arises out of the heavens, from beneath the throne of Jupiter.

CHARM. Beneath the throne of Jupiter?

SHARP. Yes: I say so.

CHARM. Out of the heavens?

SHARP. Aye, out of the very middle.

CHARM. How now; and did you ascend even to the heavens?

SHARP. Yes: we were carried in a little skiff<sup>2</sup> right on, up the river, against the tide.

CHARM. And did you see Jupiter as well?

SHARP. The other Gods said that he had gone to his country-house, to dole out the victuals for his slaves. Then, after that——

CHARM. Then after that—I don't want you to relate anything more.

SHARP. Troth, I'm silent, if it's troublesome.

CHARM. Why, no decent person<sup>3</sup> ought to tell it, who has gone from the earth to heaven.

SHARP. I'll leave you, as I see you wish it. But point me out these persons whom I am looking for, *and* to whom I must deliver these letters.

<sup>1</sup> *Wormwood grows*)—Ver. 935. If he really refers here to Pontus, he accidentally hits upon the truth. Ovid, when in banishment there, says, in the *Tristia*, El. 13, l. 21, "Let the white wormwood first be wanting in the freezing Pontus." The Sharper tries to correct himself by saying he means another Arabia, and not the one generally known, where the frankincense grows.

<sup>2</sup> *In a little skiff*)—Ver. 942. "Horiola," or "horia," was a small skiff or smack used by fishermen.

<sup>3</sup> *No decent person*)—Ver 947. He is supposed covertly to allude to the disgraceful story of Ganymede being carried off by the eagle to minister to the lust of Jupiter.

CHARM. What say you? If now perchance you were to see Charmides himself, him, *I mean*, who you say gave you these letters, would you know the man?

SHARP. By my troth now, do you take me to be a brute beast, who really am not able to recognise *the person* with whom I have been spending my life? And would he have been such a fool as to entrust to me a thousand Philippean pieces, which gold he bade me carry to his son, and to his friend Callicles, to whom he said that he had entrusted his affairs? Would he have entrusted them to me if he had not known me, and I him, very intimately?

CHARM. (*aside*). I really have a longing now to swindle this swindler, if I can cozen him out of these thousand Philippean pieces which he has said that I have given to him. A person, that I know not who he is, and have never beheld him with my eyes before this day, should I be entrusting gold to him? *A man*, to whom, if his life were at stake, I would not entrust a dump of lead. This fellow must be adroitly dealt with by me. Hallo! *Mister Hush*, I want three words with you.

SHARP. Even three hundred, *if you like*.

CHARM. Have you that gold which you received from Charmides?

SHARP. Yes, and Philippeans, too, counted out on the table with his own hand, a thousand pieces.

CHARM. You received it, you mean, from Charmides himself?

SHARP. 'Twere a wonder if I had received it of his father, or of his grandfather, who are dead.

CHARM. Then, young man, hand me over this gold.

SHARP. (*staring at him*). What gold am I to give you?

CHARM. That which you have owned you received from me.

SHARP. Received from you?

CHARM. *Yes*, I say so.

SHARP. Who are you? CHARM. I am Charmides, who gave you the thousand pieces of money.

SHARP. I' faith, you are not he; and this day, you never shall be he, for this gold, at any rate. Away with you, if you please, *you impostor!* (*Aside.*) You are trying to cheat the cheater.

CHARM. I am Charmides. SHARP. I' faith, you are so to

no purpose, for I carry<sup>1</sup> no gold. Right cleverly were you down upon me, at the very nick of time. After I said that I was bringing the gold, that instant you became Charmides. Before I made mention of the gold, you were not he. It won't do. Just, therefore, in such manner as you Charmidised yourself, do you again un-Charmidise yourself.

CHARM. Who am I, then, if in fact I am not he who I *really* am?

SHARP. What matters that to me? So long as you are not he whom I do not choose you to be, you may be who you like, for what I care. Just now, you were not he who you were, now you are become he who then you were not.

CHARM. Come, despatch, if you are going to do it.

SHARP. What am I to do?

CHARM. Give me back the gold.

SHARP. You are dreaming, old gentleman.

CHARM. Did you own that Charmides delivered the gold to you?

SHARP. Yes—in writing<sup>2</sup>. CHARM. Are you making haste or not, you night-robber, to be off with all speed this very instant from this neighbourhood, before I order you to be soundly cudgelled on the spot?

SHARP. For what reason? CHARM. Because I am that self-same Charmides about whom you have been *thus* lying, *and* who you said gave the letters to you.

SHARP. How now; prithee, are you *really* he?

CHARM. I really am he. SHARP. Say you *so*, pray? Are you *really* he himself?

CHARM. I do say so. SHARP. Are you his own self?

CHARM. His own self, I say. I am Charmides.

SHARP. And are you then his own self?

CHARM. His own very self. Begone hence out of my sight.

<sup>1</sup> *For I carry*)—Ver. 973. He takes the other to be as great a rogue as himself and means, that his being Charmides only depended on whether he himself admitted that he was in possession of the gold of Charmides.

<sup>2</sup> *Yes, in writing*)—Ver. 982. This, of course, was the fact, as Megaronides and Callicles would know better than entrust the fellow with any money. It probably means that he was entrusted with a letter to Callicles, enclosing a counterfeit bill at sight, or order on the Athenian bankers for payment of a thousand Philippeans to Callicles. This, Callicles was to show to Lesbonicus, to put him off the scent as to the treasure whence the money really was taken. The Sharper has told Charmides that he has the money with him, merely by way of boasting of his trustworthy character.

SHARP. Since you really have made your appearance here thus late, you shall be beaten both at my own award<sup>1</sup> and that of the new Ædiles.

CHARM. And are you abusing me as well?

SHARP. Yes; seeing that you have arrived in safety<sup>2</sup>, may the Gods confound me, if I care a straw for you, had you perished first. I have received the money for this job; you, I devote to bad luck. But who you are, or who you are not, I care not one jot. I'll go *and* carry word<sup>3</sup> to him who gave me the three pieces, that he may know that he has thrown them away. I'm off. Live with a curse, and fare you ill; may all the Gods confound you, Charmides, for coming from abroad<sup>4</sup>.  
(Exit.)

### SCENE III.

#### CHARMIDES.

CHAR. Since this fellow has gone, at last a time and opportunity seem to have arrived for speaking out without restraint. Already does this sting pierce my breast—what business he could have before my house? For these letters summon apprehensions into my heart; those thou-

<sup>1</sup> *At my own award*)—Ver. 990. He means to tell Charmides, that by delaying his return thus late, he has spoilt his prospect of a lucrative job; and he then adds, that he deserves a thrashing, equally with the actor who came on the stage too late. The actors in early times, being often slaves, were liable to punishment if they offended the audience. The Ædiles were the officers under whose superintendence the plays were performed; and probably with them lay the decision whether the actor should be punished for coming late on the stage, after he had been pronounced deserving of it in the opinion (*arbitratu*) of the spectators. See the Note to l. 707.

<sup>2</sup> *Have arrived in safety*)—Ver. 991. “Advenis.” After this word, Callicles might suppose that the Sharper is going to congratulate in the usual terms on his safe arrival; but, instead of that, the fellow pauses, and then finishes with a malediction.

<sup>3</sup> *Go and carry word*)—Ver. 995. To tell him that he has given the three pieces to no purpose, for the real Charmides has made his appearance, and has completely spoiled the plot.

<sup>4</sup> *From abroad*)—Ver. 997. This scene is replete with true comic spirit. It has been supposed by some that the disgrace of the pedant in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, and his assuming the name and character of Vincentio, were suggested by this scene. A similar incident is met with in the old play of *Albumazar* act iv., sc. 3, and most probably it was borrowed from the present passage.



sand pieces, too—what purpose they were to serve. I' faith, a bell<sup>1</sup> is never rung for no purpose; unless some one handles it or moves it, 'tis mute, 'tis dumb. But who is this, that is beginning to run this way along the street? I should like to observe what he is about. I'll step aside this way. (*He retires aside.*)

## SCENE IV.

*Enter STASIMUS.*

STAS. (*to himself*). Stasimus, make you haste with all speed; away with you to your master's house, lest on a sudden, through your folly, fears should arise for your shoulder-blades<sup>2</sup>. Quicken your pace, make haste; 'tis now a long while since you left the house. If you shall be absent when inquired after by your master, take you care, please, that the smacks of the bull's-hide<sup>3</sup> don't clatter thick upon you. Don't you cease running. See *now*, Stasimus, what a worthless fellow you are; and isn't it the fact that you have forgotten your ring<sup>4</sup> at the liquor-shop<sup>5</sup>, after you have been washing

<sup>1</sup> *I faith, a bell*)—Ver. 1004. He aptly compares the worthless fellow to a bell, and then shrewdly judges that a bell cannot ring unless it is put in motion by somebody.

<sup>2</sup> *For your shoulder-blades*)—Ver. 1009. The slaves among the Romans were whipped most unmercifully with the "flagellum," a whip, to the handle of which a lash was fastened, made of cords or thongs of leather, especially from the ox's hide. It was often knotted with bones, or pieces of bronze, or terminated by hooks, and was then not inaptly termed "a scorpion." The infliction of punishment with this on the naked back was sometimes fatal, and was carried into execution by a class of slaves who were called "lorarii."

<sup>3</sup> *Smacks of the bull's-hide*)—Ver. 1011. "Cottabus" was a game played by the Sicilians and Greeks, in which the players had in turn to throw wine out of a goblet into a metal basin at a certain distance, in such a way as not to spill any of the wine. The methods in which the game was played are stated with precision in an able article in Dr. Smith's Dictionary. As one of the merits of the game was that the wine thrown should in its fall produce the strongest and most pat sound, Stasimus here calls the smacks of the whip on his back so many "bubuli cottabi," "ox-hide smacks."

<sup>4</sup> *Forgotten your ring*)—Ver. 1014. We learn from Cælius Rhodiginus that "condalium" was a peculiar kind of ring worn by slaves.

<sup>5</sup> *At the liquor-shop*)—Ver. 1013. The "thermopola" are supposed to have been the same as the "popinæ," shops where drinks and ready-dressed provisions were



your throat with warm drink? Turn about, and run back *now*, to seek it, while the thing has but just happened.

CHARMIDES (*behind*). Whoever he is, his throat is his taskmaster<sup>1</sup>; that teaches this fellow the art of running.

STAS. What, good-for-nothing fellow, are you not ashamed of yourself? having lost your memory after *only* three cups? And really, because you were there drinking together with such honest fellows, who could keep their hands off<sup>2</sup> the property of another without difficulty;—is it among such men that you expect you may recover your ring? Chiruchus was *there*, Cerconicus, Crimnus, Cricolabus, Collabus<sup>3</sup>, whipped-necks<sup>4</sup>, whipped-legs, iron-rubbers, whipped-knaves. By my faith, *any* one of these could steal the sole of his shoe from a running footman<sup>5</sup>.

sold. They were very numerous throughout Italy. The keepers of them were called “popæ.” In the present instance we learn what kind of people visited them, and Cicero tells us that they were frequented by the slaves and the lower orders. They sat on stools or benches, while they drank “calda,” or “calida,” “mulled wine,” which was always kept hot. It was probably mixed with spices, and was the favourite drink of the lower classes. It was measured out in “poteria,” “draughts,” which are here mentioned; and which formed, probably, about a moderate cupful. Claudius commanded the “thermopolia” to be closed at one period of his reign.

<sup>1</sup> *His throat is his taskmaster*)—Ver. 1016. He has overheard what Stasimus has said about warming his throat in l. 1014; and, talking to himself, he remarks that his throat will be the cause of his learning how to run, as he warms his throat, gets drunk, loses his ring, runs homeward, and then runs back to find it.

<sup>2</sup> *Would keep their hands off*)—Ver. 1019. There is no doubt that this is intended to be said satirically.

<sup>3</sup> *Cricolabus, Collabus*)—Ver. 1021. These are either nicknames, or, possibly, names really given to slaves, as in all ages and countries masters have especially tried to show their wit in naming their slaves.

<sup>4</sup> *Whipped-necks*)—Ver. 1022. “Collicrepidæ” and “Cruicrepidæ” were probably cant terms for slaves, who carried the marks of punishment on their necks and legs. “Crepidæ” is from the verb “crepo,” to “crack,” and alludes to the sound of the lashes. “Ferriterius” was a slave who bore the marks of the chain with which he had been fastened for refractory conduct, while “mastigia” was a name given to a slave who had passed the ordeal of flogging. A liquor-shop was a likely place for the resort of worthless and refractory slaves.

<sup>5</sup> *From a running footman*)—Ver. 1023. “Cursores” were slaves who ran before the carriage of their masters for the same purpose as our outriders. Perhaps, however, this is not the meaning of the word here, as the name was given to all slaves whom their masters employed in carrying letters and messages. Stasimus hints by this that his boon companions were not only very expert at thieving, but that they would prey just as readily on a fellow-slave as any other person.

CHARM. (*behind*). So may the Gods love me, a finished thief.

STAS. Why should I go seek what is gone for ever? Unless I would bestow my pains, too, by way of addition over and above to my loss. Why, then, don't you consider that what is gone is gone? Tack about, *then*<sup>1</sup>. Betake yourself back to your master.

CHARM. (*behind*). This fellow is no runaway; he remembers his home.

STAS. I wish that the old-fashioned ways of old-fashioned days, *and* the old-fashioned thriftiness, were in greater esteem here, rather than *these* bad ways.

CHARM. (*behind*). Immortal Gods! this man really is beginning to talk of noble doings! He longs for the old-fashioned ways; know that he loves the old-fashioned ways, after the fashion of our forefathers.

STAS. For, now-a-days, *men's* manners reckon of no value what is proper, except what is agreeable. Ambition now is sanctioned by usage, *and* is free from the laws. By usage, people have the license to throw away their shields, and to run away from the enemy. To seek honor *thereby* in place of disgrace is the usage.

CHARM. (*behind*). A shameless usage.

STAS. Now-a-days, 'tis the usage to neglect the brave.

CHARM. (*behind*). *Aye*, 'tis really shocking.

STAS. The *public* manners have now got the laws in their power; to them they are more submissive than are parents to their children<sup>2</sup>. In their misery, these *laws* are even hung up<sup>3</sup> against the wall with iron nails, where it had been much more becoming for bad ways to be fixed up.

CHARM. (*behind*). I'd like to go up and accost this person; but I listen to him with much pleasure, and I'm afraid, if I address him, that he may begin to talk on some other subject.

<sup>1</sup> *Tack about, then*)—Ver. 1026. "Cape vorsorium" was a sea-phrase, meaning "turn," or "tack about;" as "vorsoria" was the name of the rope by which the sail was turned from one direction to another

<sup>2</sup> *Parents to their children*)—Ver. 1038. This is said satirically in reference to the corruptness of the age, in which all the relations and duties of life were turned upside down.

<sup>3</sup> *Are even hung up*)—Ver. 1039. He alludes to the custom among the Romans of writing or engraving the laws and ordinances on wood or brass, and hanging them up for public inspection upon pegs or rails in the Capitol, Forum, and Curia, r Court-houses.

STAS. And, for these *ways*, there is nothing rendered sacred by the law. The laws are subservient to usage ; but *these* habits are hastening to sweep away both what is sacred and what is public property.

CHARM. (*behind*). By my troth, 'twere right for some great calamity to befall these bad customs.

STAS. Ought not this *state of things* to be publicly censured ? For this kind of men are the enemies of all persons, and do an injury to the entire people. By a non-observance of their own honour, they likewise destroy *all* trust even in those who merit it not ; inasmuch as people form an estimate of the disposition of these from the disposition of those *fellows*. If you lend<sup>1</sup> a person any money, it becomes lost for *any purpose as* one's own. When you ask for it back again, you may find a friend *made* an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press still further, the option of two things ensues—either you must part with that which you have entrusted, or else you must lose that friend. As to how this suggests itself to me, I have by actual experience been lately put in mind of it.

CHARM. (*behind*). Surely this is my servant Stasimus ?

STAS. For *as to him* to whom I lent the talent, I bought myself an enemy with my talent, *and* sold my friend. But I am too great a simpleton to be attending to public matters rather than (what's my immediate interest) obtain safety for my back. I'll go home. (*Moves as if going.*)

CHARM. Hallo, you ! Stop, this instant ! Harkye ; hallo, you !

STAS. I'll not stop. CHARM. I want you.

STAS. What if I myself don't want you to want me.

CHARM. Why, Stasimus, *you are behaving* very rudely.

STAS. 'Twere better for you to buy some one to give your commands to.

CHARM. I' faith, I have bought one, and paid the money, *too*. But if he is not obedient to my orders, what am I to do ?

<sup>1</sup> *If you lend*)—Ver. 1050. Stasimus has experienced this, and has applied for the talent which he lent, but in vain ; unless, indeed, his meaning is that he got back the talent, but lost his friend. Shakspeare has a somewhat similar passage in Hamlet :

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend

STAS. Give him a severe punishment.

CHARM. You give good advice ; I am resolved to do so.

STAS. Unless, indeed, you are under obligations to him.

CHARM. If he is a deserving person, I am under obligations to him ; but if he is otherwise, I'll do as you advise me.

STAS. What matters it to me whether you have good or bad slaves ?

CHARM. Because you have a share in this matter both of the good and of the bad.

STAS. The one share I leave to yourself ; the other share, that in the good, do you set down<sup>1</sup> to my account.

CHARM. If you shall prove deserving, it shall be so. Look back at me—I am Charmides.

STAS. Ha ! what person is it that has made mention of *that* most worthy man ?

CHARM. 'Tis that most worthy man himself.

STAS. O seas, earth, heavens, by my trust in you—do I see quite clearly with my eyes ? Is this he, or is it not ? 'Tis he ! 'Tis certainly he ; 'tis he beyond a doubt ! O my most earnestly wished-for master, health to you !

CHARM. Health to you, *too*, Stasimus !

STAS. That you are safe and sound, *I*——

CHARM. (*interrupting him*). I know it, and I believe you. But wave the rest ; answer me this ; how are my children, my son and daughter, whom I left here ?

STAS. They are alive, *and* well.

CHARM. Both of them, say you ? STAS. Both of them.

CHARM. The Gods willed me to be safe and preserved *from* dangers. The rest that I want to know I will inquire about in-doors at my leisure. Let us go in-doors ; follow me.

STAS. Where are you going now ? CHARM. Where else but to my house ?

STAS. Do you suppose that we are living here ?

<sup>1</sup> *Do you set down*)—Ver. 1067. “ Appone.” This word is used figuratively, it being employed to mean, in mercantile matters, “to set down to one's account.” So Horace says:

Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro  
Appone——

“ Whatever ~~at~~ each day shall bring, set that down as clear gain.” This, we may here observe, is a similar sentiment to that conveyed in the remark of Callicles L. 65.

CHARM. Why, where else should I suppose ?

STAS. Now—— CHARM. What *about* “now?”

STAS. This house is not our own.

CHARM. What is it I hear from you ?

STAS. Your son has sold this house.

CHARM. I'm ruined. STAS. For silver minæ ; ready money counted out.

CHARM. How many ? STAS. Forty.

CHARM. I'm undone. Who has purchased it ?

STAS. Callicles, to whom you entrusted your affairs ; he has removed here to live, and has turned us out of doors.

CHARM. Where is my son now living ?

STAS. Here, in these back buildings. (*Points to the side of the house.*)

CHARM. I'm utterly undone.

STAS. I thought that this would be distressing to you when you heard of it.

CHARM. To my sorrow, amid extreme dangers I have been borne over vast oceans, with the peril of my life I have preserved myself among robbers full many in number, *and* I have returned safe. Now, to my misery, I am here undone by reason of those same persons for whose sake I have been struggling at this time of life. Grief is depriving me of my senses. Support me, Stasimus.

STAS. Do you wish me to fetch you some water ?

CHARM. When my fortunes were in their mortal struggle, then was it befitting that *water* should be sprinkled<sup>1</sup> upon them.

## SCENE V.

*Enter CALLICLES.*

CALL. What noise is this that I hear before my house ?

CHARM. O Callicles ! O Callicles ! O Callicles ! to what sort of friend have I entrusted my property ?

CALL. To one good, and faithful, and trusty, and of strict

<sup>1</sup> *Should be sprinkled*)—Ver. 1092. His meaning is, “you should have been as ready to give your assistance at the time when my fortunes were in their death-struggle through the conduct of my son Lesbionics.”

integrity. Health to you, and I rejoice that you have arrived safe and sound<sup>1</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*

[CHARM. How, health to me? Troth, I have no patience with such health. This I wish to know; how have you kept your trust, who, without my knowledge, have utterly destroyed my property and my children that I entrusted to you and committed to your charge when going hence abroad?

CALL. I don't think that it is fair, when you don't understand the matter, to censure your old friend with harsh words. For you are both mistaken and you are doing me a very great injustice.

CHARM. Have you not bought this house which you came out of just now, and driven thence my son Lesbonicus? Is this so as I say, or is it not? Answer me.

CALL. I myself did buy the house; I bought it that I might keep it for you. And without that it would have happened that your son would have sold it to another person; and *then* you would have lost both it and that treasure together, which, concealed there, you had entrusted to my charge. See, I restore it safe to you; for you did I buy it, not for myself.

CHARM. Prithee, what do you say? By my trust in Gods and men, you make me suddenly to be quite ashamed of my error in speaking unkindly to my friend in return for his services.

CALL. How, then; do you now think that I am trusty and faithful?]

CHARM. I do think *so*, if all these matters are so as you relate them. But what means<sup>2</sup> this garb of yours?

CALL. I'll tell you. I was digging up the treasure indoors, as a marriage-portion to be given to your daughter.

<sup>1</sup> *Safe and sound*)—Ver. 1097. The lines after this, enclosed in brackets, are supplied by Ritschel in Latin verse, to supply the "lacuna" here, where it is clear that some part of the play has been lost. They are cleverly composed, and do great credit to his ingenuity.

<sup>2</sup> *But what means*)—Ver. 1099. As he has been interrupted while digging up the treasure, it is probable that he has run out with his sleeves tucked up, and perhaps with the spade in his hand, which causes Charmides to make the present inquiry.



But I will relate to you both this and the rest in the house. Follow me.

CHARM. Stasimus. STAS. Well!

CHARM. Run with all haste to the Piræus<sup>1</sup>, and make but one run of it. There you will at once see the ship, on board of which I was carried *hither*. Bid Sagario take care that the things are brought which I enjoined him, and do you go together *with them*. The duty has been already paid<sup>2</sup> to the custom-house officer.

STAS. I make no delay. CHARM. Get you gone with all speed; *and* be back directly.

STAS. I am *both* there and here *in an instant*.

CALL. (*to* CHARMIDES.) Do you follow me this way indoors. CHARM. I follow.

(*Exeunt* CALLICLES *and* CHARMIDES *into the house*.)

STAS. This man alone has remained a firm friend to my master; nor has he allowed his mind to swerve from unshaken fidelity, although I believe that he has undergone many troubles, by reason of the property and the children of my master. Still, this person, as I suspect, alone has maintained his fidelity. (*Exit*.)

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* LYSITELES.

LYS. This individual<sup>3</sup> is the very first of all men; excelling *all* in pleasures and delights. So *truly* do the blessings which I desire befall me, *that* whatever I undertake is brought about, *and* constantly succeeds: so does one delight succeed *other* delights. Just now, Stasimus, the servant of Lesbonicus, came to me at home. He told me that his

<sup>1</sup> *The Piræus*)—Ver. 1103. The Piræus was the main harbour of Athens, with which it was connected by long walls.

<sup>2</sup> *Been already paid*)—Ver. 1107. Among the Romans, merchandise which a person brought with him from abroad for his own use was in general exempt from "portorium," or import duty; but this was not the case if it belonged rather to the luxuries than the necessities of life.

<sup>3</sup> *This individual*)—Ver. 1115. He is speaking of himself in the third person, and is congratulating himself on his being about to obtain the hand of the daughter of Charmides.



master, Charmides, had arrived here from abroad. Now he must be forthwith waited upon by me, that the father may prove a more sure foundation in that matter on which I have treated with his son. I'll go. But this door, with its creaking, inopportunately causes me delay. (*He retires to a distance.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter* CHARMIDES *and* CALLICLES.

CHARM. There never was, nor will there be, nor yet do I think that there is a person upon the earth, whose fidelity and constancy towards his friend equals yours. For without you, it would have been that he would have ousted me out of this house.

CALL. If I have in any way acted well towards my friend, or have faithfully consulted his advantage, I seem not to be deserving of praise, *but* I think I am free from fault. For a benefit which is conferred on a man for his own, at once is lost *to the giver*; what is given *only* as a loan, the same there is a right to ask back, whenever you please.

CHARM. 'Tis so as you say. But I cannot sufficiently wonder at this, that he has betrothed his sister into a family so influential.

CALL. Aye; to Lysiteles, the son of Philto.

LYS. (*behind*). Why, he is mentioning my name.

CHARM. He has got into a most worthy family.

LYS. (*behind*). Why do I hesitate to address these persons? But still, I think, I may wait *awhile*; for something is going to be said to the purpose about this matter.

CHARM. O—— CALL. What's the matter?

CHARM. I forgot just now to tell you of it in-doors. As I was coming hither, a while ago, a certain swindling fellow met me—a very finished sharper. He told me that he was carrying a thousand gold pieces, of my giving, to you and my son Lesbonicus; a fellow, that I know not who he was, nor have I ever seen him anywhere before. But why do you laugh?

CALL. He came by my directions, as though he was one bringing the gold from you to me, to give as a portion to your

daughter ; that your son, when I should give it to her from my own hands, might suppose that it had been brought from you, and that he might not anyhow be enabled to discover the fact itself—that your treasure was in my possession, and demand it of me<sup>1</sup>, as having belonged to his father, by the public laws.

CHARM. Cleverly contrived, i' troth. CALL. Megaronides, a common well-wisher of yours and mine, planned this.

CHARM. Well, I applaud his device, and approve of it.

LYS. (*behind*). Why, in my foolishness, while I fear to interrupt their discourse, am I standing *here* alone, and am not forwarding the business that I was intending to transact ? I will accost these persons. (*He advances.*)

CHARM. Who is this person that is coming this way towards us ?

LYS. (*going up to CHARMIDES*). Lysiteles salutes his father-in-law Charmides.

CHARM. May the Gods grant you, Lysiteles, whatever you may desire.

CALL. Am I not worthy of a salutation ?

LYS. Yes ; health to you, Callicles. It is right that I should give him the preference : the tunic is nearer<sup>2</sup> *the skin* than the cloak.

CALL. I trust that the Gods may direct your plans aright.

CHARM. I hear that my daughter has been betrothed to you ?

LYS. Unless you are unwilling. CHARM. Nay, I am not unwilling.

LYS. Do you, then, promise your daughter for my wife ?

CHARM. I promise a thousand gold Philippean pieces, as well, for a portion.

LYS. I care nothing about a portion.

CHARM. If she pleases you, the portion which she presents to you must be pleased as well. In fine, the object which

<sup>1</sup> *And demand it of me*)—Ver. 1146. On the supposition of his father's death, the laws would probably have decreed it to him as his father's heir.

<sup>2</sup> *The tunic is nearer*)—Ver. 1154. This was, perhaps, a proverbial saying, used when a preference was expressed. Of course he would pay more respect to his anticipated father-in-law than to an ordinary friend. The "tunica" supplied the place of the shirt of modern times.

you desire you shall not have, unless you shall take that which you do not desire.

CALL. (*to* LYSITELES). He asks *but* justice.

LYS. He shall obtain it, you the advocate and the judge. On these conditions, do you engage that your daughter shall be given to me as my wife?

CHARM. I do promise her. CALL. And I promise her likewise.

LYS. O save you, my connexions by marriage. (*He embraces them.*)

CHARM. But, in good sooth, there are some matters on account of which I still am angry with you.

LYS. What have I done? CHARM. Because you have allowed my son to become dissolute.

LYS. Had that been done by my consent, there would have been cause for you to blame me. \* \* \* \*

But allow me to obtain of you this one thing which I entreat?

CHARM. What is it? LYS. You shall know. If he has done anything imprudently, that you will dismiss it all *from your mind*. Why do you shake your head?

CHARM. My heart is tortured, and I fear——

LYS. What is it now? CHARM. Because he is such as I would that he was not,—by that am I tortured. I fear that if I refuse you what you ask of me, you may suppose that I am indifferent towards you. I won't make difficulties, *now-ever*; I will do as you wish.

LYS. You are a worthy man. I am going to call him out. (*He goes to the door of the house of* CHARMIDES.)

CHARM. 'Tis a shocking thing if one is not allowed to punish bad deserts just as they merit.

LYS. (*knocking at the door*). Open *the door*, open quickly, and call Lesbonicus out of doors, if he is at home. The occasion is very sudden, therefore I wish him to come to me with all haste.

### SCENE III.

*Enter* LESBONICUS *from the house.*

LESB. What person has been calling me out of doors with so loud a knocking?

LYS. 'Tis your well-wisher and friend.

LESB. Is all quite right?—tell me.

LYS. All's well. I am glad *to say* that your father has returned from abroad.

LESB. Who says so? LYS. I.

LESB. Have you seen him? LYS. Aye, and you yourself may see him too. (*He points to CHARMIDES.*)

LESB. O my father, my father, blessings on you.

CHARM. Many blessings on you, my son.

LESB. If, father, any trouble<sup>1</sup>—— CHARM. Have no fear, nothing has happened. My affairs prosperously managed, I have returned safe. If you are only wishful to be steady, that daughter of Calicles has been promised you.

LESB. I will marry both her, father, and any one else besides that you shall bid me.

CHARM. Although I have been angry with you, one misery<sup>2</sup>, in fact, is more than enough for one man.

CALL. Nay, rather, 'twere too little for him; for if he were to marry a hundred wives for his sins, it were too little.

LESB. But henceforth, in future, I will be steady.

CHARM. *So* you say; if you will only do it.

LESB. Is there any reason why I should not bring my wife home to-morrow?

CHARM. 'Tis very good. *And* you, *Lysiteles*, be ready to be married the day after to-morrow.

#### A COMEDIAN.

Give your applause<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *If, father, any trouble*)—Ver. 1181. Lesbonicus seems to be about to apologise to Charmides for any trouble he may have given him, but, as the old man has already agreed to forgive him at the intercession of Lysiteles, he will not allow a word more to be said about it.

<sup>2</sup> *One misery*)—Ver. 1185. The old gentleman tells his son that he will be quite sufficiently punished for his faults by having one wife. It is either said as a joke in a bantering way, or else it means, that, what will be a great punishment to him, he must now reform his mode of life, for common decency sake and out of respect to his wife.

<sup>3</sup> *Give your applause*)—Ver. 1189. "Plaudite." Literally, "clap your hands." Ritschel, on a full examination of the MSS., comes to the conclusion that this was said, not, as is generally thought by one of the characters in the play, but by one of the actors or singers, probably, of the Chorus, who commenced their song the moment the play was finished. All the applause bestowed on the writer and the actors seems to have been usually reserved for the end of the play.

# MILES GLORIOSUS; THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

PYRGOPOLINICES, the Braggart Captain.

ARTOTROGUS, a Parasite.

PERIPLECOMENUS, an old gentleman, the friend of Pleusicles.

PLEUSICLES, a young Athenian.

PALÆSTRIO, servant of Pyrgopolinices.

SCELEDRUS, another servant of Pyrgopolinices.

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

CARIO, cook to Periplecomenus.

A BOY.

PHILOCOMASium, the mistress of Pyrgopolinices.

ACROTELEUTIUM, a Courtesan.

MILPHIDIPPA, her maid.

SLAVES.

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

## THE SUBJECT.

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

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

# MILES GLORIOSUS; THE BRAGGART CAPTAIN.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian, the Grammarian.]

A Captain carries off to Ephesus a Courtesan (*Meretricem*) from Athens. While his servant is intending to tell this (*Id*) to his master, her lover, *who is* an Ambassador (*Legato*) abroad, he himself is captured at sea, and (*Et*) is given as a present to the same Captain. The servant sends for his (*Suum*) master from Athens, and cleverly makes a hole in the party wall, common to the two (*Geminis*) houses, that it may be possible (*Liceret*) for the two lovers secretly to meet. Wandering about (*Oberrans*), her keeper sees them from the tiles, but he is played a trick (*Ridiculis*) upon, as though it were another person. Palæstrio, too, as well (*Item*) persuades the Captain to have his mistress dismissed (*Omissam*), since the wife of the old man (*Senis*), his neighbour, wishes to marry him. He begs that she will go away of her own accord (*Ultro*), and gives her many things. He, himself, caught in the house of the old man (*Senis*), receives punishment as an adulterer.

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## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* PYRGOPOLINIÇES<sup>1</sup>, ARTOTROGUS, and *Soldiers*.

PYRG. Take ye care that the lustre of my shield is more

<sup>1</sup> *Pyrgopolinices*) The literal meaning of the name of the swaggering Captain is "the much-conquering tower," or something similar. "Artotrogus" means "bread-eater." The word "Parasite" properly denotes "one person who dines with another." The name was originally given to persons who were assistants to the priests and high magistrates, and, consequently, had a respectable signification. The hangers-on, who are called "Parasites" by the Comic writers of Greece and Rome, first received that name from Alexis, the Greek Comedian. It has been well remarked, that their chief characteristics were "importunity, love of sensual pleasures," and "the desire of getting a good dinner without paying for it." They may be subdivided into the jesting, the officious, and the flattering Parasite (*assentator*), of which latter kind Artotrogus is an admirable specimen. From ancient writers we find that it was their method to frequent the Courts of justice, market-places, baths, places for exercise, and other objects of public resort, with the view of obtaining a dinner, at the price of being the butt of their entertainer, and cheerfully submitting to the greatest humiliations.



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

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

PYRG. Him *you mean* whom I spared on the Gorgonidonian<sup>1</sup> plains, where Bumbomachides Clytormestoridysarchides, the grandson of Neptune, was the chief commander?

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

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

ARTO. Faith, that really was nothing at all in comparison with other things I could mention—(*aside*) which you never did. If any person *ever* beheld a more perjured fellow than this, or one more full of vain boasting, *faith* let him have me for himself, I'll resign myself for his slave; if 'tis not the fact that<sup>2</sup> my one mess of olive pottage<sup>3</sup> is eaten up by me right ravenously.

PYRG. Where are you? ARTO. Lo! here am I. I' troth

<sup>1</sup> *Gorgonidonian*)—Ver. 13. These three crackjaw names are coined by Plautus much in the style of the names of the characters in *Bombastes Furioso*. They are mere gibberish, though the two latter are derived from Greek or Latin words; the first of which signifies "a son of a fighter at the sound of the trumpet."

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis not the fact that*)—Ver. 24. This line is read in many different ways, and is evidently in a most corrupt state. Ritschel suggests, "Unum epityrum apud illum estur insane bene," which we follow as nearly as is consistent with the English idiom.

<sup>3</sup> *Mess of olive pottage*)—Ver. 24. "Epityrum" was the name of a dish much used by the people of Sicily, who ate it together with cheese. We learn from Cato (on Rural Matters), that it was made of various kinds of olives minced up, and mixed with oil, vinegar, coriander, cummin, fennel, rue, and mint, and then preserved in jars.

in what a fashion it was you broke the fore-leg<sup>1</sup> of even an elephant, in India, with your fist.

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

PYRG. I struck the blow without an effort.

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

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

ARTO. I' faith, 'tis really not worth the while for you to tell me *of it*, who know *right well* your prowess. (*Aside.*) 'Tis my appetite creates<sup>2</sup> all these plagues. I must hear him right out with my ears, that my teeth mayn't have time<sup>3</sup> to grow, and whatever lie he shall tell, *to it* I must agree.

PYRG. What was it I was saying?

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

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

PYRG. Have you got your tablets<sup>4</sup>? ARTO. Are you intending to enlist<sup>5</sup>? I have them, and a pen *as well*.

<sup>1</sup> *The fore-leg*)—Ver. 26. "Brachium" is supposed by some to mean "the trunk" of the elephant; but it seems more probable that it here means "the fore-leg."

<sup>2</sup> *My appetite creates*)—Ver. 33. He now addresses the Spectators, and honestly confesses why he is a Parasite.

<sup>3</sup> *Mayn't have time*)—Ver. 34. "Dentes dentire" is that which we call "teething." He says that he acts the flatterer that his teeth may not have time to grow through want of employment.

<sup>4</sup> *Got your tablets*)—Ver. 38. The "tabulæ," or "tabellæ," used by the ancients for the purpose of writing, were pieces of wood, mostly of an oblong shape, covered with wax, on which an impression was made with the "stylus," or iron pen. They were sometimes made of ivory, but more frequently of citron-wood, beech, or fir. The inside only of the tablet was covered with wax, the outer consisting of wood. The leaves were fastened at the back with wires, and opened and shut like the books of the present day. There was a raised margin to each leaf of the tablet, for the purpose of preventing the wax of the one from rubbing against the other. From two to five, six, or even more of these leaves were joined together, which were accordingly called "diptycha," "triptycha," and so on. Those tablets which contained legal documents were pierced through the outer edges with holes, through which a triple thread or string was passed, on which a seal was placed, in order to prevent forgery and to show that the deed was duly executed.

<sup>5</sup> *Intending to enlist*)—Ver. 36. "Rogare." Soldiers, when enlisted, were asked (rogabantur) whether they would take the oath. Hence the word "rogare" means

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

ARTO. 'Tis fit that I should know your inclinations studiously, so that whatever you wish should first occur<sup>1</sup> to me.

PYRG. What do you remember? ARTO. I do remember this. In Cilicia there were a hundred and fifty men, a hundred in Cryphiolathronia<sup>2</sup>, thirty at Sardis, sixty men of Macedon, whom you slaughtered altogether in one day.

PYRG. What is the sum total of those men?

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

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

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

ARTO. (*aside*). 'Tis the flesh-pots<sup>3</sup> give it a fillip.

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

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

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

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

PYRG. What was it they said to you?

ARTO. They questioned me *about you*. "Is Achilles here?" says one to me. "No," says I, "his brother is." Then says the other to me: "By my troth, but he is a handsome

something tantamount to our word "enlist," or "recruit." The Parasite asks him if he is going to enlist, as the tablets would be wanted in the "Forum," or "Court of justice," for the purpose of taking down the oaths, and entering the names as the parties were sworn.

<sup>1</sup> *Should first occur*—Ver. 41. "Prævolat mihi." Literally, "should fly to me beforehand."

<sup>2</sup> *Cryphiolathronia*—Ver. 43. This word is mere gibberish: it is compounded of Greek words, which would make it to mean "the place of hidden secrecy." The part of the flatterer seems to be a little overdone here.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis the flesh-pots*—Ver. 49. "Offæ moment." "Offa" properly means "a lump of flesh," from which it came to signify "victuals" in general.

and a noble man. See how his long hair becomes him. Certainly the women are lucky who share his favours."

PYRG. And pray, did they *really* say so?

ARTO. They both entreated me to bring you past to-day by way of a sight<sup>1</sup> to them.

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

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

PYRG. It seems that it is time for us to go to the Forum, that I may count out their pay to those soldiers whom I have enlisted of late. For King Seleucus<sup>2</sup> entreated me with most earnest suit that I would raise and enlist recruits for him. To that business have I resolved to devote my attention this day.

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

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

#### THE PROLOGUE.

*Enter* PALÆSTRIO<sup>3</sup>.

PAL. To tell the subject of this *our* play, I have *all* willingness, if you will *but* have the kindness to listen to it. But he who does not wish to listen, let him arise and go out, that there may be *room* where he may sit who does wish to listen. Now I will disclose to you both the subject and the name of the play which we are just now about to act, *and* for

<sup>1</sup> *By way of a sight*—Ver. 67. "Pompam." Strictly speaking, this word means "the escort of a procession," whence it came to signify the "procession" itself.

<sup>2</sup> *Seleucus*—Ver. 75. The King of that part of Asia Minor where Ephesus was situate.

<sup>3</sup> *Palæstrio*) As the Prologue of the play commences with the Second Act, it may appear to be misplaced; but it really is properly placed here, as the preceding act is introductory, and has nothing to do with the plot, being void of incident. Its purpose is to acquaint us with the character of the Captain, who is to be duped and punished in the piece according to his deserts.

the sake of which you are now seated in this mirthful place<sup>1</sup>. "Alazon" is the name<sup>2</sup>, in Greek, of this Comedy; the same we call in Latin, "the Braggart" (Gloriosus). This city is Ephesus; then, the Captain, my master, who has gone off hence to the Forum, a bragging, impudent, stinking *fellow*, brimful of lying and lasciviousness, says that all the women are following him of their own accord. Wherever he goes, he is the laughing-stock of all; and so, the Courtesans here—since they make wry mouths at him, you may see the greater part *of them* with lips all awry. I wish you *now* to know this, how I came to be his slave, from him to whom I was servant before; for 'tis not long that I have been in slavery to him. Give your attention, for now I will begin the argument. A very worthy young man at Athens was my master. He was in love with a Courtesan, brought up at Athens, in Attica, and she on the other hand *loved* him; such affection is most worthy to be cherished. In the public service, he was sent to Naupactus<sup>3</sup> as Ambassador on behalf of *that* mighty republic. In the mean time, by chance, this Captain came to Athens. He introduced himself to this lady of my master, began to cajole her mother with *presents of* wine, trinkets, and costly treats; and so the Captain made himself on intimate terms with the procuress. As soon as ever an opportunity was presented for this Captain, he tricked this procuress, the mother of the damsel, whom my master loved. For, unknown to her mother, he put the daughter on board ship, and carried this woman, against her will, hither to Ephesus. Soon as I knew that the lady of my master was carried off from Athens, as quickly as ever I was able, I procured for myself a ship: I embarked, that I might carry tidings of this matter to my master at Naupactum. When we had got out to sea, some pirates, as they had hoped *to do*, took that ship on board of which I was; *thus* I was undone before I reached my master, for whom I had commenced to proceed *on my voyage*. He that took me, gave me as a pre-

<sup>1</sup> *This mirthful place*)—Ver. 83. He alludes to the theatres, where scenic representations took place on public festivals.

<sup>2</sup> *Alazon is the name*)—Ver. 86. Ἀλαζων, "the boaster," he says, was the Greek name of the play. It is not known who was the Greek author from whom Plautus took this play, which is one of his best.

<sup>3</sup> *Naupactus*)—Ver. 102. This was a city situate on the sea-coast of Ætolia.

sent to this *same* Captain. After he had taken me home to his own house, I saw *there* that favorite of my master who lived at Athens. When, on the other hand, she perceived me, she gave me a sign with her eyes not to address her by name. Afterwards, when there was an opportunity, the damsel complained to me of her *hard* fate. She said that she wished to escape to Athens from this house, that she was attached to him, that master of mine who lived at Athens, and that she had never hated any one more thoroughly than this same Captain. As I discovered the feelings of the damsel, I took tablets, sealed them in private, *and* gave them to a certain merchant to carry to him (my master, *I mean*, who was at Athens, *and* who had *so* loved her), in order that he might come hither. He did not slight the message, for he both *is* come, and *is* lodging here next door, with his host, a friend of his father's, a nice old man. He, too, gives every assistance to his guest in his amour, and encourages *and* seconds us with his help and his advice. Therefore, here (*pointing to the CAPTAIN's house*), in-doors, I have found a grand contrivance, by which to cause these lovers, each, to meet the other. For one room, which the Captain gave to his mistress for no one but herself to set foot in, in that same room I have dug a hole through the party-wall, in order that there may secretly be an ingress for the damsel from the one house to the other. And this I have done with the knowledge of the old gentleman; 'twas he that gave the advice. But my fellow-servant, whom the Captain has given as a keeper to his mistress, is a person of no great worth. By clever contrivances and ingenious devices, we will throw dust<sup>1</sup> in his eyes, and we will make him so as not to see what he *really* does see. And that you may not hereafter make mistakes, this damsel to-day, in this house and in that, will perform in turn a double part, and will be the same, but will pretend to be another, person. Thus will the keeper of the damsel be gulled. But there is a noise<sup>2</sup> at the door here of

<sup>1</sup> *We will throw dust*—Ver. 148. "Glaucōmam objiciemus;" literally, "we will throw a malady in his eyes." "Glaucōma" was a disease of the crystalline humours of the eye.

<sup>2</sup> *There is a noise*—Ver. 154. The street doors of the ancients consisted of olding-doors, whence the plural form, "fores." These opened outward into the street, and not, like those of modern times, within. For this reason, when any person was coming out, it was customary for him to give warning by making a noise with his knuckles or a stick on the inside.



the old gentleman, our neighbour. 'Tis himself coming out ; 'tis he, the nice old man that I was speaking of. (*He retires to a distance.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter PERIPLECOMENUS from his house.*

PERIP. (*speaking to his servants within*). Faith, if you don't in future smash his ankle-bones for any stranger that you see on *my* tiles, I will *cut you so with lashes as to make thongs of your sides*. My neighbours, i' faith, are overlookers of what is going on in my own house ; so often are they peeping down through the skylight<sup>1</sup>. And now, therefore, I give you all notice, whatever person of this Captain's *household* you shall see upon our tiles, except Palæstrius only, push him headlong here into the street. Suppose he says that he is following some hen, or pigeon, or monkey ; woe be to you, if you don't badly maul the fellow even to death. And so, that they may commit no infringement against the laws of dice<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Through the skylight*)—Ver. 159. The "atrium," or middle hall, of the houses of the Romans was a large apartment, roofed over, with the exception of an opening in the centre, which was called "impluvium," or "compluvium," towards which the roof sloped, so as to throw the rain-water down through pipes into a cistern below. Vitruvius says that the "impluvium" was from a fourth to a third of the size of the "atrium," or hall below. It was probably glazed, and thus would form a sort of sloping skylight. In the present instance, it would seem to have overlooked the upper chamber, into which Philocomasium passed through the wall of the next house, to meet Pleusicles.

<sup>2</sup> *The laws of dice*)—Ver. 164. Commentators are much divided as to what is the meaning here of "lex alearia," or, as some editions have it "lex talaria." Some suppose that it simply means "the rules of the game with the 'tali,' or 'dice,'" while others think that Plautus alludes to some recent enactment at Rome against games of chance. Such laws were repeatedly promulgated, but immediately became a mere dead letter. "Talus" means either a person's "ankle-bone," or the "knuckle-bone" of an animal, which latter was marked with numbers on four sides, and used by the Greeks and Romans in sets of four for the purpose of dice. The old man puns on the two meanings, and says, "I'll take care that your 'tali' (or ankle-bones) are broken, so that" (if we adopt the first meaning) "you shall not cheat at dice in future," or (if we take the second interpretation) "you shall not have an opportunity of infringing the public laws." "Simia," which is translated "monkey," is, strictly speaking, "a she-ape;" probably a present from the Captain to Philocomasium.

do you take good care that they keep holiday at home without any ankle-bones *at all*.

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

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

PAL. How do you do, Periplecomenus?

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. What person saw it?

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

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

PAL. I suspect I'm ruined. PERIP. When he went away, I cried: "Hallo! you sir!" said I, "what are you doing upon the tiles?" As he went away he replied to me in these terms, that he was following a *stray'd* monkey.

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

PERIP. When I came out, she was there.

PAL. If she is, *then* bid her return to our house as soon as ever she can, that the servants may see that she is at home; unless, indeed, she wishes that we, who are slaves, her fellow-slaves<sup>1</sup>, should all be given up together to tortures by the cross on account of her courting.

<sup>1</sup> *Her fellow-slaves*)—Ver. 184. He seems to use the word "contubernales," "comrades," or "fellow-slaves," as applying to the relation between Philocomasium and the other slaves in the house; since, falling into the hands of the Captain, she had become reduced to the condition of a slave. The cross was the instrument

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

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

PERIP. In what way ? PAL. That by her words she may persuade him who saw her here *at your house*, that he did not see her. Should he accuse her, on the other hand let her convince him with her oath. Even though she were seen a hundred times over, still let her deny it. (*Aside.*) For, if she is at all inclined to ill, a woman never goes begging<sup>1</sup> to the gardener *for material*, she has a garden at home and a stock *of her own* for all mischievous contrivances ; at home she has impudence<sup>2</sup>, a *lying* tongue, perfidiousness, malice, and boldness, self-conceit, assurance, *and* deceitfulness,—at home *she* has wiles,—at home captivating contrivances,—stratagems at home.

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

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

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

of a punishment among the Romans, which was especially inflicted upon slaves. It was usually in shape like the letter T or X, but there were various other forms of it. The condemned carried his own cross, and, being first stripped, was either nailed or bound to it, and in the latter case was generally left to die of hunger. It must be remembered that in the time of the Roman Republic the laws did not protect the person or life of the slaves, who were sometimes very barbarously treated.

<sup>1</sup> *Never goes begging*)—Ver. 10. He uses a rather out-of-the-way simile here ; he means to say, “a woman never needs to go to a gardener's, who has a garden of her own, with a most plentiful stock of artfulness,” &c. Some Commentators fancy that he means literally to say that women have always at hand plenty of poisonous plants for the purposes of mischief, and that they need not the assistance of the gardener or nurseryman when they wish to carry out their designs. Such an interpretation seems, however, to be very far-fetched.

<sup>2</sup> *Impudence*)—Ver. 192. “Os ;” literally, “face ; similar to a common expression in use with us.

fingers; I fancy he's about to call his heart outside. See, he shifts his posture; again he places his left hand upon his left thigh. His right hand is reckoning down his plans upon his fingers; *in despair* he strikes his thigh. His right hand is moving rapidly<sup>1</sup>; with difficulty does it suggest what he is to do. He snaps his fingers *now*; he's striving hard; full oft he changes his position. But see how he shakes his head; it pleases him not what he has hit upon. Whatever it is, nothing crude will he bring forth, *something* well-digested will he produce. But see, he is building; he has placed *his hand as a pillar*<sup>2</sup> beneath his chin. Have done with it! in truth, this mode of building pleases me not; for I have heard say that the head of a foreign Poet<sup>3</sup> is wont to be supported *thus*, over whom two guards are ever at all hours keeping watch. Bravo! how becomingly he stands,—i' faith, how like a very slave<sup>4</sup>, and how faithful to his part. Never, this day, will he rest, before he has completed that which he is in search of. He has it, I suspect. Come—to the business you're about: keep wide awake, think not of sleep; unless, indeed, you wish to be keeping your watch here all chequered o'er with stripes. 'Tis I, that am talking to you; schemer, don't you know that I am speaking to you? Palæstrio! awake, I say; arouse yourself, I say; 'tis daylight *now*, I say.

PAL. I hear you. PERIP. Don't you see that the enemy

<sup>1</sup> *Is moving rapidly*)—Ver. 201. "Mico" strictly means, "to have a tremulous motion imparted." "Micare digitis" properly meant "to play at a game called 'mora,' " in which two persons suddenly raised or compressed the fingers, and at the same moment each guessed the number of the other. The expression also means, "to determine anything by suddenly raising the fingers," as who is to do or to have anything.

<sup>2</sup> *As a pillar*)—Ver. 209. He means that Palæstrio looks up in thought, while his clenched hand is placed, as though it were a pillar, beneath his chin.

<sup>3</sup> *Of a foreign Poet*)—Ver. 211. "Barbaro." The speaker being supposed to be a Greek, and a native of Ionia, he would speak of a Roman as being "barbarus." It is generally supposed that Plautus here refers to the Roman poet Nævius, who had a habit of using this posture, and was, as is thought, at that moment in prison for having offended, in one of his Comedies, the family of the Metelli. He was afterwards liberated on having apologised in his plays called *Mariolus* (the Wizard) and *Leo* (the Lion). Periplecomenus thinks that this posture bodes no good, and is ominous of an evil result.

<sup>4</sup> *Like a very slave*)—Ver. 213. He says that the actor is well representing the character of the slave. The actors themselves, as already remarked, were generally slaves in the earlier times of the Republic.

is upon you, and that siege *is being laid* to your back? Take counsel, *then*; obtain aid and assistance in this matter; the hastily, not the leisurely, is befitting here. Get the start of them in some way, and in some direction this moment lead around your troops. Close round the enemy in siege; prepare the convoy for our side. Cut off the enemy's provision, secure yourself a passage, by which supplies and provision may be enabled in safety to reach yourself and your forces. Look to this business; the emergency is sudden. Invent—contrive—this instant give us some clever plan; so that that which has been seen here *within*, may not have been seen; that which has been done, may not have been done. There, *my man*, you undertake a great enterprise; lofty the defences which you erect. If you yourself alone *but* say you undertake this, I have a certainty that we are able to rout our foes.

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

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

PAL. May Jupiter kindly bless you then!

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

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

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

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

PERIP. I myself know the same thing.

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

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

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



hand, that my fellow-servant has seen the other one, *the sister*, at your house, fondling and toying with her own lover.

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

PAL. But do you say that they are extremely alike; and this must be imparted in time to Philocomasium, in order that she may know; that she mayn't be tripping if the Captain should question her.

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

PAL. That's easy *enough*. Three hundred excuses may be picked up—she is not at home; she has gone out walking; she is asleep; she is dressing; she is bathing; she is at breakfast<sup>1</sup>; she is taking dessert<sup>2</sup>; she is engaged; she is enjoying her rest<sup>3</sup>; *in fact*, she can't come. There are as many of these put-offs as you like, if I can only persuade him at the very outset to believe that to be true which shall be contrived.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Is at breakfast*)—Ver. 252. Among the Romans some began the day with the “jentaculum,” which, however, was in general confined to sick persons, the very luxurious, or the labouring classes. From Martial we learn that it was taken about four in the morning, and it can, therefore, hardly have corresponded with our breakfast. Bread, with cheese or dried fruit, was used at this meal. The “prandium,” which is here translated “breakfast,” is supposed to have been a hasty meal, and to have been taken from twelve to one o'clock in the day. Sometimes it was of simple character, while occasionally fish, fruit, and wine formed part of the repast, in which latter case it would almost correspond with the luncheon of modern times.

<sup>2</sup> *She is taking dessert*)—Ver. 252. It was the custom of the Romans, after the second course of the “cœna” or “dinner” was taken away, to have wine on the table, and to prolong the evening with conversation; perhaps this period is here referred to as furnishing one of the excuses to be made.

<sup>3</sup> *Is enjoying her rest*)—Ver. 252. “Operæ non est” usually signifies “she is not at leisure,” i.e., “she is busy;” but here it is thought to mean the reverse, “she is not at work,” “she is taking her ease,” and consequently cannot be disturbed.



## SCENE III.

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

PAL. And I'll go home, too; and I'll conceal *the fact* that I am giving her my aid in seeking out the man, which fellow-servant of mine it was, that to-day was following the monkey. For it cannot be but in his conversation he must have made some one of the household acquainted about the lady of his master, *how* that he himself has seen her next door here toying with some stranger spark. I know the habit myself; "I can't hold my tongue on that which I know alone." If I find out the person who saw it, I'll plant against him all *my* mantelets<sup>1</sup> and covered works. The material is prepared; 'tis a sure matter that I must take this person by force, and by *thus* besieging him. If so I don't find the man, just like a hound I'll go smelling about, even until I shall have traced out the fox by his track. But our door makes a noise: I'll lower my voice; for here is the keeper of Philocomasium, my fellow-servant, coming out of doors. (*Stands aside.*)

## SCENE IV.

*Enter SCELEDRUS from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

SCEL. Unless, in fact, I have been walking this day in my sleep upon the tiles, i' faith, I know for sure that I have seen here, at our neighbour's next door, Philocomasium, the lady of my master, on the high road<sup>2</sup> to mischief to herself.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *My mantelets*)—Ver. 266. "Vinea" was a contrivance used in warfare, made of timber covered with raw hides to prevent its being burnt, under which the assailants were sheltered in their attempts to scale the walls of a fortification. It probably answered very nearly to what is called a "mantelet," in the language of fortification. "Pluteus" was a similar engine, in the form of a turret, and moving on wheels.

<sup>2</sup> *On the high road*)—Ver. 274. "Sibi malam rem quærere." Literally, "seeking a bad job for herself."

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

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

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

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

PAL. Jump you alone, *please*; for I don't at all like this jumping in<sup>1</sup> and jumping out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCEL. By chance, as it happened, I looked down there through the skylight, into the next house; and there I saw Philocomasium toying with some strange young man, I know not whom.

PAL. What scandalous thing is this I hear of you, Sceledrus?

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

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

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

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

PAL. 'Twere better for you to ask the doctor about that. But, indeed, if the Gods *only* love you, don't you rashly father this<sup>2</sup> idle story. Now are you breeding thence a fatal dilemma for your legs and head; for, in two ways, *the cause*

<sup>1</sup> *This jumping in*)—Ver. 280. Some critics think that there is some hidden meaning or allusion in the words "insulturam" and "desulturam." That hardly seems to be the case, for Palæstrio might naturally say in return to the warning of the other, "I like neither your jumping in nor your jumping out."

<sup>2</sup> *Rashly father this*)—Ver. 293. "Tollas fabulam." This metaphor is borrowed

is contrived for you to be ruined, unless you put a check upon your foolish chattering.

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

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

PAL. Do you persist *in it*, unfortunate wretch?

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

PAL. What! Isn't she at home?

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

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

## SCENE V.

SCELEDRUS, *alone*.

SCEL. In this direction will I be on the watch for her, how soon the heifer may betake herself from the pasture this way towards her stall. What now shall I do? The Captain gave me to her as her keeper. Now, if I make a discovery, I'm undone; if I am silent, still I am undone, if this should be discovered. What is there more abandoned or more daring than a woman? While I was upon the tiles, this *woman* betook herself out of doors from her dwelling. By my troth, 'twas a brazen act she did. If, now, the Captain were to know of this, i' faith, I believe he would pull down the whole entire house next door, and me *he would send* to the gibbet<sup>1</sup>. Whatever comes of it, i' faith, I'll hold my tongue rather than come to a bad end. I cannot keep *effectual* guard on a woman that puts herself up for sale.

<sup>1</sup> the custom among the Romans of laying the new-born child upon the ground upon which it was taken up (*tollebatur*) by the father, or other person who intended to stand in the place of parent to it.

<sup>1</sup> To the gibbet)—Ver. 310. "Crucem." Literally, "cross."

## SCENE VI.

*Enter PALÆSTRIO from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

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

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

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

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

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

SCEL. Why should I beg for that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. Because I am playing with dirt.

SCEL. A mischief on your head. PAL. Nay rather, Sceledrus, it shall be on yours, I promise you, unless you

<sup>1</sup> *Feeding on darnel*)—Ver. 321. He means to say that his sight must have failed him, and, by way of accounting for it, that he must have lived on bread made of darnel. This grain was supposed not only to cause the person eating to appear as if intoxicated, but very seriously to affect the eyesight. Ovid says in the *Fasti*, B. 1., l. 691, "Let the fields, also, be clear of darnel that weakens the eyes."

change for fresh your eyes and your talk. But our door made a noise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCEL. I know it. PAL. Neither by the terrace<sup>1</sup>, nor by the garden, only through the skylight ?

SCEL. I know it. PAL. What then, if she is now at home ? If I shall make her, so as you may see her, come out hence from our house, are you not deserving of many a lashing ?

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

SCEL. 'Tis my intention to do so. PAL. Upon her feet<sup>2</sup> will I place her this moment here before you in the street.

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

<sup>1</sup> *By the terrace*)—Ver. 340. "Solarium" was either a balcony or terrace before a house, or on the top of it, which was exposed to the sun. People walked there in the cool of the evening. It was from a "solarium" that David first saw Bathsheba.

<sup>2</sup> *Upon her feet*)—Ver. 344. Lindemann thinks that "pede" here means "upon

## SCENE VII.

SCELEDRUS *alone.*

SCEL. I wish to know, whether I did see that which I did see, or whether he can do that which he says he can do—*make* her to be at home. For, really, I have eyes of my own, and I don't ask to borrow them out of doors. But this fellow is for ever fawning about her; he is *always* near her; he is called first to meat, his mess is given<sup>1</sup> to him first. For this fellow has been, perhaps, about three years with us; nor fares it better with any other servant in our family than with him. But it is necessary for me to mind what I am about; to keep my eye upon this door. If I take my station here, this way, i' faith, I warrant they will never impose on me.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASium from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

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

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

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

PHIL. (*aside*). Give me even ten *scholars*, though far from artful, I could instruct them so as to prove artful; in me alone is there a superabundance of *artfulness*: come, then, now put your plans in force; I'll step aside here. (*Steps aside.*)

PAL. What have you to say, Sceledrus?

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

her feet;" as much as to say, "I'll bring her to you on her feet and not standing on her head." The true meaning of the passage seems to be, "I'll bring her to you standing upon 'terra firma,' and not flying with wings, as you seem to expect."

<sup>1</sup> *His mess is given*—Ver. 349. The "*pulmentum*," or food of the slaves, usually consisted of salt, fish, oil, vinegar, and the olives that were windfalls. This food received its name from being eaten with a kind of porridge made from meal or pulse, which was generally eaten before bread was used, and probably continue to be the food of the slaves.



PAL. I think that in that self-same position<sup>1</sup> you will have to die outside the gates, when, with hands outstretched, you will be carrying your cross.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCEL. Forbear to threaten me: I know that the cross will prove my tomb; there are laid my forefathers, my father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather. 'Tis not in possibility, *however*, for these eyes of mine to be dug out<sup>2</sup> by your threats. But I want a few words with you; prithee, Palæstrio, whence came she *hither*?

<sup>1</sup> *In that self-same position*)—Ver. 359. Sceledrus is standing before the door with both arms stretched out that Philocomasium may not come out without his knowing. Palæstrio tells him, that when he comes to be fastened on the cross for his negligence, he will have to assume that attitude. The gate here alluded to is supposed to have been the Esquiline, or Metian gate at Rome, a place near which was devoted to the punishment of slaves. Athens and other Greek cities had "the gate of Charon," through which malefactors passed to punishment.

<sup>2</sup> *To be dug out*)—Ver. 374. That is, "you cannot make me not to have seen what I really did see."

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

PAL. Do you credit me<sup>1</sup>? SCEL. I do credit you: but 'tis a thing to be wondered at, how she has been able to return from that house to ours. For, beyond a doubt, we have neither a terrace to our house, nor any garden, nor any window but what is latticed<sup>2</sup>. (*To PHILOCOMASIVM.*) But, undoubtedly, I did see you in the house next door.

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. And isn't just the same thing befalling you when awake, that you speak of as seen in your sleep? Capital; i' faith, the dream is verified: go in-doors, and pray<sup>3</sup>. I should recommend that this be told to the Captain.

<sup>1</sup> *Do you credit me*)—Ver. 364. "Viden?" Literally, "do you look at me?" The Romans, when they wished to impress any one with the belief that they were speaking seriously and in good faith, used this phrase, or "vide me," "look at me now." Our expression, "do you look me in the face and say so?" is somewhat similar.

<sup>2</sup> *But what is latticed*)—Ver. 379. The "clathri" were a kind of lattice or trellis-work, which, as well as network, was sometimes placed before windows to prevent serpents and other noxious reptiles from getting in.

<sup>3</sup> *And pray*)—Ver. 394. After any ill-omened dream, it was the custom to offer corn and frankincense to Jupiter Prodigialis, "the disposer of prodigies," and other of the Deities, in order that evil might be averted.

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

## SCENE IX.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## SCENE X.

*Enter PHILOCOMASIUM<sup>1</sup>, dressed in another habit, from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*

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

<sup>1</sup> *Philocomasium*) Sceledrus having been duly prepared, Philocomasium appears as her twin-sister, who is supposed to have come the day before from Athens to Ephesus, and gives directions about returning thanks for having landed in safety. As the circumstance of the communication between the houses is known to the Audience, and is not suspected by Sceledrus, his embarrassment is highly diverting, and very cleverly depicted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Boisterous temples*—Ver. 413. In the language of the Poets, Neptune and the inferior Sea Divinities are supposed to have their temples and abodes in the sea and rivers.

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

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

PHIL. What craziness possesses you, to be calling me wrongly by a crackjaw name<sup>1</sup>?

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

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

PHIL. I? SCEL. Yes, you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCEL. No; by force and against your will, in spite of you, I'll drag you home, unless you'll go of your own accord.

PHIL. (*pointing to the house of PERIPLECOMENUS*). This is my lodging here abroad<sup>2</sup>, at Athens is my home.

<sup>1</sup> *Crackjaw name*)—Ver. 434. "Perplexo nomine." The Commentators seem to think that this means no more than "by my wrong name." The word "perplexo" seems, however, to refer to the extreme length of the name, as well as the fact that it does not belong to her.

<sup>2</sup> *Lodging here abroad*)—Ver. 450. "Hosticum domicilium," "my lodging wher abroad." "Hostis" originally meant merely "a foreigner;" whereas its later signification was "an enemy."

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

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

SCEL. Proceed against me<sup>1</sup> at law. I'll never let you go, until you give me your solemn word that you will go in-doors here (*pointing to the CAPTAIN'S house*) if I let go of you.

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

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

## SCENE XI.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

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

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

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

SCEL. What will you do with it?

PAL. I'll break right into the house<sup>2</sup>; and whatever man I see in-doors there caressing Philocomasium, I'll behead him on the spot.

SCEL. And do you think that it was she?

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

PAL. Go, bring me a sword out here.

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

## SCENE XII.

PALÆSTRIO *alone*.

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

<sup>1</sup> *Proceed against me*)—Ver. 453. "Lege agito." "Lege agere" was a technical expression, meaning "to bring an action," or "to sue a person at law." It is said to have been the formal expression in commencing an action or suit.

<sup>2</sup> *Into the house*)—Ver. 460. The mock rage of Palæstrio here is admirably drawn.



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

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter SCELEDRUS from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## SCENE XIV.

*SCELEDRUS, alone.*

SCEL. Well, he's off; nor cares he any more for his master's business than if he were not in his service. For sure she really is now here in-doors in the house, for I myself found her just now lying down in our house. I am resolved now to employ myself in watching. (*Places himself against the CAPTAIN'S door.*)

## SCENE XV.

*Enter PERIPLECOMENUS from his house.*

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

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

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

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

SCEL. I wish to clear myself. PERIP. You, clear yourself to me, who have done an action so gross and so unbecoming? And because you are soldiers<sup>1</sup>, do you suppose, you gallows-bird, that you may do what you like with us?

SCEL. May I——? PERIP. But so may all the Gods and Goddesses prosper me, if a punishment with the rod<sup>2</sup> is not given to you at my request, a long and lasting one, from morning to evening; because you have been breaking my gutters and my tiles, while you were following there a monkey like your own self<sup>3</sup>; because, too, you have been peeping down from there at my guest in my house, when he was caressing and fondling his mistress; besides, you have

<sup>1</sup> *Because you are soldiers*)—Ver. 499. He alludes to the lawless character of the mercenary soldier, whose name, “latro,” came afterwards to be applied to robbers and cut-throats of all descriptions. It may be here remarked, that the word “miles,” which is applied throughout the play to their master, the Captain, is a general term for one following the profession of arms, whether officer or private. The word is translated “Captain,” without reference to his rank, any further than that he was a commanding officer.

<sup>2</sup> *With the rod*)—Ver. 502. The slaves were more frequently beaten with flagra,” or whips;” but they were sometimes scourged with “virgæ,” or “rods.” This was done by the “lorarius,” a slave who was kept for the purpose.

<sup>3</sup> *Like your own self*)—Ver. 505. “Condignam te;” literally, “worthy,” or deserving of yourself.

dared to accuse the chaste lady of your master of criminality, and myself of a heinous offence; and further, because you have dared to maul about my lady guest before my house. If the punishment of the whip is not given to you, I will cause your master to be more laden with disgrace than the sea is full of waves in a heavy storm.

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

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

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

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

## SCENE XVI.

### PERIPLECOMENUS.

PERIP. (*probably looking up to a window in the CAPTAIN'S house*). Ho! Philocomasium<sup>1</sup>! pass instantly, with all speed, into my house; 'tis absolutely necessary. Afterwards, when Sceledrus shall have come out from my house, pass quickly,

<sup>1</sup> *Philocomasium*)—Ver. 522. Directly Sceledrus turns his back, the old man calls out for Philocomasium, who is supposed at that moment to be in the Captain's house. How he does so is somewhat of a mystery to the Commentators. Thornton, in his translation, suggests that he calls through the window, where it is natural to imagine that Philocomasium might be stationed within hearing to observe all that passed. He could hardly, however, call "through" the window of the ground-floor, as these were generally more than six feet from the ground; and, indeed, there were rarely any windows at all on the basement. It is most likely that Philocomasium is hidden behind the "clatri" or "lattice" of the window in her room on the first-floor, whence she observes all that passes. In a future line we find Acroteleutium and Milphidippa owning that they had been watching from the window what was going on outside. Schmieder thinks that the whole plan having been prearranged between Periplecomenus and Philocomasium, he merely on this occasion makes a sign to her, the meaning of which is here expressed in words, and he supposes, what it does not deem necessary to suppose, that his servants have been ordered to delay Sceledrus, so as to give time to the damsels to pass through into his house.

with all haste, back again to your own house. By my troth, now, I'm afraid she'll be making some blunder. Should he not see the woman \* \* \* \* My door opens.

## SCENE XVII.

*Enter SCELEDRUS from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCEL. Very well: you've advised me rightly. I'll be out again to you this instant. (*Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.*)

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

## SCENE XVIII.

*Enter SCELEDRUS from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

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

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

PERIP. How, then, hang-dog<sup>1</sup>. Have you seen them both?

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

<sup>1</sup> *Hang-dog*)—Ver. 545. "Furcifer." Literally, "bearer of the 'furca.'" Slaves are repeatedly thus called in these plays, as, by way of punishment for their misdeeds, they were compelled to carry a "furca," or two pieces of wood shaped like the letter V, round their necks, with their hands tied to the ends of the instrument.

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

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

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

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

PERIP. *And* did you suppose me to be the very vilest of all men, in allowing<sup>1</sup>, with my own knowledge, such an injury so glaringly to be done to my neighbour?

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

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

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

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

SCEL. May the Gods bless you, then!

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *In allowing*)—Ver. 559. The old gentleman must surely have changed colour when he said this.

SOEL. (*aside*). He has been cajoling me. How kindly he vouchsafed his favour not to be angry. I know what plan he is upon: that directly the Captain returns home from the Forum, I may be caught at home. He and Palæstrius together have me in their power: I have perceived that, and for some time I've known it. I' faith, never will I be seeking a bait this day from out of that wicker-net<sup>1</sup>. For now somewhither will I betake myself, and for some days will I lie concealed until this turmoil is hushed and their resentment is softened. Enough punishment for my unlucky prating have I already merited. But still, whatever befalls me, I'll be off hence home. (*Goes into the CAPTAIN'S house.*)

## SCENE XIX.

PERIPLECOMENUS, *alone*.

PERIP. So he has departed hence. I' faith, I know right well, that a dead pig full oft has more relish<sup>2</sup> by far *than a living one*: so bamboozled has he been, that he did not see what he *really* did see. For his eyes, and ears, and thoughts have come over to us. So far, 'tis right cleverly managed; the lady has played her part most excellently. I'll go back again to my Senate<sup>3</sup>; for Palæstrius is now at home in my house, and now Sceledrus is gone from the door. A full Senate can now be held. I'll go in; lest while I am absent, there should be a distribution<sup>4</sup> of their parts among them. (*Goes into his house.*)

<sup>1</sup> *That wicker-net*)—Ver. 581. The “*nassa*” was a contrivance, by means of joining willow rods, for catching fish. It was probably somewhat in the shape of a large bottle with a narrow mouth, which was placed with a bait in it, facing the current of the stream. See the *Halieuticon* of Ovid, l. 11.

<sup>2</sup> *Has more relish*)—Ver. 587. He “puns” on the word “*sapis*,” and probably this was a common saying of the day. “*Sapio*” means either “to be wise,” or “to have a relishing flavour.” Now, inasmuch as the flesh of the pig is of a relishing nature, it may be very truly said, that it has more of the “*sapit*” in it when dead than alive. In reference to Sceledrus, he seems to mean that he will prove of much more use to their plan now he is bewildered and half deprived of his senses, than when in full possession of his faculties; and that, in fact, so far as their object is concerned, there will be more of the “*sapit*” in him now than there was before.

<sup>3</sup> *To my Senate*)—Ver. 592. He calls his fellow-plotters in the mischief, namely, Palæstrius, Philocomasium, and Pleusicles, his Senate, which is now meeting in consultation. When sitting in deliberation, the Senate was said to be “*frecærs*” which may be rendered “sitting,” or “full.”

<sup>4</sup> *Be a distribution*)—Ver. 595. “*Sortitus*,” or “*sortitio*,” was the distribution by



## ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PALÆSTRIO from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*

PAL. (*on entering he calls to PLEUSICLES and PERIPLECOMENUS, who are in the house of the latter*). Keep yourselves within<sup>1</sup> doors, yet a moment, Pleusicles. Let me first look out, that there may be no ambush anywhere, against that council which we intend to hold. For now we have need of a safe place from which no enemy can win the spoils of our counsels. For a well-devised plan is very often filched away, if the place for deliberating has not been chosen with care or with caution ; and what is well-advised is ill-advised if it proves of use to the enemy ; and if it proves of use to the enemy, it cannot otherwise than prove a detriment to yourself. For if the enemy learn your plans, by your own self-same plans they tie your tongue and bind your hands ; and they do the *very* same to you that you intended to do to them. But I'll spy about, lest any one, either in this direction on the left or on the right, should come *like* a huntsman on our counsels with his ears like toils<sup>1</sup>. (*Looks about.*) Quite vacant is the prospect hence right to the bottom of the street. I'll call them out. Hallo ! Periplecomenus and Pleusicles, come out !

## SCENE II.

*Enter PERIPLECOMENUS and PLEUSICLES from the house of the former.*

PERIP. Behold us here obedient to your *call*.

the Senate of the Roman provinces among the Proconsuls. He keeps up the Metaphor of the Senate, and says, that he must make haste, or all the provinces will be distributed ; or, in other words, that each party will have agreed on the part he has to play, and will leave him nothing to do.

<sup>1</sup> *Keep yourselves within*)—Ver. 596. There was but one Scene throughout the representation of each Roman Comedy. In the present instance, the Scene is in front of the houses of Periplecomenus and the Captain. Nothing can more strikingly show the absurdity of such a plan than the present instance ; where Palæstrio comes out of the house of Periplecomenus, for the very purpose, right in front of the house of his own master, of holding a conversation and completing his plot with Pleusicles and Periplecomenus, for the purpose of deceiving his master and carrying off his mistress. With machinery so defective, it is only surprising that the writer completed his task so well as he has done.

<sup>2</sup> *Ears like toils*—Ver 608. "Auritis plagis." literally, "toils with ears."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERIP. How say you? Do I seem to you so very much a subject for Acheron<sup>1</sup>? So much a bier's-man<sup>2</sup>? Do I seem to you to have had so very long a life? Why, really, I am not more than four-and-fifty years old; I see clearly with my eyes, I'm ready with my hands, I'm active with my feet.

PAL. If he is seen by you to have white hair, he is by no means an old man in mind; in him the natural strength of his mind is unimpaired.

<sup>1</sup> *Subject for Acheron*) — Ver. 627. "Acherunticus," "an inhabitant of Acheron," meaning "one on the very verge of the grave."

<sup>2</sup> *A bier's-man*) — Ver. 628. The bodies of the more respectable people were carried to the grave on a kind of couch, which was called "feretrum," or "capulus;" whence the present term "capularis," "a subject for the 'capulus.'" The bodies of poor citizens and slaves were carried on a kind of bier, called "sandapila." Oudendorp and Becker think, however, that the word "capulus" means "a coffin" of wood or of stone, and not the same as "feretrum," "a couch, or bier." The old gentleman is very naturally somewhat offended at the remark of *Pleusicles*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PLEUS. By my troth, your whole manners really do show

<sup>1</sup> *At Animula*)—Ver. 654. The people of Apulia, in the south of Italy, were noted for their clownish manners. Animula, as we learn from Festus, was a little town in that country; probably its inhabitants were the most remarkable of all for their rusticity. Absurdities and anachronisms not unfrequently occur in our author. There is something absurd in a merry old gentleman of Ephesus going *all* the way to Animula for a simile.

marks of first-rate breeding. Find me three men of such manners against a like weight in double-distilled gold<sup>1</sup>.

PERIP. I'll make you confess that I *really* am a youngster in my manners; so abounding in kindnesses will I prove myself to you in every respect. Should you have need of an advocate, severe *or* fierce? I am he. Have you need of one that is gentle? You shall say that I am more gentle than the sea is *when* hush'd, and something more balmy will I prove than is the Zephyr breeze<sup>2</sup>. In this same *person* will I display to you either the most jovial boon-companion, or the first-rate trencher-man<sup>3</sup>, and the best of caterers. Then, as for dancing, there is no ballet-master that is so supple as I.

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

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

PERIP. You are a simpleton. For, if you lay anything out on a bad wife and upon an enemy, that is an expense; that which is laid out on a deserving guest and a friend is gain; as that, which is expended upon sacred rites, is a profit to the wise man. By the blessing of the Gods, I have enough, with which to receive you with hospitality in my house. Eat, drink, indulge your tastes with me, and surfeit yourself with enjoyments; my house is at your service, myself

<sup>1</sup> *Double-distilled gold*)—Ver. 660. "Aurichalco" probably signifies here, as in some other passages, a fabulous metal of more value than even gold. "Orichalcum," however, properly means either one of the ores of copper, or a metallic compound much used by the ancients, which was probably brass, formed by the combination of zinc ore and copper. Supposing gold to be one of its constituents, they corrupted its original name, "orichalcum," into "aurichalcum." The former word is supposed by the author of the article "orichalcum," in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, to have been a compound of ὄρος and χαλκός, "mountain bronze," so called from fusing copper with an ore as found in the mountains. "Contra," in this sentence, has the meaning of "to" or "against," in staking for a bet: "three men *against* their weight in gold;" "a horse *to* a hen," as the betting men sometimes say.

<sup>2</sup> *The Zephyr breeze*)—Ver. 665. Literally, "Favonius," one of the names of the West wind.

<sup>3</sup> *First-rate trencher-man*)—Ver. 667. "Parasitus" cannot be here intended to be used in a bad sense, as he is speaking of his own merits. It must mean "a boon-companion," or "jolly fellow."

likewise do I wish to be at your service. For, through the blessing of the Gods, I may say that, by reason of my wealth, I could have married a dowered wife of the best family ; but I don't choose to introduce an *everlasting* female barker at me into my house.

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

PERIP. Troth, 'tis very much sweeter by far to be free<sup>1</sup> [liberum] yourself. For a good wife, if it is possible for her to be married anywhere on earth, where can I find her ? But am I to take one home who is never to say this to me, "Buy me some wool, my dear, with which a soft and warm cloak may be made, and good winter under-clothes<sup>2</sup>, that you mayn't catch cold this winter-weather ;" such an expression as this you can never hear from a wife, but, before the cocks crow, she awakes me from my sleep, *and* says, "Give me *some money*, my dear, with which to make my mother a present on the Calends<sup>3</sup>, give me *some money* to make preserves ; give me something to give on the Quinquatrus<sup>4</sup> to the sorceress<sup>5</sup>, to the woman who interprets the dreams, to

<sup>1</sup> *To be free*)—Ver. 683. There is a play on the word "liber," here, which means either "a child," or "a free person." He says that it is much more pleasant to be "liberum" (a free person), than to be the father of a "liberum" (a child). The word "liber," meaning "a child," is very rarely used in the singular number. The remark of Pleusicles is rather modified in the translation.

<sup>2</sup> *Under-clothes*)—Ver. 687. The "tunica" was that part of the clothing which was next to the skin.

<sup>3</sup> *On the Calends*)—Ver. 690. He alludes to the Calends of March, which, as the commencement of the old Roman year, was particularly celebrated by the Roman matrons, who then gave presents to each other, and received them from their husbands. The festival was called "Matronalia," and sacrifices were offered to Juno Lucina, the guardian of pregnant women. See the Fasti of Ovid, B. 3, l. 257.

<sup>4</sup> *On the Quinquatrus*)—Ver. 691. The first day of the "Quinquatrus," or "five-day feast," was on the 19th of March. Festus says, that it had its name from its beginning on the fifth day after the Ides. See the Fasti of Ovid, B. 3, l. 810. This festival was sacred to Minerva.

<sup>5</sup> *To the sorceress*)—Ver. 692. The "præcantrix" was a woman who, by her incantations, was powerful to avert evil. "Conjectrix" was a female who interpreted dreams. "Ariola" was supposed to be an inspired prophetess. "Aruspica" was a female who divined by means of the entrails, lightning, and other phenomena. "Piatrix" was the woman who purified the company, and performed the expiations, on the day on which the child received its name.



the prophetess, and to the female diviner; besides, 'tis impossible for me, in civility, not to fee the expiating woman; for long has<sup>1</sup> the mattress-maker<sup>2</sup> been grumbling, because she has received nothing; besides, the midwife found fault with me, that too little had been sent for her. What! arn't you going to send something to the nurse that brings up the young slaves<sup>3</sup>? It's a shame if nothing's sent her; with what a brow<sup>4</sup> she does look at me." These and many other expenses of the women like to these frighten me from a wife, to be uttering speeches to me like to this.

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

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

PERIP. Since I have many relations, what need have I of children? Now I live well and happily, and as I like, and as contents my feelings. For I shall bequeath my property to my relations, *and* divide it among them. These, like children, pay attentions to me; they come to see how I do, or what I want; before it is daybreak they are with me; they make inquiry how I have enjoyed my sleep in the night. Them will I have for children who are *ever* sending presents to me. Are they sacrificing—they give a greater part of it to me than to

<sup>1</sup> *For long has*)—Ver. 694. A critic in the St. James's Magazine for January, 1763, says, on this point, that these various importunities, since they relate to a state of things now entirely passed away, lose all their effect on the reader; "but when such insinuating addresses tend to procure a footboy, or a new year's gift, or something handsome to give to servants, or to the wet-nurse, or the Methodist preacher, there is no married man whatever but would enter directly into the spirit of such requests." This sweeping remark may possibly be somewhat less remote from truth than it is from gallantry to the fair sex.

<sup>2</sup> *The mattress-maker*)—Ver. 694. "Toraria" seems to be "the bed, or mattress-maker." Other editions have "ceraria," "the woman who supplies wax candles for sacrifice." Others, again, have "gerula," "the nursemaid that carries the children."

<sup>3</sup> *The young slaves*)—Ver. 696. The "vernæ" were the slaves that were born under the master's roof. They were more indulged than the other slaves, and were noted for their extreme impudence and presumption.

<sup>4</sup> *With what a brow*)—Ver. 697. The reference here may probably be to the evil eye, which, of injurious effect at all times, would be supposed to be particularly so in the case of a nurse.



themselves ; they take me *home with them* to share the entrails<sup>1</sup> ; they invite me to their houses to breakfast *and* to dinner. He thinks himself most unfortunate, who has sent *but* very little to me. They vie with one another with their presents ; I say in a low voice to myself : " They are gaping after my property ; while, in their emulation, they are nourishing me and loading me with presents."

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

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

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

PLEUS. O *what* a delightful person ! So may the Gods and Goddesses prosper me, 'twere right the Deities should so ordain that all should not live after one rule *as to the duration of life*. Just as he who is a trusty market-officer<sup>2</sup> sets their prices on the wares ; as that which is good or valuable is sold according to its excellence, *and* that which is worthless, according to the faultiness of the commodity, deprives its owner of its price ; so were it right that the Gods should portion out the life of man, so as to give to him who is kindly disposed a long life, and speedily to deprive of existence those who are reprobate and wicked. If they had provided this, bad men would both have been fewer, and with

<sup>1</sup> *To share the entrails*)—Ver. 712. It was the custom, after their portions had been sacrificed to the Gods, to reserve a part of the entrails for the persons who sacrificed. These invited their dearest and most intimate friends to partake of them, or, if they could not attend, were in the habit of sending their share to them. The old man here flatters himself that he is a general favorite, although, bye and bye, he hints a suspicion that, being a rich old bachelor, the love of his friends is not quite disinterested.

<sup>2</sup> *Market-officer*)—Ver. 727. "Agoranomos" was the name of a public officer among the Greeks, who, like the "Ædilis plebis" at Rome, had the inspection of the wares offered for sale in the public markets.

less hardihood would they do their wicked deeds; and then, those who were good men, of them there would have been a more plenteous harvest.

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

PLEUS. I am content with<sup>1</sup> the expense that I have been to you already. For no guest can be thus hospitably entertained by a friend, but that when he has been there three days running, he must now become a bore; but when he is prolonging his stay for ten successive days, he is a nuisance to the household. Although the master willingly allows it, the servants grumble.

PERIP. I have trained up the servants that are in my service, my guest, not to rule over me, or for me to be obedient to them. If that is disagreeable to them which is agreeable to me, I steer my own course<sup>2</sup>; that which they don't like must still be done at their peril, and whether they like it or no. Now, as I intended, I shall go to market.

PLEUS. If you are resolved, do cater somewhat within bounds, at no great expense; anything is enough for me<sup>3</sup>.

PERIP. Won't you now<sup>4</sup> have done with that old-fashioned and antiquated talk? Now surely, guest, you are using the cant of the vulgar<sup>5</sup>. For they are in the habit of saying,

<sup>1</sup> *I am content with*)—Ver. 740. "Nil me pœnitet;" "I am not dissatisfied with."

<sup>2</sup> *Steer my own course*)—Ver. 747. "Meo rem remigio gero;" literally, "I carry on my own business with my own staff of rowers." The rowers were frequently slaves, and of course were kept in strict subordination. He alludes to the regularity of his household, where everything is done in its proper time and place, and the promptness with which he is in the habit of being obeyed. We need hardly remark that most of the "servi," or "servants," were slaves.

<sup>3</sup> *Is enough for me*)—Ver. 750. "Mihi quidvis sat est" seem to have been an antiquated and hackneyed expression, used by philosophers and old-fashioned people, to imply their habits of self-denial and frugality.

<sup>4</sup> *Won't you now*)—Ver. 751. He tells him to have done with such stale canting expressions, which are now worn threadbare, and have descended to the tables of the mob. Indeed, he says right, for nothing can be more annoying than pretended refusals, and bowings and scrapings, where they are merely an affectation of a modesty, humility, or self-denial that is not really felt.

<sup>5</sup> *Cant of the vulgar*)—Ver. 752. The "proletarii" were the poorest class of

when they have taken their places, when dinner is put on table: "What necessity was there for you *to go* to this great expense on our account? Surely you were mad, for this same *dinner* was enough for ten persons." What has been provided on their account they find fault with; they eat it up, however.

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

PERIP. But these same persons never say, although such an abundance has been provided, "Do order that to be taken off; do take away this dish; remove this gammon of bacon, I'll have none of it; put aside that piece of pork; this conger's good<sup>1</sup> when cold; remove it, take and put it aside." You hear none of them saying this in earnest, but they stretch themselves out, while with half their bodies<sup>2</sup> on the table, they are indulging their appetite.

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

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

PAL. The business, then, that we are about—to that we ought first to turn our thoughts. Do you both, now, give me your attention. I have need, Periplecomenus, of your assistance; for I have hit upon a pleasant trick, how this Captain with his long locks may be fleeced quite close<sup>3</sup>, and how we may effect a means for Philocomasium, and this her lover, that he may carry her off hence, and have her *as his own*.

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

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

PERIP. For what purpose is it to be used?

the free citizens, who, according to Livy, were possessed of less than eleven thousand "asses," and could serve the state, not with money, but with their children (proles).

<sup>1</sup> *This conger's good*)—Ver. 760. Lampreys and conger eels were very much esteemed by the Romans. Probably the conger was considered best when eaten cold.

<sup>2</sup> *Half their bodies*)—Ver. 762. This would be the more easily done when we remember that the guests were reclining on the "triclinium," or couch, which was above the level of the table on which the viands were placed.

<sup>3</sup> *Be fleeced quite close*)—Ver. 768. By his mention of the Captain's long locks, he seems to intend a pun on the word "admutilo," "to bamboozle" or "cajole," which, literally, signifies to "clip," or "shave close."

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

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

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

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

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

PERIP. I believe the same as well. PAL. He boasts, too, that his beauty exceeds that of Alexander<sup>1</sup>; and, therefore, he says that all the women<sup>2</sup> in Ephesus of their own accord are courting him.

PERIP. Aye, faith, many there are who *could* wish<sup>3</sup> that you were now telling an untruth about him. But I am convinced full well that it is as you say. For that reason, Palæstrio, do compress your words in as short a compass as ever you possibly can.

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

PERIP. Free by birth, or bondwoman made free?

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

PERIP. Do you want one that has<sup>4</sup> taken her degrees, or one as yet a novice *in the art*?

PAL. One sober but *plump*<sup>5</sup>, a juicy bit; as taking a one as ever you can find, and one very young.

<sup>1</sup> *Of Alexander*)—Ver. 777. "Alexander," from two Greek words, signifying "the brave man," was one of the names of Paris, the son of Priam, who was remarkable for his beauty, which captivated Helen.

<sup>2</sup> *All the women*)—Ver. 778. The Parasite quizzes him upon this weak point in the First Act.

<sup>3</sup> *Who could wish*)—Ver. 779. The meaning of Periplecomenus seems to be that the Captain has been but too successful in his intrigues, and that many a husband could wish that what Palæstrio says were false.

<sup>4</sup> *One that has*)—Ver. 787. Some Commentators think that "*lautam*" here means "one who has borne children," and who has bathed (*lautus fuerit*), as was the custom immediately after delivery. As, however, Palæstrio has said before that the female required must be a Courtesan, it surely could not matter whether she had had children or not. It probably means either one of elegant manners, and who has made good use of her experience, in contradistinction to a novice, who is a mere raw country wench, or else one in easy circumstances, and not a mere pauper.

<sup>5</sup> *Sober but plump*)—Ver. 787. His answer is, he wants to find a woman who

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

PAL. For you to bring her home at once to your house *as your wife*, and, for that reason, to bring her there dressed out, so that she may wear her locks with her hair arranged, and fillets after the fashion of matrons<sup>1</sup>, and may pretend that she is your wife ; so you must instruct her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

is "*sicca*," probably in the sense of "sober ;" but, as the same word means "dry," he adds, antithetically, "*at succidam*," "but juicy," full of the plumpness and briskness of youth. Scaliger absolutely thinks that "*sicca*" means "one not given to the habit of spitting."!!

<sup>1</sup> *The fashion of matrons*)—Ver. 792. The "*vitta*" was a band which encircled the head, and served to confine the tresses of the hair. It was worn by maidens, and by married women also, among the Romans ; but that assumed on the day of marriage was of a different form from that used by the virgins. It was not worn by women of light character, or even by the "*libertinae*," or liberated female slaves ; so that it was not only deemed an emblem of chastity, but of freedom also. *White and purple* are among the colours of the "*vitta*" which we find mentioned.



SCENE III.

PALÆSTRIO, PLEUSICLES.

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

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

PLEUS. What am I to call her?

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

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

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

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

PAL. What mighty turmoils I create! What mighty engines I do set to work! This very day I shall take his mistress away from the Captain, if my soldiers are *only* well drilled<sup>2</sup>. But I'll call him out. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Hallo! Sceledrus, if you are not busy, come out to the front of the house; I, Palæstrio, call you.

SCENE IV.

*Enter LUCRIO from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

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

LUCR. He's fast asleep, gulping<sup>3</sup>. PAL. How, gulping?

<sup>1</sup> *Acting his part*)—Ver. 811. He alludes to Periplectomenus, who has just left him.

<sup>2</sup> *Are only well drilled*)—Ver. 815. "Manipularis" was a term applied to the common soldiers of the legion, inasmuch as they were formed into small companies, marshalled in open order, called "manipuli." Each manipule had two centuries, whose duty it was to drill their men, inspect their arms, clothing, and food, visit the sentinels, and regulate the conduct of the privates both in the camp and in the field. They sat as judges in minor offences, and had the power of ordering corporal punishment, whence their badge of office was a vine sapling "Bene centuriati" consequently means here "well drilled."

<sup>3</sup> *Asleep, gulping*)—Ver. 818. "Sorbeo" means not only "to drink up," but to make that gulping noise in snoring which is produced by inhaling the breath with



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

\* \* \* \* \*

PAL. What! Is Sceledrus asleep in-doors?

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

PAL. He has taken a cup by stealth; the butler has *lately* tapped a cask of nardine<sup>1</sup>. Oho! you rascal, you are his deputy-butler<sup>2</sup>. Oho!

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

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

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

LUCR. I' faith, I do deny it undoubtedly; for he charged me not to tell. I really didn't just<sup>3</sup> draw for him eight half pints into a pitcher, and, when drawn, he didn't just drink it hot<sup>4</sup>, at his breakfast.

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

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

the mouth open, and the head thrown back. Palæstrio purposely misunderstands him, for the purpose of getting a confession out of him.

<sup>1</sup> *A cask of nardine*)—Ver. 824. According to the reading here adopted, he guesses that Sceledrus has got drunk upon some nardine wine, that had been lately tapped. The Romans used many articles for flavouring their wines. Spikenard, an Eastern aromatic, is here referred to. Horehound, squills, wormwood, and myrtle-berries were used for making medical wines. Cornels, figs, medlars, roses, asparagus, parsley, radishes, laurels, junipers, cassia, cinnamon, and saffron, with many other particulars, were also used for flavouring wines.

<sup>2</sup> *His deputy-butler*)—Ver. 825. Some Commentators take this passage to mean, that Sceledrus really was the "promus," or "butler;" but it seems more probable that Palæstrio says, by way of accusation, "Sceledrus has not only been acting the butler on this occasion, but you have been acting as his deputy, in secretly helping him to draw it." Lucio was the "subcustos" of Sceledrus, the "deputy-keeper" of Philocomasium, and the under-butler as well.

<sup>3</sup> *Didn't just*)—Ver. 831. He adheres to his promise by denying it in words, but in such a way as to make a full confession of what has happened. "Hemina" was a measure among the Greeks and Romans of nearly half a pint.

<sup>4</sup> *Drink it hot*)—Ver. 832. It has been already remarked, that the Romans were much in the habit of drinking wine, made warm and mixed with spices. The taking it at "prandium," about twelve in the day, shows how Sceledrus presumed on the office of trust which had been conferred upon him.

PAL. Some are *gloriously* drunk, *while* others are drinking vinegar-water<sup>1</sup>. The cellar's trusted to an honest butler, as well as under-butler.

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. Think of that now! very frequently, I guess, the casks were standing on their heads<sup>2</sup> there.

LUCR. No, faith, the casks would not<sup>3</sup> have stood so very badly there. But there happened to be in the cellar a bit of a slippery spot; a two-pint pot was placed there, near the casks, in this fashion (*shows the way*). Frequently, that was

<sup>1</sup> *Vinegar-water*)—Ver. 836. "Posca" was the name of the mixture of vinegar and water which constituted the drink of the Roman soldiers, the lower classes, and the slaves. Palæstrio grumbles on finding that while he is drinking vinegar and water his fellow-slave is enjoying himself on mulled wine.

<sup>2</sup> *Standing on their heads*)—Ver. 851. He means to say that the "amphoræ," no doubt, were often turned bottom upwards for the purpose of pouring out their contents.

<sup>3</sup> *The casks would not*)—Ver. 852. The whole of this passage is of somewhat obscure signification. The two lines probably mean, "The casks (*cadi*) would not have fallen down there so very much, had it not been that one part of the cellar was very slippery indeed." He then shows how (*sic*) the pot was put close by the casks, so that, they slipping down, it was filled as often as ten times in one day; and he concludes by saying, that when the pot acted the Bacchanal (*debacchabatur*), the casks slipped down again. Probably by acting the Bacchanal he means to say that the pot got filled and was then emptied, just like the Bacchanals, who, doubtless, were not particular at vomiting a part of the enormous quantities of wine which they imbibed; and he naively tells the truth, by saying that the cask slipping was the result of the pot being emptied, and so laying the fault more upon the pot than the drinker.

filled ten times in a day. When the pot acted the reveller, the casks were all tottering.

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

LUCR. (*aside*). I'm ruined. My master, when he comes home, will have me tortured, when he knows of these doings. I' faith, I'll fly somewhither, and put off this punishment to another day. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) Don't you tell him<sup>1</sup>, I do entreat you most earnestly. (*He is going.*)

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

PAL. Who has sent you? LUCR. Philocomasium.

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

#### SCENE V.

PALÆSTRIO, *alone*.

PAL. So—I understand what scheme the lady is upon. Because Sceledrus is asleep, she has sent her under-keeper away out of doors, whilst she may pass from our house to next door. That's all right. (*Looks down the street.*) But Periplecomenus is bringing *here* a woman of very comely appearance, her, for whom I commissioned him. By my faith, the Gods are helping us in this matter. How becomingly drest she struts along<sup>2</sup>, not like a Courtesan. This business is prospering charmingly in our hands. (*Stands aside.*)

#### SCENE VI.

*Enter PERIPLECOMENUS, with ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA.*

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

<sup>1</sup> *Don't you tell him*)—Ver. 862. These occasional addresses to the Spectators, in the middle of the dialogue, were made in the same spirit and for the same purpose for which the clown on our stage addresses his jokes to the audience, namely, to provoke a hearty laugh.

<sup>2</sup> *She struts along*)—Ver. 872. By the use of the word "*incedit*," he probably refers to the assumed stateliness of her gait.

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

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

ACROT. Really I don't understand of what great use it is for a Courtesan to be instructed. How now! have I told you all in vain, after my ears had drunk in the draughts<sup>1</sup> of your discourse, in what fashion it was possible for the Captain to be cajoled?

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

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

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

ACROT. So long as we do anything that's good, not knowing it, don't you fear. No woman is awkward \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Have no apprehensions, they are ready for the worst.

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Drunk in the draughts*)—Ver. 883. "Loream." The true meaning of this word seems to be "a leather bottle." If it is the correct reading, it is here used by Metonymy for the draught which it contains.

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

PERIP. I bring them both thoroughly prepared.

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

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

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

PAL. You've said what's true.

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

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

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

ACROT. *And* so it shall be.

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

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

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

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

ACROT. *Still*, it is better. For think of this, my patrôn ; when the shipwright is skilful, if he has once laid down the keel exact to its lines, 'tis easy to build the ship, when

\* \* \* Now this keel of ours has been skilfully laid and firmly placed ; the workmen and the master-builders are not unskilled in this business. If he who furnishes the timber<sup>1</sup> does not retard us in giving what is needed, I know the adroitness of our ingenuity—soon will the ship be got ready.

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

ACROT. 'Tis strange you should ask me. How could I

<sup>1</sup> *Who furnishes the timber*)—Ver. 920. Lambinus has thus explained this Metaphorical expression. The ship is the contrivance for deceiving the Captain ; the keel is the main-plot and foundation of it ; Periplecomenus, Acroteleutium, and her servant, are the workmen ; Palæstrio is the master-shipwright ; while the Captain himself is the " materiarius," or " person that supplies the timber."



not know that scorn of the public, that swaggering, frizzle-headed, perfumed debauchee?

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

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

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

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

ACROT. Trust me for that<sup>1</sup>. PAL. Come, Periplectomenus, do you conduct them at once in-doors. I'm off to the Forum; I'll meet him, and give him this ring, and will tell him that it has been delivered to me from your wife, and that she is dying for him. As soon as we shall have come from the Forum, do you send her (*points to MILPHIDIPPA*) to our house as though she were privately sent to him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Trust me for that*)—Ver. 929. "Alia cura;" literally, "take care of something else; meaning, "trust us in the present instance," or, as Thornton expresses it, "never fear us."



## ACT THE FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PYRGOPOLINICES and PALESTRIO.*

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

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

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

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

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

PYRG. What's this ? Whence comes it ?

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

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

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

PYRG. Is she wife, or is she widow ?

PAL. She is both wife and widow.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *By the Prætor's rod*—Ver. 961. "Festuca" is the same with "vindicta," the rod, or wand, which the Prætor used to lay on the head of the slave when he was made free.

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. Doesn't she long for it?

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

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

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

PAL. Those say so who know it.

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

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

PYRG. Speak out, and give me your advice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. This one is a little monkey and an owl<sup>1</sup> in comparison with the other. Do you see how she hunts around with her eyes, and goes fowling about with her ears. (*They stand aside.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter MILPHIDIPPA.*

MIL. (*as she enters*). My Circus, then<sup>2</sup>, is before the house, where my sports are to take place. I'll make pretence, as though I didn't see them, or knew as yet that they are here.

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

MIL. (*aloud*). Is there no one near at hand here, to attend to another's business rather than his own?—to prowl after<sup>3</sup> me to see what I'm about? No one who is feeding this evening<sup>4</sup> at his own expense? I dread such men as these, lest they should now come in the way, or prove an hindrance somehow, should my mistress privately pass from her house this way, who is so enamoured of his person, who so dotes upon this very charming man with his exceeding beauty—the Captain Pyrgopolinices.

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

PAL. I' faith, her language stands in need of no ashes<sup>5</sup>.

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

<sup>1</sup> *And an owl*—Ver. 989. "Spinturnicium" was the name of some ugly, ill-omened bird; of what kind it is not now known.

<sup>2</sup> *My Circus, then*—Ver. 991. This is an allusion to the Circus at Rome, where the public games were exhibited.

<sup>3</sup> *To prowl after*—Ver. 995. "Aucupo" is properly applied to a birdcatcher, or fowler, who watches his nets.

<sup>4</sup> *Feeding this evening*—Ver. 995. "Qui de vesperi vivat suo." She is supposed to mean those who are not out on the hunt for a supper, but have got one of their own at home. These latter persons, she thinks, living at their ease, and not having to satisfy a hungry stomach, are likely to have more leisure for prying into the concerns of other people, than those who are put to their shifts for a meal.

<sup>5</sup> *In need of no ashes*—Ver. 1000. He says that she is so very clean spoken (*laute et minime sordide*) that she needs no ashes with which to scour her words; the figure being derived from the custom of scouring brass vessels with pounded ashes.

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

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

PYRG. What I see, in that I have faith for myself; for this mackerel<sup>1</sup>, in the absence of the mullet, compels me to be in love with her.

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

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

PAL. Follow me this way, then.

PYRG. I am your lackey at your heels<sup>2</sup>.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIL. Give me the sign, if you are one of these votaries<sup>3</sup>.

PAL. A certain lady loves a certain gentleman.

<sup>1</sup> *This mackerel*)—Ver. 1006. The "lacerta" was probably a delicate fish, whose name is now unknown, but not so much so as the "mullus," the "grey mullet," which was very highly esteemed by the Roman epicures.

<sup>2</sup> *Lackey at your heels*)—Ver. 1009. "Pedisequus." The "pedisequi" were a class of slaves at Rome whose duty it was to walk behind their master when he went out of doors. The name does not seem to have been given to every slave who followed his master, but they belonged to a class which was almost the lowest in the slave family.

<sup>3</sup> *Of these votaries*)—Ver. 1016. "Baccharum." Literally, "one of the "Bacchæ," or "votaries of Bacchus." Only those were admitted to the rites who had been duly initiated. These had a sign or password called "symbolum," or "memoraculum," by which they recognised each other, and thus Milphidippa asks Palæstrio to give her some proof that he is the right person for her to address. This pretended caution is only assumed in the Captain's presence, in order the better to impose upon him, by affecting the utmost care and secrecy in the matter

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

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

PAL. Either he is or he is not.

MIL. Come aside with me alone, in private.

PAL. For a short or for a lengthy conversation?

MIL. For three words *only*.

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

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

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

PYRG. Make haste; I am tortured with waiting.

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

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

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

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

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

MIL. For that purpose I am armed at all points<sup>1</sup>, as I have shown you before already. On the other hand, do you give all attention, and be on the watch, and take your cue<sup>2</sup> from my words.

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

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

PYRG. What is she saying to you?

PAL. She is saying that *her mistress* is lamenting, and, in

<sup>1</sup> *Armed at all points*—Ver. 1028. "Habeo omnem aciem." Literally, "I have all my troops in battle array."

<sup>2</sup> *Take your cue*—Ver. 1029. "Venator." Literally, "hunt out," or "act the hunter's part," probably with reference to starting the game.

tears, is tormenting and afflicting herself because she wishes for you, and because she possesses you not; for that reason has she been sent here to you.

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

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

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

PYRG. If she wants anything, let her come.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. (*aside*). I' faith, the filthy fellow is not a human being; indeed, I think there is something more human in a vulture<sup>2</sup>.

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

PAL. (*aside*). Do you see the blockhead, how he struts? (*To PYRGOPOLINICES.*) But will you not answer her; she is the woman that's come from the lady whom I was mentioning just now.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Charmer*)—Ver. 1038. "Pulcher." "Handsome man." This, as a surname, would not sound so very absurd in Roman ears, as "Pulcher" was a surname (cognomen) of a branch of the Claudian family.

<sup>2</sup> *In a vulture*)—Ver. 1043. He probably alludes to the fact of the vulture sometimes carrying human flesh in its maw



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

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

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

PAL. Do you hear that, hussy? I have told you already, and I now tell you *again*, unless a fee is given to this boar-pig<sup>1</sup>, he cannot possibly throw away his attentions in any quarter.

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

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

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

PYRG. By nature there's no avarice in me; I have riches enough. I' faith! I've more than a thousand measures<sup>2</sup> full of Philippean gold coins.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Boar-pig*) This passage is somewhat modified in the translation.

<sup>2</sup> *A thousand measures*)—Ver. 1063. The "modius" was a Roman measure, one-third of the "amphora." It contained nearly two English gallons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. (*aside to MILPHIDIPPA*) If Philocomasium is there,

tell her to pass through into our house ; that *the Captain* here.

MIL. (*to PALÆSTRIO*). She is there with my mistress for, on the sly, they have been overhearing<sup>1</sup> this conversation.

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

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

PAL. (*to MILPHIDIPPA*). I'm not delaying you, nor touching you, nor<sup>2</sup>—— I'm mum.

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

### SCENE III.

#### PYRGOPOLINICES, PALÆSTRIO.

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

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

PYRG. How do you know that they are here?

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

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

PYRG. And did she seem a brisk *wench*?

PAL. You are wishing to have everything.

PYRG. Where did the sister say her mother was?

PAL. The captain that brought them told me that she was

<sup>1</sup> *Overhearing*)—Ver. 1090. Probably at the upper window, next door.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor touching you, nor*)—Ver. 1092. This is an instance of *Aposicpesis*. H. is about to say something rude, but checks himself.

in bed, on board the ship, with sore and inflamed eyes. This captain of the ship is lodging with them *next door*.

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

PAL. Away with you, if you please. What have you<sup>1</sup> to do with him? You have your hands quite full enough with the women. Attend to this for the present.

PYRG. *As to* that advice you were giving me, I wish you to have *a few* words with her upon that subject. For, really, a conversation *on that subject* with her is more becoming<sup>2</sup> for you.

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. Do you take care how you do that; but rather let her go from your house with a good grace<sup>3</sup>, and give her those things that I mentioned. The gold *trinkets* and apparel, with which you furnished her, let her take away.

PYRG. By my troth, I wish she would.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *What have you*)—Ver. 1112. This passage is somewhat modified above.

<sup>2</sup> *Is more becoming*)—Ver. 1116. He thinks it not suitable to his dignity to speak on the subject himself, and therefore wishes to put the task upon Palæstrio.

<sup>3</sup> *With a good grace*)—Ver. 1125. "Per gratiam bonam." "Bonâ gratiâ" was a legal term used in the case of amicable divorces with the consent of both parties.

## SCENE IV.

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

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

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

PAL. Just as I *want* you.

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

PAL. I, the master-plotter? Nonsense.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAL. What *an edifice* of stratagems has been erected by us! I know for certain, that any town seems as though

it could be taken by these plans: only do you lend your assistance.

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

PAL. You do what's à propos. Now to you do I assign this department<sup>1</sup>.

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

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

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

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

PAL. Right—you have it. ACROT. And as though by reason of that love I had foregone<sup>2</sup> my present marriage, longing for a match with him.

PAL. Everything *exactly* in its *due* order; except only this one point; you must say that this house (*pointing to the house of PERIPLECOMENUS*) was your marriage-portion: that the old man had departed hence from you after you had carried out the divorce, lest he should be afraid just now to come here into the house of another man.

ACROT. You advise me well. PAL. But when he comes out from in-doors, I wish you—*standing* at a distance there—so to make pretence, as though in comparison with his beauty you despised your own, and as though you were

<sup>1</sup> *This department*)—Ver. 1159. “Impero provinciam.” This term was properly applied to the Senate when bestowing a province upon a Proconsul or Pro-prætor.

<sup>2</sup> *I had foregone*)—Ver. 1164. To account for the facility with which the pretended divorce appears to take place, we must remember that among the Romans either party was at liberty to dissolve the tie of marriage. Where a husband divorced his wife, the wife's “dos,” or marriage-portion, was in general restored to her; and the same was the case where the divorce took place by mutual consent. This will account for Acroteleutium asserting that she had been divorced from Periplecomenus, and that she had retained possession of the house as having formed her marriage-portion. As a loss of affection on either side was thought to constitute a good ground for divorce, it is not to be wondered at if the Captain should believe the story that his neighbour's wife had obtained a divorce on account of her passion for himself.



struck with awe at his opulent circumstances ; at the same time, too, praise the comeliness of his person, the beauty of his face. Are you tutored enough ?

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

PAL. I'm content. Now (*addressing PLEUSICLES*), in your turn, learn what charge I shall give to you. So soon as this shall be done, when she shall have gone in, then do you immediately take care to come here dressed in the garb of a master of a ship. Have on a broad-brimmed hat<sup>1</sup> of iron-grey, a woollen shade<sup>2</sup> before your eyes ; have on an iron-grey cloak<sup>3</sup> (for that is the seaman's colour) ; *have* it fastened over the left shoulder, your *right* arm projecting out<sup>4</sup>, \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* *your clothes* some way well girded up, pretend as though you are some master of a ship. And all these *requisites* are at the house of this old gentleman, for he keeps fishermen.

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

PAL. Come here, and, in the name of her mother, bring word to Philocomasium, that, if she would return to Athens, she must go with you to the harbour directly, and that she

<sup>1</sup> *A broad-brimmed hat*)—Ver. 1178. "Causia." See the note to l. 851 of the "Trinummus."

<sup>2</sup> *A woollen shade*)—Ver. 1178. "Culcitam laneam." The "culcita" here alluded to was a little cushion padded with wool, which was placed before weak or diseased eyes to absorb the moisture. It is supposed to have been either bound against the part affected, or else to have been held in the hand and applied every now and then. Commentators seem to think that here Pleusicles holds it up to his eye with his hand when addressing the Captain. They are at a loss to know why Palæstrio recommends this, as the Captain has never seen Pleusicles, who was at Naupactus when Philocomasium was carried off. Still, though it is not mentioned, it may be, because the Captain had seen Pleusicles before he went to Naupactus ; or, what is more probable, that, affecting to have weak eyes, Pleusicles may not appear so comely as he really is, and not thereby excite any suspicion in the Captain's mind as to his intentions.

<sup>3</sup> *An iron-grey cloak*)—Ver. 1179. Some think that the "ferrugineus," or iron colour, here called "colos thalassinus," or "the sea-colour," was dark blue, but dark grey seems more probable, as the shades of blue were too expensive for common wear.

<sup>4</sup> *Right arm projecting out*)—Ver. 1180. This no doubt was the way in which the "pallium" was usually worn by seafaring men, for the sake of expedition, and in order to give free play to the right arm when aboard ship.

must order it to be carried down to the ship if she wishes anything to be put on board; that if she doesn't go, you must weigh anchor, for the wind is favourable.

PLEUS. I like your plan much: do proceed.

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

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

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

PAL. Be off speedily and equip yourself.

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

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

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

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

#### SCENE V.

*Enter* PYRGOPOLINICES *from his house.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### SCENE VI.

*Enter ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PYRG. How I do seem to be loved!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ACROT. (*aloud*). I'll go in-doors<sup>2</sup>—or, my dear Milphidippa, do you call him out of doors.

<sup>1</sup> *Phaon of Lesbos*—Ver. 1247. Sappho, the poetess, was enamoured of Phaon the Lesbian. When he deserted her, she threw herself from the Leucadian promontory or Lover's Leap, which was supposed to provide a cure for unrequited love. Her death was the consequence. See her Epistle to Phaon, the twenty-first of the *Heroides* of Ovid.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll go in-doors*—Ver. 1248. It must be remembered, that all this time they

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIL. (*aloud*). How do you know<sup>1</sup> ? ACROT. (*aloud*). By my troth, I do know it easily ; for my nose would scent him if he were within.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

have pretended not to see Palæstrio or his master. Milphidippa cautioned her mistress only to take a side-glance at him (*limis*), after which they have, probably turned their backs.

<sup>1</sup> *How do you know*—Ver. 1255. In Ritschel's edition, these words are attributed to Palæstrio. This is clearly a mistake, for Palæstrio has not yet joined in their conversation. He and his master are listening to what they say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PYRG. How? How could she do so?

MIL. The house was her marriage-portion.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

PAL. I fancy so.

### SCENE VII.

*Enter PLEUSICLES, at a distance, in a Sailor's dress.*

PLEUS. (*to himself*). Did I not know that another man in other ways has done many a thing unbecomingly on account of love, I should be more ashamed by reason of love for me to be going in this garb. But since I have learned that many persons by reason of love have committed many actions, disgraceful and estranged from what is good, \* \* \* \* \* for I pass by how Achilles suffered<sup>1</sup> his comrades to be slain—— But there's Palæstrio, he's standing with the Captain. My talk must *now* be changed for another kind. Woman is surely born of tardiness itself. For every other delay, which is a delay just as much, seems a less delay than that which is on account of a woman. I really think that this is done *merely* from habit. But I shall call for this Philocomasium. I'll knock at the door then. Hallo ! is there any one here ? (*Knocks at the CAPTAIN'S door.*)

PAL. Young man—what is it ? What do you want ? Why are you knocking ?

PLEUS. I'm come to inquire for Philocomasium ; I'm come from her mother. If she's for going, let her set off. She is delaying us all ; we wish to weigh anchor.

PYRG. Her things have been some time in readiness. Hearkye, Palæstrio, take some assistants with you to carry to the ship her golden *trinkets*, her furniture, apparel, all her precious things. All the articles are already packed up which I gave her.

PAL. I'll go. (*Goes into the house.*) PLEUS. Troth now, prithee, do make haste.

PYRG. There shall be no delay. Pray, what is it that has been done<sup>2</sup> with your eye ?

<sup>1</sup> *Achilles suffered*)—Ver. 1289. This was when he withdrew from the warfare on being deprived of Briseis by Agamemnon, on which occasion Hector made great havoc among the Grecian forces.

<sup>2</sup> *That has been done*)—Ver. 1306. He asks " what has been done with " or " be-

PLEUS. Troth, but I have my eye. (*Points to the right one.*)

PYRG. But the left one I mean.

PLEUS. I'll tell you. On account of the sea, I use this eye less; but if I kept away from the sea<sup>1</sup>, I should use the one like the other. But they are detaining me too long.

PYRG. See, here they are coming out.

### SCENE VIII.

*Enter PALESTRIO and PHILOCOMASIVM from the CAPTAIN'S house.*

PAL. (*to PHILOCOMASIVM*). Prithee, when will you this day make an end of your weeping?

PHIL. What can I do but weep? I am going away hence where I have spent my days most happily.

PAL. See, there's the man that has come from your mother and sister (*pointing to PLEUSICLES*).

PHIL. I see him. PYRG. Palæstrio, do you hear?

PAL. What is your pleasure? PYRG. Aren't you ordering those presents to be brought out which I gave her?

PLEUS. Health to you, Philocomasium. PHIL. And health to you.

PLEUS. Your mother and sister bade me give their love to you.

PHIL. Heaven prosper them. PLEUS. They beg you to set out, so that, while the wind is fair, they may set sail. But if your mother's eyes had been well, she would have come<sup>2</sup> together with me.

PHIL. I'll go; although I do it with regret—duty compels me.

PLEUS. You act wisely. PYRG. If she had not been passing her life with myself, this day she would have been a blockhead.

come of," his eye? On which Pleusicles tells him, by way of a quibble, that he has got his eye, alluding to the right one, while the Captain refers to the left, against which the "lectica" is placed.

<sup>1</sup> *From the sea*—Ver. 1309. There is a pun here, which cannot be preserved in the translation. "Si abstinnissem a mare," "If I kept away from the sea," may also be read, "Si abstinnissem amare," "If I refrained from loving." The Captain understands him in the former sense, thinking that he means that he has got a disease in his eye, which may be increased by leading a seafaring life.

<sup>2</sup> *She would have come*—Ver. 1318. Thornton justly observes that this excuse for the pretended mother not making her appearance is fair enough, but there is no reason alleged why the sister should not come, except that we may suppose that she stays to nurse and comfort her sick parent.

PHIL. I am distracted at this, that I am estranged from such a man. For you are able to make any woman whatever abound in wit; and because I was living with you, for that reason I was of a very lofty spirit. I see that I must lose that loftiness of mind. (*Pretends to cry.*)

PYRG. Don't weep. PHIL. I can't *help it* when I look upon you.

PYRG. Be of good courage. PHIL. I know what pain it is to me.

PAL. I really don't wonder now, Philocomasium, if you were here with happiness to yourself, when I, a servant—as I look at him, weep because we are parting (*pretends to cry*), so much have his beauty, his manners, his valour, captivated your feelings.

PHIL. Prithee, do let me embrace you before I depart?

PYRG. By all means. PHIL. (*embracing him*). O my eyes! O my life!

PAL. Do hold up the woman, I entreat you, lest she should fall. (*He takes hold of her, and she pretends to faint.*)

PYRG. What means this? PAL. Because, after she had quitted you, she suddenly became faint, poor thing.

PYRG. Run in *and* fetch some water.

PAL. I want no water; but I had rather you would keep at a distance. Prithee, don't you interfere till she comes to.

PYRG. (*observing PLEUSICLES, who is holding PHILOCOMASIMUM in his arm*). They have their heads too closely in contact between them; I don't like it; he is soldering his lips<sup>1</sup> to hers. What the plague are you about?

PLEUS. I was trying whether she was breathing or not.

PYRG. You ought to have applied your ear *then*.

PLEUS. If you had rather, I'll let her go.

PYRG. *No*, I don't care; do you support her.

PAL. To my misery, I'm quite distracted.

PYRG. Go and bring here from in-doors all the things that I have given her.

PAL. And even now, household God, do I salute thee before I depart; my fellow-servants, both male and female, all farewell, and happy may you live; prithee, though absent, among yourselves bestow your blessings upon me as well.

<sup>1</sup> *He is soldering his lips*)—Ver. 1335. "Ferruminat" is a strong expression here; it literally means to weld iron with iron, hammering it in a red-hot state.

PYRG. Come, Palæstrio, be of good courage.

PAL. Alas! alas! I cannot but weep since from you I must depart.

PYRG. Bear it with patience. PHIL. (*feigning to recover*). Ha! how's this? What means it? Hail, O light!

PLEUS. Are you recovered now? PHIL. Prithee, what person am I embracing? I'm undone. Am I myself?

PLEUS. (*in a low voice*). Fear not, my delight.

PYRG. What means all this? PAL. Just now she swooned away here. \* \* \* \* \*

I fear and dread that this at last may take place<sup>1</sup> too openly.

PYRG. What is that *you say*? PAL. *I fear* that some one may turn it to your discredit, while all these things are being carried after us through the city.

PYRG. I have given away my own property, *and* not theirs. I care but little for other people. Be off *then*, go with the blessing of the Gods.

PAL. 'Tis for your sake I say it.

PYRG. I believe you. PAL. *And* now farewell!

PYRG. And heartily farewell to you! PAL. (*to PLEUSICLES and PHILOCOMASium as they leave*). Go you quickly on; I'll overtake you directly; I wish to speak a few words with my master. (*To PYRGOPOLINICES.*) Although you have ever deemed others more faithful to yourself than me, still do I owe you many thanks for all things; and if such were your feelings, I would rather be a slave to you by far than be the freedman of another.

PYRG. Be of good courage. PAL. Ah me! When it comes in my mind, how my manners must be changed, how womanish manners must be learnt, and the military ones forgotten!

PYRG. Take care and be honest.

PAL. I can be so no longer; I have lost all inclination<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *May take place*)—Ver. 1347. Palæstrio cannot help exclaiming against the indiscreet conduct of the lovers. The Captain overhears him, and asks him what is the matter. He adroitly turns it off, by saying, "that if thus openly — the goods and furniture are carried through the city, he very much fears that his master will be censured for his extreme prodigality."

<sup>2</sup> *Lost all inclination*)—Ver. 1360. A pun is thought to be intended here on the word "lubidinem," but of so wretched a nature that it is not worth any further allusion to it.

PYRG. Go, follow them ; don't linger.

PAL. Fare you right well. PYRG. And heartily fare you well.

PAL. Prithee, do remember me ; if perchance I should happen to be made free, I'll send the news to you ; don't you forsake me<sup>1</sup>.

PYRG. That is not my habit.

PAL. Consider every now and then how faithful I have been to you. If you do that, then at last you'll know who is honest towards you *and* who dishonest.

PYRG. I know it ; I have often found that true, as well before as to-day in especial.

PAL. Do you know it ? Aye, and this day I'll make you hereafter say still more how true it is.

PYRG. I can hardly refrain from bidding you to stay.

PAL. Take you care how<sup>2</sup> you do that. They may say that you are a liar and not truthful, that you have no honor ; they may say that no one of your slaves is trustworthy except myself. If, indeed, I thought you could do it with honor, I should advise you. But it cannot be ; take care how you do so.

PYRG. Be off ; I'll be content then, whatever happens.

PAL. Then, fare you well. PYRG. 'Twere better you should go with a good heart.

PAL. Still, once more, farewell. (*Exit.*) PYRG. Before this affair, I had always thought that he was a most rascally servant ; *still*, I find that he is faithful to me. When I consider with myself, I have done unwisely in parting with him. I'll go hence at once now to my love *here* : the door, too, I perceive, makes a noise there.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter a BOY from the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.*

BOY. (*to some one within*). Don't you be advising me ; I remember my duty ; this moment I'll find him. Wherever

<sup>1</sup> *Don't you forsake me*)—Ver. 1363. He hypocritically entreats his master not to desert him in need, should he be made free, and be thereby thrown entirely upon his own resources.

<sup>2</sup> *Take you care how*)—Ver. 1368. There is considerable drollery in his anxiety lest his master should suddenly change his mind and refuse to let him go. His situation would, indeed, under such circumstances have proved an unfortunate one.



on earth he may chance to be, I'll search him out; I'll not be sparing of my pains.

PYRG. 'Tis I he is looking for; I'll go and meet this boy.

BOY. O, I'm looking for you; save you, dearest sir, one loaded by opportunity *with her gifts, and* whom before all others two Divinities do favour.

PYRG. What two? BOY. Mars and Venus.

PYRG. A sprightly boy. BOY. She entreats that you will go in; she wishes—she longs for you, and *while* expecting you, she's dying for you. Do succour one in love. Why do you stay? Why don't you go in?

PYRG. *Well, I'll go. (Enters the house of PERIPLECOMENUS.)*

BOY. There has he entangled himself at once in the toils. The snare is prepared: the old gentleman is standing at his post<sup>1</sup> to attack the lecher, who is *so* boastful of his good looks; who thinks that, whatever woman sees him, all are in love with him; whom all, both men and women, detest. Now I will on to the uproar; I hear a tumult within.

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter PERIPLECOMENUS from his house, with CARIO and other SERVANTS, dragging PYRGOPOLINICES.*

PERIP. Bring that fellow along. If he doesn't follow, drag him, lifted on high<sup>3</sup>, out of doors. Make him to be between heaven and earth; cut him in pieces. (*They beat him.*)

<sup>1</sup> *At his post*)—Ver. 1389. He alludes to the attitude in which the old gentleman, Periplectomenus, is standing in-doors, ready to sally forth on the Captain the moment he is entrapped.

<sup>2</sup> *Scene I.*) Thornton here remarks, that "there cannot be a stronger proof of the absurdities into which the ancients were forced by a preservation of the unity of place than the present passage. The Captain is surprised in Periplectomenus's own house, carrying on an intrigue with the old gentleman's pretended wife, in consequence of which they proceed to frighten him with the cook's threatening to go to work upon him with his knife. Can anything be more unnatural or improbable than that for this purpose they should drag him *out of the house* and *into the public street*?"

<sup>3</sup> *Lifted on high*)—Ver. 1394. He means, "take him in your arms," or "hoist him on your shoulders."



PYRG. By my troth, I do entreat you, Periplecomenus.

PERIP. By my troth, you do entreat in vain. Take care, Cario, that that knife of yours is very sharp.

CARIO. Why, it's already longing to rip up the stomach of this letcher. I'll make *his entrails hang* just as a bauble hangs from a baby's neck.

PYRG. I'm a dead man. PERIP. Not yet; you say so too soon.

CARIO. Shall I have at this fellow now?

PERIP. Aye,—but first let him be thrashed with cudgels.

CARIO. True, right lustily. PERIP. Why have you dared, you disgraceful fellow, to seduce another man's wife?

PYRG. So may the Gods bless me, she came to me of her own accord.

PERIP. It's a lie. Lay on. (*They are about to strike.*)

PYRG. Stay, while I tell—— PERIP. Why are you hesitating?

PYRG. Will you not let me speak?

PERIP. Speak, *then*. PYRG. I was entreated to come here.

PERIP. How did you dare? There's for you, *take that*. (*Strikes him.*)

PYRG. O! O! I've had enough. Prithee, *now*.

CARIO. Am I to begin cutting him up at once?

PERIP. As soon as you like. Stretch the fellow out, and spread out his pinions<sup>1</sup> in opposite ways.

PYRG. By heavens, prithee, do hear my words before he cuts me.

PERIP. Speak before you're made of no sex.

PYRG. I supposed that she was a widow; and so her maid, who was her go-between, informed me.

PERIP. *Now* take an oath that you won't injure any person for this affair, because you have been beaten here to-day, or shall be beaten *hereafter*, if we let you go safe hence, *you dear* little grandson of Venus<sup>2</sup>.

PYRG. I swear by Dione<sup>3</sup> and Mars that I will hurt no one

<sup>1</sup> *Spread out his pinions*)—Ver. 1407. "Dispennite." He means, "stretch him out as you would spread out to their utmost length the wings of a bird."

<sup>2</sup> *Grandson of Venus*)—Ver. 1413. This is an allusion to the Captain's own boast in Act IV. s. 4, that he was the grandson of Venus.

<sup>3</sup> *By Dione*)—Ver. 1414. Dione, according to Homer, was the name of the mother of Venus; but the name is much more frequently used, as in the present instance, to signify Venus herself. He appropriately swears by these guardiat Deities of intrigue. The translation of l. 1416 is somewhat modified.

because I have been beaten here this day; and I think that it was rightfully done; and if I don't go hence further injured, I am rightly punished for the offence.

PERIP. *But* what if you don't do so?

PYRG. *Then*, may I always have my word not to be trusted<sup>1</sup>.

CARIO. Let him be beaten once more; after that I think he may be dismissed.

PYRG. May the Gods ever bless you, since you so kindly come as my advocate.

CARIO. Give us a golden mina<sup>2</sup>, then.

PYRG. For what reason? CARIO. That we may now let you go hence unmaimed, *you* little grandson of Venus; otherwise you shall not escape from here; don't you deceive yourself.

PYRG. It shall be given you. CARIO. You're very wise. As for your tunic, and your scarf<sup>3</sup>, and sword, don't at all hope *for them*; you shan't have them.

A SERVANT. Shall I beat him again, or do you let him go?

PYRG. I'm tamed by your cudgels. I do entreat you.

PERIP. Loose him. PYRG. I return you thanks.

PERIP. If I ever catch you here again, I'll insert a disqualifying clause.

PYRG. *Well*: I make no objection.

PERIP. Let's go in, Cario. (PERIPLECOMENUS, CARIO, and SERVANTS, *go into his house*.)

## SCENE II.

*Enter SCELEDRUS and other SERVANTS of the CAPTAIN.*

PYRG. Here are some of my servants, I see. Tell me, is Philocomasium off *yet*.

SCEL. *Aye*, some time since. PYRG. Ah me!

SCEL. You would say that<sup>4</sup> still more if you were to know

<sup>1</sup> *Not to be trusted*)—Ver. 1417. "Intestabilis." A gross pun is here intended, and in l. 1420 as well. The word here signifies "forsworn," or "perjured," so infamous, that his testimony will never be received in a Court of justice.

<sup>2</sup> *A golden mina*)—Ver. 1420. The golden "mina" was worth ten silver ones, or one thousand "drachmæ," of about ninepence three-farthings each.

<sup>3</sup> *And your scarf*)—Ver. 1423. The "chlamys" was an outer garment worn among the Greeks and Oriental nations, somewhat resembling our scarfs. That worn by the Captain would probably be of great value, which of course would tempt the cupidity of his persecutors. The translation of l. 1426 is somewhat modified.

<sup>4</sup> *You would say that*)—Ver. 1428. Sceledrus, probably, only enters at this moment with the other servants of the Captain; the editions, in general, somewhat absurdly represent him as present from the beginning of the Fifth Act.

what I know, for that fellow who had the wool before his eye was no sailor.

PYRG. Who was he, then? SCEL. A lover of Philocomasium's.

PYRG. How do you know? SCEL. I do know: for after they had got out of the city gate, they didn't wait a moment *before falling to* kissing and embracing each other at once.

PYRG. O wretched *fool* that I am! I see that I have been gulled. That scoundrel of a fellow, Palæstrio, it was he that contrived this plot against me.

SCEL. I think it was properly done. If it were so done to other lechers, there would be fewer lechers here; they would stand more in awe, and give their attention less to these pursuits.

PYRG. Let's go into my house.

An ACTOR (*to the AUDIENCE*). Give *us* your applause

# BACCHIDES: OR, THE TWIN-SISTERS.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

SILENUS, the Divinity, who speaks the Prologue.

NICOBULUS, an aged citizen of Athens.

MNESILOCHUS, his son.

PHILOXENUS, another aged citizen of Athens.

PISTOCLERUS, his son.

LYDUS, servant of Philoxenus, and tutor of Pistoclerus.

CHRYSAEUS, servant of Nicobulus.

CLEOMACHUS, a Captain of Samos.

A PARASITE of Cleomachus.

BOY, servant of Cleomachus.

SERVANT of Pistoclerus (in the introductory fragment).

ARTAMO, servant of Nicobulus.

FIRST BACCHIS	}	Twin-sisters, Courtesans.
SECOND BACCHIS		

Scene.—Athens: before the houses of the FIRST BACCHIS and of PHILOXENUS, which are in the same street.

## THE SUBJECT.

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MNESILOCHUS, when absent at Ephesus, writes and requests his friend, Pistoclerus, to search for his mistress, Bacchis, who has left Athens with a military Captain. Having discovered her on her return to Athens, Pistoclerus falls in love with her twin-sister, whose name is also Bacchis, and is severely reprov'd by his tutor, Lydus, for so doing. Mnesilochus returns to Athens, and discovers from Lydus that his friend Pistoclerus is in love with a female of the name of Bacchis. He thereupon imagines that he has supplanted him with his own mistress, and in his anger resolves to restore to his father some money of his which he had gone to Ephesus to recover, and a part of which he had contriv'd, through a scheme of the servant Chrysalus, to retain, in order that he might redeem his mistress from the Captain. Having afterwards discovered the truth, he greatly repents that he has done so, as the officer threatens to carry Bacchis off instantly, if the money is not paid. On this, Chrysalus contrives another stratagem against Nicobulus, his aged master, and makes him, through fear of the Captain's threats, pay the required sum. Having gained not only this but a still further sum of money, the young men regale themselves at the house of Bacchis. Nicobulus afterwards discovers from the Captain the trick that has been play'd upon him, and he and Mnesilochus repair to the house of Bacchis to demand their sons. The damsels, hereupon, apply themselves to coaxing the old men, who are at last persuaded to forgive their sons and Chrysalus and to go into the house and join the entertainment.

# BACCHIDES; OR, THE TWIN-SISTERS.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

MNESILOCHUS is inflamed with love for Bacchis (*Bacchidis*). But, first of all, he goes to Ephesus, to bring back some gold (*Aurum*). Bacchis sails for Crete (*Cretam*), and meets with (*Convenit*) the other Bacchis; thence she returns to Athens; upon this (*Hinc*), Mnesilochus sends a letter to Pistoclerus, that he may seek for her (*Illam*). He returns; he makes a quarrel while (*Dum*) he supposes that his own mistress is beloved by *Pistoclerus*; when they have discovered the mistake as to the twin-sisters, *Mnesilochus* pays the gold to that (*Ei*) *Captain*; equally are the *two* in love. The old men (*Senes*), while they are looking after their sons, join the women, and carouse.

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## THE PROLOGUE<sup>1</sup>.

*Spoken by SILENUS, mounted on his Ass.*

'Tis a wonder if the spectators on the benches this day don't hiss, and cough, *and* make a snorting noise at this ridiculous sight, furrow their brows, and, with cries with one consent<sup>2</sup>, shout all aloud, and mutter imprecations. Hardly in their youth can beardless actors, or mimics with their beards plucked out, find room *upon the stage*. Why comes forth *this* aged *and* lethargic go-between, who is borne upon the ass's back? Listen, I pray, and give me your attention, while I tell you the name of this quiet Comedy<sup>3</sup>. 'Tis proper for you to make silence for a Divinity.

<sup>1</sup> *Prologue*) There is little doubt that this Prologue is spurious, but as it is prefixed to many of the editions, and to Thornton's and the French translations, it is here inserted. Lascaris, the Greek grammarian, says, in a letter to Bembo, that it was discovered by him in Sicily. Some writers have supposed it to have been written by the Poet Petrarch.

<sup>2</sup> *With cries with one consent*)—Ver. 3. "Concrepario" is a barbarous word, formed from "crepo," to make a noise.

<sup>3</sup> *Quiet Comedy*)—Ver. 10. "Statariae." There were two kinds of Comedy repre-



It befits not those to use the resources of the voice, who come here not to exclaim, but to be spectators. Give me attentive ears; *but* not into my hands *I mean*; I wish my voice<sup>1</sup>, as it flies, to strike these vacant ears. What do you fear? Are those blows more hurtful which open what is shut<sup>2</sup>, or which close what is open? You're *very* kind; the inhabitants of heaven do love you deservedly. There is profound silence—even the children are still—and now, attend to a new-come messenger, on a new errand. Who I am—why I am come to you—I'll tell you in a few words; at the same time, I'll disclose to you the name of this Comedy. Now, behold, I shall tell you what you wish to know; do you then give me your attention. I am a God of Nature<sup>3</sup>, the foster-father of most mighty Bromius<sup>4</sup>, *him* who, with a female army<sup>5</sup>, gained a kingdom. Whatever about him renowned nations relate, some part, *at least*, has been accomplished by my advice. That which pleases me is never displeasing to him. 'Tis right if *one* father<sup>6</sup> *another* father does obey. Ass-borne do the Ionian multitudes<sup>7</sup> style me, because I am borne on an

sented on the ancient stage, one of which was called "stataria," while the other was "motoria." In the first, the actors stood still, or moved about quietly, and with little gesture; while in the other, dancing, gesture, and grinace were extensively employed.

<sup>1</sup> *I wish my voice*)—Ver. 15. There is a poor attempt at alliteration here, in the words "volo volans vox vacuas."

<sup>2</sup> *What is shut*)—Ver. 17. This passage is obscure, but the meaning seems to be, "Is it anything more disagreeable to open your ears and listen, than to keep them shut and be stunned by my noise? for talk I will."

<sup>3</sup> *A God of Nature*)—Ver. 25. The ancients considered Pan, Silenus, Sylvanus, the Fauns, the Dryades, the Hyades, and the Oreades, as Gods of Nature, presiding over it in its various aspects.

<sup>4</sup> *Bromius*)—Ver. 25. Bromius was one of the names of Bacchus, probably derived from *βρέμω*, "to make a noise;" the Bacchanalian orgies being attended with riot and drunkenness.

<sup>5</sup> *With a female army*)—Ver. 26. He alludes to the Indian expedition of Bacchus, who was fabled to have marched thither at the head of an army of Bacchantes or "Bacchæ," females who were his votaries.

<sup>6</sup> *If one father*)—Ver. 30. The ancients gave the Gods the title of "pater," "father," by way of honorable distinction. Bacchus would especially be so honored, as wine was looked upon as one of the chief supports of life.

<sup>7</sup> *Ionian multitudes*)—Ver. 31. The Lydians were adjacent to the people of Ionia. Etruria, which supplied the earliest actors to Rome, was supposed to have been colonised by the Lydians.

ass<sup>1</sup> for my conveyance. Who I am, you understand: if you understand, allow me now to tell the name of this quiet play; at the same time, you may learn why I have come to you. Philemon<sup>2</sup> formerly produced a play in Greek; this, those who speak the Greek language call "Evantides<sup>3</sup>;" Plautus, who speaks the Latin, calls it "Bacchides." 'Tis not to be wondered, then, if hither I have come. Bacchus sends to you the Bacchides—the Bacchanalian Bacchanals. I am bringing them unto you. What! Have I told a lie? It don't become a God to tell a lie; but the truth I tell—I bring not them; but the salacious ass, wearied with its journey, is bringing to you three, if I remember right. One you behold; see *now*, what on my lips I bring—to wit, two Samian sisters<sup>4</sup>, Bacchanalians, merry Courtesans, born of the same parents, at one time, at a twin-birth; not less alike than milk to milk, if you compare it, or water to water; were you to see them you would think them halved<sup>5</sup>; so much would you confuse your sight, that you would not be able to distinguish which was which. What remains you long to hear. Now give attention: the story of this Play I will disclose. What country Samos is, is known to all; for seas, lands, mountains, and islands, have your legions<sup>6</sup> made easy of access. There, Sostrata bore to her husband, Pyrgoteles Pyrocles<sup>7</sup>, twin-daughters at one birth; and it pleased them, being initiated at the tri-

<sup>1</sup> *Borne on an ass*)—Ver. 31. "Asibidam." This is a spurious word, probably invented by the author.

<sup>2</sup> *Philemon*)—Ver. 36. Philemon was a Greek Comic poet, of considerable merit, though inferior to Menander, of whom he was a contemporary. This play is more generally supposed to have been borrowed from a Comedy of Menander, which was called *Δὺς Εξαπατῶν*, "the Twice Deceived."

<sup>3</sup> *Evantides*)—Ver. 37. "Evantides" corresponds with the Latin word "Bacchantes," "followers," or "namesakes" of Bacchus," as "Evan" was one of the names by which that God was addressed during the celebration of the orgies.

<sup>4</sup> *Samian sisters*)—Ver. 46. Samos was an island off the coast of Ionia, near Ephesus. It was the birthplace of the philosopher Pythagoras.

<sup>5</sup> *Think them halved*)—Ver. 50. "Dimidiatas"—"one split into two."

<sup>6</sup> *Have your legions*)—Ver. 57. He is supposed to be flattering the Romans in their love for foreign conquest.

<sup>7</sup> *Pyrgoteles Pyrocles*)—Ver. 58. It was quite unusual for the Greeks to have two names. They have here been introduced either for the sake of the metre, or, as the Delphin editor suggests, as meaning "her husband Pyrocles, who was a regular Pyrgoteles," that is, a most skilful engraver; a celebrated artist of that name having flourished in the time of Alexander the Great.

ennial festival<sup>1</sup> of Bacchus, to call after his name the damsels of which they were the parents. The parents, as often happens, gave a turn to<sup>2</sup> their future fortunes. A Captain carried one *of them* with him to Crete. The other of the twins sailed for Athens<sup>3</sup>. As soon as Mnesilochus, the son of Nicobulus, beheld her, he began to love her, and frequently paid her visits. Meantime, his father sent the youth to Ephesus, to bring back thence some gold, which he himself, some time before, had deposited with Archidemides, an ancient friend of his, an aged Phœnician. When, for two years he had stayed at Ephesus, he received the sad news that Bacchis was gone *from Athens*, for some sailors of his acquaintance sent him word that she had set sail. *On this*, he writes a letter to Pistoclerus, his only friend, the son of Philoxenus, *entreating him* to seek the fugitive with care and earnestness. While Pistoclerus is devoting his services to his friend, the twin-sisters, who have just returned to Athens, arouse a passion in the seeker. The one wins Pistoclerus for herself; the other longs for the coming of Mnesilochus. What wonder if two bewitching, merry, pretty Bacchantes, should attract to themselves two unfledged Bacchanalians, *and if* they should ensnare their decrepit, most aged fathers, fit subjects for the undertaker<sup>4</sup>, bowed down by the weight of

<sup>1</sup> *Triennial festival*)—Ver. 60. Among the festivals of Bacchus, there was one which occurred every three years, and was called the “Trieterica.” On that occasion the Bacchantes carried the figure of the God on a chariot, drawn by two tigers or panthers, and crowned with vine leaves; holding thyrsi in their hands, they ran in a frantic manner around the chariot, filling the air with the sound of tambourines and brazen instruments, shouting “Evoë Bacche,” and calling the God by his several names of Bromius, Lyæus, Evan, Lenæus, and Sabazius. To this ceremonial, which was derived from the Egyptians, the Greeks added other rites, replete with licentiousness and repulsive to decency. The author says that the parents of the Bacchides were initiated at this festival, and that in compliment to the God they named each of the newly-born twins “Bacchis.”

<sup>2</sup> *Gave a turn to*)—Ver. 62. “Fata occupant.” “Consider the fact of their being born at that period as ominous of their future destiny, and devote them to the service of the Deity.”

<sup>3</sup> *Sailed for Athens*)—Ver. 64. Literally, “Cecropiæ.” Cecrops was the founder of Athens.

<sup>4</sup> *Subjects for the undertaker*)—Ver. 84. “Libitinarios.” This word properly corresponds to our word “undertakers.” They were so called because their biers and other requisites were kept in the temple of the Goddess “Libitina.” The word here has the forced meaning of “persons with one foot in the grave.”

their years? But, see, here's Pistoclerus, who is returning to the Bacchides so lately found, and in his simplicity<sup>1</sup> is blowing in himself the sparks of passion so lately kindled. Now I'm off—do you attend. *(Exit.*

## ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter* PISTOCLERUS.

PISTOC.	*	*	*	*	*	*
those who are <sup>3</sup> of a thrifty turn of mind, modest, and without servility.	*	*	*	*	*	*
*      *	*	*	*	*	*	*
Chains, rods, <i>and</i> mills; their shocking brutality becomes worse.	*	*	*	*	*	*
*      *	*	*	*	*	*	*
She who keeps my friend and me engaged.	*	*	*	*	*	*
*      *	*	*	*	*	*	*

*(Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *In his simplicity*)—Ver. 87. “Insolens.” Mnesilochus is already in love with the Second Bacchis before the play commences; but Pistoclerus is entrapped during the First Act.

<sup>2</sup> *Scene I.*) The portion from the commencement of this scene down to the beginning of the thirty-fifth line, is translated from the fragments of the beginning of the play which have been lately discovered by the research of Ritschel. It was generally supposed by Commentators that the beginning of the play had been lost, and that the author of the Prologue, or some other writer, had supplied the hiatus by adding a first scene of his own composition; in which he represents, somewhat inconsistently, Pistoclerus as having been in love with the First Bacchis before the play began, whereas it is obviously the intention of Plautus to represent him as drawn into the amour by her allurements during the First Act. It is worthy of remark, that the learned and ingenious Rost was of opinion that the beginning of this play had not been lost, and that it properly commenced at line 35, “Quod si hoc potis est.” This opinion, however, is thoroughly controverted by the result of the researches of Ritschel. Although, for the sake of brevity, these fragments are here grouped into one Scene, to supply the place of the spurious Scene which formerly occupied their place, it is clear that they are really the remnants of several Scenes, introductory to the attempt of the First Bacchis to entrap Pistoclerus.

<sup>3</sup> *Those who are*)—Ver. 1. It is not unlikely that this and the next three lines are fragments of a Prologue, spoken by Pistoclerus, in which he is complimenting the ingenuity shown by the slave Chrysalus throughout the piece. as he is making reference to the punishment of slaves when speaking of “chains, rods, and the mill;” to which latter place refractory slaves were sent for hard labour.

*Enter FIRST BACCHIS.*

1st BACCH. I have heard<sup>1</sup> that Ulysses underwent toils innumerable, who, in wanderings, was twenty years away from his native land. But this young man by far outdoes Ulysses ; who here in this spot is wandering within the walls of the city.

\* \* \* \* \*

1st BACCH. \* She was of the same name with myself.  
\* \* \* \* \*

1st BACCH. Sweep out *the house*<sup>2</sup> with brooms, work briskly.  
\* \* \* \* \* Will some one  
call that most dirty *fellow* with the water-pail<sup>3</sup> and the  
water.

## CLEOMACHUS, SECOND BACCHIS.

CLEOM. \* \* \* \* \* But if a life<sup>4</sup> of  
wantonness is perchance preferred by you, consider the price  
that I agreed to give you that at that age you might not be  
following me for nought \* \* \* \* \* that  
from no one else you might be receiving a yearly pay, except  
from oneself, nor be toying with any man \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* *like* slugs upon a man.

## PISTOCLERUS, SECOND BACCHIS, SERVANT.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *I have heard*)—Ver. 5. This is probably the commencement of a Scene. The First Bacchis is revolving her plans against Pistoclus, who is wandering through the city in search of the mistress of his friend Mnesilochus.

<sup>2</sup> *Sweep out the house*)—Ver. 10. She is evidently ordering the servants to put the house in readiness against the arrival of her sister from abroad.

<sup>3</sup> *The water-pail*)—Ver. 12. "Nassiterna" was a pail, or water-pot, having three spouts or mouths.

<sup>4</sup> *But if a life*)—Ver. 13. Here is another Scene. It would appear probable that the Second Bacchis, having heard, on her arrival, that Mnesilochus, by his friend, is in search of her, signifies to the Captain her intention to remain at Athens, and not to accompany him to Elatia in Phocis, on which he reminds her of the sum of money he has given her, and the original terms of the agreement. It would appear that he proceeds to threaten with his wrath any more fortunate rival ; and then concludes by inveighing against harlots in general, as "limaces," "snails," or "slugs," in the same way as a Comic writer of our day might style them "leeches," or "bloodsuckers." It may be remarked, that with the ancients, the snail was the emblem of salacity.



PISTOC As like as milk<sup>1</sup> is to milk; whatever is her name

\* \* \* \* \*

SERV. The soldier who sells his life for gold \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* I know that his breath is  
much stronger than *when* the bellows of bull's hide are  
blowing, when the rocks melt where the iron is made.

PISTOC. Of what country did he seem to you?

SERV. I think he is of Præneste<sup>2</sup>; he was such a boaster.

PISTOC. \* \* \* The city \* \* \*

and I don't think it is in spurious boastfulness.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SCENE II.

*Enter FIRST and SECOND BACCHIS.*

1st BACCH. \* \* \* My heart, my

hope<sup>3</sup>, my honey, my sweetness, my nutriment, my delight.

\* \* \* Let me bestow on you my love

\* \* \* the Arabian \* \* \*

\* \* \* Has Cupid or has love overpowered

you? \* \* \*

Perhaps to suspect that you are in love. \* \*

\* \* \* Get money from that

quarter \* \* \* for I really do

believe that with ease you can enchant the heart of any man<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *As like as milk*)—Ver. 19. Here again is another Scene. Pistoclerus has caught sight of the Second Bacchis, but being unaware that she really is the person whom he is in search of, he remarks upon her strong resemblance to the First Bacchis, with whom, by this time, he has probably had an interview on the subject. His servant then comes and informs him that she is the person whom he is looking for, but that she is under the protection of a mighty Captain, whose breast heaves like a pair of blacksmith's bellows.

<sup>2</sup> *Is of Præneste*)—Ver. 24. He has a hit here at the people of Præneste, whom he has in a former play censured for their bad grammar, and whom he here represents as occupying the same place in Roman estimation, as the Gascons do, whether deservedly or not, in ours.

<sup>3</sup> *My heart, my hope*)—Ver. 27. The First Bacchis seems here to be repeating her first lessons in the attack which she is about to make on the heart of the novice Pistoclerus; she is evidently conning over the flattering things that she intends to say to him.

<sup>4</sup> *The heart of any man*)—Ver. 34. With this line conclude the fragments which have been brought to light by Ritschel; in the previous editions the next line commences the second Scene, the spurious Scene preceding it.



2nd BACCH.                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*

1st BACCH. And suppose it is much better that you should hold your peace, *and* I should speak ?

2nd BACCH. With pleasure ; you may *proceed*.

1st BACCH. When my memory shall fail me, then do you take care to aid me, sister.

2nd BACCH. I' faith, I'm more afraid that I shan't have the choice of prompting you.

1st BACCH. Troth, I'm afraid the little nightingale may lose her powers<sup>1</sup> of song. Follow this way. (*They move.*)

*Enter* PISTOCLERUS.

PISTOC. What are these two Courtesans, the namesake-sisters, about ?

1st BACCH. Nothing is there more wretched than a woman.

PISTOC. What, say you, is there more worthy of it ? What have you been planning in your consultation ?

1st BACCH. What's proper ? PISTOC. I' faith, that doesn't belong to the Courtesan.

1st BACCH. This *sister of mine* entreats me so to find some person to protect her against this Captain ; that when she has served her time<sup>2</sup> he may bring her back home. Do you, I entreat you, be her protector.

PISTOC. Why should I protect her ? 1st BACCH. That she may be brought home again, when she has fulfilled her engagement to him, so that he may not take her as a servant<sup>3</sup> for himself. But, if she had the gold to pay him back again, gladly would she do so.

PISTOC. Where now is this person ? 1st BACCH. I expect

<sup>1</sup> *May lose her powers*)—Ver. 38. The nightingale was supposed to sing continually ; so that "*lusciniæ deest cantio*," "the nightingale has lost her song," became a proverb which expressed the happening of anything extraordinary.

<sup>2</sup> *Has served her time*)—Ver. 43. "*Emeritus*" was the term applied to soldiers who had "served out their time," or "got their discharge" Plautus probably uses the term satirically, as applied to the engagement which the Second Bacchis had made with the Captain.

<sup>3</sup> *As a servant*)—Ver. 45. She pretends that her sister is afraid, that when her time has expired, the Captain—having carried her to a foreign country—may make a slave of her, and that she is, consequently, desirous to be left at Athens, and to repay him the money which he had given her upon the making of the engagement. She feigns that it is necessary for him to protect her sister on behalf of his absent friend Mnesilochus, that she herself may obtain an opportunity of ensnaring him

that he'll be here just now. But this you'll be able to arrange better among ourselves; and sitting there, you shall wait until he comes. So you will drink *some wine*, and so, I'll give you a kiss when you have drunk *it*.

PISTOC. Your coaxing is mere birdlime. 1st BACCH. How so?

PISTOC. Because, in fact, I understand how you two are aiming at one *poor* pigeon, myself; (*aside*) very nearly is the *limed* reed<sup>1</sup> breaking my feathers. Madam, I judge that such deeds befit me not.

1st BACCH. Why so, I pray?

PISTOC. Bacchis, it is, because I dread you Bacchantes, and your Bacchanalian den<sup>2</sup>.

1st BACCH. What is it that you dread? Surely, not that the couch in my house may lead you into mischief?

PISTOC. Your allurements<sup>3</sup>, more than your couch, do I dread. You're a mischievous serpent<sup>4</sup>. But, madam, a lurking-place does not befit this *youthful* age.

1st BACCH. Should you wish at my house to do anything that's unwise, I myself should hinder it. But, when the Captain comes, I wish you to be at my house for this reason; because, when you are present, no one will do her and me any injury. You will prevent *that*, and by the same means you will be aiding your friend; this *Captain*, too, on arriving, will suspect that I am your mistress. Why are you silent, pray?

PISTOC. Because these things are pleasant in the talking of; but in the practice, and when you make trial, the same are armed with stings. They pierce the feelings, goad one's fortune, *and* wound *one's* merits and character.

2nd BACCH. What do you dread from her?

PISTOC. What do I dread, do you ask? Am I a person in

<sup>1</sup> *The limed reed*)—Ver. 51. A reed dipped in birdlime was employed for the purpose of catching birds. Pistoclerus says to himself that he feels how nearly he is entrapped.

<sup>2</sup> *Your Bacchanalian den*)—Ver. 53. "Bacchanal" was properly the place where the Bacchanalia, or orgies, were celebrated. He styles them "Bacchantes," and their house a "Bacchanal," in allusion both to their names and their habits.

<sup>3</sup> *Your allurements*)—Ver. 55. There is a play here upon the resemblance of the words "illectus," "allurement," and "lectus," a "bed."

<sup>4</sup> *Mischievous serpent*)—Ver. 55. "Mala tu's bestia." Literally, "you are an evil beast;" which sounds harsh to an English ear, even when applied to such an animal as Bacchis.

my youth to enter a place of exercise<sup>1</sup> of such a nature, where people sweat to their undoing?—where for the quoit I receive a loss, disgrace, *too*, for my running?

2nd BACCH. How charmingly you do talk. PISTOC. Where I'm to take a turtle-dove<sup>2</sup> instead of a sword, and where another puts into my hand the goblet<sup>3</sup> instead of the cestus; the drinking-cup<sup>4</sup> is in place of the helmet, the wreathed garland instead of the crest<sup>5</sup>, the dice in place of the lance. For the coat of mail I should have to assume a soft cloak<sup>6</sup>; where, too, in place of a horse a couch must be given me,—for shield, a strumpet<sup>7</sup> may be lying by me. Avaunt from me—avaunt!

2nd BACCH. O, you're too fierce. PISTOC. I am attending to my own interests.

2nd BACCH. You must be softened down; and, in fact, I offer you my aid in this.

PISTOC. But you are too expensive an assistant.

1st BACCH. Do pretend that you are in love with me.

PISTOC. Whether should I be pretending that in jest, or seriously?

1st BACCH. Well said! better to do the last. When the Captain comes here, I want you<sup>8</sup> to embrace me.

<sup>1</sup> *A place of exercise*)—Ver. 66. He draws a parallel between the life of a person who for health and rational recreation frequents the “palæstra,” or school for exercise, and of those who frequent the haunts of Courtesans. He alludes in the following lines to the exercises of throwing the quoit, running, boxing, fencing, hurling the lance, and riding.

<sup>2</sup> *A turtle-dove*)—Ver. 68. The turtle-dove, as being sacred to Venus, would be an appropriate inmate of a Courtesan's house.

<sup>3</sup> *The goblet*)—Ver. 69. “Cantharus” was a kind of drinking-cup, with two handles. It was considered as peculiarly sacred to Bacchus, the tutelary Divinity of Bacchis, whom Pistoclerus is addressing.

<sup>4</sup> *The drinking-cup*)—Ver. 70. “Scaphium” here probably means a “drinking-vessel with a swelling belly.” Some Commentators, however, think that it has here the same meaning as “matula.”

<sup>5</sup> *Instead of the crest*)—Ver. 70. The “insigne” was the crest, or waving plume of the helmet.

<sup>6</sup> *A soft cloak*)—Ver. 71. It was the custom at entertainments for the revellers to exchange their ordinary clothes for fine vestments, elaborately embroidered.

<sup>7</sup> *For shield, a strumpet*)—Ver. 72. “Scortum pro scuta” There is a play here upon the resemblance of the words.

<sup>8</sup> *I want you*)—Ver. 76. He is only to pretend to be her admirer when the Captain comes, by way of accounting for his presence and interference on behalf of her sister. This is afterwards rendered unnecessary by his own pliancy, and the arrival of Mnesilochus himself.

PISTOC. What need is there of my doing that?

1st BACCH. I want him to see you. I know what I'm about?

PISTOC. And I, i' faith, I know not what I'm in fear of. But what say you——?

1st BACCH. What's the matter *now*?

PISTOC. Well, suppose perchance on a sudden a breakfast or a drinking bout, or else a dinner, should take place at your house, just as is the wont in such places of resort; where, then, should I take my place?

1st BACCH. Near myself, my life, that with a she wit a he wit may be reclining *at the repast*. A place here, at our house, should you come late, is always at your service. When you wish right merrily to disport yourself, my rosebud, you say to me, "Do let me enjoy myself *to-day*," I'll provide you a delightful place where it may be *so*.

PISTOC. Here is a rapid stream; not without hazard can this way be passed.

1st BACCH. (*aside*). And, by my troth, something must you lose amid this stream. (*Aloud.*) Give me your hand and follow *me*.

PISTOC. O, by no means. 1st BACCH. Why so?

PISTOC. Because to a man in his youth nothing can be more alluring than these—night, women, wine.

1st BACCH. Away, then, with you; for my part, I don't at all care for it, but for your own sake. *The Captain*, then, shall take her off; don't you be present at all if you don't choose.

PISTOC. (*to himself*). And am I a thing of nothing, who cannot moderate my own passions?

1st BACCH. What's there for you to fear?

PISTOC. There's nothing; all nonsense. Madam, I resign myself to you. I'm yours; to you do I devote my services.

1st BACCH. You are a dear man. Now I wish you to do this. To-day I want to give a welcome entertainment<sup>1</sup> to my sister. For that purpose I shall at once order the money<sup>2</sup> to be brought you from in-doors. Do you take care and cater for us a splendid entertainment.

<sup>1</sup> *A welcome entertainment*)—Ver. 94. "*Cæna viatica*" was an entertainment offered to a person by his friends immediately on his arrival from a voyage or journey.

<sup>2</sup> *Order the money*)—Ver. 95. This she says artfully, well knowing that he will once offer to bear the expense of the entertainment

PISTOC. No, I'll stand treat ; for it would be a shame, that on my account you both should take trouble for me, and by reason of that trouble should pay the expense from your own means.

1st BACCH. But I can't allow you to give anything.

PISTOC. Do let me. 1st BACCH. Well, I'll let you, if you choose. Prithee, do make haste.

PISTOC. I shall be here again, before I cease to love you.

(Exit PISTOCLERUS.)

2nd BACCH. You entertain me pleasantly upon my return, my sister.

1st BACCH. How so, prithee ?

2nd BACCH. Because, in my way of thinking, this day a lucky haul has fallen to your lot.

1st BACCH. He's mine, assuredly. Now, sister, with respect to Mnesilochus, I'll give you my aid<sup>1</sup>, that here at home you may be receiving gold, rather than be going hence together with the Captain.

2nd BACCH. That's my desire. 1st BACCH. My aid shall be given you. The water's warm ; let's go in, that you may bathe. For, as you have travelled on board ship, you are faint, I think.

2nd BACCH. A little so, sister. (PISTOCLERUS is seen at a distance.) Besides, he's beginning to cause I don't know what bustle. Let's begone hence.

1st BACCH. Follow me this way in-doors to bathe, that you may relieve your weariness.

### SCENE III.

*Enter PISTOCLERUS, accompanied by People with Provisions for the Entertainment, followed by LYDUS.*

LYD. For some time, Pistoclerus, I've been following you in silence<sup>2</sup>, watching what you were doing in this

<sup>1</sup> Give you my aid)—Ver. 103. They will try to get Mnesilochus to advance the money to redeem her from the Captain.

<sup>2</sup> Following you in silence)—Ver. 109. We must not be surprised to find "Lydus" a Lydian slave, as his name imports, acting as the "pædagogus," or "tutor," of Pistoclerus. Among the wealthy, the sons of the family were committed to the "pædagogi" at their sixth or seventh year, and of course that officer was selected from the most trustworthy and most learned among the slaves. The youths remained under the tutor till they reached the years of puberty. His duty was rather to watch and protect them, and accompany them to their school.



dress<sup>1</sup>. For, so may the Gods favour me, even Lycurgus *himself*<sup>2</sup> seems to me as if he could be led into debauchery here. Whither now are you betaking yourself hence in an opposite direction with such a train?

PISTOC. To this place (*pointing to the house*). LYD. Why to this place? Who lives there?

PISTOC. Love, Pleasure, Venus, Beauty, Joy, Jestings, Dalliance, Converse, and Sweet-kissing.

LYD. What intercourse have you with these most destructive Deities?

PISTOC. Bad are those men who speak evil of the good. You speak not well of even the Gods *themselves*; you do what is not right.

LYD. Is Sweet-kissing, then, some God?

PISTOC. And do you not think she is? O Lydus, why, what a barbarian<sup>3</sup> you are, you, whom I had deemed to be far more wise than Thales *himself*<sup>4</sup>. Go to, you are more foolish than Potitius, the foreigner<sup>5</sup>, who, at an age so advanced, knew not the names of the Divinities.

LYD. This dress of *yours* pleases me not.

and the "gymnasium" or "palæstra," the place of exercise, than to instruct them himself; indeed, the "præceptores," or "teachers," are expressly distinguished by Quinctilian from the "pædagogi," or "conductors" of the youths. Eunuchs were sometimes appointed to this office. Among the Romans, a tutor attended on both boys and girls very frequently, as they were not confined at home according to the Grecian custom. During the Empire, much care was taken in the training of the "pædagogi."

<sup>1</sup> *In this dress*)—Ver. 110. He has put on the "malacum pallium," "the soft garment," mentioned in l. 71, as being about to join the entertainment which he is providing.

<sup>2</sup> *Lycurgus himself*)—Ver. 111. He says that such company is enough to corrupt Lycurgus himself, a man of the most moral and strict habits. He was the lawgiver of Sparta.

<sup>3</sup> *What a barbarian*)—Ver. 121. He alludes to Lydia, the country of Lydus, which was "barbara."

<sup>4</sup> *Than Thales himself*)—Ver. 122. Thales of Miletus was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He was the founder of the Ionic sect of philosophers.

<sup>5</sup> *Potitius, the foreigner*)—Ver. 123. "Barbaro" signifies "Roman," the scene being in Attica. We learn from St. Augustine that the Potitii received the epithet of "stulti," "unwise," from the following circumstance. They were the hereditary priests of Hercules, at Rome. Wishing to lighten their duties, they instructed some slaves in their office, for which, by the wrath of the Divinity twelve families of them were destroyed in one night.



PISTOC. But no one prepared it for you ; it was prepared for myself, whom it pleases well.

LYD. And do you commence upon your repartees against myself even ? You, who, if you had *even* ten tongues, ought to be silent.

PISTOC. Not every age, Lydus, is suited for school<sup>1</sup>. One thing especially is just now on my mind, how the cook may with due care attend to these things as befits the elegance of the entertainment.

LYD. Now have you undone yourself and me and *all* my labours, *me* who so oft have shown you what is right, all to no purpose.

PISTOC. In the same place have I lost my labour where you've lost yours : your instructions profit neither me nor yourself.

LYD. O obdurate heart ! PISTOC. You are troublesome to me. Hold your tongue, Lydus, and follow me.

LYD. *Now*, see that, please ; he no longer calls<sup>2</sup> me "tutor," but *mere* "Lydus."

PISTOC. It seems not proper, nor can it be fit, that, when a person is in a house, and is reclining *at the feast* together with his mistress, and is kissing her, and the other guests are reclining too, the tutor should be there too in their presence.

LYD. Are these provisions purchased for such a purpose, pray ?

PISTOC. My intentions, indeed, expect so ; how it falls out, is in the hands of the Gods.

LYD. Will you be having a mistress ?

PISTOC. When you see, then you'll know.

LYD. Aye, but you shall not have one, and I won't allow it. Go back again home.

PISTOC. Do leave me alone, Lydus, and beware of mischief<sup>3</sup>.

LYD. What ? Beware of mischief ? O *yawning* gulf, where art thou now ? How gladly would I avail myself of thee ! Already have I lived far longer than I could have

<sup>1</sup> *Suited for school*)—Ver. 129. There is here a "Paronomasia," or jingle upon the resemblance of the words "Lyde," "Lydus," and "ludo," "a school."

<sup>2</sup> *He no longer calls*)—Ver. 138. He is shocked at the want of respect shown to him by his pupil.

<sup>3</sup> *Beware of mischief*)—Ver. 147. This is a threat of vengeance if Lydus assumes to interfere any further.

wished. 'Twere much better now to have *once* existed than to be living *still*. That any pupil should *thus* threaten his tutor!

PISTOC. My years are now advanced beyond your tutorship.

LYD. I want no pupils for me with heated blood<sup>1</sup>. An up-grown one may harass me *thus* devoid of strength.

PISTOC. As I guess, I shall become a Hercules, and you a Linus<sup>2</sup>.

LYD. I' faith, I fear more that through your goings-on I shall become a Phoenix<sup>3</sup>, and have to tell the news to your father that you are dead.

PISTOC. Enough of these stories. LYD. This *youth* is lost to shame<sup>4</sup>; the man's ruined. And does it then recur to you that you have a father?

PISTOC. Am I your servant, or you mine?

LYD. By my troth, you made an exchange not desirable for that age of yours, when you gained these impudent ways. *Some* bad master has been teaching you *all* this, not I. You are a scholar far more apt at these pursuits than at those *lessons* which I taught you when I was losing my labour. Troth, 'twas a bad piece of deceit you were guilty of at your age, when you concealed these vicious tendencies from myself and from your father.

PISTOC. Lydus, you have thus far had liberty of speech that is enough. So now do you follow this way, and hold your tongue<sup>5</sup>. (*They go into the house of BACCHIS.*)

<sup>1</sup> *With heated blood*)—Ver. 153. "Plenus sanguinis." Literally, "full of blood."

<sup>2</sup> *You a Linus*)—Ver. 155. Linus instructed Hercules in music, and was slain by his scholar with his musical instrument.

<sup>3</sup> *Become a Phoenix*)—Ver. 156. Phoenix was the preceptor who attended Achilles to the Siege of Troy, and brought the account of his death to his father Pelens.

<sup>4</sup> *Is lost to shame*)—Ver. 158. "Hic vereri perdidit." Literally, "He has lost how to be ashamed."

<sup>5</sup> *Hold your tongue*)—Ver. 169. The interval between this Act and the next is filled up with the time necessary for preparing the entertainment which Pisto-clerus is giving to Bacchis and her sister.

## ACT THE SECOND

## SCENE I.

*Enter CHRYSALUS.*

CHRY. All hail, land of my master! which I joyfully behold after the two years that I have been absent hence at Ephesus. I salute thee, neighbour Apollo<sup>1</sup>, who dost have thy shrine close by our house, and to thee do I make my prayer, that thou wilt not let me meet our old gentleman, Nicobulus, before I have seen Pistoclerus, the friend of Mnesilochus, *him* to whom Mnesilochus has sent the letter about his mistress, Bacchis.

## SCENE II.

*Enter PISTOCLERUS from the house of BACCHIS.*

PISTOC. (*to the FIRST BACCHIS within*). 'Tis strange that you are so earnestly begging me to return, who am able by no possible means to depart hence, if I were willing, so bound down<sup>2</sup>, and so enchained with love do you hold me.

CHRY. O, ye immortal Gods, I espy Pistoclerus! O, Pistoclerus, hail!

PISTOC. Hail, Chrysalus, *to you!* CHRY. I will at present compress many speeches for you in a small space. You are glad that I am come; I give you credit for it. You promise me lodging and an entertainment coming from my journey, as it is befitting, and I agree to come. I bring you the sincere greetings of your friend. Would you ask me where he is? He's come.

PISTOC. Is he alive and well? CHRY. That I was wishful to enquire of yourself.

PISTOC. How can I know? CHRY. No one better.

PISTOC. Why, in what way? CHRY. Because if she has been found whom he *so* loves, he is alive and well. If she is not found, he is not well, and is like to die. His mistress is

<sup>1</sup> *Neighbour Apollo*)—Ver. 172. He is supposed to refer to Apollo "Prostiterus," whose statue was placed in the vestibule of the houses, and to whom the Athenians paid veneration as the tutelary God of their habitations.

<sup>2</sup> *So bound down*)—Ver. 180. "Vadatus" was a term properly applied to a person bound under a penalty as surety for another.

the *very* life of a lover. If she is away, he is non-existent; if she is with him, his property is non-existent, *and* himself worthless and wretched. But what have you done in respect of his commission?

PISTOC. And ought I not to have his request complied with against his arrival, which his messenger brought *to me* from him? I'd sooner be dwelling in the realms of Acheron *than not*.

CHRY. How now, have you found out *this* Bacchis?

PISTOC. Yes, and a Samian one too. CHRY. Prithee, do take care that no one handles her carelessly: you know how soon a Samian vessel<sup>1</sup> is wont to break.

PISTOC. What now, your old habit? CHRY. Prithee, do tell me where she now is.

PISTOC. Here, where you just now saw me coming out.

CHRY. How capital that is! She's living almost next door. Does she at all remember Mnesilochus?

PISTOC. Do you ask me *that*? Aye, him alone does she esteem at the very highest value.

CHRY. Indeed! PISTOC. Yes, and were you to believe her, distractedly in love—she *quite* longs for him.

CHRY. That's good. PISTOC. Yes, Chrysalus; see, now; not even so small a space of time ever passes by as this<sup>2</sup>, out that she is uttering his name.

CHRY. I' faith, so much the better. (*Moving, as if about to go.*)

PISTOC. Yes; *but*—— (*Holds him.*) CHRY. Yes, faith<sup>3</sup>, I'd rather be off.

PISTOC. And do you so unwillingly hear how your master's interests have prospered?

CHRY. *No*, not the subject<sup>4</sup>, but the actor offends my feelings with his tediousness. Even "Epidicus," a play

<sup>1</sup> *A Samian vessel*)—Ver. 202. He plays upon the word "Samian," as the isle of Samos was celebrated for the quality of its earthenware, which, as he here says, was very brittle.

<sup>2</sup> *Passes by as this*)—Ver. 209. This is doing what the Greeks call *δεικτικῶς*. Suiting the action to the word, he points at the time of speaking to something very small, perhaps the breadth of his finger-nail.

<sup>3</sup> *Yes, faith*)—Ver. 211. It has been suggested that Chrysalus is put out of patience here by the frequent repetition by Pistoclerus of the word "immo," "aye," or "yes;" on which he rejoins, "immo, &c.," "yes, and I'll be off."

<sup>4</sup> *No, not the subject*)—Ver. 213. He seems to mean that he is not displeased with the subject, but at the tedious way in which Pistoclerus relates it to him.

that I love quite as much as my own self, were Pollio to act it<sup>1</sup>, no play would I see so reluctantly. But, does Bacchis seem handsome, as well, to you?

PISTOC. Do you ask *the question*? Had I not got a Venus, I should pronounce her a Juno.

CHRY. I' faith, Mnesilochus, as I find these matters proceeding, there's *something* ready for you to love; 'tis needful that you find something to give her. But, perhaps you have need of gold for that *other* one?

PISTOC. Yes, some Philippeans. CHRY. And you have need of it directly, perhaps?

PISTOC. Aye, and even sooner than *directly*. For there's a Captain coming here just now——

CHRY. A Captain, indeed! PISTOC. Who is demanding some gold here for relinquishing Bacchis.

CHRY. Let him come when he pleases, and so there be no delay. *The money's* at home; I fear not for myself, nor do I go begging to any man; so long, at least, as this heart of mine shall be armed with its inventiveness. Go in; I'll manage here. Do you tell them in-doors, that Mnesilochus is coming to Bacchis.

PISTOC. I'll do as you request. (*Goes into the house of BACCHIS.*)

CHRY. The money business belongs to me. From Ephesus we have brought twelve hundred golden Philippeans, which our entertainer owed to our old gentleman. Hence, some contrivance<sup>2</sup> will I this day contrive, to procure gold for this son of my master *thus* in love. But there's a noise at our door—who's coming out of doors, I wonder? (*Stands aside.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Pollio to act it*)—Ver. 216. It is clear from this that the Epidicus of Plautus was written before the Bacchides. With a rather unusual degree of license he seems to refer to an event that has recently happened, and it is not improbable that the "Epidicus," good play as it was, had suffered from the demerits of some contemptible actor of the day, known as Pollio. Plautus thus excuses his play, and excites a laugh by the quaintness of the remark. There is a passage in the Nigrinus of Lucian that throws light on this: "Friend, have you never seen a bad Tragic or Comic actor? some of those I mean who are hissed because they spoil a good play with their acting, and are at last driven off the stage; though the play itself be at other times applauded, and bear away the prize."

<sup>2</sup> *Some contrivance*)—Ver. 239. "Machinabor machinam" is an Atticism borrowed by Plautus, probably from the original. With us it would be, literally "I will machinate a machine"

## SCENE III.

*Enter NICOBULUS from his house.*

NICO. (*to himself*). To the Piræus will I go; I'll go see whether any merchant-ship has come into harbour from Ephesus. For my mind misgives me; my son lingers there so long, and does not return.

CHRYS. (*aside*). Now, I'll finely unravel him, if the Gods are propitious. There must be no sleeping; gold is requisite<sup>1</sup> for Chrysalus. I'll accost him, whom for sure this day I'll make a ram of Phryxus<sup>2</sup> of; so, even to the quick<sup>3</sup>, will I shear him of his gold. (*Accosting him.*) His servant Chrysalus salutes Nicobulus.

NICO. O, immortal Gods! where is my son?

CHRYS. Why don't you return the salutation first, which I gave you?

NICO. *Well*, save you. But where on earth is Mnesilochus?

CHRYS. He is alive *and* well. NICO. Is he not come?

CHRYS. He is come. NICO. Hurra! you've brought me to<sup>4</sup> my senses. And has he all along been well?

CHRYS. *Aye*, well as a boxer<sup>5</sup> and an athlete.

NICO. But what as to this—the business on account of which I sent him hence to Ephesus? Has he not received the gold from his entertainer, Archidemides?

CHRYS. Alas! my heart and *my* brain are cleft, Nicobulus,

<sup>1</sup> *Gold is requisite*—Ver. 240. "Opus est chryso Chrysalo." He borrows the Greek word "χρυσός" "gold," and plays on his own name, which has that word for its origin.

<sup>2</sup> *Ram of Phryxus*—Ver. 241. The Ram with the golden fleece carried Phryxus in safety over the Hellespont; but his sister Helle fell off its back on the passage, from which that arm of the sea derived its name. Jason recovered the golden fleece by the aid of Medea. The story of Helle and Phryxus is related at length in the *Fasti* and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

<sup>3</sup> *Even to the quick*—Ver. 242. "Ad vivam cutem"—literally, "to the living skin."

<sup>4</sup> *You've brought me to*—Ver. 247. "Aspersisti aquam"—literally, "you have sprinkled water on me," in allusion to the refreshing effects of water in cases of faintness.

<sup>5</sup> *Well as a boxer*—Ver. 248. "Pancratice atque athleticæ"—literally, "boxing like and wrestler-like."



whenever mention is made of that fellow. Why don't you call that entertainer of his your enemy?

NICO. Troth now, prithee, why so?

CHRY. Because, i' faith, I know for sure, that Vulcan, the Moon, the Sun, the Day, *those* four Divinities, never shone upon another more wicked.

NICO. What, than Archidemides? Dear me!

CHRY. Than Archidemides, I say. NICO. What has he done?

CHRY. What has he not done? Why don't you ask me that? In the first place, then, he began to make denials to your son, *and* to assert that he didn't owe three obols<sup>1</sup> to you. Forthwith, Mnesilochus summoned to himself there our ancient host, the old gentleman, Pelago; in his presence, he at once showed the fellow the token<sup>2</sup>, which you yourself had given to your son to deliver to him.

NICO. Well—when he showed him the token?

CHRY. He began to say that it was counterfeit, *and* that it was not a true token; and how many reproaches he did utter against him so undeserving of them! *and* he said that in other matters he had committed forgery.

NICO. Have you not the gold? In the first place, I want that to be told me.

CHRY. Yes, after the Prætor had appointed delegates<sup>3</sup>; being cast, at length compelled by force he paid down twelve hundred Philippeans.

NICO. He owed that much. CHRY. Besides, listen to another struggle *of his*, as well, which he was desirous to enter on.

NICO. What, besides, as well? Oho! this will turn out now

<sup>1</sup> *Three obols*)—Ver. 260. The “obolus” was a very small Greek silver coin. Its value was something more than three-halfpence of our money.

<sup>2</sup> *The token*)—Ver. 263. “Symbolum” was some object which a person delivered to another, in order to serve as a mark, sign, or token to a third person, that he was to do something which had been previously agreed upon.

<sup>3</sup> *Appointed delegates*)—Ver. 270. “Recuperatores” were certain commissioners or judges-delegate, who were usually named by the Prætor, at Rome and in the provinces, to decide matters in dispute, such as disagreements about money and property; also to assess the damages where a wrong had been done; to enquire whether a man was freeborn or not; or, to which of two claimants civic honours properly belonged.

a *regular* hawk's nest<sup>1</sup>. I've been deceived: I've entrusted my gold to an Autolycus<sup>2</sup> for my host!

CHRY. Nay, but do you listen—— NICO. Well, I wasn't aware of the disposition of my avaricious entertainer.

CHRY. Afterwards, at last we had got the gold, and embarked on board ship, desirous for home. By chance, as I was sitting on the deck, while I was looking about me, at that moment I beheld a long bark being fitted out by this cheating knave.

NICO. Troth, I'm undone; that bark breaks my heart<sup>3</sup>.

CHRY. This was held in partnership by your host and some pirates.

NICO. And that I should be such a blockhead as to trust him, when his very name of Archidemides<sup>4</sup> cried aloud to me that he would deprive me of it, if I should entrust anything to him.

CHRY. This bark was lying in wait for our ship. I began to watch them, *to see* what business they were about. Meanwhile, from harbour our ship set sail. When we had *fully* left the harbour, *these* fellows *began* to follow with their oars; nor birds, nor winds more swiftly. As I discovered what scheme was being carried out, at once we dropped anchor. As they beheld us stopping, they began to keep their vessel back in harbour.

NICO. Wicked wretches, by my troth. What did you do at last?

CHRY. We returned again into harbour. NICO. 'Twas cleverly done by you. What after that?

<sup>1</sup> *Regular hawk's nest*)—Ver. 274. "Accipitrina." This word is given by Ritschel, in place of the old reading "accipe trina," which made nonsense. The word does not seem to occur elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> *An Autolycus*)—Ver. 275. Autolycus was the son of Mercury and the grandfather of Ulysses. He was noted for his thievish propensities, and was in the habit of painting the cattle which he had stolen of another colour, in order that they might not be recognized.

<sup>3</sup> *Breaks my heart*)—Ver. 281. "Lædit latus"—literally, "hurts my sides," or in other words, "gives me a twitch."

<sup>4</sup> *Name of Archidemides*)—Ver. 284. He puns upon the name of Archidemides, which was really derived from the Greek "*ἀρχομαι*," "to govern," and "*δῆμος*," "the people." To adapt his pun, however, to the taste of a Roman audience, he would make out that it was in part a compound of the Latin word "*demo*," "to filch" or "take away."

CHRY. At nightfall they returned ashore.

NICO. Troth now, they intended to carry off the gold ; they were attempting that plan, *no doubt*.

CHRY. It didn't escape me ; I discovered it : I was almost terrified to death by it. As I saw that a scheme was being laid against the gold, forthwith on this we came to this determination ; the next day we carried away all the gold thence in their presence, openly and publicly, that they might know it was done.

NICO. Skilfully *managed*, i' faith. Tell me, what did they ?

CHRY. Chopfallen at once,—soon as ever they saw us leaving the harbour with the gold, shaking their heads, they hauled their bark ashore. We deposited all the gold with Theotimus, who is a priest there<sup>1</sup> of Ephesian Diana.

NICO. Who is this Theotimus ? CHRY. The son of Megalobyzus<sup>2</sup>, who is now living at Ephesus, *a man* most dear to the Ephesians.

NICO. By my troth, he'll surely turn out very much more dear to me<sup>3</sup> if he shall chouse me out of all that gold.

CHRY. But it is stowed away in the very temple itself of the Goddess Diana ; there they keep guard at the public expense<sup>4</sup>.

NICO. You kill me *outright* ; much more safely would it have been kept in private hands. But haven't you brought any of the gold home here ?

CHRY. O yes ; but how much he has brought, I don't know.

NICO. How's that ?—not know ? CHRY. Because Mnesi-lochus went privately by night to Theotimus ; and didn't

<sup>1</sup> *A priest there*)—Ver. 307. St. Paul, when he visited Ephesus, found Diana still enthroned there in the full blaze of her glory. Her temple was esteemed one of the wonders of the world.

<sup>2</sup> *Son of Megalobyzus*)—Ver. 308. The priests of Diana at Ephesus are supposed to have been eunuchs, and the priestesses virgins. Taubmann thinks that "Megalobyzus," which ought to be read here, was a general name of the priests of Diana ; and that the words "Megabyzi filius," "a son of Megabyzus," have the same import as the word "Megabyzus" itself. It may, however, mean that Theotimus was a priest, and not of necessity that his father was so.

<sup>3</sup> *More dear to me*)—Ver. 309. The pun here perpetrated answers equally well in English.

<sup>4</sup> *At the public expense*)—Ver. 313. The ancients used to place a guard, at the public expense, at the gates of their temples, as great quantities of property of value were there deposited as in places of safety.

wish to entrust it to me, nor to any one in the ship. For that reason I don't know how much he has brought, but he hasn't brought very much.

NICO. Do you think it was even a half?

CHRY. By my troth, I know not; but I don't think it.

NICO. Does he bring a third part?

CHRY. Troth, I think not; but I do not know the truth. Indeed, I know nothing at all about the gold, except that I do know nothing *about it*. Now, you yourself must take a voyage there on board ship, to carry home this gold from Theotimus; and, hearkye—— (*Takes him by the arm.*)

NICO. What do you want? CHRY. Take care and remember to carry your son's ring.

NICO. What need is there of the ring?

CHRY. Because that is the token *agreed on* with Theotimus, that the person who brings it to him, to him he is to give up the gold.

NICO. I'll remember it, and you advise me well. But is this Theotimus rich?

CHRY. What, do you ask that? Why, hasn't he the soles fastened to his shoes with gold?

NICO. Why does he thus despise it?

CHRY. He has such immense riches; he doesn't know what to do with his gold.

NICO. I wish he'd give it me. But in whose presence was this gold delivered to Theotimus?

CHRY. In presence of the people; there's not a person in Ephesus but what knows it.

NICO. My son at least did wisely there, in entrusting that gold to a rich man to keep. From him it may be recovered even at a moment's notice.

CHRY. Aye, and look here, he'll never keep you waiting even thus much (*shows his finger-nail*) from receiving it on the very day you arrive there.

NICO. I thought that I had escaped a seafaring life, and that, at length, an old man of my years, I shouldn't be sailing about. *But* now I find that I'm not allowed to have the choice whether I would *or no*; 'tis my fine host Archimedes has done me this. Where, then, is my son, Mnesiochus, at present?

CHRY. He has gone to the market-place to pay his respects to the Deities and his friends.

NICO. Then I'll go hence to meet him as soon as I can.

(Exit NICOBULUS.)

CHRY. He's right well loaded, and carries more than his proper *burden*. Not so very badly has this web been commenced by me, that I may find means for the son of my master in his amour. I've managed it so, that he may take as much of the gold as he chooses, *and* give up to his father as much as he may like to give up. The old gentleman will be going hence to Ephesus to fetch his gold; here our life will be spent in a delicious manner, since the old man will leave me and Mnesilochus here, and not be taking us along with him. O! what a kick-up I shall be making here. But what's to be done, when the old gentleman shall have discovered this? When he shall have found out that he has made his journey thither to no purpose, and that we have mis-spent his gold, what will become of me after that? I' faith, I think upon his arrival he'll be changing my name, and at once be making me Crucisalus<sup>1</sup> instead of Chrysalus. Troth, I'll run away, if there shall be a greater necessity for it. If I'm caught, I'll plague him for a punishment<sup>2</sup>; if his rods are in the fields, still my back's at home. Now I'll be off, and tell my master's son this contrivance about the gold, and about his mistress Bacchis who has been found. (Exit.

## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* LYDUS *from the house of* BACCHIS.

LYD. Open and throw back straightway this gate of hell<sup>3</sup>, I do entreat. For, really, I do deem it nothing else; in-

<sup>1</sup> *Crucisalus*)—Ver. 362. Anticipating the punishment of the cross, which was often inflicted on slaves, he coins an epithet, "crucisalus," "cross-struggler," for himself, and then compares it with his own name.

<sup>2</sup> *For a punishment*)—Ver. 364. He means to say, that his master will not be able to chastise him without punishing himself, in some measure, by the loss of the rods that will be wasted on his back.

<sup>3</sup> *This gate of hell*)—Ver. 368. The words of Lydus strongly resemble those of Solomon, in the Eighth Chapter of Proverbs, verse 27: "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."



asmuch as no one comes here but he whom all hopes have deserted, that he may *yet* be a decent person. Bacchis—*no*, not Bacchis *is their name*, but they are most determined Bacehanals. Avaunt from me, *you* sisters, who suck the blood of men. Richly and elegantly furnished is this house—for destruction. Soon as I beheld *all* this, at once I straightway betook myself to my heels. And ought I to carry these things concealed in secrecy? Ought I, Pistoclerus, to conceal from your father your excesses, or your misdeeds, or your places of resort? by which you are aiming to drive your father and myself, and your own self and all your friends, to disgrace, *and* shame, *and* ruin altogether, and to destroy *us all*. Within yourself you entertain no awe of either me or your own self on account of the deeds which you are doing; by which you have made your own father and myself as well, your friends *and* your connexions, to be abettors<sup>1</sup> in the disgrace of your excesses. Now, before you add this mischief *to the rest*, I am resolved at once to tell your parent. This instant from myself will I remove this blame, and shall disclose the matter to the old gentleman, that he may forthwith draw forth his son out from this loathsome pollution.

(*Exit.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter MNESILOCHUS.*

MNES. In many ways have I thought it over with myself, and thus I think it is; a man your friend, who is a friend such as the name imports—except the Gods—nothing does excel him. By fact have I experienced it so to be. For when I departed hence to Ephesus ('tis now almost two years ago it happened), from Ephesus I sent letters hither to my friend Pistoclerus, *requesting* that he would find out my mistress Bacchis for me. I hear that he has found her, as my servant Chrysalus has brought me word. How aptly, too, has he framed a device against my father about the gold, that

<sup>1</sup> *To be abettors*)—Ver. 381. "Gerulifigulos"—literally, "carriers" or "hawkers about of pottery." He probably alludes to the low esteem in which these jigglers were held; and it is not impossible, that by his reference to the earthenware, he alludes to the frail companions of Pistoclerus (whom he has just found to have come from Samos, where earthenware was made), in carrying out whose schemes the young man was, in a degree, making both Lycus himself, and his father, Philoxenus, his abettors.



I may have abundance in my amour. I see 'tis right<sup>1</sup> that I should make a due return. 'Tis better for you to be styled extravagant than ungrateful; but, i' faith, in my way of thinking at least, there's nothing more extravagant than the ungrateful man. The former the good will praise, the latter even the bad will censure. 'Twere better for an ill-doer to escape than for a benefactor to be deserted. For this reason, *then*, it behoves me to take the greater care; I needs must be on the watch. Now, Mnesilochus, the sample is on view, now the contest is being decided, whether you are or are not such as you ought to be; good *or* bad, of whichever kind; just *or* unjust, penurious *or* liberal, fretful *or* complying. Take you care, if you please, lest you let your servant excel you in doing well. Whatever you shall prove, I warn you, you shall not be concealed. But see, I perceive my friend's father and his tutor coming this way. I'll listen what matter 'tis they are upon. (*He retires aside.*)

SCENE III<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter* LYDUS *and* PHILOXENUS.

LYD. I'll now make trial, whether your heart is sharpened by wisdom in your breast. Follow me.

PHILO. Whither shall I follow? Whither are you now leading me?

LYD. To her who has undone, utterly destroyed your single, only son.

PHILO. How now, Lydus; those are the wiser who moderate their passion. 'Tis less to be<sup>3</sup> wondered at if this age does some of these things than if it does not do so; I, as well, did the same in my youth.

<sup>1</sup> *I see 'tis right*)—Ver. 393. The whole of the passage, from the word "æquom," in this line, to "celabis," in l. 403, is supposed by Ritschel not to have been the composition of Plautus, but of some other ancient poet. The passage is in a most confused state, and the reading suggested by Rost has been here adopted, the lines being read in the following order: 393, 396, 394, 397, 395, 398.

<sup>2</sup> *Scene III.*) Thornton suggests that Molière had in his eye this Scene when he wrote "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*," which Otway translated under the title of "*The Cheats of Scapin*."

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis less to be*)—Ver. 409. After reading this, we shall be the less surprised at the conduct of Philoxenus in the last Scene.

LYD. Ah me! ah me! this over-indulgence has proved his ruin. For had he been without you, I should have had him trained up to moral rectitude; now, by reason of you and your trusting disposition, Pistoclerus has become abandoned.

MNES. (*aside*). Immortal Gods! he names my friend. What means this, that Lydus is thus exciting his master, Pistoclerus?

PHILO. 'Tis but a little time, Lydus, that a man has a desire to indulge his inclinations; the time will soon come, when he will hate himself even. Humour him; so that care is taken that he offends not beyond the line of honor, *e'en* suffer him.

LYD. I'll suffer him not, nor, for my part, while I'm alive, will I allow him to be corrupted. But you, who are pleading his cause for a son so profligate, was this same your own training, when you were a young man? I declare that for your first twenty years you had not *even* this *much* liberty, to move your foot out of the house *even* a finger's length away from your tutor. When it did happen *so*, this evil, too, was added to the evil; both pupil and preceptor were esteemed disgraced. Before the rising of the sun had you not come to the school for exercise<sup>1</sup>, no slight punishment would you have had at the hands of the master of the school. There did they exercise themselves rather with running, wrestling, the quoit, the javelin, boxing, the ball, *and* leaping, rather than with harlots or with kissing; there did they prolong their lives<sup>2</sup>, *and* not in secret-lurking holes. Then, when from the hippodrome<sup>3</sup> and school of exercise you had returned home, clad in your belted frock<sup>4</sup>, upon a stool by your master<sup>5</sup> would you sit; *and* there, when you were reading your book,

<sup>1</sup> *The school for exercise*)—Ver. 426. "Palæstram." This was the school for athletic exercise, probably for both youths and men; though it has been contended that the "palæstra" was devoted to the youths, and the "gymnasium" to the men.

<sup>2</sup> *Prolong their lives*)—Ver. 430. "Extendere ætatem" probably means here, not only "to live," but "to prolong life" by healthy exercise.

<sup>3</sup> *The hippodrome*)—Ver. 431. The "hippodromus" answered the same purpose as our riding-schools.

<sup>4</sup> *Your belted frock*)—Ver. 432. "Cincticulum" was a frock worn by children, with a girdle or belt round the waist.

<sup>5</sup> *By your master*)—Ver. 432. This "magister" would be what the Greeks called the διδάσκαλος, or "preceptor," whose duty it was to instruct the children in grammar, music, and other accomplishments.

if you made a mistake in a single syllable, your skin would be made as spotted as your nurse's gown<sup>1</sup>.

MNES. (*aside*). I'm sorely vexed, to my sorrow, that on my account these things should be said about my friend. In his innocence he incurs this suspicion for my sake.

PHILO. The manners, Lydus, now are altered.

LYD. That, for my part, I know full well. For formerly, a man used to receive *public* honors by the votes of the people, before he ceased to be obedient to one appointed his tutor. But now-a-days, before he is seven years old, if you touch a boy with your hand, at once the child breaks his tutor's head with his tablet. When you go to complain to the father, thus says the father to the child: "Be you my own *dear boy*, since you can defend yourself from an injury." The tutor *then* is called for; "Hallo! you old good-for-nothing<sup>2</sup>, don't you be touching the child for this reason, that he has behaved so boldly;" *and thus* the despised tutor becomes just like a lantern<sup>3</sup> with his oiled linen rags. Judgment pronounced, they go away thence. Can this preceptor then, on these terms, keep up his authority, if he himself is to be beaten the first?

MNES. (*aside*). This is a severe accusation. So far as I understand his words, 'tis strange if Pistoclerus has never thumped Lydus with his fists.

LYD. (*seeing MNEILOCHUS*). But who is it that I see standing here before the door? O Philoxenus, I would not prefer for myself to behold *even* the propitious Gods rather than him.

PHILO. Who's this? LYD. Why, he's Mnesilochus, the friend of your son. He is not of a like turn of mind with him who reclines *and takes his meals* in brothels. Fortunate Nicobulus! who begot him for himself.

<sup>1</sup> *Your nurse's gown*)—Ver. 434. It is not known whether the words "*maculosum pallium*" refer here to a kind of spotted gown, perhaps of dark pattern, peculiar to nurses, or to the dirty, soiled appearance which, not improbably, their gowns usually presented. Some Commentators take a wider range, and think that the passage refers to the robe of Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, which was made of the skin of a panther.

<sup>2</sup> *You old good-for-nothing*)—Ver. 444. That is, in his capacity as a slave, a purchaseable commodity.

<sup>3</sup> *Just like a lantern*)—Ver. 446. This passage has been much discussed by various Commentators. It is, however, most probable that the Romans used lanterns made of oiled linen cloth; and that he is comparing his head, when it has been broken by the tablets, and plastered over with oiled linen, to one of these lanterns. In his Epistles to Atticus, B. 4, Ep. 3, Cicero makes mention of "linen lanterns."

PHILO. (*advancing*). My greetings to you, Mnesilochus; I'm glad that you have arrived safe.

MNES. May the Gods favour you, Philoxenus.

LYD. He, now, was born at a lucky moment for his father; he goes to sea, attends to the interests of his family, takes care of the house, is obedient and attentive to the wish and commands of his father. He, when but a boy, was the companion of Pistoclerus in his boyhood; 'tis not by three days that he is the older in age, but his disposition is more improved by thirty years than that of the other.

PHILO. Beware of a mischief<sup>1</sup>, and forbear to speak of him unjustly.

LYD. Hold your peace. You're a foolish man, who cannot bear to have him badly spoken of who does *badly*. But I would rather have him draw upon my mishaps than upon my savings<sup>2</sup>.

PHILO. Why so? LYD. Because, if he were to draw upon my mishaps, he would each day be making them less.

MNES. Why, Lydus, are you censuring your pupil, my friend?

LYD. Your friend is ruined. MNES. May the Gods forbid it.

LYD. 'Tis so as I say. And further, I myself saw it when he was undone; I am not censuring him from hearsay.

MNES. What has been done *by him*?

LYD. He is disgracefully doting upon a harlot.

MNES. Won't you be silent *now*? LYD. She, too, like a tide, most voraciously swallows *all* up, whenever she has touched any one.

MNES. Where does this woman live? LYD. Here. (*Points to the house.*)

MNES. Whence do they say she comes?

LYD. From Samos. MNES. What's her name?

LYD. Bacchis. MNES. You are wrong, Lydus; I know the whole affair, just as it is. You are blaming Pistoclerus without reason, and in his innocence. For he is carefully

<sup>1</sup> *Of a mischief*)—Ver. 463. "Malo" seems here to be a preferable reading to "malum." He alludes to the punishment, to which Lydus, as a slave, is liable.

<sup>2</sup> *Upon my savings*)—Ver. 465. He seems to mean, that he had rather put up with insult, or violence even, from his pupil, than be responsible for his misdeeds in which latter case, probably, some part of his "peculium," or "savings," would be taken away from him, in the shape of fines.

performing the business enjoined on him by his friend and companion, his sincere well-wisher. Neither is he himself in love, nor do you suppose him *so*.

LYD. Is it necessary for him carefully to perform the business enjoined upon him by his friend in this fashion—for himself, sitting down, to hold a damsel in his lap who is kissing him? Can the business *thus* entrusted be in no way transacted unless ever and anon he is placing his hand upon the bosom of *Bacchis*, or never withdraws his lips from hers? But I'm ashamed to make mention of other things which I have seen him do; when, in my presence, I saw him take most unbecoming liberties with the person of *Bacchis*, and yet not be at all ashamed. What need of words is there? My pupil, your friend, his son (*pointing to PHILOXENUS*), is ruined. For I say that he is ruined, whose modesty in fact is lost. What need of words is there? Had I been willing to wait only a little time, that I might have had a better opportunity of viewing him, I *then* should, I think, have seen more than would have been proper for me *to see*, and for him *to do*.

MNES. (*aside*). Friend, you have undone me. And ought I not to punish this woman with death? I should prefer that I should perish after some dreadful fashion. Isn't it the fact, you know not whom to deem faithful to yourself, or in whom to put your trust?

LYS. Don't you see how much he grieves that your son, his friend, has been corrupted? *and* how he is afflicting himself with sorrow?

PHILO. Mnesilochus, I beg this of you, that you will influence his feelings and his disposition. Preserve for yourself a friend as well as a son for me.

MNES. I fain would do so. LYD. (*to PHILOXENUS*). Much better, too, would you leave me here together with him.

PHILO. Mnesilochus has cares, more than enough.

LYD. Rate the man soundly, who disgraces me, yourself his friend, and others, by his excesses.

PHILO. (*to MNESILOCHUS*). Upon you do I impose all this responsibility. Lydus, follow me this way. LYD. I follow you.

(*Exeunt PHILOXENUS and LYDUS.*)

#### SCENE IV.

MNESILOCHUS, *alone*.

MNES. Which of the two now I should think to be my



greater enemy, my companion or Bacchis, is extremely doubtful. Has she chosen him in preference? Let her keep him, that's the best. Surely, by my troth, she has done this to her own loss. For never let<sup>1</sup> any one entrust to me aught that is sacred, if I don't by an abundant example<sup>2</sup>, and—as-suredly love her. I'll make her not to say that she has got hold of a person to make a fool of. But I'll go home now and pilfer something from my father. Even to such straits will I force her, that beggary shall be the lot of<sup>3</sup>—my father. But do I really *now* possess my wits with a mind unimpaired, who am in this fashion prating here of these things that are to come to pass? I' faith, I'm of opinion that I'm in love, inasmuch as I know for sure I am. But still, than that she, from my abundance, should, by the scraping of a *single* feather, grow the richer, I'd rather outvie a beggar in begging. Never, by Heaven, while I live, shall she make a laughing-stock of me. For I have made up my mind to pay down all the gold at once to my father. Upon me, therefore, needy and peniless, shall she fawn, at the time, when it shall be for her advantage not a whit the more than if she were saying her pretty things to a dead man at his tomb. Beyond a doubt, 'tis my fixed determination to give the gold up to my father. Likewise, I'll entreat that, for my sake, my father won't hurt Chrysalus, nor censure him at all on my account with respect to the gold which he has deceived him about. For 'tis right that I should have a care for him, who, for my sake, has told this falsehood. (*To some ATTENDANTS*). Do you follow me. (*Goes into his father's house.*)

## SCENE V.

*Enter PISTOCLERUS from the house of BACCHIS.*

PISTOC. (*speaking to BACCHIS as he comes out*). Before other matters, Bacchis, will I give place to what you enjoin me, that I find out Mnesilochus, and bring him, together with myself, to you. But at this my mind is surprised, if my

<sup>1</sup> *For never let*)—Ver. 504. This passage is a circumlocution for “May I be prepared to commit a sacrilege, if, &c.”

<sup>2</sup> *Example*)—Ver. 505. This is an instance of Aposiopesis. He stops short in his indignation, and owns that, despite of her supposed inconstancy, he loves her still

<sup>3</sup> *Shall be the lot of*)—Ver. 508. This is another instance of Aposiopesis. He threatens his vengeance on her, even to making his father a beggar for her sake.



messenger has reached him, what it is that delays him. I'll go into his house here, and see if perchance he's at home.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter MNESILOCHUS from his father's house.*

MNES. (*as he enters*). I've given up to my father all the gold. Now could I wish that she should meet me, after I am penniless, this fair one so scornful of me. Yet with what great difficulty did he grant me a pardon for Chrysalus. But I prevailed on him at last that he wouldn't be at all angry with him.

PISTOC. (*apart*). Isn't this my friend ?

MNES. (*apart*). Isn't this my foe that I see ?

PISTOC. For sure 'tis he. MNES. 'Tis he.

PISTOC. (*apart*). I'll go to meet him, and I'll mend my pace. (*Aloud.*) Health to you, Mnesilochus !

MNES. Hail ! PISTOC. As you are arrived safe from abroad, a dinner must be given.

MNES. A dinner pleases me not, which excites my choler.

PISTOC. Has any vexation befallen you on your arrival ?

MNES. *Aye*, and a very grievous one.

PISTOC. From what quarter ? MNES. From a person whom heretofore I had supposed to be my friend.

PISTOC. Many live after that manner and method, who, when you think them to be friends, are found false with their deceitfulness, strong in their talking, slothful in their doing, of faith infirm. Not one is there whom they don't envy on their enjoying prosperity ; through their own indolence do they themselves take right good care that no envy is directed against them.

MNES. By my troth, you surely understand their ways most thoroughly. But still this one misfortune do they find from their bad disposition ; they are the friends of no one, *while* they themselves are all at enmity against themselves ; and these, while they are deceiving themselves, in their foolishness imagine that others are deceived. Just so is he whom I supposed to be as much a friend to me as I am to my own self. He, so far as in him lay, has taken all care to do whatever injury he could towards me, to turn all my own resources against me.

PISTOC. This same must me a bad man.

MNES. I judge that so he is.

PISTOC. Troth now, prithee, do tell me who it is.

MNES. He lives on good terms with yourself. But were he not so, I would entreat you to do him whatever harm you could do.

PISTOC. Only tell me the person, who he is; if I don't do him an injury, some way or other, do you say that I'm the greatest of cowards.

MNES. The person's a bad one, but he's your friend, i' faith.

PISTOC. So much the rather, then, tell me who he is. In good sooth, I set no value on the esteem of a worthless person.

MNES. I appear, then, not to be able to avoid disclosing to you his name. Pistoclerus, you have utterly undone *me*, your friend.

PISTOC. How's that? MNES. How's that? Did I not send you a letter from Ephesus about my mistress, that you should find her out for me?

PISTOC. I own you did; and I have discovered her.

MNES. How now? Was there not a choice for you of other Courtesans in Athens, for you to form engagements with, instead of with her whom I had recommended to your care? Could you yourself begin to love, and to contrive an injury against myself?

PISTOC. Are you in your senses? MNES. I have found out the whole affair from your tutor; don't deny it. You've ruined me.

PISTOC. What, still upbraiding me without reason with these rebukes of yours?

MNES. Why? You're in love with Bacchis.

PISTOC. But look you, two persons of the name of Bacchis are *living* here in this house.

MNES. How, two? PISTOC. Aye, and the two are sisters.

MNES. You are now designedly telling idle stories.

PISTOC. In fine, if you persist in thinking there's but little confidence in me, I'll take you upon my shoulders, and carry you hence into their house.

MNES. Well, I'll go; *but stay a moment.*

PISTOC. I will not stay, and you shall not be holding me under a false suspicion.

MNES. I follow you *then*. (*They go into the house of BACCHIS.*)

## ACT THE FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*Enter a PARASITE and a BOY.*

PAR. Of a debauched and unscrupulous fellow am I the Parasite—a Captain, who has brought his mistress with him from Samos. Now he has ordered me to go to her, and make enquiry whether she will pay back the gold, or whether she will depart together with him. You, boy, who have for some time been with her, whichever *of these* is the house, do you knock. Go to the door forthwith. (*The Boy goes to knock.*) Are you coming back from there, you hangdog<sup>1</sup>? How the graceless scoundrel does knock! Yo can gobble up a loaf three feet wide, *and yet* you don't know how to knock at a door. (*He calls out and knocks violently.*) Is there any one in-doors? Hallo! is there any one here? Does any one open this door? Who's coming out?

## SCENE II.

*Enter PISTOCLERUS from the house.*

PISTOC. What's the matter? What's this knocking? Why, what the confounded torment possesses you, to be exerting your strength in this fashion on another person's door? You've almost broken the door down. What do you want now?

PAR. Young gentleman, my respects. PISTOC. *And* my respects. But whom are you looking for?

PAR. For Bacchis. PISTOC. But which of them?

PAR. *Of that* I know nothing, only it's Bacchis. In a few words, the Captain, Cleomachus, has sent me to her, either for her to pay back the two hundred golden Philippeans, or to go hence this day, together with him, to Elatia<sup>2</sup>.

PISTOC. She doesn't go: she says she shan't go. Begone, and take back this message—she loves another person, *and* not him. Take yourself off from the house.

<sup>1</sup> *You hangdog*)—Ver. 579. "Directe." The meaning of this word has been explained in the Notes to the Trinummus.

<sup>2</sup> *To Elatia*)—Ver. 591. Elatia was a city of Phocis, a district in the Northern part of Greece.

PAR. *You're* too hasty. PISTOC. And would you know how hasty I am? By my faith, your phiz isn't far off from a mishap; so much are these teeth-crackers (*looking at his fists*) longing in my fists.

PAR. (*aside*). So far as I understand his words, 'tis a warning to me, lest he should knock my nut-crackers out of my jaws. (*To PISTOCLEUS.*) At your own peril, I'll tell him this.

PISTOC. What do you say? PAR. I'll tell him that *which you bade me*.

PISTOC. Who are you? Tell me.

PAR. I'm the skin of his body<sup>1</sup>. PISTOC. He needs must be a scampish fellow, who has got so worthless a skin.

PAR. He'll be coming here, swollen up *with wrath*.

PISTOC. I wish he may burst. PAR. (*about to go*). Is there anything you want?

PISTOC. Be off; you must do so this instant.

PAR. Good-bye, teeth-cracker. (*Exit.*) PISTOC. And you, skin of his body, good-bye! This matter has come to such a point, that what advice to give my friend about his mistress, I know not; who, in his pet, has given up all the gold to his father, and not a coin is there that may be paid to the Captain. But I'll step aside, for the door makes a noise. O, here's Mnesilochus coming out, *and* pensive, *too*. (*He stands apart.*)

### SCENE III.

*Enter MNESILOCHUS from the house of BACCHIS.*

MNES. Insolent, of a froward, passionate, ungovernable, inconsiderate disposition, without reason and moderation, am I; without fine principles of rectitude and honor, hard of belief, powerless to control my passions, born of a temper ill-disposed, unamiable and ungracious is my life<sup>2</sup>. In fine, I am that which I could wish others to be. There's not a person more worthless, or more unworthy for the Gods to bless, or for men to love or to associate with. 'Tis more iust that I should have enemies than friends—'tis more

<sup>1</sup> *Skin of his body*)—Ver. 601. "Integumentum corporis." Literally, "the skin," or "covering of the body." This was probably a nickname for a body-guard, or hanger-on.

<sup>2</sup> *Is my life*)—Ver. 614. "Vivo." Literally "I live," "I exist."

reasonable that the bad should give me their assistance than the good. There's not a person more deserving of all the reproaches that are befitting worthless men, *than I*, who have given up to my father *the money* that was in my power. Could this be believed by any one whatever? Am I not a madman, who have miserably undone myself and the device of Chrysalus?

PISTOC. (*aside*). He must now be consoled by me; I'll accost him. (*Aloud*.) Hallo, Mnesilochus! what's the matter?

MNES. I'm ruined. PISTOC. May the Gods grant better things!

MNES. I'm ruined. PISTOC. Won't you hold your tongue, simpleton?

MNES. Hold my tongue? PISTOC. You are not now quite right in your senses.

MNES. I'm undone. Many sharp and poignant woes are now arising in my breast. Did I not put faith in that accusation? Without any cause was I angry with you.

PISTOC. Come, come, do have a good heart.

MNES. Whence have it? A dead man is of more value than I am.

PISTOC. The Captain's Parasite came here, just now, to fetch the gold hence. I drove the fellow away from this door and from this fair one, and packed him off through my harsh language.

MNES. But of what service is that to me? Wretch *that I am*, what shall I do? I have nothing; and he certainly will carry her off.

PISTOC. By my faith, if I had the means, I'd engage not.

MNES. I know you'd give it me; I know your ways; and were you not in love, I should now have the very greatest possible confidence in your *assistance*. At present, you yourself have more than enough of your own business, for me to suppose that you, who are in want yourself, are able to give me any assistance.

PISTOC. Do but hold your tongue: some Divinity will favour us.

MNES. Nonsense. (*Moves as if going*.) PISTOC. Do stay. (*Takes hold of him*.)

MNES. What's the matter? PISTOC. Why, I see Chrysalus here, your main resource.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter CHRYSALUS, at a distance.*

CHRY. (*to himself*). It's right this man (*pointing to himself*) should be worth his weight<sup>1</sup> in gold: it's fair that a statue of gold should be erected for him. For, this day, two exploits have I achieved; with twofold spoils have I been graced. So cleverly have I gulled my elder master this day, that he has been made a fool of. The crafty old blade, by my crafty tricks, have I compelled and constrained to believe me in everything. Then, for the son of the old gentleman, my master *here* in love, together with whom I drink, with whom I eat and go a-courting, I have procured regal and golden treasures, that he may take *from* thence at home, and not go seeking abroad. Those Parmenos<sup>2</sup>, *and those* Syruses, please me not, who filch *some* two or three minæ from their masters. There's nothing more worthless than a servant without skill—*worthless*, if he has not a breast mightily well-stocked, so that, whenever there is necessity, he may draw his supply from his own breast. No one can be a person well to do \* \* \* unless he understands both how to do good and *how to do* evil. With rogues he must be a rogue; with thieves let him filch whatever he can. It befits him who is truly wise, to be a person that can shift his very skin<sup>3</sup>. Good with the good let him be, bad with the bad: just as things are, so let him *ever* frame his humour. But I should like to know how much gold my master has taken for himself, and what he has given up to his father. If he is a prudent person, he has made a Hercules<sup>4</sup> of his parent: he has given him the tenth part, *and* has kept back nine for himself. But, see! the person whom I was looking for; he meets me most opportunely. (*To MNESILOCHUS.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Be worth his weight*)—Ver. 640. "Auro expendi." Literally, "to be weighed against gold."

<sup>2</sup> *Those Parmenos*)—Ver. 649. Syrus and Parmeno were the names of certain crafty intriguing slaves introduced in Comedy. The first occurs as the name of a slave in the *Adelphi* of Terence; the second in his *Eunuchus*.

<sup>3</sup> *Shift his very skin*)—Ver. 658. "Vorsipellis." Literally, "a turner of his skin;" similar in meaning to our expression, a "turncoat."

<sup>4</sup> *Has made a Hercules*)—Ver. 665. A tenth part of the spoil taken in warfare was devoted to Hercules; and it was believed to ensure prosperity, if persons devoted a tenth of their possessions to the same Divinity.



Has any of your money fallen down, my master, that thus, in silence, you are looking down upon the ground? Why do I see you *two* sad and sorrowful? I like it not; and 'tis not without some reason. Are you going now to give me any answer?

MNES. I'm undone, Chrysalus. CHRYS. Perhaps you took too little of the gold.

MNES. How, a plague, too little? Why, yes, indeed, a very great deal less than too little.

CHRYS. Why the mischief then, simpleton, since by my skill an opportunity was procured for that very purpose, that you might take as much as you pleased, did you thus take it up with the tips of two fingers<sup>1</sup>? Or, didn't you know how rarely an opportunity of that kind presents itself to a person?

MNES. You are mistaken. CHRYS. Why, surely, 'tis you yourself that were mistaken, when you dip't *your fingers in* not deep enough.

MNES. I' faith, you'd upbraid me more than now *you do*, if you knew the matter better. I'm undone.

CHRYS. My mind is now foreboding further mischief from those words.

MNES. I'm ruined. CHRYS. How so?

MNES. Because I've given all up to my father, with every particle<sup>2</sup> of it.

CHRYS. Given it up? MNES. Given it up.

CHRYS. What, all? MNES. Every jot.

CHRYS. We are done for. How came it into your mind to do this deed so foul?

MNES. I had a suspicion, Chrysalus, by reason of a charge, that Bacchis and he (*pointing to* PISTOCLERUS) had been playing me false; for that reason, in my anger, I gave up all the gold to my father.

CHRYS. What did you say to your father when you gave up the gold?

<sup>1</sup> *Two fingers*)—Ver. 675. He says that when he had the opportunity of gathering up the money by handfuls, he contented himself with taking it only with the tips of his fingers, that is, piece by piece; some would take "*digiti duo primores*" to mean "the two first fingers of the hand;" that is, the forefinger and thumb. The meaning, either way, will be just the same.

<sup>2</sup> *With every particle*)—Ver. 680. "*Ramentum*" properly means the filings or scrapings—"dust and all," "every particle."

MNES. That I had at once received this gold from his host, Archidemides.

CHRY. Eh! by that speech you have this day consigned Chrysalus to the torture; for, when he shall set eyes on me, the old gentleman will carry me off that instant to the executioner.

MNES. I've besought my father. CHRY. I suppose, to do, in fact, the thing that I was speaking of?

MNES. Nay, not to punish you, or to blame you at all on account of this business. And with some difficulty I've prevailed. Now, Chrysalus, this must be your care.

CHRY. What do you wish should be my care?

MNES. That once again you should make a second inroad upon the old gentleman. Contrive, devise, invent whatever you please; frame your plans<sup>1</sup>, so that this day you may cleverly deceive the old man unawares, and carry off the gold.

CHRY. It scarcely seems possible to be done.

MNES. Set about it, and you'll easily effect it.

CHRY. How the plague "easily," *for me*, whom he has this moment caught out in a lie? Should I entreat him not to believe me at all, he would not venture *even* to believe me in that.

MNES. Aye, *and* if you were to hear what things he said about you in my presence.

CHRY. What did he say?

MNES. That if you were to say that this sun was the sun, he would believe it was the moon, and that that is the night which is now the day.

CHRY. By my troth, I'll bamboozle the *old* chap right well this very day, so that he shan't have said that for nothing.

PISTOC. Now, what would you have us do?

CHRY. Why, nothing, except that I beg you'll *still* love on. As for the rest, ask of me as much gold as you please; I'll find it you. Of what use is it for me to have the name of Chrysalus<sup>2</sup>, unless I give proofs by fact? But now, tell me, Mnesilochus, how much gold is requisite for you.

<sup>1</sup> *Frame your plans*)—Ver. 693. "Conglutina." Literally, "glue the pieces together."

<sup>2</sup> *Name of Chrysalus*)—Ver. 704. He alludes to his name as derived from the Greek χρυσός, "gold."

MNES. There's occasion for two hundred pieces at once, to pay the Captain for Bacchis.

CHRY. I'll find it *you*. MNES. Then we have need of *some* for current expenses.

CHRY. Aye, aye, I wish us to do each thing deliberately; when I've accomplished the one, then I'll set about the other. First, for the two hundred pieces, I shall direct my engine of war against the old gentleman. If with that engine I batter down the tower and the outworks, straight at the gate that instant I'll attack the old town and the new one; if I take it, *then* carry to your friends the gold in baskets, just as your heart wishes.

PISTOC. Our hearts are with you, Chrysalus.

CHRY. Now, do you go in-doors to Bacchis, Pistoclerus, and quickly bring out——

PISTOC. What? CHRY. A pen, some wax<sup>1</sup>, tablets, *and* some cord.

PISTOC. I'll have them here this instant. (*Goes into the house.*)

MNES. What now are you about to do? Do tell me that.

CHRY. Let a breakfast be prepared; there will be you two, and your mistress will make a third with you.

MNES. Just as you say. CHRY. Pistoclerus has no mistress?

MNES. O yes, she's here; he's in love with the one sister, I with the other, both of the name of Bacchis.

CHRY. What were you going to say? MNES. This; how we are to manage<sup>2</sup>.

CHRY. Where are your couches<sup>3</sup> laid out? MNES. Why o you ask that?

CHRY. So the matter stands; I wish to be informed. You

<sup>1</sup> *Some wax*—Ver. 715. This wax was to be used—not to be placed on the surface of the tablets, but in the manner of our sealing-wax, upon the strings with which the tablets were fastened.

<sup>2</sup> *Are to manage*—Ver. 720. Mnesilochus is probably going to ask how they are about to arrange, when he is interrupted by Chrysalus, who then asks him what he was going to say, on which he answers that he was going to observe how many there would be at the entertainment.

<sup>3</sup> *Your couches*—Ver. 720. "Biclinium" is supposed to mean either a snug room fitted up with only two "lecti," or couches for reclining at meals, or else, perhaps with more probability, a couch formed for holding two guests, instead of three, as the common "triclinium" did. It is not unlikely that the use of these was especially adopted in houses of the character of that kept by Bacchis.

know not what I am about to do, nor what a great exploit I shall attempt.

MNES. Give me your hand, and follow me close, to the door. Peep in. (CHRYSAUS *looks in at the door of the house of BACCHIS.*)

CHRY. Hurra! 'Tis a very pretty place, this, and exactly as I could wish it to be.

*Re-enter PISTOCLERUS, with pen and tablets.*

PISTOC. The things that you ordered—what's ordered for a good purpose is forthwith done by the obedient.

CHRY. What have you brought? PISTOC. Everything that you bade me bring.

CHRY. (*to MNESILOCHUS*). Do you take the pen at once, and these tablets.

MNES. (*taking them*). What then? CHRY. Write there what I shall bid you; for I wish you to write for this reason, that your father may know the hand when he reads it. Write *now*.

MNES. What shall I write? CHRY. Health to your father, in your own language. (MNESILOCHUS *writes.*)

PISTOC. Suppose he were to write "disease and death," in preference, that would be much better.

CHRY. Don't you interrupt us. MNES. What you have ordered is now *written* on the wax.

CHRY. Tell me in what terms.

MNES. "Mnesilochus sends health to his father."

CHRY. Write this, too, quickly: "My father, Chrysalus is always and everywhere talking at me, and in no measured terms, because I gave you up the gold, and because I did not cheat you *of it*." (MNESILOCHUS *writes.*)

PISTOC. Stop till he has written it. CHRY. It befits the hand of a lover to be active.

PISTOC. I' faith, that hand is more active by far at lavishing than at writing.

MNES. Say on; that's written down.

CHRY. "Now, my *dear* father, do you henceforth be on your guard against him, *for* he is forming knavish plans to deprive you of the gold, and has declared that he will have it beyond a doubt." Write legibly.

MNES. You only dictate. (*Writes.*) CHRY. "And he promises that he will give this gold to me, for me to *give*

away to naughty women, and to consume it and live like a Greek<sup>1</sup> in dens of infamy. But, father, do you take care that he does not impose on you this day ; I entreat you, do beware."

MNES. Do say on. CHRYS. Just write on, then.

MNES. Only say what I am to write

CHRYS. (MNESILOCHUS *writing*). "But, father, what you promised me I beg that you will remember, that you will not beat him, but keep him in chains at your house at home." Do you give me the wax and cord forthwith. Come, fasten it, and seal it in an instant.

MNES. (*sealing the tablets*). Prithee, what use is there in this writing after such a fashion, that he is to give no credence to you, and to keep you in chains at home ?

CHRYS. Because it pleases me so. Can't you possibly take care of your own self, and have no thought about me ? In confidence in myself I undertook the task, and at my own peril do I carry on the matter.

MNES. You say what's true. CHRYS. Give me the tablets.

MNES. (*giving them*). Take them. CHRYS. Give attention *now* ; Mnesilochus, and you, Pistoclerus, do you take care that each of you goes at once and reclines on his couch with his mistress ; so 'tis requisite ; and on that same spot where the couches are now laid, do you forthwith *commence to carouse*.

PISTOC. Anything else ? CHRYS. This, and this especially : when you shall have once taken your places together, don't you arise anyhow, until the signal shall be given by me.

PISTOC. O skilful commander ! CHRYS. You ought by this time to have taken your second draught.

MNES. Capital ; let's go. CHRYS. Do you take care of your *duty*, and I'll do mine. (MNESILOCHUS and PISTOCLERUS *go into the house*.)

#### SCENE V.

CHRYSALUS, *alone*.

CHRYS. A tremendously great business am I undertaking, and I have my fears how in this one day I may accomplish it. But now I have occasion for the old blade to be fierce and savage at me. For it suits not this plan of mine that the old

<sup>1</sup> *Live like a Greek*—Ver. 743. It has been before remarked, that the Greek mode of free living had passed into a proverb with the Romans, among whom a person of a licentious mode of life was said "*congræcare*," "to live like a Greek." Plautus forgets that the scene is at Athens.

fellow should be calm when he has beheld me in his presence. I'll turn him about<sup>1</sup> this day, finely, if I live. I'll have him parched as well as *ever* pea was parched<sup>2</sup>. I'll walk before the door, that when he comes out, at once as he comes up, I may put the letter<sup>3</sup> in his hand. (*Stands near the door of BACCHIS.*)

## SCENE VI.

*Enter NICOBULUS, at a distance.*

NICO. This is a matter of great vexation to me, that Chrysalus has thus escaped me this day.

CHRY. (*aside*). I'm all right: the old fellow is in a passion. Now's my time for me to accost *my* man.

NICO. Who speaks hard by? (*Looking round.*) Why surely this is Chrysalus, I think.

CHRY. (*aside*). I'll accost him. NICO. My honest servant, hail to you. What's doing *now*? How soon do I set sail for Ephesus, to bring back the gold home from Theotimus? *What*—silent? I swear by all the Gods, if I didn't love my son so much as to wish everything done for him that he desires \* \* \* \* \* that your sides should be wealed now right well with rods, and that in irons at the mill you should be lingering out your life. I've learnt of Mnesilochus all your wicked pranks.

CHRY. Has he accused me? 'Tis very good; I am a bad one, I am a cursed one—a wicked one. Only reflect upon the matter. I'll utter not one word.

NICO. *What*? Hangdog, do you even threaten me<sup>4</sup>?

CHRY. You'll find out before long what sort of man he is. He ordered me just now to carry this letter to you. He requested that that which is there written may be done.

<sup>1</sup> *Turn him about*)—Ver. 766. It is not improbable that this figure is borrowed from frying fish in the kitchen—"When he is done on one side, I'll turn him on the other."

<sup>2</sup> *Pea was parched*)—Ver. 767. "Frictum cicer," "parched vetches." Horace mentions these dainties. They were mostly purchased by the lower orders, and by slaves.

<sup>3</sup> *Put the letter*)—Ver. 769. His object is to entrap old Nicobulus in such a way that he must of necessity see his son in the company of the damsels, on which he will be inclined the more readily to believe the story that he has formed an intrigue with the wife of the Captain.

<sup>4</sup> *Even threaten me*)—Ver. 785. Nicobulus takes it for a threat, when he tells him "*specta rem modic,*" "only reflect upon the matter."



NICO. Give it me. CHRYS. Take notice of the seal (*Gives him the tablets.*)

NICO. I know it. Where is he himself?

CHRYS. I don't know. I ought to know nothing now; I've forgotten everything. I know that I'm a slave; I know not even that which I do know. (*Aside.*) Now from the springe this thrush is catching at the worm; he'll be finely noosed this day, so well I've set the snare.

NICO. Stay here but a moment; I'll return to you directly, Chrysalus. (*Goes into his house.*)

CHRYS. How he does dissemble with me; how ignorant I am of the business he's about. He has gone to fetch slaves from in-doors to bind me. The ship speeds prosperously on; finely, *too*, is this craft boarding it<sup>1</sup>. But I'll hold my tongue, for I hear the door opening.

#### SCENE VII.

*Re-enter NICOBULUS, with SLAVES carrying fetters.*

NICO. Artamo, do you fasten the hands of that fellow, this very instant. (*The SLAVES bind him.*)

CHRYS. What have I done? NICO. Pitch your fist into him if he mutters a word. (*To CHRYSALUS, pointing at the tablets.*) What does this letter say?

CHRYS. Why do you ask me? As I received it from him, so I've brought it sealed to you.

NICO. Come now, you rascal, have you not shamefully abused my son in your talk, because he gave me up that gold, and said that you would still take that gold away from me by some knavish trick?

CHRYS. Have I said so? NICO. You have.

CHRYS. What person is there, who says that I've said so?

NICO. Hold your tongue. No person says so; this letter which you have brought me accuses you. See, 'tis this that requests you to be chained. (*Points to the open tablets.*)

CHRYS. Ah! your son has been making a Bellerophon<sup>2</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> *Craft boarding it*)—Ver. 797. "Pulcre hæc confertur ratis." This is a figure taken from naval affairs. Ships were said "conferri" when they closed together on commencing the engagement.

<sup>2</sup> *A Bellerophon*)—Ver. 810. He alludes to the hero Bellerophon, who, being accused by Sthenobœa of having made an attempt on her chastity, was sent by Prætus, King of Argos, with a letter to Iobates, in which he was desired to put the bearer to death.

me; I myself brought this letter, for the purpose that I might be bound. Be it so.

NICO. This I am doing for this reason, because you persuade my son to live like a Greek with you, you thrice-dotted villain.

CHRS. (*aside*). O fool, fool, you know not that you are at this moment on sale; and that you are standing on the very stone<sup>1</sup> as the auctioneer puts you up.

NICO. (*overhearing him*). Answer me; who is selling me?

CHRS. He whom the Gods favour<sup>2</sup> dies in youth, while he is in his health, has his senses and judgment sound. This person (*pointing to NICOBULUS*), if any God had favoured him, ought to have been dead more than ten years—*aye*, more than twenty years ago. 'Tis for long, he has walked, a nuisance, on the earth; so devoid is he of either judgment or sense. He is of as much value as a rotten mushroom is.

NICO. Do you think that I am a nuisance to the earth? Away with him in-doors, and tie him tightly to the post. You shall never take away *any* gold from here.

CHRS. *No*, but you'll soon be giving it me.

NICO. I, give it you? CHRS. You'll be entreating me, too, of your own accord to receive it, when you shall come to know this accuser of mine, in how great danger and in what a dreadful situation he is. Then will you be offering his liberty to Chrysalus; but I certainly shan't accept it.

NICO. Tell me, source of mischief, tell me, in what danger is my son Mnesilochus.

CHRS. Follow me this way; I'll soon let you know.

NICO. Where on earth *shall I follow you?*

CHRS. Only three steps. NICO. *Aye*, ten even.

CHRS. Come, then, Artamo, do you open you this door but a very little way; softly, don't make it creak. (*The door of the house of BACCHIS is opened.*) That's enough. Now, step you hither. (*To NICOBULUS, who looks in.*) Do you see the entertainment?

<sup>1</sup> *On the very stone*—Ver. 815. He alludes to the stone upon which the "præco," or "auctioneer," stood with the slaves, when he sold them by auction. Only the cheapest and the least desirable of them were sold in this way.

<sup>2</sup> *Whom the Gods favour*—Ver. 817. Menander has a sentence to the effect—"He whom the Gods love, dies young." Chrysalus tells Nicobulus that he is clearly no favorite of the Gods, or he would have died long since.

NICO. (*still looking in*). I see Pistoclerus and Bacchis right opposite.

CHRY. Who are upon that other couch?

NICO. (*looking on the other side*). Wretch *that I am*, I'm undone. CHRY. Do you recognize *that* person?

NICO. I do recognize him. CHRY. *Now* tell me, if you please, does that woman seem of handsome appearance?

NICO. Very much so. CHRY. Well, do you take her to be a courtesan?

NICO. Why not? CHRY. You are mistaken.

NICO. Who is she then, prithee? CHRY. You'll find out; from me, indeed, you'll get no more information to-day.

### SCENE VIII.

*Enter CLEOMACHUS, at a distance.*

CLEOM. (*aloud*). Is this Mnesilochus, the son of Nicobulus, by force to detain my own mistress? What proceeding is this?

NICO. Who's this? CHRY. (*aside*). This Captain's opportunely come for me.

CLEOM. He doesn't consider that I am a soldier, but a woman, who cannot defend myself and mine. But may neither Bellona nor Mars ever put confidence in me, if I don't put him out of life, if I meet him, or if I don't make him lose possession of his existence.

NICO. Chrysalus, who's this that's threatening my son?

CHRY. This is the husband of that woman with whom he is *now* reclining.

NICO. What! The husband?

CHRY. The husband, I say. NICO. Prithee, is she married then?

CHRY. You'll know before very long.

NICO. Wretch *that I am*; I'm utterly undone.

CHRY. How now? Does Chrysalus seem *such* a villain to you? Come, chain me now<sup>1</sup>, and do listen to your son. Didn't I tell you that you would discover what sort of person he is?

NICO. What shall I do now? CHRY. Order me at once to be released, if you please; for, if I'm not released, he'll just now be overpowering the *young* man in our presence.

<sup>1</sup> *Chain me now*)—Ver. 855. He says this satirically, pointing to his fetters

CLEOM. There's no gain that I should this day take so much delight in making, as *I should* in falling upon him as he reclines with her, so that I might kill them both.

CHRY. (*to NICOBULUS*). Don't you hear what he says? Why don't you order me to be released?

NICO. (*to the SLAVES*). Unbind him. I'm ruined; wretch *that I am!* I'm in a dreadful fright.

CLEOM. Then I'd make her, who publicly puts up her person for sale, not to say that she has got a person for her to laugh at.

CHRY. (*to NICOBULUS*). You may make terms with him for a little money.

NICO. Make terms, then, I beg, for what you like; so that he mayn't, in our presence, fall upon the *young* man, or kill him outright.

CLEOM. Unless the two hundred Philippeans are repaid to me at once, I'll this instant swallow the lives of them both outright.

NICO. (*to CHRYSALUS*). Make terms with him, if you can; prithee, do make haste; agree for any sum you like.

CHRY. I'll go, and do it carefully. (*Goes up to CLEOMACHUS.*) Why are you exclaiming *so*?

CLEOM. Where's your master? CHRY. Nowhere; I don't know. Do you wish the two hundred pieces to be promised you at once, so as to make no riot or disturbance here?

CLEOM. There's nothing that I would desire more.

CHRY. And that I may heap many a curse upon you?

CLEOM. Just as you please. CHRY. (*aside*). How the villain does cringe. (*To CLEOMACHUS.*) This is the father of Mnesilochus: follow me; he shall promise it you. Do you ask for the gold. As to the rest, a word's enough<sup>1</sup>. (*They go up to NICOBULUS.*)

NICO. What has been done? CHRY. I've struck the bargain for two hundred Philippeans.

NICO. Well done! *Goddess* Salvation<sup>2</sup>, thou hast saved me. Well, how soon am I to say I'll pay it?

<sup>1</sup> *A word's enough*—Ver. 878. He says this, as he is afraid that if the conversation proceeds to any length, the old man will discover that she is not the Captain's wife.

<sup>2</sup> *Salvation*—Ver. 879. It was a proverbial expression with the Romans to day that the Goddess "*Salus*," "*health*," or "*salvation*," "*had saved*," or "*could not save*" a person, as the case might be.

CHRY. (*to CLEOMACHUS*). Do you ask it of him; *and* (*to NICOBULUS*) do you promise it him.

NICO. I promise it. (*To CLEOMACHUS.*) *Come*, ask me.

CLEOM. Will you give me two hundred golden Philip-  
pean pieces, lawful *money*?

CHRY. "They shall be given," say: do answer him.

NICO. I'll give them. CHRY. Well, now, filthy fellow is there anything owing to you? Why are you plaguing him? Why are you frightening him about death? Both I and he wish you every ill luck. If you have a sword, still we have a spit at home; with which, in fact, if you provoke me, I'll make you more full of holes than a rat's *skin*<sup>1</sup> *when caught in a trap*. I' faith, for my part, some time since I found out what suspicion it was that tormented you; *namely*, that he was with that wife *of yours*.

CLEOM. Yes; and so he is. CHRY. So may Jupiter, Juno, Ceres, Minerva, Hope, Latona, Ops, Virtue, Venus, Castor, Pollux, Mars, Mercury, Hercules, Summanus<sup>2</sup>, the Sun, Saturn, and all the Deities, prosper me, he neither reclines with her, nor walks, nor kisses, nor does that which is wont to be reported.

NICO. (*aside*). How he does swear! He's saving me, *however*, by his perjury.

CLEOM. Where then, at this moment, is Mnesilochus?

CHRY. His father has sent him into the country. And she has gone hence to the citadel, to see the temple of Minerva. *The door's* open now; go in, and see if he's there.

CLEOM. I'll be off to the Forum next.

CHRY. Or rather, by my troth, to very perdition.

CLEOM. Am I to demand this gold to-day?

CHRY. Demand it, and go hang yourself; don't you suppose, you worthless fellow, that we shall be entreating of you. (*Exit CLEOMACHUS.*) He's taken himself off. Permit me,

<sup>1</sup> *A rat's skin*.—Ver. 889. "*Soricinâ nœniâ*," "than a rat's ditty," literally. This was, no doubt, a proverbial saying, and speaking elliptically, was, perhaps, intended to apply to the squeaking of a rat when his body was pierced with holes while held fast in the trap. There is, however, great obscurity in the passage, and Commentators are very much divided as to its meaning.

<sup>2</sup> *Summanus*.—Ver. 895. It is not accurately known who the Deity Summanus was. Ovid, in his *Fasti*, B. 6, l. 731, speaks in uncertainty of him. He is, however, generally thought to have been the same with Pluto, who was so called as being "*Summus Manum*," "the Chief of the Spirits." Varro says that his worship was introduced by Tatius the Sabine.

master, I entreat you by the immortal Gods, to go in-doors here to your son. (*Pointing to the house of BACCHIS.*)

NICO. But why go in there? CHRYS. That with many words I may rebuke him, since after this fashion he has been going on this way.

NICO. Well, I beg you will do so, Chrysalus; and I entreat you not to spare him in your talking to him.

CHRYS. And do you instruct even myself? Isn't it sufficient, if this day he shall hear from me more harsh things than ever Clinias heard<sup>1</sup> from Demetrius? (*Goes into the house of BACCHIS.*)

NICO. This servant *of mine* is very like a running eye; if you have it not, you don't wish for it or desire it; if you have it, you can't keep off from rubbing it. But if he hadn't, by lucky chance, been here to-day, the Captain would have surprised Mnesilochus with his wife, and have killed him as an adulterer detected in the fact. Now, in a manner have I ransomed my son with the two hundred Philippeans which I have promised to give to the Captain; which, however, I shall not rashly pay him down, before I have met with my son. By my troth, I'll never rashly give credence in anything to Chrysalus. But I have a mind even once again to read over this letter; 'tis right that when a letter is sealed we should give credence to it. (*Goes into his house.*)

### SCENE IX.

*Enter CHRYSALUS from the house of BACCHIS.*

CHRYS. The two brothers, the sons of Atreus, are said to have done a most famous deed, when, with arms, *and* horses, *and* an army, and with chosen warriors, and with ships a thousand in number, after the tenth year, they subdued Pergamus, the native land of Priam, founded by hands divine. Not more decidedly did it fall by the engine of war, than I shall storm my master *here*, without a fleet, and without an army and so great array of soldiers. I have won, I have taken by storm *this* gold from his father for my master's son, in his amour. Now, before the old man comes here, I wish to lament until he does come out. O Troy! O my

<sup>1</sup> *Clinias heard*)—Ver. 912. He is alluding to a scene in some play, then well known, which is now lost. In it, Demetrius was probably severe upon Cailias. The Delphin editor thinks that this must have been a proverb.



country! O Pergamus! O Priam! old man, you are undone, *you*, who'll be wretchedly and shockingly choused out of four hundred golden Philippeans. For those tablets, sealed on the one side and on the other, they are not tablets, but the horse which the Greeks sent, of wood. Pistoclerus is the Epeus<sup>1</sup>; from him were these received. Mnesilochus is the Simon left behind. Behold him! not in Achilles' tomb, but on a couch he reclines: he has Bacchis with him; just as the other formerly had the fire with which to give the signal; *so* now does she inflame himself. I am Ulysses, by whose advice they do these things. Then, the characters which there are written, are the soldiers in this horse, armed and of high courage. So even thus far has the matter prospered with me. This horse, too, will be making his attack, not on a citadel, but on a coffer<sup>2</sup>. A ruin, a destruction, a cleaner-out of the old man's gold, will this horse prove this day. To this silly old man of ours, in fact, I give the name of Ilium; the Captain is Menelaüs; I, Agamemnon; I, too, am Ulysses, the son of Laërtes; Mnesilochus is Alexander<sup>3</sup>, who will be the destruction of his father's fortunes; he has borne off the Helen, on whose account I am now carrying on the siege of Ilium. For there I have heard say that Ulysses was both bold and full of mischief, just as I am. I have been detected in my tricks—he, discovered in a beggar's guise, had almost perished, while he was spying out there the doings of the Trojans. Similarly has it happened to myself to-day. I have been bound, but by my devices I have redeemed myself; he, too, preserved himself by artifice. I have heard that there were three destinies<sup>4</sup> attending Troy, which were fatal to it; if the statue should be lost from the

<sup>1</sup> *Is the Epeus*)—Ver. 937. Epeus was the builder of the wooden horse. When the treacherous Sinon was left behind, he lurked in the tomb of Achilles, or, according to some, in that of Palamedes.

<sup>2</sup> *Not on a citadel, but on a coffer*)—Ver. 943. He puns on the resemblance of the words "arcem," a "citadel," and "arcam," a "chest" or "coffer."

<sup>3</sup> *Alexander*)—Ver. 947. Alexander was one of the names of Paris, the son of Priam.

<sup>4</sup> *There were three destinies*)—Ver. 953. He has omitted three of the circumstances by which the downfall of Troy was to be precipitated—namely: if the horses of Rhesus should be captured before they had tasted of the pastures of Troy and the waters of Xanthus; if the bow and arrow of Hercules should be employed in the siege; and if one of the posterity of Achilles should be present, in all which circumstances the Greeks were eventually favoured

citadel; whereas the second was the death of Troilus; the third *was* when the upper lintel of the Phrygian gate<sup>1</sup> should be demolished. Just so are there three fatalities for this Troy of ours, corresponding with those three; for, first of all, when, a short time since, as I told our old gentleman the lying story about his host, and the gold, and the bark, then, that instant, did I steal the statue<sup>2</sup> from the citadel. And even then two fatalities were remaining, and no further had I taken this city. Afterwards, when I carried the letter to the old man, then I killed *my* Troilus. When he supposed, just now, that Mnesilochus was with the Captain's wife, from that, with difficulty, did I disengage myself. And that danger do I compare to what they say, *how* that Ulysses, recognized by Helen<sup>3</sup>, was betrayed to Hecuba. But as, in olden time, by his coaxing arts, he liberated himself from her, and persuaded her to let him go, so I, by my devices, have rescued myself from the danger, and have deceived the old man. Afterwards, I engaged with the blustering Captain, who, unarmed, takes cities with his words, and *there* I repulsed *my* man. Then I engaged in fight with the old gentleman; straightway by one lying device did I vanquish him; by one blow, in a moment, did I take the spoils away from him. He now will give the two hundred Philippean pieces to the Captain, which he has promised that he will give.

\* \* \* \* \* Now, I have occasion for another two hundred, to be distributed when Ilium is taken, that there may be the *usual* draught of honeyed wine<sup>4</sup> with which the soldiers may celebrate their triumph. But this Priam is far superior to him *of old*. Not fifty sons only has he, *but* four hundred, and all choice ones, without a blemish; all these this day will I cut off at two single blows. Now, if there were any purchaser for *this* Priam of ours, I would sell the old fellow

<sup>1</sup> *The Phrygian gate*)—Ver. 955. This was the Scæan gate, near the tomb of King Laomedon

<sup>2</sup> *Steal the statue*)—Ver. 958. The Palladium was stealthily carried off from Troy by Ulysses and Diomedes.

<sup>3</sup> *Recognized by Helen*)—Ver. 963. He alludes here, and in l. 951, to the occasion when Ulysses entered Troy as a spy, in the disguise of a beggar, on which occasion he was recognized by Helen.

<sup>4</sup> *Draught of honeyed wine*)—Ver. 972. "Mulsum." This was a mixture of wine and honey, flavoured with myrrh, cassia, nard, costum, or pepper. On the occasion of a triumph, the soldiers were treated to copious draughts of this mixture.

in the lump<sup>1</sup>, whom I have on sale the moment that I shall have taken the city. But, lo! I see our Priam standing before the door; I'll go and speak to him.

### SCENE X.

*Enter NICOBULUS from his house.*

NICO. Pray, whose voice is it that sounds near me?

CHRY. O Nicobulus! NICO. What's the matter?

CHRY. O, capital! NICO. Well, have you done aught of what I sent you upon?

CHRY. What—ask you that? Step closer this way.

NICO. (*coming nearer*). Well, I do come closer. CHRY. I am an excellent pleader. By rebuking him, and by whatever hard language I really was able to think of, I forced the fellow to tears.

NICO. What did he say? CHRY. He uttered not a word: crying, he listened in silence to what I was saying; in silence he wrote down on his tablets; these sealed he gave to me; he bade me deliver them to you. (*Gives him the tablets.*) But I am afraid that they sing to the same tune that the former ones did. Observe the seal, is it his?

NICO. I recognize it. I'd like to read them over. (*Goes to a distance.*)

CHRY. Read them through. (*Aside.*) Now is the upper lintel<sup>2</sup> being cut down, now is the destruction of Troy near at hand. The wooden horse is shaking it right cleverly.

NICO. Chrysalus, just step here while I am reading these through.

CHRY. Prithée, what need is there for me to be near you?

NICO. That you may know what's written here.

CHRY. I don't care, and I don't wish to know.

NICO. Still, do come here. CHRY. What need is there?

NICO. Hold your tongue. CHRY. I won't, I say.

NICO. But I will, I say. CHRY. What need is there?

<sup>1</sup> *In the lump*)—Ver. 976. “Coemptionalem senem.” Those slaves were called “coemptionales” who, by reason of age or bad character, were so utterly worthless that they would fetch no price, and were consequently thrown into a lot with other slaves or property of real value.

<sup>2</sup> *The upper lintel*)—Ver. 988. He alludes to the Phrygian gate, which he has before mentioned in l. 955.

NICO. Still do you only do that which I bid you.

CHRY. I'll come. 'Tis right *to do so*; your own servant ought to be obedient at your command. (*Goes up to him.*)

NICO. (*looking at the tablets*). Heyday! he hasn't been sparing<sup>1</sup> of his wax or pen. But whatever it is, I'm resolved to read it through. Attend to me, please, this very instant.

CHRY. When you choose, read on; I devote to you the attention of my ears.

NICO. (*looking close*). Bless me! the letters are small.

CHRY. *To one*, indeed, who cannot see well with his eyes but they are quite large enough for one who can see well.

NICO. Give your attention then. (*He reads.*) "Father, I beseech you, do give two hundred Philippeans to Chrysalus, if you wish me to be safe or alive for you——"

CHRY. By my troth, really a very great mistake, I tell you.

NICO. What's the matter? CHRY. He hasn't first written the salutation *to you*.

NICO. (*looking*). I don't see it anywhere.

CHRY. Even from its very commencement the letter is an impertinent one. If you are wise, you'll not give it; but at the best, if you give it him, why, let him find out some other porter for himself, if he is wise; for I won't carry it if you order me ever so much. I've been quite enough suspected as it is, when I was guiltless of a fault.

NICO. Listen on *now*, while I read through what's written. (*Reading.*) "I am ashamed, father, to appear before you in your presence; such disgraceful conduct of mine have I heard that you are aware of, that I have formed an intercourse with the wife of a strange Captain." By my troth, you are not joking *there*; for I have saved your life from *the consequences* of this foul deed with two hundred golden Philippeans.

CHRY. There's not a particle of these things but what I've told him.

NICO. (*reading*). "I confess that I have acted foolishly. But I beseech you, father, do not forsake me, if, in my folly, I have transgressed. Of fierce desires, and eyes uncontrolled,

<sup>1</sup> *Hasn't been sparing*)—Ver. 993. By this expression he means that his son has written a very long letter, as he has been neither sparing of the wax for the tablets, nor of the use of the "stylus" or pen.

have I been ; I have been urged on to do a deed of which I am now ashamed." It were proper, then, that you should have taken heed before you were ashamed.

CHRY. All these very same words did I say to him only just now.

NICO. (*reading*). "I beseech you, father, to consider that it is enough that Chrysalus has reproached me with many cutting words, and by his advice has made me a better man, so that 'tis right that you should return him sincere thanks."

CHRY. Is that written there? NICO. Look and see, then you'll know. (*Shows him the letter.*)

CHRY. He that has so offended, how humble to all he is, and of his own accord.

NICO. (*reading*). "Now, father, if even yet I may be allowed to ask anything of you, do give me two hundred Philippean pieces, I do entreat you."

CHRY. By my troth, now, not one even, if you are wise.

NICO. Let me read on. (*Reading.*) "In set form<sup>1</sup> I have taken an oath that I would give this to the woman this day before nightfall, ere she leaves me. Now, father, have a care that I be not forsworn, and take me hence away from her as soon as you can, on whose account I have incurred so much loss and guilt. Take care and let not the two hundred pieces be a cause of annoyance to you ; I will repay you innumerable times as much, if I live. Farewell, and do attend to these matters." Now, Chrysalus, what do you think?

CHRY. I won't give you one bit of advice this day, and I won't run the risk, that if any mistake is made, you should say that you had done it by my counsel. But, as I conceive, if I were in *your* place, I would rather give the gold than suffer him to be corrupted. There is a twofold choice ; consider which you would adopt ; either to lose the gold, or for a lover to be forsworn. I neither order you, nor forbid you, nor do I persuade you.

NICO. I'm sorry for him. CHRY. You don't do *anything* surprising—he is your son. If still more must be lost, 'tis better for it to go, than for this disgrace to be everywhere proclaimed.

NICO. By my troth, I certainly had much rather he had

<sup>1</sup> *In set form*)—Ver. 1028. Of course the oath would be the more solemn in such case.



been at Ephesus, so long as he was well, than that he had returned home. But why don't I hasten to get rid of that which is doomed to be squandered away? I'll bring you just now from in-doors twice two hundred Philippeans, both those which, a little time since, to my sorrow, I promised to the Captain, and these *others*. Wait there; I'll be out to you, Chrysalus, this instant. (*Goes into his house.*)

CHRY. Troy is laid waste, the chiefs have razed Pergamus. I knew some time ago that I should be the ruin of Pergamus. I' faith I wouldn't dare make a bet with him who should say that I was deserving of severe torture; so great confusion am I making. But the door makes a noise; the plunder's being brought forth from Troy. For the present I'll hold my tongue.

*Re-enter NICOBULUS with the money in two bags.*

NICO. Take you this gold, Chrysalus; go, carry it to my son. But I'll go hence to the market-place to pay *this* to the Captain.

CHRY. For my part, I'll not receive it; do you seek somebody at once to take it. I won't have it entrusted to me.

NICO. But do take it; you're worrying me *now*. (*Holds it to him.*)

CHRY. For my part, I'll not take it.

NICO. But, prithee *do*. CHRY. I am telling you what is the fact.

NICO. You are delaying me. CHRY. I don't want, I say, the gold to be entrusted to me. At all events, find some person to keep a watch upon me.

NICO. You're plaguing me. CHRY. *Well*, give it me, if it must be so. (*Holds out his hand.*)

NICO. (*gives him the money*). Take care of it. I'll be back here just now. (*Exit.*)

CHRY. I've taken care—that you shall be a most wretched old fellow; this is bringing an undertaking to a fair ending; even as it has proved my lot to go rejoicing, laden with the spoil. With safety to myself, and the city taken by stratagem, I now bring home my whole army unhurt. But, Spectators, don't you now be surprised that I don't go in triumph; 'tis *such* a common thing, I don't care for it. Still



however, the soldiers shall be received with the *usual* honeyed wine. Now I'll carry off all this booty at once to the Quæstor<sup>1</sup>. (*Goes into the house of BACCHIS.*)

## SCENE XI.

*Enter PHILOXENUS.*

PHIL. The more I revolve it in my breast, what disturbances my son has raised, into what a course of life, and into what habits he unwittingly has headlong plunged himself, the greater is my concern, and the more do I dread lest he may be ruined or corrupted. I know it; I *once* was of the same age, and I did all these things; but in a quiet way. I was gay, I had my mistress, I drank, I feasted, I made presents, but still it was seldom *I did so*. The methods, too, please me not which I see parents in general employ towards their sons. I have determined to give some latitude to my son, that he may have some scope for his inclinations. I think that's right; but still, I don't wish him to give way too much to sloth and wantonness. Now I'm going to Mnesilochus, to see whether, as I requested, by his endeavours he has turned him for me to virtue and to sobriety; as, *indeed*, I am sure he has done if he has met him, of such a disposition is he by nature. (*Exit.*)

## ACT THE FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

*Enter NICOBULUS, wringing his hands.*

NICO. Whoever there are in any place whatsoever, whoever have been, and whoever shall be, in time to come, fools, blockheads, idiots, dolts, sots, oafs, lubbers<sup>2</sup>, I singly by far exceed them all in folly and absurd ways. I'm undone. I'm ashamed of myself; that I at this time of life should

<sup>1</sup> *To the Quæstor*)—Ver. 1075. It was the custom of the Romans to deliver to the City Quæstor the plunder taken in war, to be employed in the public service. Here he means his young master, Mnesilochus.

<sup>2</sup> *Oafs, lubbers*)—Ver. 1088. "Blennus" means, properly, "dirty-nosed," and thence "a driveller," "an idiot." "Bucco" was "one who had large puffed-out cheeks," which was considered to be the mark of a blockhead or fool.

disgracefully have been twice made a fool of! The more I think of this confusion which my son has made, the more am I incensed. I'm ruined, and I'm utterly destroyed; I'm distracted in every possible way. All plagues harass me, by all modes of death do I perish. This day has Chrysalus rent me in pieces; Chrysalus has plundered wretched me; he, the villain, by his clever tricks, has shaved, to the very quick, simple me, just as he has pleased. For the Captain says that she is a Courtezan, whom that *fellow* said was his wife; and he has informed me of everything, as each *particular* happened; *how* that she had been hired by him for this year; *how* that that much gold was left *to be repaid*<sup>1</sup>, which I, most simple man, had promised him. 'Tis this, this, *I say*, through which my breast boils with indignation<sup>2</sup>; 'tis this, in fine, by which I am distracted; that I, at my time of life, should be made a fool of, aye, by Heaven, so made a *very* sport of, *and* with my hoary head and white beard, that wretched I should be bamboozled out of my gold. Undone am I, inasmuch as this slave of mine has dared in this way to set not the value of a nutshell upon me. And I—if any other way I had lost a greater sum—I should have taken it less amiss, and have deemed it less of a loss to me.

*Enter PHILOXENUS.*

PHILO. (*as he enters*). For sure, some person, I know not who, seems to be talking near to me. But who's this I see? Really, 'tis the father of Mnesilochus.

NICO. Hah! I see a partner in affliction. Save you, Philoxenus!

PHILO. And you; whence are you betaking yourself?

NICO. From a place whence *comes* a wretched and a luckless mortal.

PHILO. Why, troth, I'm surely on *the earth*, the spot where it befits a wretched and a luckless mortal to be.

<sup>1</sup> *Left to be repaid*)—Ver. 1098. This passage is rather obscure; but it seems to mean that Bacchis had been engaged for a year by the Captain, and that having received the whole sum when the original agreement was made, she had arranged to repay the Captain a sum proportionate to the time that was wanting to complete the year engaged for.

<sup>2</sup> *Boils with indignation*)—Ver. 1099. "Peracescit." Literally, "turns sour."

NICO. We now, as we are of like age, are meeting with similar fortunes.

PHILO. So it is. But as to yourself, what's the matter with you?

NICO. I' faith, mine's the same mishap as your own.

PHILO. Does this misfortune in any way relate to your son?

NICO. Such is the fact. PHILO. The same disease exists in my own breast.

NICO. Aye, and that very worthy fellow, Chrysalus, has been ruining my son, myself, and all my fortunes.

PHILO. Pray now, what is this mishap of yours about your son?

NICO. You shall know: together with your own son he's undone; both of them are keeping mistresses alike.

PHILO. How do you know? NICO. I have seen them.

PHILO. Ah! wretch that I am! I'm ruined outright.

NICO. Why do we hesitate *a moment* to knock and to call them both hither out of doors.

PHILO. I don't object. NICO. (*knocks at the door of the house of BACCHIS*). Hallo there! Bacchis! Bid the door to be opened this instant, if you please, unless you had rather the door and the posts be knocked to bits with hatchets.

## SCENE II.

*Enter FIRST BACCHIS and SECOND BACCHIS from the house.*

1st BACCH. Who is it that calls out my name with such a noise and tumult, and is knocking so hard at the door?

NICO. I and this person *here*. (*Pointing to PHILOXENUS*.)

1st BACCH. Pray, what's the matter now? Who has been driving these sheep<sup>1</sup> to us?

NICO. These most shocking hussies call us sheep.

2nd BACCH. Their shepherd's asleep, as they come straying thus from the flock.

<sup>1</sup> *Driving these sheep*—Ver. 1121 She calls them sheep, probably, because of their venerable appearance; though she afterwards remarks that they are but dirty sheep. Perhaps, too, it was the custom among ladies of this class, in cant phrase to call those "sheep" who could stand fleecing; a point on which it will be found in the dialogue that they exchange remarks. "Goats" would have been a more appropriate name, under the circumstances for the old sinners.

1st BACCH. But, i' faith, they are not white; they both look dirty.

2nd BACCH. Because they have both been shorn just now.

PHILO. How they seem to be laughing at us.

NICO. Let them, just as long as they please.

1st BACCH. Don't you think that these sheep are shorn three times a year?

2nd BACCH. I' faith, to-day one of them has been already shorn twice, that's sure.

1st BACCH. They are old and fleeceless<sup>1</sup>, both of them.

2nd BACCH. But I think they have been in good plight *once*.

1st BACCH. Prithée, do you see how they are looking with a sheep's eye at us?

2nd BACCH. By my troth, I *really* do believe they are without any ill design.

PHILO. This happens to us deservedly, for having come here.

1st BACCH. Well, let them be driven in-doors to fold<sup>2</sup>.

2nd BACCH. I don't know what occasion there is for that, as they have neither milk nor wool. Let them stand as they are. Of whatever value they have been, they are *now* out of date; all their fruit has fallen off them by this. Don't you see, how, straying unattended, they are ranging about at liberty? Why, I fancy that they must be dumb with age; they don't bleat even, though they are absent from the rest of the flock. They seem *both* silly and worthless.

1st BACCH. Let's return in-doors, sister.

NICO. Stay where you are, both of you; these *sheep* want you.

2nd BACCH. Why, surely this is a prodigy; sheep are addressing us with a human voice.

PHILO. These sheep will return you the heavy *and* great injury which they owe to you.

1st BACCH. If you owe me aught, I forgive it you; keep it

<sup>1</sup> *Old and fleeceless*)—Ver. 1129. "Mina ovis" was a sheep that had no wool on its belly. It is hard to say why this name was given to it. If the word "mina" had signified a certain coin, and not a sum of money merely, we might have supposed it alluded to the smoothness of the coin.

<sup>2</sup> *Be driven in-doors to fold*)—Ver. 1134. "Cogantur." Literally, "let them be driven within." "Cogor" was the term applied to penning or folding sheep or cattle.

to yourself; I'll never demand it of you. But what is the reason that you are threatening mischief to us?

PHILO. Because they say that our two lambs are shut up here. (*Pointing to the house.*)

NICO. And besides those lambs, my dog is there concealed that bites<sup>1</sup>. If they are not now produced to us and sent out of the house, we shall be furious rams; we shall attack you forthwith.

1st BACCH. Sister, I have something to say to you in private.

2nd BACCH. How now, prithee? (*They go apart.*)

NICO. Whither are they going? 1st BACCH. Sister, I give to you that old fellow that's farthest off, that you may have him cleverly smoothed down; I'll now attack this other one that's angry; if we can only entice them here indoors.

2nd BACCH. I'll manage my task with cleverness, although 'tis to caress an *old* skeleton.

1st BACCH. Take care and do *your best*.

2nd BACCH. Be quiet; do you do yours; I'll manage what I have said.

NICO. Why are these two women holding a council here in private?

PHILO. What say you, my *good* fellow——?

NICO. What would you with me? PHILO. I *really* am ashamed to tell you a certain thing.

NICO. What is it that you're ashamed about?

PHILO. Still, as you are a person, a friend of mine, I'm determined to entrust you with what I could wish. (*Whispers.*) I'm good for nought.

NICO. I've known that this long time; but tell me why you're good for nought?

PHILO. I've been terribly touched with birdlime: troth, my heart is pierced by the goad.

NICO. I' faith, 'twere much better if your flanks were goaded, you worthless fellow. But what is it? Although I suspect that I myself pretty well know already what it is; still, I should even like to hear it from yourself.

PHILO. Do you see that woman? (*Pointing to the SECOND BACCHIS.*) NICO. I see her.

<sup>1</sup> *That bites*)—Ver. 1146. He alludes to his having been bitten by Chrysalus.

PHILO. She's not an uncomely person.

NICO. Troth, but she is decidedly uncomely; and you are a good-for-nothing fellow.

PHILO. Why more? I'm in love. NICO. You, in love?

PHILO. 'Pon honor<sup>1</sup>. NICO. And do you, you rotten creature, presume to become a lover at your time of life?

PHILO. Why not? NICO. Because it's a disgrace.

PHILO. What need of words? I am not vexed with my son, nor yet is it right you should be vexed with yours: if they are in love, they do wisely.

1st BACCH. \* \* \* Follow me this way. (*They approach the old men.*)

NICO. See, they are moving at last, these allurers and enticers to disgrace. (*To the women.*) How now? Do you this instant restore us our sons and my servant, or am I to try rougher means with you?

PHILO. Won't you away with you? You surely are not a man, to address a pretty woman so rudely in that fashion.

1st BACCH. Most worthy old gentleman, by whatsoever is upon the earth, let me entreat this of you, that you will cease to attack this error with such great vehemence.

NICO. If you don't away with you, although you are so handsome, I'll be doing you some great mischief just now.

1st BACCH. I shall endure it; I don't apprehend that any blow that you can give, will cause me any pain.

NICO. How smooth of speech she is. O me! I am in alarm.

1st BACCH. (*aside*). He's more calm *already*. (*Aloud.*) Step this way with me in-doors; and there, if you choose, correct your son. (*Takes his arm.*)

NICO. Avaunt from me, abomination! (*Shakes her off.*)

1st BACCH. Do, my love, let me prevail upon you.

NICO. You, prevail upon me? 2nd BACCH. For sure, I shall prevail, at all events, upon this *gentleman*. (*Pointing to PHILOXENUS.*)

PHILO. Yes, I beg of you to show me in-doors.

<sup>1</sup> 'Pon honor) — Ver. 1162. Ναὶ γάρ. This Greek phrase was, no doubt, used as a cant or off-hand mode of expression, just as on similar occasions we adopt the French "oui" or "vraiment," "yes," "decidedly."



2nd BACCH. What a dear man you are.

PHILO. But do you know on what condition you are to show me in-doors?

2nd BACCH. That you are to be with me. PHILO You mention all that I desire.

2nd BACCH. \* \* \* \*

NICO. I have seen wicked men; but not one worse than yourself.

PHILO. I am as I am. 1st BACCH. (*to NICOBULUS*). Step this way in-doors with me, where you may be elegantly received with viands, wine, and unguents.

NICO. Enough, enough now of your banquets; it matters not to me how I'm received. My son and Chrysalus have choused me out of four hundred Philippeans. If I don't surely this day put him to the torture, may I never receive as large a sum again.

1st BACCH. What, pray, if half the gold is paid you back? Will you go in-doors here with me, and *so* control your feelings *as* to forgive them their faults?

PHILO. He'll do it. (*Takes his arm.*) NICO. Certainly not—I won't—I don't care—let me alone, now. (*Shakes him off.*) I had rather punish them both.

PHILO. Take you care, you good-for-nothing man, that through your own fault you don't lose even that which the favouring Gods offer you. One half of the gold is offered; take it, and carouse, and enjoy yourself with your partner.

NICO. What, am I to carouse in that very place where my son is being corrupted?

PHILO. You must carouse *there*. NICO. Am I to be the witness of it when she is reclining with him *at table*?

1st BACCH. Nay, so far as I'm concerned, i' faith, I'll recline *at table* with your own self.

NICO. My head does itch *so*<sup>1</sup>. (*Aside.*) I'm a ruined man—I can scarce deny her.

PHILO. And has it not before this come into your mind, that if, while you live, you enjoy yourself, that, i' faith, is for no very long time; and that, if you lose the present day, it can never return to you after you are dead?

<sup>1</sup> (*Does itch so*)—Ver. 1192. Being in doubt what to do, he scratches his head, and then tries to turn it off by saying, "Bless me, how my head does itch."

NICO. What am I to do? PHILO. What are you to do? Do you even ask it?

NICO. I should like, and *yet* I'm afraid.

1st BACCH. What are you afraid of?

NICO. Lest I should be exposed before my son and my servant.

1st BACCH. Pray now, my honey; such things do happen. He's your own *son*; whence do you suppose that he is to have *money*, except that only which you give him yourself? Let me obtain pardon of you for them both.

NICO. (*aside*). How she does work her way. She's now prevailing on me against that which I was quite resolved upon.

1st BACCH. I will love you, and embrace you.

NICO. Through your doing, and for your sake am I corrupted.

1st BACCH. I certainly had rather 'twere for your own than for mine.

NICO. Come then, however that may be, although it is to my disgrace, I'll submit; I'll induce my feelings to do *so*.

1st BACCH. Have I that solemnly promised? \* \*

NICO. What I have once said, I will not alter.

1st BACCH. The day wears apace. Come into the house, to take your places *at table*: your sons are expecting within—

NICO. How soon, in fact, we may be dead, *d'ye mean*?

1st BACCH. 'Tis evening, already; come, follow us.

PHILO. Lead us in like bondsmen<sup>1</sup>. (*They go into the house.*)

1st BACCH. (*to the SPECTATORS*). Right cleverly are these persons entrapped<sup>2</sup> themselves, who for their sons had laid a snare. (*Goes in.*)

### *The COMPANY<sup>3</sup> of COMEDIANS.*

Had not these old men been worthless from their youth

<sup>1</sup> *Like bondsmen*)—Ver. 1205. "Addicti" were those who were made the slaves of their creditors; being thus by law deprived of their liberty until they had paid their debts.

<sup>2</sup> *These persons entrapped*)—Ver. 1206. The two old men, at this moment, would form a good companion picture to the Elders, who solicited the chastity of Susanna.

<sup>3</sup> *The company*) The whole company of actors (*Caterva*) now comes forward, and chant or repeat the moral of the Play which has just been acted.

upwards, they would not, with their hoary heads, have this day done an action so disgraceful ; nor, indeed, should we have represented this, if we had not, before this, seen it happen that fathers became the rivals of their sons in the houses of procurers. Spectators, we wish you Farewell ! and that you will grant us loud applause.

STICHUS;  
OR, THE PARASITE REBUFFED.

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*Dramatis Personæ.*

ANTIPHO, an old gentleman of Athens.

EPIGNOMUS        }  
PAMPHILUS<sup>1</sup>       } Two Brothers.

GELASIMUS, a Parasite.

STICHUS, the servant of Epignomus.

SAGARINUS, the servant of Pamphilus.

PINACIUM<sup>2</sup>, a boy.

A PIPER.

PHILUMENA<sup>3</sup>, the wife of Epignomus.

PAMPHILA<sup>4</sup>, the wife of Pamphilus, and sister of Philumena.

CROCOTIUM, a female servant of Philumena.

STEPHANIUM, a female kitchen servant of Pamphila.

*Scene.*—Athens: a Street before the house of ANTIPHO and those of EPIGNOMUS and PAMPHILUS; the two latter being next door to each other.

<sup>1</sup> In the former Editions he is called Pamphilippus. Ritschel clearly shows that this is incorrect.

<sup>2</sup> In the former Editions he is called Dinacium.

<sup>3</sup> In the former Editions she is called Panegyris.

<sup>4</sup> In the former Editions she is called Pinacium.

## THE SUBJECT.

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THE plot of this Play (which is supposed by some Commentators not to have been written by Plautus) is extremely meagre. Antipho, a wealthy and jovial old gentleman of Athens, has two daughters, Philumena and Pamphila. They are married to two brothers, Epignomus and Pamphilus, who, having run through their property in the company of idlers and Parasites, have, with the view of retrieving their fortunes, taken to merchandize. Having been absent three years from home, and no tidings being heard of them whether they are alive or not Antipho assumes the prerogative of a father, and requests his daughters to marry again; who resolve, however, to maintain their fidelity to their absent husbands. Philumena sends the Parasite, Gelasimus, to the harbour to see if any ships have arrived. In the meantime, the boy, Pinacium, brings her word that her husband has returned to Athens. He and his brother meet the Parasite, and resist all his attempts to fasten himself upon them; they then go home, and become reconciled to Antipho, from whom, in their poverty, they had become estranged; and who now requests them to make him a present of a female slave. Stichus, the servant, obtains a day's holiday, together with a present from his master of a cask of wine. He makes an entertainment for himself, his friend Sagarinus, and their mistress Stephanium. The Play concludes with a dance, to the music of the Piper.

# STICHUS<sup>1</sup>; OR, THE PARASITE REBUFFED.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

An old man (*Senex*) rebukes his daughters because they are so (*Tam*) persevering in thus (*Ita*) adhering to their husbands, brothers, poor *and* abroad, and in not deserting them. And, on the other hand (*Contra*), he is softened down by prudent words to allow them to retain (*Habere*) those whom they have already got. Enriched with wealth, their husbands (*Viri*) come back from beyond the sea; each one retains his own (*Suam*) wife, and to Stichus a holiday is given.

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## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*Enter PHILUMENA and PAMPHILA.*

PHIL. Sister, I think that Penelope was wretched from her *very* soul, who was so long deprived of her husband; for from our own fortunes, whose husbands are absent from us, we judge of her feelings; for whose affairs, still, in their absence, both night and day, sister, as is becoming, we are ever anxious.

PAM. 'Tis right that we should do our duty; and we do not that any further than affection bids us.

PHIL. But, sister, step this way a moment; I want to speak about the affairs of my husband.

PAM. Ain't they prospering, pray?

PHIL. I hope and wish so, indeed. But, sister, at this am I vexed, that your and my father, one who is esteemed as espe-

<sup>1</sup> *Stichus*) Plautus has named this Play "Stichus," from the servant, who is one of the characters in it, though not the principal one, as Gelasimus, the P certainly occupies that place



cially honorable among all his fellow-citizens, should be now acting the part of a dishonorable man; who is undeservedly doing so great an injustice to our absent husbands, and is wishing to separate us from them. These things, sister, render me tired of existence; these things are a care and a vexation to me. (*She sheds tears.*)

PAM. Weep not, sister, nor do that to your feelings which your father is threatening to do. 'Tis to be hoped<sup>1</sup> that he will act more righteously. I know him *well*; he says these things in jest; and he would not earn for himself the mountains of the Persians, which are said to be of gold<sup>2</sup>, to do that of which you are in dread. Still, if he does do it, it befits you by no means to be angry; nor will it happen without some reason. For this is the third year since our husbands have been away from home.

PHIL. 'Tis as you say; while, in the meantime, they may be living, *and* may be well<sup>3</sup>, they do not make us acquainted where they are, what they are doing, whether they are doing well, neither do they return.

PAM. And do you, sister, regret this, that they do not observe their duty, whereas you do yours?

PHIL. Troth, I do. PAM. Hold your peace, if you please; take care, please, that I hear not that same thing from you in future.

PHIL. And why, pray? PAM. Because, i' faith, in my opinion, 'tis proper for all prudent people to observe and to do their duty. For that reason, sister, although you are the older, I advise you to remember your duty; and if they are unjust and act otherwise to us than is right, *then*, i' faith, in exactly the same degree, that there may be no further mischief, it befits us studiously to remember our duty by all means in our power.

PHIL. 'Tis good; I'm silenced. PAM. But do take care and remember it.

PHIL. I do not wish, sister, to be thought to be unmindful of my husband; nor has he thrown away the distinction that

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis to be hoped—Ver. 22. "Spes est." Literally, "there is a hope."

<sup>2</sup> Said to be of gold—Ver. 25. No doubt, as the Persians were from an early period noted for their wealth and grandeur, it was a common notion with the people of Europe that they had "mountains of gold."

<sup>3</sup> May be well—Ver. 31. After "valeant" in this line, a comma, and not a colon, seems more reconcileable to the meaning of the passage.

he conferred upon me. For, by my troth, his kindness is pleasing and delightful to me; and, really, this choice *of mine* is not now irksome to me, nor is there any reason why I should wish to abandon this match. But, in fine, 'tis placed in our father's power<sup>1</sup>; that must be done by us which our relatives enjoin.

PAM. I know it, and in thinking of it I am overwhelmed with grief; for already has he almost disclosed his sentiments.

PHIL. Let us consider, then, what is necessary for us to do.

## SCENE II.

*Enter ANTIPHO from his house, speaking at the door to his SERVANTS.*

ANT. The man in condition of a servant who always waits to be told his duty, and doesn't remember to do it of his own accord, that servant, *I say*, is not of a deserving character. You remember *well* on each returning Calends to ask for your allotment of provisions<sup>2</sup>; why, *then*, do you less remember to do what is necessary to do about the house? Now, therefore, if, when I return, the furniture shall not be set for me, each *piece* in its proper place, I'll be putting you in mind with a bull's hide remembrancer<sup>3</sup>. Not human beings seem to be living with me, but pigs. Take care, if you please, that my house is clean, when I return home. I shall soon be back home; I'm going to her house, to see my eldest daughter. If any one should enquire *for me*, call me thence, some of you; or—I shall be here soon myself.

PHIL. (*aside*). What are we to do, sister, if our father shall resolve against us?

<sup>1</sup> *In our father's power*)—Ver. 53. By the law of the Twelve Tables at Rome, females were never “*sui juris*,” but under a perpetual guardianship; and even marriage did not entirely exempt them from parental authority, unless they had been emancipated from it before. Among the Greeks also, parents exercised great authority in disposing of their daughters in marriage.

<sup>2</sup> *Allotment of provisions*)—Ver. 60. The Greeks, it must be borne in mind, had no Calends (whence the proverb “*ad Græcas Calendas*,” “to-morrow come never”); the Poet is here alluding to the Roman custom of distributing to the slaves their allowance of food on the Calends, or first day of every month.

<sup>3</sup> *Bull's hide remembrancer*)—Ver. 63. “*Monumentis bubulis*.” Literally, “with memorials of oxen.” The thongs of the “*scutica*” and of the “*flagellum*” were generally made of bull's hide.

PAM. It befits us to submit to what he does whose power is the stronger. By entreating, not by opposing, I think we must use our endeavours. If with mildness we ask for favour, I trust to obtain it of him. Oppose him we cannot, without disgrace and extreme criminality; I will neither do that *myself*, nor will I give you the advice to do it, but *rather* that we should entreat him. I know our family<sup>1</sup>; he will yield to entreaty.

ANT. (*speaking to himself*). In the first place, in what manner I should make a beginning with them, about that I am in doubt; whether I should accost them in language couched in ambiguous terms, after this fashion, as though I had never pretended<sup>2</sup> anything at all *against them*, or whether as though I had heard that they were deserving of some censure against them; *whether* I should rather try them gently or with threats. I know that there will be opposition; I know my daughters right well. If they should prefer to remain here rather than to marry afresh, *why*, let them do so. What need is there for me, the term of my life run out, to be waging war with my children, when I think that they don't at all deserve that I should do so? By no means; I'll have no disturbances. But I think that this is the best thing to be done by me; I'll do thus; I'll pretend as though they had themselves been guilty of some fault; I'll terribly terrify their minds this day by some ambiguous expressions; and then, after that, as I shall feel disposed, I'll disclose myself. I know that many words will be spoken; I'll go in. (*Goes to the door of PHILUMENA's house.*) But the door's open.

PHIL. Why, surely the sound of my father's voice reached my ears.

PAM. I' troth, 'tis he; let's hasten to meet him with a kiss. (*They both run to kiss him.*)

PHIL. My father, my respects. ANT. And to you the same. Away this instant, and be off from me. (*Removes her.*)

PHIL. One kiss. ANT. I've had enough of your kissing.

PHIL. Prithee, father, why so?

<sup>1</sup> *I know our family*)—Ver. 74. "Nostros." Literally, "ours," meaning "our people," "our family."

<sup>2</sup> *As though I had never pretended*)—Ver. 77. Despite the ingenuity of Ritschel, this line seems to be in a corrupt state.

ANT. Because, as it is, the seasoning of *your affection* has reached my soul<sup>1</sup>.

PAM. Sit down here, father. (*Points to a chair.*) ANT. I'll not sit there; do you sit down; I'll sit on the bench<sup>2</sup>. (*Sits on a bench.*)

PAM. Wait till I fetch a cushion.

ANT. You take kind care of me; I'm nicely seated now as I am<sup>3</sup>.

PAM. Do let me, father. (*Goes into the house.*) ANT. What need is there?

PAM. There is need. (*Coming out, and bringing a cushion.*)

ANT. I'll submit to you. (*Arranging the cushion.*) Yes, this does very well.

PAM. Why, daughters can never take too much care of their parent. Whom is it proper that we should esteem more dear than yourself? And *then*, in the next place, father, our husbands, for whom you have chosen that we should be the mothers of families.

ANT. You do as it is proper for good *wives* to do, in esteeming your husbands, though absent, just as though they were present.

PAM. 'Tis propriety, father, for us to highly honor those who have chosen us as companions for themselves.

ANT. Is there any other person here to listen with his ears<sup>4</sup> to our conversation?

<sup>1</sup> *Has reached my soul*)—Ver. 92. "Meæ animæ salsura evenit." Literally, 'the salting has come forth to my soul.' This phrase is rendered in Leverett's Lexicon, "I am dejected" or "I am in an ill humour." That, however, does not appear to be the meaning. The father has had kissing enough from his daughters, but he intends, as it would seem, to compliment them by comparing their kisses to salt, with its refreshing and vivifying powers; and when Philumena asks for one kiss more, he says, "No, as it is (*ita*) their refreshing power has reached my soul." Rost seems to be of this opinion, but he suggests that "*animæ meæ*" are vocatives plural; in that case the passage would mean, "as it is, my loves," or "my delights, the refreshing salt of your affection has reached me."

<sup>2</sup> *On the bench*)—Ver. 93. "Subsellium" generally means "a footstool," used by persons when sitting on a high seat. Here, however, it probably signifies "a bench," perhaps placed against the wall in the front of Philumena's house, where he was about to make a call.

<sup>3</sup> *Nicely seated now as I am*)—Ver. 94. "Sat sic fultum est." Literally, "enough is it thus supported." She has brought out the cushion, and has placed it upon or at the back of the hard bench, which was perhaps something like our garden chair.

<sup>4</sup> *To listen with his ears*)—Ver. 102. "Nostris dictis auceps auribus" Literally

PHIL. There's no one except us and yourself.

ANT. I wish your attention to be given; for, unacquainted with female matters and ways, I come now *as* a pupil to you, my instructresses; *in order* that each of you may tell me what endowments matrons ought to have, who are the best esteemed.

PAM. What's the reason that you come hither to enquire about the ways of females?

ANT. Troth, I'm looking for a wife, as your mother's dead *and gone*.

PAM. You'll easily find, father, one both worse and of worse morals than she was; one better you'll neither find nor does the sun behold.

ANT. But I'm making the enquiry of you, and of this sister of yours.

PAM. I' faith, father, I know how they should be, if they are to be such as I think right.

ANT. I wish, then, to know what you do think right.

PAM. That when they walk through the city, they should shut the mouths of all, so that none can speak ill of them with good reason.

ANT. (*to PHILUMENA*). And now speak you in your turn.

PHIL. What do you wish that I should speak to you about, father?

ANT. How is the woman most easily distinguished, who is of a good disposition?

PHIL. When she, who has the power of doing ill, refrains from doing so.

ANT. Not bad that. (*To PAMPHILA*.) Come, say you, which choice is the preferable, to marry a maiden or a widow?

PAM. So far as my skill *extends*, of many evils<sup>1</sup>, that which is the least evil, the same is the least an evil. He that can avoid the women, let him avoid them, so that each day he

"a fowler for our words;" in allusion to the stealthy manner in which the fowler lies in wait for his prey.

<sup>1</sup> *Of many evils*—Ver. 120. Pamphila is embarrassed here; and as she probably does not wish her father to marry either widow or maiden, but still does not like to tell him so, she takes refuge in a truism, rather than give a direct answer to his question. Aristotle tells us that Epicharmus was much in the habit of giving utterance to remarks of this nature.

takes care, the day before, not to do that which, the day after, he may regret.

ANT. What sort of woman, pray, seems to you by far the wisest?

PHIL. She who, when affairs are prosperous, shall still be able to know herself, and who with equanimity can endure it to be worse with her than it has been.

ANT. By my troth, in merry mood have I been trying the bent of your dispositions. But 'tis this for which I am come to you, and for which I wished to meet you both. My friends are advising me to the effect that I should remove you hence to my own house.

PAM. But still, we, whose interests are concerned, are advising you quite otherwise. For either, father, we ought not formerly to have been bestowed in marriage, unless *our husbands* pleased you, or, it is not right for us now to be taken away when they are absent.

ANT. And shall I suffer you while I am alive to remain married to men who are beggars?

PAM. This beggar of mine is agreeable to me; her own king is agreeable<sup>1</sup> to the queen. In poverty have I the same feelings that once I had in riches.

ANT. And do you set such high value on thieves and beggars?

PHIL. You did not, as I think, give me in marriage to the money, but to the man.

ANT. Why are you *still* in expectation of those who have been absent for now three years? Why don't you accept an eligible match<sup>2</sup> in place of a very bad one?

PAM. 'Tis folly, father, to lead unwilling dogs to hunt. That wife is an enemy, who is given to a man in marriage against her will.

ANT. Are you *then* determined that neither of you will obey the command of your father?

PHIL. We do obey; for where you gave us in marriage, *thence* are we unwilling to depart.

<sup>1</sup> *Her own king is agreeable*)—Ver. 133. She speaks here of the husband in the character of the "rex," or "king," in his own establishment, which to him is his kingdom. Of course, then, the wife would be the "regina," or "queen."

<sup>2</sup> *Eligible match*)—Ver. 138. "Conditio," in the sense of "offer" or "proposal," especially applies to one of marriage. As their husbands had spent almost all their substance, the ladies are probably living on the fortune which he has given them, and he anticipates that it may be soon exhausted.



ANT. Kindly good b'ye; I'll go and tell my friends your resolutions.

PAM. They will, I doubt not, think us the more honorable, if you tell them to honorable men.

ANT. Take you care, then, of their domestic concerns, the best way that you can. *(Exit.)*

PHIL. Now you gratify us, when you direct us aright: now we will hearken to you. Now, sister, let's go indoors.

PAM. Well, first I'll take a look at home. If, perchance, any news should come to you from your husband, take you care that I know it.

PHIL. Neither will I conceal it from you, nor do you conceal from me what you may know. *(Calls at the door of her house.)* Ho there, Crocotium<sup>1</sup>, go, fetch hither Gelasimus, the Parasite; bring him here with you. For, i' faith, I wish to send him to the harbour, *to see* if, perchance, any ship from Asia<sup>2</sup> has arrived there yesterday or to-day. But, one servant has been sitting at the harbour whole days *in waiting*; still, however, I wish it to be visited every now and then. Make haste, and return immediately. *(Each goes into her own house.)*

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*Enter GELASIMUS.*

GEL. I do suspect that Famine was my mother; for since I was born I have never been filled *with victuals*. And no man could better return the favour to his mother, than do I right unwillingly return it to my mother, Famine. For in her womb, for ten months she bore me, whereas I have been carrying her for more than ten years in my stomach. She, too, carried me *but* a little child, wherefore I judge that she endured the less labour; in my stomach no little Famine

<sup>1</sup> *Crocotium*)—Ver. 150. This name is derived from "Crocus," which means the plant of that name, or saffron.

<sup>2</sup> *Ship from Asia*)—Ver. 152. Asia Minor was the place of resort, in those days for persons who wish to make money speedily.

do I bear, but of full growth, i' faith, and extremely heavy. The labour-pains arise with me each day, but I'm unable to bring forth my mother, nor know I what to do. I've often heard it so said that the elephant is wont<sup>1</sup> to be pregnant ten whole years; for sure this hunger of mine is of its breed. For now for many a year has it been clinging to my inside. Now, if any person wants a droll fellow, I am on sale, with all my equipage: of a filling-up for these chasms am I in search. When little, my father gave me the name of Gelasimus<sup>2</sup>, because, even from a tiny child, I was a droll chap. By reason of poverty, in fact, did I acquire this name, because it was poverty that made me to be a droll; for whenever she reaches a person, she instructs him thoroughly in every art. My father used to say that I was born when provisions were dear; for that reason, I do believe, I am now the more sharply set. But on our family such complacence has been bestowed—I am in the habit of refusing no person, if any one asks me out to eat. One form of expression has most unfortunately died away with people, and *one*, i' faith, most befitting and most elegant to my thinking, which formerly they employed: "Come here to dinner—do so—really, do promise—don't make any difficulties—is it convenient?—I wish it to be so, I say; I'll not part with you unless you come." *But* now, in the present day, they have found a substitute for these expressions—a saying, by my faith, truly right worthless and most vile: "I'd invite you to dinner, were I not dining out myself." I' faith, I wish the *very* loins of that phrase broken, that it mayn't repeat its perjury if he does dine at his own house. These phrases reduce me to learn foreign habits<sup>3</sup>, and to spare the necessity for an auctioneer, and so proclaim the auction, and put myself up for sale.

<sup>1</sup> *The elephant is wont*)—Ver. 168. Pliny the Elder informs us that this was the vulgar notion with regard to the elephant. He also says that Aristotle tells us that two years is the duration of its pregnancy.

<sup>2</sup> *Name of Gelasimus*)—Ver. 174. "Gelasimus" signifies "comical," "laughable," "funny," from the Greek verb γελάω, "to laugh."

<sup>3</sup> *Foreign habits*)—Ver. 193. By "barbaros mores," he probably alludes to the Roman custom of selling by auction, which was one of the duties of the "præco," or "herald," here rendered "auctioneer." Plautus frequently speaks at one moment as though addressing a Greek, and at the next, a Roman, audience.

*Enter CROCOTIUM from the house of PHILUMENA, unseen by GELASIMUS.*

CROC. (*aside*). This is the Parasite, whom I've been sent to fetch. I'll listen to what he's saying, before I accost him.

GEL. Now there are a good many curious mischief-makers here, who, with extreme zeal, busy themselves with the affairs of other people, *and* who have themselves no affairs of their own to busy themselves with. They, when they know that any one is about to have an auction, go forthwith *and* sift out what's the reason; whether a debt compels it, or whether he has purchased a farm; or whether, on a divorce, her marriage-portion is to be repaid to his wife<sup>1</sup>. All these, although, i' faith, I don't judge them undeserving, in their most wretched state, to go toiling on, I don't care about. I'll proclaim the reason of my auction, that they may rejoice in my mishaps, for there's no person a busybody but what he's ill-natured *too*. Very great mishaps, alas! have befallen wretched me. So dreadfully afflicted has my property<sup>2</sup> rendered me: my many drinking-bouts are dead and gone; how many dinners, too, that I've bewailed, are dead! how many a draught of honeyed wine; how many breakfasts, too, that I have lost within these last three years! In my wretchedness, for very grief and vexation have I quite grown old. I'm almost dead with hunger.

CROC. (*aside*). There's no one such a droll, as *he is* when he is hungry.

GEL. Now am I resolved that I'll make a sale: out of doors<sup>3</sup> am I obliged to sell whatever I possess. Attend, if you please; the bargains will be for those who are present.

<sup>1</sup> *To be repaid to his wife*)—Ver. 204. If the divorce took place by mutual consent, then the "dos," or "marriage-portion," of the wife was returned. Such a circumstance occurring on a sudden, might very easily cause a necessity for recourse to the services of the auctioneer.

<sup>2</sup> *Has my property*)—Ver. 210. "Mancupium," or "mancipium," was any species of property possessed by right of purchase. He here considers the dinners and the drinking-bouts, which he so misses, in the light of property to himself; the more especially as they had been purchased at the price of his "logi," his 'puns,' or "bon mots."

<sup>3</sup> *Out of doors*)—Ver. 219. "Foras;" "abroad," "out of doors." The sales by auction took place in the open street.

I've funny *bon mots*<sup>1</sup> to sell. Come, bid your price. Who bids a dinner? Does any one bid a breakfast? They'll cost you an Herculean breakfast<sup>2</sup> or dinner. Ho, there! (*to one of the SPECTATORS*) did you nod to me? No one will offer you better—I won't allow that any Parasite has better quibbles, cajoleries, and parasitical white lies<sup>3</sup>. I'm selling a rusty flesh-scraper<sup>4</sup>, too; a rusty-coloured brown bottle<sup>5</sup> for the

<sup>1</sup> *Funny bon mots*)—Ver. 221. "Logos." This word is the Greek λογός, signifying "a word," or "a witty saying," in a Latin clothing. It exactly corresponds with the expression "bon mots," which we have similarly borrowed from the French.

<sup>2</sup> *An Herculean breakfast*)—Ver. 223. It is hard to say what he means by "Herculeum prandium;" but, as Hercules was supposed to send good luck to those who gave him the tenths of their property, whether that property consisted of a house or a meal, his meaning probably is, "Whoever invites me to a meal, that meal shall be as lucky to him as though he had sent the tenth part of it as an offering to Hercules."

<sup>3</sup> *Parasitical white lies*)—Ver. 227. "Perjeratiunculas parasiticas." Literally, "parasitical little perjuries." This is probably meant in reference to the adjurations so common among the ancients on the most trivial occasions, and of which the Parasite promises to be lavish in speaking in praise of his entertainer. The diminutive "uncula" suits the measure, and also shows the air of self-satisfaction with which he mentions that which he takes to be of the same harmless nature which some easy casuists among ourselves attribute to what they choose to call white lies. Indeed, the ancients esteemed perjury very much according to the subject on which it was employed. Ovid mentions Mercury as laughing at the perjuries of cheating tradesmen, and Jupiter as smiling at those of lovers; surely, then, "a little bit of a perjury" (the true meaning of "perjeratiuncula") could not be amiss on an occasion so trivial, and yet, to the Parasite, so all-important, as the acquisition of a good dinner.

<sup>4</sup> *A rusty flesh-scraper*)—Ver. 228. The "strigil" was an instrument used by the Greeks and Romans in the place of the flesh-brush of modern times. It was made of bone, iron, copper, and sometimes of silver. It was used after taking the "sudatorium," or sweating-bath, for the purpose of scraping the perspiration from the body. These instruments were of curved form, and in shape somewhat resembled our tongue-scrapers on a large scale. Rich persons took slaves with them to the baths for the purpose of scraping them. From Hesychius, Athenæus, and Theophrastus, we learn that Parasites were much in the habit of spunging for entertainers at the public baths; and, no doubt, they generally had ready, for an emergency, both a "strigil" and a bottle of perfumed ointment, as a handy medium of introduction to strangers.

<sup>5</sup> *A rusty-coloured brown bottle*)—Ver. 228. The "ampulla," or "bottle," was probably a "lorea," or leather one, and had turned of a rusty-brown colour from use.

Greek unguents<sup>1</sup> at the sweating-baths<sup>2</sup>; delicate after-dinner powders<sup>3</sup>; an empty Parasite *as well* (*pointing to himself*), in whom to lay by your scraps. 'Tis needful that these should be sold at once for as much as they can; that, if I offer the tenth part to Hercules<sup>4</sup>, on that account *it may be greater*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

CROC. (*aside*). An auction of no great value, by my troth. Hunger has taken hold of the very deepest recess of the fellow's stomach. I'll accost the man. (*Moves towards him.*)

GEL. Who's this that's coming towards me? Why, surely this is Crocotium, the maid-servant of Epignomus.

CROC. My respects, Gelasimus. GEL. That's not my name.

CROC. I' faith, for sure that used to be your name.

GEL. Distinctly it was so, but I've lost it by use. Now I'm called Miccotrogus<sup>5</sup> from what is fact.

<sup>1</sup> *Greek unguents*)—Ver. 229. By mentioning "Greek unguents," Plautus here recollects that he is addressing a Latin audience. The Greek cosmetics and perfumes were much esteemed at Rome. Ovid, in the *Art of Love*, mentions the Athenian "œsypum," which was much used by the Roman ladies for making the complexion clear. It was made from the sweat and grease of the fleeces of the sheep of Attica.

<sup>2</sup> *The sweating-baths*)—Ver. 229. The "sudatorium," or "vapour" or "sweating bath," was also called by the Romans "Laconicum;" because it was the habit of the Lacedæmonians to strip and anoint themselves, without using warm water, after the perspiration caused by athletic exercises. Cicero styles it "assa," because it produced perspiration by means of a dry hot atmosphere. After it had been used, and the "strigil" applied to the skin, the bather was dried with towels, and then anointed, when the "unctiones Græcæ" of the Parasite would be in demand. These were used either to close the pores of the skin and to prevent the person from catching cold, or to keep the skin from being rough when dried with the towel. Probably the Parasites were ready to give a hand on an emergency in assisting to rub down and anoint the bather, especially if he was known to keep a good "cuisine."

<sup>3</sup> *After-dinner powders*)—Ver. 230. "Crapularios." These were probably soft and tasteless (malacos) powders, used, like our dinner-pills, in order to prevent the bad effects of heating the stomach with rich food and excess of wine. A clever Parasite would, of course, always have these in readiness on an emergency.

<sup>4</sup> *Tenth part to Hercules*)—Ver. 233. He seems to be about to give a fictitious reason for his anxiety to get a dinner—that, forsooth, like a pious man, he may have the greater amount of tithes to present to Hercules. The hiatus precludes us from forming any very determinate opinion on the meaning of the passage.

<sup>5</sup> *Miccotrogus*)—Ver. 242. This is a Greek compound word, which signifies "crumb-eater;" in it he alludes to his short commons.

CROC. O dear! I've laughed a good deal at you to-day.

GEL. When? or in what place? CROC. Here, when you were carrying on a most worthless auction.

GEL. How now; did you *really* hear it?

CROC. *Aye*, and one really right worthy of yourself.

GEL. Where are you bound for now? CROC. For yourself.

GEL. Why have you come? CROC. Philumena bade me ask you by all means to come to visit her at her house this instant, together with me.

GEL. I' faith, but I'll surely come there as fast as I can. Are the entrails cooked<sup>1</sup> by this? With how many lambs has she been sacrificing?

CROC. Indeed, she hasn't been sacrificing at all.

GEL. How? What does she want with me, then?

CROC. I think that she's going to ask you for ten measures of wheat.

GEL. Or me rather ask it of her?

CROC. No; that you yourself should lend them to us.

GEL. Tell her that I've nothing to give myself, or that she could wish to borrow, nor anything whatever, except this cloak that I have on. Even my very tongue that so freely used to offer itself<sup>2</sup> I've sold as well.

CROC. How? Have you got no tongue?

GEL. Why, the former one, that used to say "here, take me<sup>3</sup>," I've lost: see, here's one now that says "give me." (*Puts out his tongue.*)

CROC. A curse may the Gods give you \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Are the entrails cooked*)—Ver. 251. It has been already remarked, that after the sacrifice, the Gods having received their portion, the devotee took home the remainder, and invited his friends to come to his house and partake of it. The Parasite was not, perhaps, much in the wrong when he deemed a lamb's fry no bad dish. St. Paul alludes to this custom when he tells the converts to keep themselves from "things offered to idols."—Acts, ch. xv., v. 20; and ch. xxi. v. 25.

<sup>2</sup> *That so freely used to offer itself*)—Ver. 258. It is very difficult to say exactly what the Parasite means by "*lingua dataria*." Perhaps he means to tell the girl that he is in a bad humour—that he now "*gives*" nothing at all, not even his tongue, which has been hitherto "*dataria*," or "*at the service*" of everybody. Now, however, he will put it up to sale by auction, and in future, before he says "*dabo*," "*I'll give you my tongue*" or, in other words, "*my company*," he will say, "*cedo*," "*give me*," or "*tell me what is your offer*" or "*bidding*."

<sup>3</sup> *Here take me*)—Ver. 260. "*Dabo*." Literally, "*I will give*."



GEL. Aye, if a curse you want, this same *tongue* will give you that.

CROC. Well now, are you coming or not?

GEL. Well, be off home; tell her I'll be there this moment; make haste and be off. (CROCOTIUM *goes into the house.*) I wonder why she has requested me to be fetched to her, who has never, before this day, requested that I should be fetched to her, ever since her husband left. I wonder what it can be; except it is for some experiment to be made *upon me*; I'll go see what she wants. But see, here's her boy, Pinacium. Look at that *now*; how very facetiously and just like a picture<sup>1</sup> does he stand? Full many a time, for sure, in good troth, has he poured out *for me* the wine, almost unmixed, right cleverly into a very *tiny cup*<sup>2</sup> indeed. (*Stands aside.*)

#### SCENE II.

*Enter PINACIUM at a distance, with a fishing-rod, hooks, and a basket in his hand.*

PIN. (*to himself*). Mercury, who is said to be the messenger of Jove, never bore such pleasing tidings to his father, as I shall e'en now be telling to my mistress. So loaded do I bear my breast with joy and with delight; and really I don't care to speak a syllable but in a highflown style. The charms of all the loves and graces do I bring; my heart, too, is overleaping its banks, and overflowing with joyousness. Now have you the means of acquiring glory, fame, *and* honor; make haste, Pinacium, exhort your feet *to swiftness*, grace your message by your deeds, and come to the rescue of your mistress in her need  
\* \* \* \* \* who is so wretched in awaiting the arrival of her husband, Epignomus; just as becomes her does she dote upon her husband, and anxiously long *for him*. Now, Pinacium, do as pleases you, run on, just as you like; take care and regard no person at the value of a straw; thrust

<sup>1</sup> *Just like a picture*)—Ver. 271. "Ex picturâ." Literally, "out of a picture." He means, that he has assumed some attitude at that moment like that of a person in a picture or like a model in statuary, to which the word "pictura" also applies.

<sup>2</sup> *In a very tiny cup*)—Ver. 272. "Pauxillulo." Most probably this is said in an ironical way. He perhaps refers to some injunction which, in his former and more palmy days, he had given to the boy when waiting at table, to be sure and provide him with a large cup, and not to mix too much water with the wine

them from the path with your elbows; make right smooth your way. If a king shall come in your way, upset the king himself forthwith.

GEL. (*apart*). Why, I wonder<sup>1</sup>, is Pinacium running so overladen with baggage<sup>2</sup>? He's carrying a rod, and a basket, and a fish-hook.

PIN. (*to himself*). But yet, I think 'tis proper that my mistress should come with entreaty to me, and that she should send envoys to me, and gifts of gold, and chariots in which for me to be borne, for I can't go on foot. Therefore I shall now go back. (*Turns back.*) I think it is only proper that I should be approached and addressed with entreaties. And do you really think that it's *mere* nonsense or nothing at all that I am now acquainted with? Blessings so great am I carrying from the harbour, joys so extensive am I bringing, that hardly could my mistress herself presume to wish this of the Gods, if she were to know it. *And* am I to carry it, then, of my own accord? It pleases me not, nor do I think that the duty of a man. This way does it seem to be better suited to this news of mine; let her come to meet me, let her entreat me to communicate to her this news. Haughtiness and pride befit prosperous fortunes. But, at last, when I reconsider it, how could she know that I know this? (*Turning round.*) Well, I can't do otherwise than return, than speak, than relate it at length, and relieve my mistress of her grief, and *both* mightily increase the good deeds of my ancestors, and present her with a comfort unhopd for *and* oppor-tune. I'll outdo the deeds of Talthybius<sup>3</sup>, and I'll set all messengers at nought, and at the same time I'll think about the running at the Olympic games. But this distance<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Why I wonder*—Ver. 288. "Quidnam dicam." Literally, "what shall I" or "must I say;" exactly corresponding to our phrase "I wonder why."

<sup>2</sup> *Overladen with baggage*—Ver. 288. "Lixabundum." The "*lixæ*" were the free suttlers or dealers, who followed the Roman armies. Their name is said to have been derived from the old Latin word "*lixa*," "*water*," probably because they originally supplied the army with water. "*Lixabundus*" here means "*laden with baggage*," in allusion to the fishing-tackle which the lad is carrying.

<sup>3</sup> *Talthybius*—Ver. 305. Talthybius was the Grecian herald, who, with Eurybates, was sent by Agamemnon to Achilles, to fetch away Hippodamia or Briseis.

<sup>4</sup> *But this distance*—Ver. 307. He here alludes to the comparative narrowness of the stage, which would not allow him room to practise for the "*cursura*," or "*running*" at the Olympic games. The "*stadium*," or place for running at these games, was about a furlong in length.

is far too short for the course ; how sorry for it I am. How's this ? I see the door's closed. I'll go and knock at the door. (*Knocks at the door of PHILUMENA's house.*) Open, and make haste, cause the door to be thrown open ; away with all delay. This matter is attended to too carelessly ; see how long I've been standing here and knocking. Are you indulging yourselves with a nap ? I'll try whether the door or my arms and feet are the stronger. (*Knocks and kicks.*) I wish much that this door would run away from its master, that for that reason it might meet with a heavy punishment<sup>1</sup>. I'm tired of knocking. *Well*, be this the last for you. (*Knocks again.*)

GEL. (*apart*). I'll go and accost him. (*Accosts PINACIUM.*) Good day to you.

PIN. And good day to you. GEL. Are you turned fisherman, then ?

PIN. How long is it since you ate ?

GEL. Whence come you ? What are you carrying ? Why are you in a hurry ?

PIN. About that which is no business of yours, don't you trouble yourself.

GEL. What's there in that ? (*Taking up the lid of the basket.*) PIN. Snakes, for you to eat.

GEL. Why are you so pettish ? PIN. If you had any shame, you wouldn't address me.

GEL. May I learn the truth from you ?

PIN. You may ; this day you'll get no dinner.

### SCENE III.

*Enter PHILUMENA from her house.*

PHIL. Who now, pray, is breaking this door down ? (*To GELASIMUS.*) Are you doing this ? Do you come to me like an enemy ?

GEL. My respects to you ; I come at your bidding.

PHIL. And is it for that reason you are breaking down my door ?

GEL. Scold your own people ; the offenders are your own. I came to see what you wanted me for. Why, for my own part, I pitied this door.

<sup>1</sup> *A heavy punishment*)—Ver. 312. He wishes that the door was in the condition of a slave, and that it had run away from its master, and then it would receive a severe punishment for its obduracy—"maluro magnum."

PIN. For that reason your assistance was given so very readily.

PHIL. Pray, who's that, talking here so near to us?

GEL. Pinacium. PHIL. Where is he? (*Looks on each side.*)

PIN. (*coming forward*). Attend to me, and leave alone *that* needy Parasite, Philumena.

PHIL. Pinacium. PIN. That name my elders gave me.

PHIL. What's your business? PIN. What's my business, do you ask?

PHIL. Why shouldn't I ask it? PIN. What's yours with me?

PHIL. Do you insult me, impudent fellow? Answer me, this very instant, Pinacium.

PIN. Bid those, then, to let me alone, who are detaining me.

PHIL. Who are detaining you? PIN. Do you ask me *that*? A lassitude is in possession of all my limbs.

PHIL. Well, I know right well that it's not in possession of your tongue.

PIN. With such rapid speed have I been hastening from the harbour, for the sake of your own well-doing.

PHIL. Why, do you bring any good news?

PIN. I bring more, by very much, than you expect.

PHIL. I'm saved, *then*. PIN. And I'm done for; lassitude is drinking up my marrow apace.

GEL. What, then, am I, the marrow of whose stomach, to my sorrow, famine has seized upon?

PHIL. Did you meet any one? PIN. Many.

PHIL. But any man? PIN. Very many; but, of the many, not one a greater rascal than he is. (*Points at GELASIMUS.*)

PHIL. How so? GEL. I have been affronted already at his saying uncivil things to me. If you irritate me any further— (*Holds up his fist to PINACIUM.*)

PIN. I' faith, you'll be plaguy hungry *to eat me*.

GEL. I'll cause you to know that assuredly you've said that with reason.

PIN. I wish everything to be made clean. (*Calls to the SERVANTS from the door.*) Bring out here your brooms, and a reed as well,<sup>1</sup> that I may destroy all the labours of the spiders

<sup>1</sup> *A reed as well*)—Ver. 347. "Arundinem," a long reed, probably like a fishing-rod, which would be able to sweep away the spider-webs otherwise out of reach.

and their plaguy webs, and rout out all their looms. (*The SERVANTS bring some brooms.*)

GEL. The poor things will be cold in future.

PIN. What? Do you think that they are just like yourself, with only one coat? Take this broom. (*Gives him a broom.*)

GEL. I'll take it. PIN. This *I'll take myself*. Do you sweep away there.

GEL. I'll do so. (*Sweeps away.*) PIN. (*calling aloud*). Will some one bring here a pail and water<sup>1</sup>?

GEL. Really, this fellow's playing the *Ædile*<sup>2</sup> without the vote of the public even. (*The water is brought.*)

PIN. Come, do you quickly sweep the ground, *and* sprinkle before the house.

GEL. I'll do so. PIN. It needs be done. I'll knock down the spider-webs there from the door and from the wall.

GEL. I' faith, a troublesome business, *this*.

PHIL. Still, I don't at all understand what it means; unless, perchance, some guests are about to come?

PIN. (*ordering the SERVANTS*). Do you spread the couches. GEL. (*aside*). The beginning pleases me, about the couches.

PIN. Others, you chop the billets; others, you clean the fish which the fisherman has brought; take you down the gammon of bacon and the collar of brawn<sup>3</sup>.

GEL. (*aside*). I' faith, this is a very sensible fellow.

PHIL. By my troth, as I imagine, you haven't quite minded the directions of your mistress.

PIN. Why, I've left all matters unattended to by reason of what you wished.

PHIL. Then do you inform me upon that, on account of which you were sent to the harbour?

PIN. I'll tell you. After, with the daybreak, you had sent me to the harbour, the sun with its beams opportunely arose from out of the sea. While I was enquiring of the

<sup>1</sup> *A pail and water*)—Ver. 352. "Nassiternam." A water-vessel with three spouts, which received its name from "nasum," "a spout," compounded with "tres," "three."

<sup>2</sup> *Playing the Ædile*)—Ver. 353. The writer here again refers, in a play the scene of which is at Athens, to Roman customs. The Ædile was a public officer at Rome, whose business it was to see that the streets, houses, and temples, were kept clean. They were chosen by the votes (suffragium) of the common people, to which fact Gelasimus alludes in the next line.

<sup>3</sup> *Collar of brawn*)—Ver. 360. "Glandium." This really was the neck of the hog, which received its name from the kernels (glandes) which it contained.



revenue officers whether any ship had arrived from Asia, and they were saying none had come, I beheld, in the meantime, a bark, than which I think I never saw a greater one. With a favouring breeze, *and* in full sail, it came into harbour. We were enquiring one of another whose ship it was, *and* what it carried? In the meantime I espied your husband and his servant Stichus.

PHIL. Ha! what? Did you mention Epignomus?

GEL. Your husband and my own life.

PIN. He has arrived, I say. PHIL. Did you see him yourself?

PIN. *Yes, and with pleasure too.* GEL. I' faith, I'll surely take the broom, and sweep this *place* with pleasure.

PIN. He has brought a great amount of silver and gold.

GEL. 'Tis right cleverly done. PIN. Wool and purple in plenty.

GEL. Aye, for me to clothe my carcase with.

PIN. Couches, adorned with ivory and gold.

GEL. I'll recline at table right regally.

PIN. Besides—Babylonian coverings for couches<sup>1</sup>, *and* carpets dyed in purple, has he brought.

GEL. Abundance of fine things. I' faith, his business has been successful.

PIN. Then, as I began to say, female players on the harp, on the pipe, sackbuts *too*<sup>2</sup>, has he brought with him, of surprising beauty.

GEL. Capital! When I'm at my wine, I'll be quite sportive; then am I in merriest pin.

PIN. Besides many unguents of numerous kinds.

<sup>1</sup> *Coverings for couches*)—Ver. 378. "Peristromatia," "blankets" or "counterpanes" were used among the Romans to cover couches; they were sometimes of the most costly description, and were mostly of purple colour, and frequently richly embroidered with gold. Pliny speaks of Babylonian cloths of divers colours, and in the seventh chapter of Joshua. ver. 24, we read, "When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment."

<sup>2</sup> *Sackbuts too*)—Ver. 381. "Sambucas." "Sambuca" is supposed to be the same instrument which is mentioned in the third chapter of the Prophet David, and is rendered in our version of the Old Testament by the word "sackbut." This instrument was probably introduced into Greece and Rome from Syria or Phœnicia. It is supposed to have been a kind of triangular harp. The word "sambucas" is substituted in Ritschel's edition for "sambucinas," in the former editions. It is probably intended here to have the same meaning—"female players on the sambuca," who were also called "sambucistriæ," and whose performances were highly prized by the Romans as Asiatic luxuries.



GEL. I'll not sell my bon mots ; I'll not have an auction now ; I've got an estate in fee<sup>1</sup>. Let the mischievous hunters of auctions go to perdition. Hercules, I congratulate thee that the tenths which I vowed to thee are increased. 'Tis my hope that at length, by some means or other, I may expel this plaguy famine from my stomach.

PIN. And then, besides, he has brought some Parasites<sup>2</sup> with him.

GEL. Alas ! to my confusion, I'm undone.

PIN. Right funny fellows. GEL. I' faith, I'll sweep this dust back, which I just now swept together. (*Sweeps it back*). Those bon mots are now on sale, which I was saying I wouldn't sell. I'm done for : now there is occasion for spiteful persons to rejoice at my misfortune. Hercules, thou who art a God, thou really hast departed not opportunely.

PHIL. Did you see Pamphilus, the husband of my sister ?

PIN. No. PHIL. Isn't he there ?

PIN. Yes, they said that he had come as well. I ran hither before them, with all speed, that I might bring the welcome tidings.

PHIL. Go in-doors, Pinacium ; bid the servants prepare the sacred things<sup>3</sup> for me. (*To GELASIMUS.*) Fare you well !

GEL. Do you want me to assist ?

PHIL. I have servants enough in the house. (*PHILUMENA and PINACIUM go into the house.*)

GEL. (*to himself*). In good sooth, Gelasimus, I doubt you have come to but little purpose, if neither he that is here gives you any aid, nor yet he that's coming. I'll off in-doors to my books<sup>4</sup>, and take my instructions from the cleverest sayings ; for if I don't drive away those fellows, *the Parasites that are coming*, most surely I'm undone. (*Exit.*)

<sup>1</sup> *An estate in fee*)—Ver. 384. "Hæreditas." "A fortune," or "an heirdom," just as we say, "I have come in to a fortune." He alludes to the pleasant life he anticipates, by spunging on the wealthy Epignomus and his brother.

<sup>2</sup> *Brought some Parasites*)—Ver. 388. The arch boy only adds this to put Gelasimus in a fright, in which he fully succeeds. There was no necessity to import Parasites from Asia to Athens.

<sup>3</sup> *The sacred things*)—Ver. 396. To perform a sacrifice on the safe return of her husband.

<sup>4</sup> *To my books*)—Ver. 400. These were probably pamphlets, filled with jokes and funny stories, which Parasites would study for the entertainment of the patrons whom they were to amuse by way of return for their dinner. These books perhaps

## ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* EPIGNOMUS *and* STICHUS, *followed by some* SLAVES.

EPIG. Inasmuch as, my business prosperously carried on, I am returned safe home, thanks do I return to Neptune and to his tempests; to Mercury as well<sup>1</sup>, who in my traffic has aided me, and by my profits has rendered my property fourfold. Those whom formerly I affected with sorrow at my departure, the same shall I now make joyous at my arrival. But already have I met my connexion Antipho, and from bad terms have I returned to friendship with him. See, prithee, what money can *effect*. Since, my affairs prospering, he sees that I've returned, and brought home great wealth, without *any* mediators, there on' board the ship, upon the deck, we have returned to friendship and good feeling. Both he and my brother dine with me this day; for yesterday we were both in the same harbour<sup>2</sup> together; but to-day my ship weighed anchor a little the soonest. Take these *people* in-doors, Stichus, whom<sup>3</sup> I've brought with me.

STICH. Master, whether I'm silent or speak, I'm sure

occupied the same position as the "Joe Millers" did in this country during the last century, and the "Academies of Compliments" in the century before. Indeed, the latter, in all their amplitude, would have been invaluable to a Parasite, as they contain directions how to court a lady, ask a riddle, sing a funny song, put a pocy on a ring, direct a letter, and a hundred other things.

<sup>1</sup> *To Mercury as well*)—Ver. 404. Mercury was the God of traffic and gain, and the guardian of tradesmen. He was said to receive his name from "merx," "traffic" or "merchandise." See the comical prayer of the cheating tradesman to his tutelar Divinity, in the *Fasti* of Ovid, B. 5, l. 675 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> *In the same harbour*)—Ver. 416. He here alludes to the custom in those times of lying at anchor during the night, and sailing in the day-time only, as it is clear that reference cannot here be made to the harbour from which they originally set out, as that was in Asia, and they could not have reached Athens from Asia within twenty-four hours. Epignomus and his brother appear to have freighted two ships with the valuable property which they had acquired in partnership.

<sup>3</sup> *These people whom*)—Ver. 418. He alludes to the female slaves which have been already mentioned, consisting of harpers and music-girls, one of whom we shall shortly find to have attracted the admiration of Antipho.

you know how many hardships I've endured in your service; now, on my arrival home, I wish to spend in freedom<sup>1</sup> this one day after these many hardships.

EPIG. You ask what's just and right. Stichus, you may take this day for yourself; I don't object to it. Go where you like. A cask, too, of old wine, I give you to drink.

STICH. O, grand! I'll have my mistress this day.

EPIG. Even ten, so long as it is at your own expense.

STICH. What \* \* \* \* ?

EPIG. What \* \* \* \* ?

STICH. I'll go and dine \* \* \* 'Tis thus it  
pleases me \* \* \* \*

EPIG. Where do you dine to-day?

STICH. This plan have I thus resolved upon. I have a mistress here in the neighbourhood, Stephanium, the servant-maid of your brother. I'm going to invite her; I'll take her to a pic-nic entertainment<sup>2</sup> at her fellow-servant's, Sagarinus. We both have the same mistress; we are rivals.

EPIG. Come *then*, conduct them in. I grant you this day.

STICH. Hold me to blame if I don't make the most of it<sup>3</sup>. Troth now, I'll pass through the garden to my mistress, to engage her beforehand for me this evening; at the same time I'll give my contribution, and bid the dinner to be cooked at Sagarinus's, or else I'll go myself and make my marketing as caterer. Sagarinus, \* \* \* \*  
\* \* a servant \* \* \* for my  
\* \* \* \* with stripes \* \*  
\* \* to take him home well thrashed, I'll make all things to be in readiness here; but I'm delaying myself.

<sup>1</sup> *To spend in freedom*)—Ver. 422. "Eleutheria." This is, originally, a Greek word. It was also the name of the Goddess of Liberty.

<sup>2</sup> *A pic-nic entertainment*)—Ver. 433. "Symbola" was the name given to an entertainment to which each of the guests contributed in money or kind; similar, in principle, to what we call a "pic-nic" entertainment.

<sup>3</sup> *Make the most of it*)—Ver. 436. "Excruciavero." Literally, "torment it." He seems to allude to the word "dedo," used by his master in the preceding line, "I surrender to you this day;" that word being especially applied to the surrender or giving-up of prisoners; on which Stichus rejoins, "As the day is surrendered to me, I'll torment it like a real prisoner"—meaning "I won't let it pass in quietness." He fully keeps his word.

And don't you be surprised<sup>1</sup> (*to the AUDIENCE*) that men, who are slaves, drink, court, and give invitations to dinner? This is allowed us at Athens. But when I think of it, rather than meet with censure, there's here, too, another door to the back buildings of our house. I'll go that way to market; by that way I'll bring back the provisions—through the garden there's a passage that communicates with both houses. (*To the SLAVES.*) Do you follow me this way. I surely will pull this day to bits<sup>2</sup>. (*Goes into the house of EPIGNOMUS.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter GELASIMUS.*

GEL. (*to himself*). I've consulted my books; I'm as sure as possible, that by my funny *bon mots* I shall recover my patron<sup>3</sup>. Now I'm going to see whether he has arrived by this from the harbour, that when he comes I may smooth him down with my speeches.

EPIG. Surely, this is Gelasimus, the Parasite, that's coming.

GEL. (*to himself*). With lucky auspices, by my troth, this day did I come out of doors; since an omen *auspiciously* befel me<sup>4</sup>. This was beheld by me; how a weasel carried off a mouse close at my feet. For as she found sustenance for herself

<sup>1</sup> *Don't you be surprised*)—Ver. 446. He apologises for introducing slaves carousing on the Roman stage, by reminding the Spectators that the scene is at Athens, where greater freedom and indulgence was allowed to slaves than at Rome.

<sup>2</sup> *Pull this day to bits*)—Ver. 453. "Hunc lacero diem." He seems here to continue the metaphor used in ver. 436: "I'll torture this day finely"—I'll get all I can out of it.

<sup>3</sup> *Recover my patron*)—Ver. 455. "Regem." In common parlance, rich men were often styled by their dependents and flatterers, "rex," "my king."

<sup>4</sup> *Auspiciously befel me*)—Ver. 460. "Quum strena mi obscævavit." This passage is very obscure, and has puzzled the Commentators, who have generally taken refuge in a various reading, "Eum strenue obcænavit," which seems to make but very poor sense. The research, however, of the indefatigable Ritschel has set that mode of escape entirely at rest. "Strena" was the name of a New Year's gift, which was given and received on the Calenus of January, that the year might be commenced under good auspices. Probably from that circumstance, it became synonymous with a good or "auspicious omen." "Otscævo" is rendered in the Dictionaries, "to give a bad omen." Such, however, is not necessarily its meaning, in all instances. "Scæva" is an "omen" or "augury," whether fortunate or not. Consequently, "obsçævo" may very reasonably mean, 'to fall in one's way as an omen;' if so, the expression, as here used, will mean, "a lucky omen fell in my way."

this day, so do I hope that I shall do, as the augury predicts. (*Sees* EPIGNOMUS.) Surely this is Epignomus that's standing here; I'll go and address him. My *dear* Epignomus, how pleased I am to see you now; how my tears are starting forth for *very* joy. Have you all along enjoyed your health?

EPIG. With care it has been preserved.

GEL. Right heartily I wish you health<sup>1</sup>.

EPIG. You speak kindly, and like a friend. May the Gods grant what you wish.

GEL. \* \* \* EPIG. I, sup there with you?

GEL. Since you are returned safe.

EPIG. Really, an engagement has been made already; but I give you thanks.

GEL. Do promise me. EPIG. It's settled.

GEL. But do, I say. EPIG. The thing's agreed on.

GEL. By my troth, you'd do it with much pleasure to me.

EPIG. I know that well. When an opportunity shall come, it shall be so.

GEL. Now, then, is the opportunity.

EPIG. I' faith, I cannot. GEL. Why make difficulties? Do consider; I have I know not what luxuries at hand<sup>2</sup>.

EPIG. Do be off, now; seek for yourself another guest for to-day.

GEL. You promise, then? EPIG. I would make no difficulty if I could.

GEL. Really, on my word, one thing, for sure, I promise you, I'd entertain you with pleasure, beyond a doubt, if you would promise.

EPIG. Adieu! (*Moving.*) GEL. Have you resolved?

EPIG. I have resolved. I shall dine at home.

GEL. (*aside*). Since nothing has been effected this way, I'll therefore approach him by a more open path, and I'll speak plainly out. (*To* EPIGNOMUS.) Since you, yourself, are not willing to promise to come to me, should you like that I should come to dine with you?

EPIG. If it were possible, I should like it; but here are nine other people<sup>3</sup> coming to dine at my house.

<sup>1</sup> *I wish you health*)—Ver. 468. "Propino tibi salutem plenīs faucibus." Literally, "I drink your health with my jaws crammed full," a very apt mode of expression for a Parasite.

<sup>2</sup> *Luxuries at hand*)—Ver. 478. "In mundo." Literally, "in the world."

<sup>3</sup> *Nine other people*)—Ver. 487. Aulus Gellius and Macrobius tell us that the



GEL. For my part, I don't ask that I should recline on the couch; you know that I'm a man for the lower seats.

EPIG. But these are deputies of a people, tip-top men; they come here as public ambassadors from Ambracia<sup>1</sup>.

GEL. Let then the deputies of a people, your tip-top men, recline at the tip-top place; I, the lowest, in the lowest quarter.

EPIG. It isn't proper for you to be entertained among deputies.

GEL. I 'faith, and I—I'm a deputy, too<sup>2</sup>, but little it does avail me.

EPIG. I intend that to-morrow *we shall dine* upon the scraps. Sincerely, farewell. (*Goes into his house.*)

GEL. By my troth, 'tis clear that I'm undone, and by no fault of my own<sup>3</sup>. *The number* is less than it was before by one Gelasimus. I'm resolved, hereafter, never to believe in a weasel, for I know of no beast more uncertain *than her*. She who herself is ten times a day shifting her place, from her have I taken my omens in matters of life and death to me! I'm determined to call my friends together, to take counsel how by rule I must starve *henceforth*. (*Exit.*)

ancients never admitted to a feast more than nine, the number of the Muses, or less than three, the number of the Graces. The true reason, however, was that the three "triclinia," or couches, made three parts of the square around the table; and each containing but three, nine was as great a number as could be accommodated. Epignomus mentions that number here, by way of assuring Gelasimus that there is really no room for him. On this, the Parasite says that he is "imi subsellii vir," "a man for the lowest stool" or "bench," which he can very well manage with. "Subsellia" was the name of the seats of the Tribunes, Triumvirs, and Quæstors, who were not honoured with Curule chairs.

<sup>1</sup> *From Ambracia*)—Ver. 491. Ambracia was a city of Epirus, on the Western coast of Greece.

<sup>2</sup> *I'm a deputy, too*)—Ver. 495. He puns on the word "orator," which signifies "a pleader" or "orator," as well as an "ambassador" or "deputy." He says that he is a pleader too (for the cause of his own stomach), but all to no purpose.

<sup>3</sup> *By no fault of my own*)—Ver. 497. "Nihil obnoxie," "by reason of no fault or offence of my own;" thus consoling himself for his rebuff. It has been observed by various Critics, that this passage is very obscure; but the above translation, which is sanctioned by the learned Rost, is most probably the correct one. Warner renders it "out of doubt," which, out of doubt, is not the meaning.



## ACT THE FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*Enter ANTIPHO and PAMPHILUS.*

ANT. So may the Gods favour me, and preserve for me my daughters, it is a pleasure to me, Pamphilus, that I see you both return home to your native land, your business prosperously managed, yourself and your brother.

PAM. I should have heard enough from you, Antipho, did I not see that you are friendly to me ; now, since I've found that you are my friend, I'll give you credence.

ANT. I would invite you to my house to dinner, had not your brother told me that you were going to dine at his house to-day, when he invited myself to his house to dinner. And it would have been more proper for me to give you an entertainment on your arrival, than to engage myself to him, were it not that I didn't wish to disoblige him. Now I don't wish with words *alone* to insinuate myself into your favour ; to-morrow you shall be at my house, both you and he, with your wives.

PAM. Then, the day after, at my house ; for it was yesterday he invited me for to-day. But am I quite reconciled to you, Antipho ?

ANT. Since you have thus thrived in your affairs, as it behoves yourselves and *persons* friendly disposed to wish, let there be good-will and intercourse between us. Take you care to think of this ; according as wealth is obtained by each man, so does he experience his friends. If his fortunes are flourishing, so are his friends true ; if his prospects decline, so, too, do his friends decline. Fortune finds friends.

*Enter EPIGNOMUS from his house.*

EPIG. (*to himself*). I'm now returned. 'Tis a great delight, if you have been long from home, when you return home again, if no anxieties come in contact with your feelings. But, in my absence, so well has my wife taken care of my private affairs, that she has made me free and unembarrassed by anxieties. But, see, here's my brother Pamphilus, walking with his father-in-law.

PAM. How fares it, Epignomus? EPIG. How with you? How long since you came into harbour?

PAM. Not very long ago. EPIG. (*aside*). And is it since then that he has become on smooth terms with you?

ANT. (*overhearing*). More *smooth* than the sea, on which you have both been borne.

EPIG. You do as you are wont *to do* other things. Do we unlade the ship to-day, brother?

PAM. I would rather *go* quietly *to work*. Let's rather lade ourselves with delights in their turn. How soon will the dinner be cooked? I haven't breakfasted *to-day*.

EPIG. Go in-doors to my house and bathe.

PAM. I'll only step home to my own house, to salute the Gods<sup>1</sup> and my wife. If I do that as I wish, I'll forthwith return to your house.

EPIG. *But* your wife is hastening to come here with her sister.

PAM. 'Tis very good; there will then be the less delay on that account. I shall be at your house<sup>2</sup> this instant.

ANT. (*to PAMPHILUS*). Before you go away, in your presence I wish to relate a single story to him.

EPIG. By all means. ANT. There was once an old gentleman, just as I now am; he had two daughters, such as mine now are; they were married to two brothers, just as mine now are to yourselves.

PAM. I wonder how the story is to turn out?

ANT. One of these young men had, as you (*to PAMPHILUS*) now have, a *damsel*, a music-girl; he had brought her from abroad, as you have now done. Now, this old gentleman was a widower, just as I now am.

PAM. Do proceed; this story is really à propos.

ANT. Then said this old gentleman to him to whom the music-girl belonged, just as I now say to you——

PAM. I'm listening<sup>3</sup>, and carefully giving heed.

<sup>1</sup> *To salute the Gods*)—Ver. 534. To thank his household Gods for his escape from the perils of the sea, and his success in his speculations.

<sup>2</sup> *I shall be at your house*)—Ver. 537. These words are given, in Ritschel's edition, to Epignomus, but clearly erroneously, as it is Pamphilus who is promising that, after he has run home, he will be at the house of his brother immediately.

<sup>3</sup> *I'm listening*)—Ver. 546. Pamphilus says this, as the old man has probably touched him, to bespeak his attention.

ANT. "I gave you my daughter, to be a comfortable bed-fellow for you ; now, I think it fair that one should be given me in return by you, to be my bed-fellow."

PAM. Who says that ? Does he say it<sup>1</sup> just as though you *were to say it* ?

ANT. Just as I now say it to you. "Aye, I'll give you two of them," says this young man, "if one's too little ; and if you are not satisfied with two," says he, "two more shall be added."

PAM. Prithee, who says that ? Does he say it just as though I *were to say it* ?

ANT. He says it just as though you were to say it. Then says this old gentleman, just as though I were to say it, "Well, give me four, if you like, so long only as, i' faith, you find them something to eat as well, that they mayn't consume my victuals."

PAM. Why surely it must have been a stingy old chap to say that, in asking food *as well* of him who promised them to him.

ANT. Why surely, this young man must have been a good-for-nothing fellow, who forthwith, when the other asked him, refused to give him a grain of wheat. But, i' troth, the old gentleman asked what was fair, inasmuch as the dowry which he had given to his daughter, he wished him to have *as an equivalent* for the music-girl.

PAM. I' faith, for sure I really do think that the young man was well advised, who wouldn't give a mistress to that old fellow in return for the dower.

ANT. The old gentleman wished, indeed, if he could, to bargain for their maintenance ; because he couldn't, he said he wished it to be done on what terms it might. "Done," said this young man. "You do me a kindness," said the old gentleman. "Have I the thing agreed upon?" said he. "I'll do even as you wish it to be done," said *the other*. But I'll be off in-doors, and congratulate my daughters on your arrival. Then I'll go wash me at the bath<sup>2</sup> ; there will I

<sup>1</sup> *Does he say it*)—Ver. 549. He imitates the old man's manner of adapting his story to the present company, and here jokes him upon it.

<sup>2</sup> *At the bath*)—Ver. 568. "Pyelum." "Pyelus" is a Greek word Latinised ; it signifies a vessel used in bathing, which was sufficiently large to hold the bather in a sitting posture.

take all care of my old age; after that, when I've bathed, lying down, I'll await you at my leisure. (*Exit.*)

PAM. A funny mortal, Antipho; how cleverly he did make up his story. Even yet the rogue considers himself a young man. A mistress shall be given to the fellow, to sing to the old chap at night in bed; for, 'i' faith, indeed, I know not of what other use a mistress can be to him. But how fares our Parasite, Gelasimus? Is he well, too?

EPIG. I' faith, I saw the fellow not so very long ago.

PAM. How fares he? EPIG. Like one half-starved.

PAM. Why didn't you invite the fellow to your house to dinner?

EPIG. That on my arrival I mightn't be wasting anything. But see, here's the wolf in the Fable<sup>1</sup>; here he is in person with his ravenous fit.

PAM. We'll have some sport with the fellow.

EPIG. You put me in mind of a plan I had *already* resolved on.

## SCENE II.

*Enter GELASIMUS.*

\* \* \* \* \*

GEL. (*to the AUDIENCE*). But as I had begun to tell you; while I have been absent hence, I've now been consulting with my friends and with my relatives. They have been my advisers to the effect that I should this very day kill myself with starvation. But don't I see Pamphilus with his brother Epignomus? Yes, 'tis he. I'll accost the man. (*Goes up to PAMPHILUS.*) O longed-for Pamphilus! O my salvation! O my life! O my delight! right welcome. I rejoice that you've returned safe from abroad to your native land. Welcome.

PAM. Welcome, Gelasimus. GEL. Have you been quite well?

PAM. I have taken good care of *my health*.

*Wolf in the Fable*)—Ver. 577. "Lupus in Fabulâ" was a common expression among the Romans, answering exactly to our very elegant Proverb, "Talk of the devil, he is sure to appear." It either alludes to the fable where the nurse threatens that the wolf shall take the naughty child, on which he makes his appearance, but is disappointed in his expectations; or else to the well-known one of the Shepherd-boy and the Wolf.

GEL. I' troth, I'm glad of it. I' faith, I confoundedly wish I had now a thousand measures of silver.

EPIG. What need have you of it ?

GEL. I' faith, that I might invite him to dinner, *and* not invite you.

EPIG. You are talking against your own interest.

GEL. This, then, that I might invite you both \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* for my part \* \* \* \*

\* I should not avoid<sup>1</sup> \* \* \* \* \*  
there is nothing so \* as this \* \* \* \*

EPIG. Troth, now, I'd ask you with pleasure, if there were room left.

GEL. Well, standing, then, I'll gobble down a bit in the scramble.

EPIG. No, only this one thing can be done.

GEL. What ? EPIG. When the guests have gone, that then you may come——

GEL. Hurra ! capital ! EPIG. To wash the pots, I mean ; not to dinner.

GEL. The Gods confound you ! What say you, Pamphilus ?

PAM. I' troth, this day I'm engaged to dine elsewhere abroad.

GEL. How, abroad ? PAM. Really abroad, on my word.

GEL. How the plague do you like, *thus* wearied, to be supping abroad ?

PAM. Which do you advise me ? GEL. Order a dinner to be cooked at home, and word to be sent to him *who invited you*.

PAM. Shall I dine at home, alone ?

GEL. Why, not alone ; invite me. PAM. But *I'm afraid* lest he should scold me, who has been to this expense for my sake.

GEL. It may easily be excused—only listen to me ; do order a dinner to be cooked at home.

EPIG. Not by my advice, indeed, will he act so as to disappoint that person this day.

GEL. Will you not be off from here ? Perhaps you suppose that I don't see what you're about. Do you look to yourself, please. (*To PAMPHILUS.*) How that fellow is gaping after your property just like a hungry wolf. Don't you know how men are set upon here in the street at night ?

<sup>1</sup> *I should not avoid*)—Ver. 590. The meaning of this fragment seems to be, "I really would invite you both, if it were in my power ; but as I have nothing to offer you, you might as well give me an invitation."

PAM. So many the more *servants* will I bid to come and fetch me, that they may protect me.

EPIG. He won't stir—he won't stir; because you persuade him so earnestly not to go out.

GEL. Do order a dinner to be cooked at home with all speed for me and for yourself and your wife. Troth, if you do so, I don't think you'll say that you are deceived.

PAM. So far as that dinner is concerned, Gelasimus, you may be dinnerless to-day.

GEL. Are you going abroad to dine?

PAM. I'm going to dine at my brother's, hard by.

GEL. Is that fixed? PAM. Fixed.

GEL. By my troth, I hope you may be struck with a stone this day.

PAM. I'm not afraid; I shall go through the garden; I'll not go abroad.

EPIG. What say you *to that*, Gelasimus?

GEL. You're entertaining *your* deputies; keep them to yourself.

EPIG. Why, faith, 'tis your own business.

GEL. If, indeed, 'tis my own business, avail yourself of my assistance; invite me.

EPIG. By my faith, I see, *as* I fancy, one place still for yourself only, where you may recline.

PAM. Really, I do think it may be managed.

GEL. O light of the city! EPIG. If you can manage to recline in a small compass.

GEL. *Aye*, even between *two* wedges<sup>1</sup> of iron. As little space as a puppy can lie in, the same will be enough for me.

EPIG. I'll beg for it some way or other; come along. (*Pulls him along.*)

GEL. *What?* This way? EPIG. Yes, to prison. For here, indeed, you'll not find any further entertainment<sup>2</sup>. Let's be off, you *Pamphilus*.

<sup>1</sup> *Between two wedges*)—Ver. 619. He will take so little space, that he will be able to sit in the compass that lies between two wedges, when driven into a tree for the purpose of forcing out a portion of the wood.

<sup>2</sup> *Further entertainment*)—Ver. 622. "Genium." The Genii were tutelary Divinities, each supposed to have charge of an individual from his birth to his death. They were propitiated with wine and sacrifice, and hence the notion arose that they took pleasure in revelry and feasting. From this circumstance, the word "genius" came to signify a person's "capacity for" or "love of enjoyment."



PAM. I'll but salute the Gods: then I'll pass through to your house forthwith.

GEL. What then? EPIG. Why, I said that you might go to prison.

GEL. Well, if you order it, I'll go there even.

EPIG. Immortal Gods! really, by my troth, this fellow might be induced by a dinner or a breakfast to bear extreme torture.

GEL. Such is my nature; with anything can I struggle much more easily than with hunger.

EPIG. I know it: at my house full long enough has this facility of yours been experienced by me \* \* \*  
\* \* \* while you were the Parasite of myself and my brother, we ruined our fortunes. Now I don't wish you to be made by me from a Gelasimus into a Catagelasimus<sup>1</sup>. (EPIGNOMUS and PAMPHILUS go into their houses.)

GEL. And are you gone now? Surely he is gone. Now have I need of a wise resolution. Both are gone; consider, Gelasimus, what plan you must adopt. \* \* \*  
What, I? Yes, you. What, for myself? Yes, for yourself. Don't you see how dear provisions are? Don't you see how the kindness and the heartiness of men have vanished? Don't you see how drolls are set at nought, and how they themselves are sponged upon? By my troth, not a person shall ever behold me alive on the morrow; for, this instant, in-doors will I load my throat with a bulrush dose<sup>2</sup>. And by this I shall not give cause for men to say that I died of hunger. (Exit.)

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*Enter STICHUS, and places provisions, a table, and couches on the stage.*

STICH. Foolishly and unwisely is it done in my opinion,

<sup>1</sup> *Catagelasimus*)—Ver. 631. He makes a poor joke on the name of Gelasimus, by way of an excuse for not inviting him. "When helping me to spend my fortune, you were 'Gelasimus,' one that amused us by your wit and drollery. I'll not now be instrumental in making you henceforth a butt and a subject of ridicule to others:" the word being the name of Gelasimus, compounded with the Greek preposition *κατά*.

<sup>2</sup> *A bulrush dose*)—Ver. 639. He means that he will go and hang himself with a rope made of bulrushes, which he calls a "bulrush dose" or "draught."

if people are in the habit, if they are expecting a person, of looking out for him; faith, he doesn't on that account come a bit the faster. I'm now doing that same thing, in looking out for Sagarinus; who, still, for that reason won't come a jot the faster. Troth, I shall just now be taking my place alone, if he doesn't come here. I'll now fetch that cask of wine hither from home, and then I'll take my place. The day, like snow, is melting away apace. (*Goes into the house of EPIGNOMUS.*)

## SCENE II.

*Enter SAGARINUS.*

SAG. Hail! Athens, thou nurse of Greece; country of my master, hail! How joyously do I behold thee. But I have a wish to see how my mistress and fellow-servant, Stephanium, is faring. For I bade Stichus to give her my regards, and to tell her that I should come to-day, so that she might cook a dinner in good time. But, surely, here's Stichus.

*Re-enter STICHUS, with a cask of wine.*

STICH. (*to himself*). A clever thing you did, master, when you presented your servant, Stichus, with this gift. O ye immortal Gods! how many delights do I carry, how many smiles, how many jokes, how many a kiss, dancing, dalliance, and good-fellowship.

SAG. Stichus, how fare you? STICH. Right well, Sagarinus, most delightfully; I'm bringing Dionysus<sup>1</sup>, as my guest and yours. For, i' faith, the dinner's cooked; free range has been given me and you at your house. For at our house there's an entertainment; your master's dining there with his wife, and Antipho as well; there, too, is my master. This was given me as a present. (*Points to the cask.*)

SAG. How? Are you dreaming? STICH. I' faith, I'm telling you the truth.

SAG. Who then gave you this? STICH. What matters that to you? I wish us this day to wash away everything of foreign climes. Leave them alone; let's now attend to Athens; follow me. Do you at once make haste, and bathe.

<sup>1</sup> *Bringing Dionysus*)—Ver. 661. Dionysus was the Greek name of Bacchus, the God of wine. He alludes to the "cadus," or earthenware cask of wine which he is carrying.

SAG. I have bathed. STICH. Very good ; follow me, then, this way in-doors, Sagarinus.

SAG. Of course, I follow. By my troth, this beginning pleases me as I return home ; a happy omen and augury<sup>1</sup> has met me in my path. (*They go into the house of PAMPHILUS.*)

### SCENE III.

*Enter STEPHANIUM from the house of EPIGNOMUS.*

STEPH. (*to the AUDIENCE*). I wish that it may appear wondrous to no one of you, Spectators, why I who live there (*pointing to the house of PAMPHILUS*) am come out hither from this other house : I'll inform you *thereon*. Just now was I sent for to this house *by the back way*. For as soon as news was brought that the husbands of these *ladies* were about to come, we all hurried thither. We attended to laying the couches, and setting all in order. Still, amid these duties, I had a care for my friends, Stichus and my fellow-servant Sagarinus, that their dinner should be cooked. Stichus has been caterer ; but for cooking it, I've appointed one my deputy. Now, I'll be off hence, and attend to my friends, who, *I see*, are coming here. (*Goes into the house of PAMPHILUS.*)

### SCENE IV.

*Enter STICHUS and SAGARINUS from the house of PAMPHILUS with provisions, a PIPER following.*

SAG. Come, out of doors with you ; lead on the procession<sup>2</sup>. Stichus, I appoint you commander of the cask. I'm resolved to prove our banquet in every fashion this day. So may the Gods love me, we are well entertained in being feasted in this place. I will that each person that passes by shall be invited to join the banquet.

STICH. Agreed, so long only as, i' faith, each man comes with his own wine<sup>3</sup> ; for of this, a mouthful shall be given to

<sup>1</sup> *A happy omen and augury*)—Ver. 673. "Bona scæva strenaque." See the Note to l. 460.

<sup>2</sup> *Lead on the procession*)—Ver. 683. They are about to have their carousal in front of the house. Sagarinus puts on an air of importance, as if mustering all of large company ; whereas the only guests, besides himself, are Stichus and the Piper. Stephanium has gone to dress herself for the occasion.

<sup>3</sup> *With his own wine*)—Ver. 687. It has been before remarked, that the "symbola," or "ic-nic" was made on these terms.

no person but ourselves, this day. Eating alone<sup>1</sup>, let's wait upon ourselves.

SAG. This banquet, for our means, is quite sufficient, with its nuts, beans, figs<sup>2</sup>, a dish of olives, pounded lupines, *and* a cake.

STICH. It better becomes a man who is a slave to bring his expenses within moderation than beyond. Each one to his own station; they, who have wealth at home, drink from cups, goblets, *and* bowls; we, if we are now drinking from our Samian jug<sup>3</sup>, still build our walls according to our means.

SAG. But while she who is your mistress and mine is arranging her hair, and bedecking herself, I wish us to have some diversion among ourselves. I appoint you the commander<sup>4</sup> of this feast.

STICH. Very aptly does it suggest itself to your mind.

SAG. Wouldn't we be more suitably entertained like Cynics<sup>5</sup> on benches here, than upon couches?

STICH. Aye, but this is far the most pleasant.

SAG. On which side is each of us to recline by our mistress?

STICH. Of course you go to the upper place. And, so that you may understand it, I make a division with you on these terms: consider, *and* take which province you would even like now to take. (*They take their places.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Eating alone*)—Ver. 689. Monotrophi. From the Greek word μονοτροφοί, "eaters alone."

<sup>2</sup> *Nuts, beans, figs*)—Ver. 690. These articles formed the usual food of the Roman slaves.

<sup>3</sup> *Samian jug*)—Ver. 694. A plain earthenware goblet, or cup. Reference has been already made to the Samian pottery. The Proverb in this line is similar to ours, of each "cutting his cloth according to his measure."

<sup>4</sup> *The commander*)—Ver. 697. "Strategum." This is a Greek word, signifying the commander of an army. It was usual with the Greeks, Romans, and Jews, to appoint a master of the feast, who probably gave the toasts, looked to the comforts of the guests, and took care that the quality of the wine was satisfactory. See the second Chapter of St. John, v. 8.

<sup>5</sup> *Entertained like Cynics*)—Ver. 699. The absurdities consequent on the unity of place in the Roman Comedy could not possibly be better illustrated than in the present instance. The servants not only carouse in front of their master's house, but absolutely bring out couches to recline upon. Persons of rigid manners, and especially the Cynic philosophers, persisted in retaining the old posture of sitting at meals; to that circumstance reference is here made.

SAG. But what's your meaning about this "province?"

STICH. Whether you would choose to hold the command over the water or over Bacchus.

SAG. Over Bacchus, most distinctly. But, in the meantime, general of ours, why stands this goblet here? See how many cups<sup>1</sup> we have drunk.

STICH. As many as there are fingers on your hand. The Greek song is, "Drink either your five cups<sup>2</sup> or your three, but not your four."

SAG. (*about to drink*). I pledge you. Do you take for yourself the tenth part from the fountain<sup>3</sup>, if you are wise. Here's luck to you, luck to us; here's luck to thee, luck to me; luck to our Stephanium as well.

STICH. 'Tis bravely done. I pledge you in a goblet. (*Drinks.*)

SAG. Keep your wine; I'd very much like something by way of a relish<sup>4</sup>.

STICH. If you are not satisfied with what's here, there's nothing else. Take some water<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *How many cups*)—Ver. 706. "Cyathos." The "cyathus" was a cup which contained a fixed and definite measure. It contained but a small quantity, one-twelfth part of a "sextarius," which was not quite an English pint. It seems most probable that the "cyathus" was used for the purpose of ladling the wine out of the bowl, or "cratera," in which it was mixed with water, into the goblets or cups. The question of Sagarinus here seems to apply to the number of "cyathi" of the pure wine which they had been drinking at each goblet-full that they took, as otherwise they would be making but slow inroads on the "cadus," five "cyathi" holding, perhaps, about as much as three of our ordinary wine-glasses. It is not improbable that a portion of the Play is lost here.

<sup>2</sup> *Either your five cups, &c.*)—Ver. 707. These words are in Greek. Eustathius and Athenæus say that this Greek song bears reference to the proportions of water that should be mixed with the wine. It seems, however, here to mean that there's "luck in odd numbers" when you are drinking.

<sup>3</sup> *From the fountain*)—Ver. 708. The "fons" in this case was probably a pitcher of water which they had on the table. Sagarinus seems to recommend him, in mixing, only to take one-tenth part of water. Sober people generally mixed in the proportion of three-fifths water and two-fifths wine.

<sup>4</sup> *By way of a relish*)—Ver. 711. By "pulpamentum" Sagarinus seems to mean some dainty, by way of a relish; at least, Stichus so understands him, as he points to the nuts, beans, figs, lupines, and olives on the table, and tells him that he will get nothing else.

<sup>5</sup> *Take some water*)—Ver. 712. He probably tells him to take some water if he feels queer, or, in our vernacular, "seedy," from taking too much wine; which he has some reason to suppose, from the other calling for a "pulpamentum." Anchovy toast is an item of our favorite "pulpamenta."



SAG. You say right; I care for no dainties. Drink away, Piper<sup>1</sup>; drink, if you do drink. I' faith, this must be drunk—don't shirk it. (*Holds the goblet to the PIPER.*) Why flinch at what you see must be done by you? Why don't you drink? Do it, if you are to do it. Take it, I tell you, for the public pays for this. That's not your way to shirk *your drink*. Take your pipes<sup>2</sup> out of your mouth. (*The PIPER drinks.*)

STICH. When he has drunk, either do you mind my rules<sup>3</sup>, or else I'll give up. I don't wish us to drink this straight out; we shall soon be about nothing<sup>4</sup>; for, by my faith, almost all in a moment, the cask might be turned head downwards<sup>5</sup>.

SAG. (*to the PIPER*). How now? Although you did make a fuss about it, still it didn't hurt you. Come, Piper, when you've done drinking, put back your pipes to your lips; quickly puff out your cheeks, just like a reptile serpent<sup>6</sup>. Come now, Stichus, whichever of the two breaks order, shall be fined a cup.

STICH. You propose a good regulation. You ought to have your way, who *only* ask what's fair.

<sup>1</sup> *Drink away, Piper*)—Ver. 713. He thinks that the Piper is inclined to shirk his goblet, and to show that he himself is not flagging in spirit, tries to keep him up to the mark.

<sup>2</sup> *Take your pipes*)—Ver. 716. The "Tibicines," "Pipers" or "flute-players," among the Greeks and Romans, were in the habit of playing upon two pipes at the same time. These were perfectly distinct, and were not even, as has been supposed by some, connected by a common mouth-piece. The Romans were particularly fond of this music, and it was introduced both at sacrifices, funerals, and entertainments. See a comical story about the Roman "Tibicines" in the *Fasti* of Ovid, B. 6, l. 670 *et seq.* From the present specimen they appear to have been merry souls, occupying much the same place as the country fiddlers of modern times.

<sup>3</sup> *Mind my rules*)—Ver. 717. It is pretty clear, that in his zeal, and to show that there is no flagging in him, Sagarinus has been overdoing it, perhaps helping himself out of his turn; on this, the other threatens to resign his office of master of the ceremonies.

<sup>4</sup> *Soon be about nothing*)—Ver. 718. "Nulli rei erimus postea." This is the proper reading, which has been restored by the research of Ritschel. It is difficult to say precisely what he alludes to, but most probably he means, "at this rate our supply will soon be exhausted."

<sup>5</sup> *Turned head downwards*)—Ver. 719. He says that the "cadus," or earthenware cask, will soon at this rate be capable of being turned upside down without any risk of spilling the wine.

<sup>6</sup> *A reptile serpent*)—Ver. 722. The head of the serpent is said to swell, or puff out, when it is irritated.



SAG. Mind it then ; if you offend, I'll forthwith take the forfeit on the spot.

STICH. You ask what's quite right and just.

SAG. (*pledging* STICHUS). Here's to you first of all.

STICH. 'Tis a droll thing this, for two persons, rivals of each other, to be courting, to be drinking from one goblet, and to be kissing one wench. 'Tis worthy of remark this : I am you, you are I ; of one accord are we. With one mistress are we both in love ; when she's with me, still she's with you ; and when she's with you, she's with me as well ; neither of us envies the other.

SAG. Come, come, there's enough of it ; I don't want it overdone to weariness. I'd now like some other sport.

STICH. Drink on, if you are drinking.

SAG. There shall be no skulking in me. But, troth, I've had enough of the feast ; would but our mistress come here. If she were here, nothing else would be away.

STICH. Should you like us to invite our mistress out ? She shall give us a dance.

SAG. I agree. STICH. (*calling aloud*). My sweet one, my lovely one, my pleasing one, Stephanium, do come out of doors to your sweethearts ; to me you are quite charming.

SAG. But to me, indeed, most charming.

STICH. Make us jovial fellows more jovial by your assistance and your company. Returning from abroad, we want you, dear little Stephanium, my honey, *that is*, if our lovingness is pleasing to you, if we are acceptable to you.

#### SCENE V.

*Enter* STEPHANIUM, *from the house of* PAMPHILUS.

STEPH. I'll indulge you, my dears ; but, so may pretty Venus favour me, I should have already come out of doors here together with you, had I not been sprucing myself up for you. For such is the way of woman, when she is well washed, made clean, dressed *and* tricked out, still is she incomplete ; and a female who is a courtesan much more quickly acquires dislike for herself by sluttishness than always keeps in favour through neatness.

STICH. That's very cleverly said. SAG. 'Tis the genuine language of Venus.

STICH. Sagarinus. SAG. What's the matter ?

STICH. I'm in pain all over. SAG. All over? So much the more unfortunate *you*.

STEPH. Where do I take my place?

SAG. Wherever you please. STEPH. I'd like with both of you, for I love you both.

STICH. Whack go my savings<sup>1</sup>. I'm done for; freedom has abandoned this person *of mine*.

STEPH. Prithee, do give me room, where I may take my place, if, indeed, I am agreeable. (*She takes her place.*) Now I do long to be cozy with you both.

STICH. I'm ruined utterly. What were you saying?

SAG. Heyday! What's the matter? STICH. So may the Gods favour me, it never shall be otherwise this day but that this girl shall have a dance somehow. Come, my love, my sweet, do dance; I'll dance too. (*They rise and dance.*)

SAG. I' faith, you shan't that way get the better of me, but what I'll have a bit of enjoyment, too, that way.

STEPH. Well, if I must dance, do you then give the Piper something to drink.

STICH. Aye, and to me. SAG. (*holds the goblet to the PIPER*). Piper, you take first: and after that, if you tipple this off, just as has been your wont before to-day, straight-way strike up some merry and amorous tune to dance to, by which we may tingle all over from our very finger nails. Pour some water here. Take this, you; toss it off. The drink didn't please him just now; now at last he takes it with less difficulty. Take it, you. (*To STEPHANIUM.*) In the meantime, apple of my eye, give me a kiss while he's drinking.

STEPH. Why, it's the way of a common strumpet, for a damsel to give a kiss standing to her sweetheart as he stands. (*She turns away, while he tries to kiss her.*)

STICH. Bravo! bravo! that's the way it's given to a thief<sup>2</sup>.

SAG. Come, blow out your cheeks now; something in the

<sup>1</sup> *Whack go my savings*)—Ver. 751. It would appear at first sight, that he has some compunctions, and intends to say, "this feast will prove so expensive that all my savings (peculium) will be wasted, and I shall never be able to buy my freedom." There can be little doubt, however, that an indelicate pun is intended to be concealed under the expression, "vapulat peculium."

<sup>2</sup> *Given to a thief*)—Ver. 766. She turns away with affected modesty from Sagarinus, who only manages "to steal" a kiss. His rival is pleased at this, and cries out that she only gives it to him as if he was stealing it.

amorous way<sup>1</sup> at once. Give us a new tune in return for the old wine. What person in the Ionian<sup>2</sup> or the ballet line is there that can do anything like that? (*He capers about.*)

STICH. If you get the better of me this turn<sup>3</sup>, *just* challenge me to another.

SAG. Just you do it in this fashion. (*Capers.*)

STICH. And you in this fashion. (*Capers too.*) SAG. O grand<sup>4</sup>!

STICH. O fine! SAG. O wonderful!

STICH. Quiet<sup>5</sup>! SAG. Now, then, both in the same step. (*They dance quietly, in the same measure.*) I challenge all the dancing-masters to dance against me. 'Tis no more possible for there to be enough of this for us than *for there to be too much* rain for a mushroom.

STICH. (*ceasing to dance*). Let's away hence in-doors at once now; we've danced long enough for the wine<sup>6</sup>. You, Spectators, give us your applause, and *then* go home to enjoy yourselves.

<sup>1</sup> *In the amorous way*)—Ver. 767. It is difficult to say what was the exact difference between the "*lepida*" and the "*suavis cantio*." The first was, perhaps, a "merry," and the other an "amorous" tune.

<sup>2</sup> *In the Ionian*)—Ver. 769. The Ionian mode of dancing was graceful and voluptuous. The Sicilians had a dance of this nature in honor of Diana, which they called "the Ionic dance."

<sup>3</sup> *This turn*)—Ver. 770. It is difficult to say what is the exact meaning of "vorsus" or "versus" here. Possibly, it was the name of some particular dance, or it may have merely meant a "turn" or "round," or as we say, "a set," in dancing. Again, it may possibly mean some curious posture, in which Sagarinus was skilled, and in assuming which Stichus could not cope with him. Gesture and grimace formed the main features of the dance with the Romans.

<sup>4</sup> *O grand!*)—Ver. 770. "*Babæ*," "*Tatæ*," and "*Papæ*," are merely exclamations of the dancers, while inspired with the spirit of the dance; not unlike the shrieks and noises which are frequently made by the dancers of our times, at fairs and other places of public resort, where uproarious enjoyment takes the place of sobriety, and, not unfrequently, of common decency.

<sup>5</sup> *Quiet!*)—Ver. 771. "*Pax*." This was the ordinary expression used to signify a pause—"Stop."

<sup>6</sup> *Long enough for the wine*)—Ver. 774. They have fairly danced the wine out.

## PSEUDOLUS: OR, THE CHEAT.

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### Dramatis Personæ.

SIMO, an old gentleman of Athens.  
CALIDORUS, his son, in love with Phœnicium.  
CHARINUS, the friend of Calidorus.  
CALLIPHO, the friend of Simo.  
PSEUDOLUS, the servant of Simo.  
BALLIO, a procurer, the owner of Phœnicium.  
HARPAX, the servant of Polymachæroplagides.  
SIMMIA, the Cheat, a servant of Charinus.  
A COOK.  
A BOY, servant of Ballio.  
PHŒNICIUM [mute], beloved by Calidorus.  
SLAVES of Ballio.

Scene.—Athens. The house of BALLIO is on one side of the Street that  
SIMO on the other.

## THE SUBJECT.

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**CALIDORUS**, a young Athenian, the son of Simo, is in love with **Phœnicium**, a young woman who belongs to **Ballio**, a procurer. A bargain has been made by the procurer, to sell her to a military officer for twenty minæ; fifteen of these have been paid down, and it has been agreed that when the remaining five and a certain token, with a letter, shall have been sent by the Captain, the damsel shall be sent to him in return. **Pseudolus**, the servant of Simo, promises his master's son, that, if possible, he will prevent this. They first address **Ballio** on the subject; but their attempts to influence him are all in vain. **Pseudolus** then devises a plan to get some money out of Simo, by whom, however, it is discovered; but, after having acknowledged his fault, he prevails upon the old gentleman to promise him twenty minæ if he shall contrive to get the girl out of the procurer's hands. **Harpax**, the messenger from the Captain, in the meantime makes his appearance. Being a stranger to the place, he unwittingly delivers the Captain's letter and the token to **Pseudolus**, who pretends that he is the head-servant of the procurer. **Charinus**, the friend of **Calidorus**, lends him five minæ; and, provided with this, **Pseudolus** equips **Simmia**, a servant of **Charinus**, so as to represent the messenger from the Captain. He finds the procurer, delivers the letter, pays the five minæ, and carries off the damsel. **Ballio** then makes a bet of twenty minæ with Simo, that **Pseudolus** shall not outwit him that day. The real **Harpax** now applies to **Ballio** for the girl, and the trick being discovered, the procurer has to pay back the fifteen minæ to the Captain, and the twenty for the bet which he has made with Simo. Simo then pays the twenty minæ, which he has promised to **Pseudolus** if he should succeed in outwitting the procurer. **Pseudolus** is handsomely entertained by **Calidorus**, and engages to return to Simo one-half of the money, if he will join the entertainment.

# PSEUDOLUS; OR, THE CHEAT.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

AN officer pays down fifteen minæ, ready money (*Præsentes*); as a token he also (*Simul*) gives an impression of his seal, that the procurer may deliver Phœnicium to him (*Ei*), who brings it with the rest of the money. Pseudolus intercepts his camp-servant coming (*Venientem*) with the token, saying (*Dicens*), that he is Syrus, the servant of Ballio, and thus he gives his aid (*Opem*) to his master; for the procurer (*Leno*) delivers up the damsel to Simmia, whom he has substituted. The real Harpax comes (*Venit*); the matter is all discovered, and the old man (*Senex*) pays the money which he has agreed to give.

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## THE PROLOGUE<sup>1</sup>.

ATTEND to me this day; good things I bring upon the stage; for I think 'tis very just that to the good good things should be brought; as *likewise* bad things to the bad; that those who are bad may have what's bad, those who are good what's good; bad men are bad because they hate the good; because the good condemn the bad, needs must be that they are good; and therefore, you are good since you have ever abhorred the bad; and both by your laws, Quirites, and by your legions, have you routed them with good success. In like manner now do you give your goodly attention to this goodly company, which is a good one, and to good people

<sup>1</sup> *The Prologue*) It is generally supposed that this Prologue, with the exception of the last two lines, was not written by Plautus it is, however, of great antiquity, and is found in most of the MSS.



brings this day good things. Ears, eyes, *and* understanding, shall be amply filled. He that comes hungry or thirsty to the theatre, the same shall carefully give his attention *both* through laughter and a sharpened stomach ; while those who are full will laugh, the hungry will be carping. Now, if you are wise, you hungry ones, give place, and go away ; you who are full, stand—aye, sit you down, and give attention. I shall not now divulge the plot, nor yet the name of this play—Pseudolus will fully do that. I imagine then and I think that this is enough which I have said to you. Where mirth, jokes, laughter, wine, and jollity, are the order of the day, the Graces, *too, and* propriety, joyousness, and delight ; he who seeks for other things, that person appears to seek for evil. Away, then, with evil cares, as being men at your ease this day. 'Tis better for your loins to be stretched<sup>1</sup>, and for you to arise. A long play of Plautus is coming upon the stage.

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ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Enter CALIDORUS and PSEUDOLUS from SIMO's house.*

PSEUD. If, master, by your being silent, I could be informed what miseries are afflicting you so sadly, I would willingly have spared the trouble of two persons—of myself in asking you, and of yourself in answering me. Since, however, that cannot be, necessity compels me to enquire of you. Answer me : What's the reason that, out of spirits for these many days past, you've been carrying a letter about with you, washing it with your tears, and making no person the sharer of your purpose ? Speak out, that what I am ignorant of, I may know together with yourself.

CAL. I am wretchedly miserable, Pseudolus.

PSEUD. May Jupiter forbid it ! CAL. This belongs not at all to the arbitration of Jupiter ; under the sway of Venus<sup>2</sup> am I harassed, not under that of Jove.

<sup>1</sup> *Loins to be stretched*)—Ver. 14. In the sitting position, the muscles of the loins are contracted ; hence the present expression.

<sup>2</sup> *Under the sway of Venus*)—Ver. 15. The youth of both sexes, from the tenth to the eighteenth year, were supposed to be under the dominion of Venus, to whom they offered their clothes dolls, and toys, on arriving at puberty.

PSEUD. Is it allowable for me to know what it is? For hitherto you have had me as chief confidant in your plans.

CAL. The same is now my intention.

PSEUD. Let me know *then* what's the matter with you. I'll aid you either with resources, or with my efforts, or with good counsel.

CAL. Do you take this letter: do you thence inform yourself what misery and *what* care are wasting me away.

PSEUD. (*taking the letter*). Compliance shall be given you. But, prithee, how's this?

CAL. What's the matter? PSEUD. As I think, these letters are very loving; they are climbing on each other's backs.

CAL. Are you making sport of me with your foolery?

PSEUD. I' faith, I really do believe that unless the Sibyl<sup>1</sup> can read them, nobody else can possibly interpret them.

CAL. Why speak you unkindly of *those* sweet letters—sweet tablets *too*, written upon by a hand *as* sweet.

PSEUD. Troth now, have hens, prithee, such hands? For certainly a hen has written these *letters*.

CAL. You are annoying me. *Either* read it or return the letter.

PSEUD. Very well then, I'll read it through. Give me your attention.

CAL. *That's* not here. PSEUD. Do you summon it then.

CAL. Well, I'll be silent; do you summon it from *that* wax there<sup>2</sup>; for there my attention is at present, not in my breast.

PSEUD. I see your mistress, Calidorus. CAL. Where is she, prithee?

PSEUD. See, here she is at full length in the *letter*; she's lying upon the wax.

CAL. Now, may the Gods and Goddesses, inasmuch——<sup>3</sup>

PSEUD. Preserve me from harm, to wit.

<sup>1</sup> *Unless the Sibyl*—Ver. 25. The Sibyl, being gifted with prophecy, might know the meaning of that which could not be read. The 23rd line has been somewhat modified in the translation.

<sup>2</sup> *From that wax there*—Ver. 33. Allusion is here made to the wax with which the surface of the tablet was covered, and on which the writing was traced with the iron "stylus."

<sup>3</sup> *Inasmuch*—Ver. 37. He is going to say, "may the Divinities confound you;" which anathema Pseudolus adroitly turns aside, and refrains from further provoking his master.

CAL. For a short season have I been *like* a summer plant<sup>1</sup>; suddenly have I sprung up, suddenly have I withered.

PSEUD. Be silent, while I read the letter through.

CAL. Why don't you read it then?

PSEUD. (*reading*). "Phœnicium to her lover, Calidorus, by means of wax and string and letters, her exponents, sends health, and safety does she beg<sup>2</sup> of you, weeping, and with palpitating feelings, heart, and breast."

CAL. I'm undone; I nowhere find, Pseudolus, this safety for me to send her back.

PSEUD. What safety? CAL. A silver one.

PSEUD. And do you wish to send her back a silver safety for one on wood<sup>3</sup>? Consider what you're about.

CAL. Read on now; I'll soon cause you to know from the letter how suddenly there's need for me for one of silver to be found.

PSEUD. (*reading on*). "The procurer has sold me, my love, for twenty minæ, to a Macedonian officer from abroad. Before he departed hence, the Captain paid him fifteen minæ; only five minæ now are remaining unpaid. On that account the Captain left here a token—his own likeness impressed on wax by his ring—that he who should bring hither a token like to that, together with him the procurer might send me. The next day *hence*, on the Festival of Bacchus<sup>4</sup>, is the one fixed for this matter."

CAL. Well, that's to-morrow; my ruin is near at hand, unless I have some help in you.

PSEUD. Let me read it through. CAL. I permit you; for I seem to myself to be talking to her. Read on; the

<sup>1</sup> *Like a summer plant*)—Ver. 38. Some Commentators think that Plautus refers to some imaginary plant, which was supposed to grow up and wither on the day of the summer Solstice. It seems, however, more probable that he only refers to the short existence of summer flowers in general.

<sup>2</sup> *Safety does she beg*)—Ver. 43. The writer plays upon the different meanings of the word "salus." She sends you "salus," "greeting" or "salutation," and requests you to find her "salus," "safety" or "rescue," in return.

<sup>3</sup> *For one on wood*)—Ver. 47. Meaning, in return for her "salus," or "salutation," upon the wooden tablet, is it your wish to send her "salus," "safety," procured through the medium of money, by effecting her liberation.

<sup>4</sup> *Festival of Bacchus*)—Ver. 59. "Dionysia." There were several festivals of Bacchus at Athens. They were called "Dionysia" from Dionysus, the Greek name of that God.

sweet and the bitter are you now mingling together for me.

PSEUD. (*reading on*). "Now our loves, our tenderness, our intimacy, our mirth, our dalliance, our talking, our sweet kisses, the close embrace of us lovers equally fond, the soft, dear kisses *impressed* on our tender lips, the delicious pressing of the swelling bosom; of *all* these delights, *I say*, for me and for you as well, the severance, the destruction, and the downfall is at hand, unless there is some rescue for me in you or for you in me. I have taken care that you should know all these things that I have written; now shall I make trial how far you love me, *and* how far you pretend *to do so*."

CAL. 'Tis written, Pseudolus, in wretchedness.

PSEUD. Alas! very wretchedly<sup>1</sup>. CAL. Why don't you weep, then?

PSEUD. I've eyes of pumice stone<sup>2</sup>; I can't prevail upon them to squeeze out one tear even.

CAL. Why so? PSEUD. My family was always a dry-eyed one.

CAL. Won't you attempt to assist me at all?

PSEUD. What shall I do for you?

CAL. Alas! PSEUD. Alas! *do you say*? Well, don't be sparing of them, i' faith; I'll give you *plenty*.

CAL. I'm distracted. I nowhere can find any money to borrow.

PSEUD. Alas! CAL. Nor is there a single coin in the house.

PSEUD. Alas! CAL. He's going to carry the damsel away to-morrow.

PSEUD. Alas! CAL. Is it in that fashion that you help me?

PSEUD. I give you that which I have; for I've a perpetual supply of those treasures<sup>3</sup> in my house.

CAL. It's all over with me this very day. But can you now

<sup>1</sup> *Very wretchedly*)—Ver. 74. Pseudolus probably intends to allude to the bad hand in which the letter seems to have been written, while his master refers to the sorrowful tone of the epistle.

<sup>2</sup> *Of pumice stone*)—Ver. 75. That is, "as dry as pumice stone."

<sup>3</sup> *Supply of those treasures*)—Ver. 84. Of "Eheu!" "Alas!" or "Oh dear me!" This he repeats so frequently, because his master has reproached him for not weeping in sympathy with him for the calamities of Phœnicium.

lend me one drachma, which I'll pay you back to-morrow ?

PSEUD. I' faith, I hardly think I could, even though I should pawn myself *for it*. But what do you want to do with this drachma ?

CAL. I want to purchase a halter for myself.

PSEUD. For what reason ? CAL. With which to hang myself. I'm determined, ere 'tis dark, to take<sup>1</sup> a leap in the dark.

PSEUD. Who then shall pay me back my drachma \* \* \* ? Do you wish purposely to hang yourself for the very reason, that you may cheat me out of my drachma if I lend it you ?

CAL. At all events, I can in nowise survive if she's removed and carried off from me.

PSEUD. Why do you weep, *you* cuckoo<sup>2</sup> ? You shall survive.

CAL. Why should I not weep, who have neither a coin of silver in ready money, nor have the hope of a groat<sup>3</sup> anywhere in the world ?

PSEUD. As I understand the tenor of this letter, unless you weep for her with tears of silver, *the affection* which you wish yourself by those tears to prove is of no more value than if you were to pour water into a sieve. But have no fear, I'll not forsake you in your love. In troth, I do trust that this day, from some quarter or other, by my good aid I shall find you help in the money line. But whence that is

<sup>1</sup> *Ere 'tis dark, to take*)—Ver. 90. "Ante tenebras tenebras persequi." Literally, "before the shades to reach the shades." A wretched pun is attempted.

<sup>2</sup> *You cuckoo*)—Ver. 96. "Cuculus." "Cuckoo" seems to have been in all ages a term of reproach. Horace mentions it as being applied by the common people to the vintagers in the autumn. Shakspeare, in the beautiful song in the Fifth Act of *Love's Labour Lost*, has these lines :

The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckoo !

Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !

Perhaps the reason of this epithet being deemed opprobrious, was the simple fact that the cuckoo is the laziest of birds, inasmuch as it is too idle to build its own nest. The subject is further referred to in a future note

<sup>3</sup> *Hope of a groat*)—Ver. 98. "Libella" was the smallest silver coin among the Romans, the tenth part of a "denarius."

to come,—*that* whence I know not how to pronounce; except *only* that *so* it shall be; my eyebrow twitches<sup>1</sup> to that effect.

CAL. As to what you say, I trust that your deeds may be as good as your words.

PSEUD. I' faith, you surely know, if I set my plans a-going<sup>2</sup>, after what fashion and how great is the bustle that I am in the habit of causing.

CAL. In you are now *centred* all the hopes of my existence.

PSEUD. Is it enough, if I this day make this damsel to be yours, or if I find you twenty minæ?

CAL. 'Tis enough, if *so* it is to be.

PSEUD. Ask of me twenty minæ, that you may be assured that I'll procure for you that which I have promised. Ask them of me, by my troth, prithee do; I long to make the promise.

CAL. Will you this day find me twenty minæ of silver?

PSEUD. I will find them; be no more troublesome to me then. And this I tell you first, that you mayn't deny that it was told you; if I can no one else, I'll diddle your father *out of the money*.

CAL. So far as *filial* affection is concerned, even my mother as well. May the Gods always preserve you for me. But what if you are not able?

PSEUD. Upon that matter do you go to sleep with either eye.

CAL. With the eye or with the ear<sup>3</sup>?

PSEUD. The latter is too common an expression. Now, that no one may affirm that it wasn't told him, I tell you all (*to the AUDIENCE*), in the presence of the youths in this audience, *and of* all the people, to all my friends and all my

<sup>1</sup> *My eyebrow twitches*)—Ver. 107. The itching of the eye, or the twitching of the eyebrows, has been supposed by superstitious persons in all ages to pre-  
sage some impending event.

<sup>2</sup> *Set my plans a-going*)—Ver. 109. "*Mea si commovi sacra*." Literally, "if I move my sacred things." Lambinus thinks that this may refer to the sacred things dedicated to Bacchus, which no one touched without being punished for it; and even if Bacchus himself attempted to do, confusion and disorder was the consequence.

<sup>3</sup> *Or with the ear*)—Ver. 124. "To sleep on the ear" was a proverbial saying borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks, to denote a sense of complete security Pseudolus says that the proverb is too vulgar for his refined taste.



acquaintances I give notice, that for this day they must guard against me, *and* not trust me.

CAL. Hist! be silent, prithee, by all the powers!

PSEUD. What's the matter? CAL. There was a noise at the procurer's door.

PSEUD. I could only wish it were his legs in preference.

CAL. Yes, and he himself is coming out from in-doors, the perjured scoundrel. (*They stand at a distance.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter BALLIO, with several MALE<sup>1</sup> and FEMALE SLAVES, from his house.*

BAL. Get out, come, out with you, you rascals, kept at a loss and bought at a loss, in the minds of not one of whom aught ever comes to do aright, of whom I can't make a bit of use, unless I try it after this fashion. (*He flogs the men all round.*) At no time did I ever see human beings more *like* asses; so hardened are your ribs with stripes; when you flog them, you hurt yourself the most. Of such a disposition are these whipping-posts who follow this line of conduct; when the opportunity is given, pilfer, purloin<sup>2</sup>, prig, plunder, drink, eat, *and* run away's *the word*. This is their method, so that you would choose rather to leave wolves among sheep, than these *fellows* on guard in your house. Yet, when you look at their appearance, they don't seem amiss; by their doings they deceive you. Now, therefore, unless you all of you give your attention to this charge, unless you remove drowsiness and sloth from your breasts and eyes, I'll make your sides to be right thoroughly marked with thongs, so much so that not even Campanian coverlets are coloured as well, nor yet Alexandrian tapestry<sup>3</sup> of purple embroidered with beasts all over. Even yesterday I already gave you all notice, and assigned to each his own *respective* employment;

<sup>1</sup> *Male*) These male slaves in the text are called "lorarii." It was their province to lay the "lorum," or whip, about their fellow-slaves, at the bidding of their master.

<sup>2</sup> *Purloin*)—Ver. 138. "Clepo," to "purloin" or "prig," comes from the Greek κλεπτῶ, "to steal." "Harpago," to "rob" or "plunder," is from the Greek verb αρπάγω, of a similar meaning.

<sup>3</sup> *Alexandrian tapestry*)—Ver. 147. We learn from Pliny the Elder that the people of Alexandria excelled in weaving tapestry of many threads, which was called "polymita." They excelled both the Babylonians and Phrygians in depicting birds, beasts, and human beings, upon their productions. Campania seems, from the present passage, to have been famous for its counterpanes.

but so utterly worthless are you, *so* neglectful, of *such* stubborn dispositions, that you compel me to put you in mind of your duty with a basting. You are so minded, I suppose, to get the better of this *scourge* and myself through the hardness of your hides. Never, i' faith, will your hides prove harder, than is this cow-hide of mine. (*He dangles it before them.*) Do look at that, please; they are minding other matters. Attend to this, *and* give heed to this. (*He flogs one of them.*) How now? Does it pain? Ah, that's the way it's laid on when any slave slights his master. Stand all of you before me, you race of mortals born to be thrashed; turn your ears this way; give attention all of you to what I say. You *fellow* who are holding the pitcher, do you fetch the water; do you take care that the cauldron's full this instant. You, with the axe, I appoint over the wood-cutting department.

SLAVE. But this one is blunted on the edge.

BAL. Let it be so, *then*. And so are you yourselves with stripes; yet am I for that reason any the less to enjoy your services? My orders I give to you, that the house be made clean. You have what you are to do; make haste, *and* go in-doors. (*Exit FIRST SLAVE.*) Be you the one that makes the couches smooth<sup>1</sup>. Do you wash the plate clean, and arrange it in order as well. Take care that when I return from the Forum, I find things done; that all be swept, sprinkled, scoured, made smooth, cleaned, and arranged in order. For this day is my birthday; it befits you all to celebrate it. Take care to lay the gammon of bacon, the brawn, the collared neck, *and* the udder, in water; do you hear me? I wish to entertain tip-top men in first-rate style, that they may fancy that I have property. Go you in-doors, and get these things ready quickly, that there may be no delay when the cook comes. I'm going to market, that I may make purchase of whatever fish is there. Boy, go you before me; I must have a care that no one cuts away my purse. Or wait *there*; there's something that I had almost forgotten to say at home. Do you hear me, *you* women? I have this charge for you—you, misses of distinction, who spend your time with illustrious men in refinements, luxury,

<sup>1</sup> *Makes the couches smooth*)—Ver. 162. It was to be his duty to prepare the couches required for the entertainment.

and delights; now shall I know and make trial this day, which one has regard for her liberty<sup>1</sup>, which for her appetite which thinks on her business, which on sleeping *only*: this day I'll make trial which I must think of as a freed-woman, and which as one to be sold. Take you care that many a present from your lovers comes in for me this day; for if your year's board isn't picked up for me, to-morrow I'll turn you adrift on the public. You know that this is my birthday; where are those *youths*, the apples of whose eyes you are, whose *very* existence, whose delight you are? *Where* are your kisses, *where* your bosoms sweet as honey? Make the bearers of presents to come here then, for my sake, before *this* house, in whole regiments<sup>2</sup>. Why am I to find clothes for you, gold trinkets, and those things which you need? What have I, you jades, through your means, except vexation, you *women*, eager for nothing but the wine? You are a-soaking away yourselves and your paunches too, at the very time that I'm here a-dry. Now, therefore, this is the best thing to do; for me to call you each by her name, that no one of you may be declaring to me by-and-by that *her business* hasn't been told her. Give attention, all of you. In the first place, Hedylium, my business is with you—you, who are the favorite of the corn-merchants, *men* who have, all of them, immense mountains of wheat piled up at home; take you care that wheat is brought here for me, to suffice this year to come for myself and all my household, and that I may so abound in corn that the city may change my name for me, and instead of the procurer Ballio proclaim me King Iasion<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Regard for her liberty*)—Ver. 175. By “caput” he means “liberty of the head” or “person.” He will try to find out which of the women attends to gaining as much money as will one day procure her liberation, and who, consequently, is studying the interests of her master.

<sup>2</sup> *In whole regiments*)—Ver. 181. “Manipulim.” Literally, “in whole maniples.” There were 120 men in each manipule of the “velites,” “hastati,” and “principes” of the Roman army, and 60 in each manipule of the “triarii.” Four maniples made a cohort.

<sup>3</sup> *King Iasion*)—Ver. 193. Iasius, or Iasion, was a king of Arcadia, the father of Atalanta, who attended the hunt of the Calydonian boar, and was beloved by Meleager. There was another person of the same name, who was the lover of Ceres, and was slain by the thunderbolts of Jove. As he was said to have been the father, by Ceres, of Plutus, the God of Riches, he is probably the person here referred to.

CAL. (*apart*). Do you hear what the gallows-bird is saying? \* \* \* Doesn't he seem a regular boaster to you?

PSEUD. (*apart*). I' troth the fellow does, and a wicked one<sup>1</sup> as well. But hush now, and give attention to this.

BAL. Æschrodora, you who have for your patrons the outchers, those rivals of the procurers, who, just like ourselves, by false oaths seek their gains, do you listen; unless the three larders shall be crammed for me this day with carcasses of ample weight, to-morrow, just as they say that formerly the two sons of Jupiter fastened Dirce<sup>2</sup> to the bull, *aye*, this day as well, will I tie you up to the larder; that, in fact, shall be your bull.

CAL. (*apart*). I'm quite enraged by the talk of this fellow; that we should suffer the youth of Attica to encourage here<sup>3</sup> this fellow! Where are they—where are they skulking, they of mature age, who have their amorous dealings with this procurer? Why don't they meet? Why don't they one and all deliver the public from this pestilence? But I am very simple, and very ignorant; they would venture, of course, to do that to those, to whom their passions compel them, to their misfortune, to be subservient, and, at the same time, prevent them from doing that against them which they would rather wish *to do*.

PSEUD. (*apart*). Hush! CAL. (*apart*). What's the matter?

PSEUD. (*apart*). Pshaw! you are not very obliging. Why are you drowning his talk<sup>4</sup> by your noise?

CAL. (*apart*). I'll be silent. PSEUD. (*apart*). But I'd much rather you would be silent, than that you should say you will be silent.

BAL. And you, Xystilis, take you care and give me your attention—you whose fanciers have large quantities of oil at home. If oil shall not be brought me here forthwith in leathern

<sup>1</sup> *And a wicked one*)—Ver. 195. Pseudolus plays on the resemblance of the two words “magnificus,” a boaster, and “maleficus,” “wicked.”

<sup>2</sup> *Fastened Dirce*)—Ver. 199. Dirce was married to Lycus, the King of Thebes, after he had divorced Antiope. On this, Zethus and Amphion, the sons of the latter by Jupiter, caused the supplanter of their mother to be fastened to the tail of a wild bull, and put Lycus to death.

<sup>3</sup> *To encourage here*)—Ver. 202. As being the minister of their pleasures.

<sup>4</sup> *Drowning his talk*)—Ver. 208. Calidorus will keep whispering to him, while he is wishful to listen to what the procurer is saying.

bags, I'll to-morrow cause yourself to be carried off in a leathern bag to the *prostitutes'* shambles<sup>1</sup>. There a bed shall be given you, I warrant, where you can have no rest, but where, even to *downright* fainting—— You understand what's the tendency of that which I'm saying? Will you tell me, you viper you, you who have so many of your fanciers so right well laden with their oil, is now the head of any one of your fellow-slaves a bit the better anointed by your means, or do I, myself, get my dainty morsels a bit the better seasoned with oil<sup>2</sup> for it? But I understand—you don't care much about oil; with wine you anoint yourself. Only wait *a bit*; by my troth I'll punish you for all at one spell, unless indeed this day you contrive to manage all these things that I've been speaking of. But as for you, Phœnicium, I tell you this, you pet of the mighty men—you who have been for so long a time always paying down to me your money for your liberty—you who only know how to promise, but don't know how to pay what you have promised; unless this day all your keep is brought me here out of the stores of your customers, to-morrow, Phœnicium, with a *true* Phœnician hide<sup>3</sup>, you'll pay a visit to the strumpets' shambles. (*The SLAVES go into the house of BALLIO.*)

SCENE III.—CALIDORUS and PSEUDOLUS come forward.

BALLIO stands near his door.

CAL. Pseudolus, don't you hear what he says?

PSEUD. I hear it, master, and I give good heed.

CAL. What do you advise me to send him, that he mayn't devote my mistress to dishonor?

PSEUD. Don't you trouble yourself about that; be of cheer-

<sup>1</sup> *Prostitutes' shambles*)—Ver. 214. It is not exactly known what the "pergula" was, but it is supposed that it was a "booth" or "shed" adjoining to a house, which was let out for persons who wished to expose their wares to the public view. It is not improbable that in these sheds the lower class of courtesans "prostant venales," or courted the public favour. No doubt the "leno" had one of these in his establishment, and he threatens the refractory females with it as a punishment, as it was probably tenanted by the refractory ones, and those whose charms had ceased to attract more wealthy customers.

<sup>2</sup> *Seasoned with oil*)—Ver. 221. "Unctiusculo." The Romans used a great deal of oil in the seasoning of their dishes.

<sup>3</sup> *True Phœnician hide*)—Ver. 228. He puns upon her name; as "phœnicium," or "puniceum," was the name of the purple colour for which Tyre and Sidon, in Phœnicia, were so famous.



ful mind. I'll manage for myself and for you. For some time past I've been on terms of goodwill with him, and he with me; and our friendship is of old standing. I'll send him this day, on his birthday, a mischief heavy and well-matured.

CAL. What's the plan? PSEUD. Can't you attend to something else?

CAL. But—— PSEUD. Tut.

CAL. I'm distracted. PSEUD. Harden your heart.

CAL. I cannot. PSEUD. Make yourself to can.

CAL. By what means, pray, can I prevail upon my feelings?

PSEUD. Carry you out that which is to your advantage, rather than give heed with your feelings to the thing that's disadvantageous.

CAL. That's nonsense; there is no pleasure, unless a lover acts like a fool.

PSEUD. Do you persist? CAL. O my dear Pseudolus, let me be undone—do let me, please.

PSEUD. I'll let you; only let me go. (*Going.*)

CAL. Stay, stay. As you shall, then, wish me to be, so will I be.

PSEUD. Now, at last, you are in your senses.

BAL. (*coming forward from the door of his house to the other side of the stage*). The day is passing; I'm causing delay to myself. Boy, do you go before me. (*Moves as if going.*)

CAL. Hallo there! he's going; why don't you call him back?

PSEUD. Why in such a hurry? Gently.

CAL. But before he's gone.

BAL. Why the plague do you go so slowly, boy?

PSEUD. You born on this day, hallo! you born on this day; I'm calling to you; hallo! you born on this day, come you back and look at us. Although you are busy, we want you; stop—it's *because* some persons want to speak to you.

BAL. What's this? Who is it, when I'm busy, causes me unseasonable delay?

PSEUD. He that has been your supporter.

BAL. He's dead that has been; *only* he that is, is *now* alive.



PSEUD. You are too saucy. BAL. You are too troublesome. (*Turns away to go on.*)

CAL. Seize the fellow; follow him up.

BAL. Go on, boy. PSEUD. Let's go and meet him this way. (*They run and stand before him.*)

BAL. May Jupiter confound you, whoever you are.

PSEUD. That for yourself I wish. BAL. And for both of you do I. Turn you this way, boy. (*Takes another direction.*)

PSEUD. May we not speak with you?

BAL. Why, it doesn't please me.

PSEUD. But if it's something to your advantage?

BAL. Am I allowed to go away, pray, or am I not?

PSEUD. Pshaw! Stop. (*Catches hold of him.*) BAL. Let me go.

CAL. Ballio, listen. BAL. I'm deaf.

CAL. Really, you are uncivil. BAL. You are a chatterer of nonsense.

CAL. I gave you *money* so long as I had it.

BAL. I'm not asking what you gave.

CAL. I'll give you some when I have it.

BAL. When you have it, bring it to me<sup>1</sup>.

CAL. Alas, alas! In what a foolish fashion have I lavished what I brought to you, and what I gave you.

BAL. Your wealth defunct, you now are talking about it; you are a simpleton, a cause that has been tried you are trying over again.

PSEUD. At least consider him, who he is.

BAL. I've known for a long time now who he was; who he now is, let him know himself. Do you walk on (*to the Boy*).

PSEUD. And can't you, Ballio, only once give a look this way for *your own* profit?

BAL. At that price I'll give a look; for if I were sacrificing to supreme Jupiter, and were presenting<sup>2</sup> the entrails in my hands to lay them *on the altar*, if in the meanwhile any-

<sup>1</sup> *Bring it to me*)—Ver. 258. "Ducito." This word may either mean "bring" the money when you have got it, or "take away" Phœnicium when you bring the money. The former seems the most probable meaning.

<sup>2</sup> *And were presenting*)—Ver. 266. "Porricio" was the word especially employed to signify the act of laying the entrails on the altar, for the purpose of burning them.

thing in the way of profit were offered, I should in preference forsake the sacrifice. There's no being able to resist that *sort of piety*, however other things go.

PSEUD. (*aside*). The very Gods, whom it is especially our duty to reverence—they he esteems of little value.

BAL. I'll speak to him. Hail to you, right heartily, the very vilest slave in Athens.

PSEUD. May the Gods and Goddesses favour you, Ballio, both at his wish and at my own; or, if you are deserving of other terms, let them neither favour nor bless you.

BAL. What's the matter, Calidorus?

CAL. Love and pinching want<sup>1</sup> are the matter.

BAL. I would pity you, if, upon pity I could support my establishment.

PSEUD. Aye, aye, we know you quite well, what sort of character you are; don't be proclaiming it. But do you know what we want?

BAL. I' faith, I *know it* pretty nearly; that there may be something unfortunate for me.

PSEUD. Both to that and this for which we called you back, prithee do give your attention.

BAL. I am attending; but compress into a few words what you want, as I'm busy now.

PSEUD. He (*pointing to CALIDORUS*) is quite ashamed about what he promised you, and the day for which he promised it, that he hasn't even yet paid you those twenty minæ for his mistress.

BAL. That which we are ashamed at is much more easily endured than that which we are vexed at. At not having paid *the money*, he is ashamed; I, because I have not received it, am vexed.

PSEUD. Still, he'll pay it, he'll procure it; do you only wait some days to come. But he has been afraid of this, that you'll sell her on account of his embarrassment.

BAL. He had an opportunity, had he wished, of paying the money long ago.

CAL. What if I had it not? BAL. If you had been in love, you would have found it on loan. You would have

<sup>1</sup> *Love and pinching want*)—Ver. 273. "Amatur atque egetur acriter." Literally, "it is loved, and is wanted sharply."

gone to the usurer<sup>1</sup>; you would have paid the interest; *or else* you would have pilfered it from your father.

PSEUD. Ought he to have pilfered it from his father, *you* most shameless *villain*? There is no fear that you'll point out to him anything that's right.

BAL. That's not like a procurer. CAL. And could I possibly pilfer anything from my father, an old man so much on his guard? And besides, if I could do so, filial affection forbids.

BAL. I understand you; do you then at night embrace filial affection in place of Phœnicium. But since I see you prefer your filial affection to your love—are all men your fathers? Is there no one for you to ask to lend you some money?

CAL. Why, the very name of lending's dead and gone by this.

PSEUD. Look you now; since, i' faith<sup>2</sup>, those fellows arose from the *banker's* table, with a filled skin, who, when they called in their own, paid what they had borrowed to no born creature, since then, *I say*, all people have been more cautious not to trust another.

CAL. Most wretched am I; nowhere am I able to find a coin of silver; so distractedly am I perishing both through love and want of money.

BAL. Buy oil on credit<sup>3</sup>, *and* sell it for ready money; then, i' faith, even two hundred minæ ready money might be raised.

CAL. *There* I'm done; the twenty-five year old law<sup>4</sup> founders me. All are afraid to trust me.

<sup>1</sup> *To the usurer*)—Ver. 287. "Danista," from the Greek δανίστης, "an usurer."

<sup>2</sup> *Since, i' faith*)—Ver. 296. He alludes probably to the recent fraudulent failure of some well-known bankers.

<sup>3</sup> *Buy oil on credit*)—Ver. 301. "Emito die cæcâ—id vendito oculatâ die." By buying a commodity "on a blind day," and selling it "on one with eyes," is meant the system of credit for the purposes of business; where they who purchase on that principle have an eye only to the present time, but are blind as to the future consequences of their speculation. The intencion of the procurer is to advise the young man to get oil on credit, and then sell it for anything it will fetch.

<sup>4</sup> *The twenty-five year old law*)—Ver. 303. The Quinavicenarian, which was also called the Lætorian Law, forbade credit to be given to persons under the age of twenty-five years, and deprived the creditor of all right to recover his money or goods. As usual, Plautus does not scruple to refer to Roman customs, though the scene is at Athens.

BAL. The same law<sup>1</sup> have I. I'm afraid to trust you.

PSEUD. To trust him, indeed! How now, do you repent of the great profit he has been to you?

BAL. No lover is a profitable one, except him who keeps continually making presents. Either let him be always giving, or when he has nothing, let him at the same time cease to be in love.

CAL. And don't you pity me at all?

BAL. You come empty-handed; words don't chink. But I wish you life and health.

PSEUD. Heyday! Is he dead already?

BAL. However he is, to me indeed, at all events, with these speeches, he is dead. Then, does a lover *really* live, when he comes begging to a procurer? Do you always come to me with a complaint that brings<sup>2</sup> its money. As for that, which you are now lamenting about, that you have got no money, complain *of it* to your stepmother<sup>3</sup>.

PSEUD. Why, have you ever been married to his father, pray?

BAL. May the Gods grant better things.

PSEUD. Do what we ask you, Ballio, on my credit, if you are afraid to trust him. Within the next three days, from some quarter, in some way, either by land or sea, I'll rout up this money for you.

BAL. I, trust you? PSEUD. Why not?

BAL. Because, i' faith, on the same principle that I trust you, on that principle I should tie a run-away dog to a lamb's fry.

CAL. Is the obligation thus ungratefully returned by you to me, who have deserved so well of you?

BAL. What do you want now? CAL. That you will only wait these six days of the Feast, and will not sell her, or prove the death of the person who loves her.

<sup>1</sup> *The same law*)—Ver. 304. By using the word "lex," he probably means that the law also applies to him, as it forbids him to give credit; or he may simply mean that it is his rule and custom not to give credit.

<sup>2</sup> *Complaint that brings*)—Ver. 312. "Cum argentatâ querimoniâ." Literally, "with a silvery complaint." He probably alludes to the chinking of silver.

<sup>3</sup> *To your stepmother*)—Ver. 314. Stepmothers, in ancient times, were proverbially notorious for their unfeeling conduct to their step-children. Ballio ironically tells him to go and look for sympathy from his stepmother, on which Pseudolus retorts by implying that Ballio is as unfeeling as any stepmother can be.

BAL. Be of good courage; I'll wait six months even.

CAL. Capital—most delightful man!

BAL. Aye; and do you wish, *too*, that from joyful I should make you *even* more joyous?

CAL. How so? BAL. Why, because I've got no Phœnicium to sell.

CAL. Not got her? BAL. I' faith, not I, indeed.

CAL. Pseudolus, go fetch the sacrifice, the victims, the sacrificers<sup>1</sup>, that I may make offering to this supreme Jove. For this Jupiter is now much more mighty to me than is Jupiter *himself*.

BAL. I want no victims; with the entrails of minæ<sup>2</sup> I wish to be appeased.

CAL. (*to PSEUDOLUS*). Make haste. Why do you hesitate? Go fetch the lambs; do you hear what Jupiter says?

PSEUD. I'll be here this moment; but first I must run as far as beyond the gate<sup>3</sup>.

CAL. Why thither? PSEUD. I'll fetch two sacrificers thence, with their bells; at the same time I'll fetch thence two bundles of elm twigs, that this day a sufficiency may be provided for the sacrifice to this Jove.

BAL. Away to utter perdition<sup>4</sup>.

PSEUD. Thither shall the pimping Jupiter go.

BAL. It isn't for your interest that I should die.

PSEUD. How so? BAL. This way; because, if I'm dead,

<sup>1</sup> *The sacrificers*)—Ver. 327. "Lanios." Literally, "butchers." These were the "popæ," or servants of the priests, who slaughtered the cattle which were offered in sacrifice.

<sup>2</sup> *Entrails of minæ*)—Ver. 329. "Mininis extis." He intends a pun by the use of the word "mininis." "Mina," as has been already observed, meant a kind of sheep without wool on its belly, and also the sum of money composed of a hundred drachmæ. He does not want victims, he wants the entrails of the money for his propitiation.

<sup>3</sup> *Beyond the gate*)—Ver. 331. The Metian Gate at Rome is supposed to be here referred to, where the butchers kept their slaughter-houses, and where the "lanii" were likely to be found. It is not improbable that the priests and sacrificers wore bells on their dress, to which reference is probably made in the next line. Perhaps they were employed for the purpose of drowning the cries of the victims. The ephod of the Jewish high priest was adorned with bells.

<sup>4</sup> *To utter perdition*)—Ver. 335. "In malam crucem." Literally, "go to the dreadful cross," which answers to our expression, "go to perdition;" or, in unpolite parlance, "go to the devil." It alludes to the cross, as the instrument of punishment for slaves and malefactors of the lower order.

there will be no one worse than yourself in Athens. For your interest (*to CALIDORUS*) it is that I should die.

CAL. How so? BAL. I'll tell you; because, i' faith, so long as I shall be alive, you'll never be a man well to do.

CAL. Troth now, prithee, in serious truth, tell me this that I ask you—have you not got my mistress, Phœnicium, on sale?

BAL. By my faith, I really have not; for I've now sold her already.

CAL. In what way? BAL. Without her trappings, with all her inwards<sup>1</sup>.

CAL. *What?* Have you sold my mistress?

BAL. Decidedly; for twenty minæ. CAL. For twenty minæ?

BAL. Or, in other words, for four times five minæ, whichever you please, to a Macedonian Captain; and I've already got fifteen of the minæ at home.

CAL. What is it that I hear of you?

BAL. That your mistress has been turned into money.

CAL. Why did you dare to do so?

BAL. 'Twas my pleasure; she was my own.

CAL. Hallo! Pseudolus. Run, fetch me a sword.

PSEUD. What need is there of a sword?

CAL. With which to kill this fellow this instant, and *then* myself.

PSEUD. But why not kill yourself *only* rather? For famine will soon be killing him.

CAL. What do you say, most perjured of men as many as are living upon the earth? Did you not take an oath that you would sell her to no person besides myself?

BAL. I confess it. CAL. In solemn form<sup>2</sup>, to wit.

BAL. Aye, and well considered too. CAL. You have proved perjured, you villain.

BAL. I sacked the money at home, however. Villain *as I am*, I am now able to draw upon a stock of silver in my

<sup>1</sup> *With all her inwards*)—Ver. 343. "Cum intestinis omnibus." By this unfeeling expression, the fellow means, "stark naked," just as she stands. However, we will do him the justice to suppose that when, in the sequel, she is led away by Simmia, a "toga" is thrown over her for decency's sake.

<sup>2</sup> *In solemn form*)—Ver. 353. To take an oath in solemn form, or, "conceptis verbis," was when the oath was repeated by another person, and the party swearing him followed in his words. The Roman formula for swearing was "*Ex animi mei sententiâ juro.*"



house; *whereas* you who are *so* dutiful, and born of that *grand* family, haven't a *single* coin.

CAL. Pseudolus, stand by him on the other side and load this fellow with imprecations.

PSEUD. Very well. Never would I run to the Prætor<sup>1</sup> with equal speed that I might be made free. (*Stands on the other side of BALLIO.*)

CAL. Heap on him a multitude of curses.

PSEUD. Now will I publish you with my rebukes. *Thou* lackshame!

BAL. 'Tis the fact. PSEUD. Villain!

BAL. You say the truth. PSEUD. Whipping-post!

BAL. Why not? PSEUD. Robber of tombs!

BAL. No doubt. PSEUD. Gallows-bird!

BAL. Very well done. PSEUD. Cheater of your friends!

BAL. That's in my way. PSEUD. Parricide!

BAL. Proceed, you. CAL. Committer of sacrilege!

BAL. I own it. CAL. Perjurer!

BAL. You're telling nothing new<sup>2</sup>. CAL. Lawbreaker!

BAL. Very much so. PSEUD. Pest of youth!

BAL. Most severely *said*. CAL. Thief!

BAL. Oh! wonderful! PSEUD. Vagabond!

BAL. Pooh! pooh<sup>3</sup>! CAL. Defrauder of the public!

BAL. Most decidedly so. PSEUD. Cheating scoundrel!

CAL. Filthy pander! PSEUD. Lump of filth!

BAL. A capital chorus. CAL. You beat your father and *no*ther.

BAL. Aye, and killed them, too, rather than find them food; did I do wrong at all?

PSEUD. We are pouring our words into a pierced cask<sup>4</sup>: we are losing our pains.

<sup>1</sup> *Run to the Prætor*)—Ver. 358. The "Prætor" was the public officer at Rome who liberated slaves at the request of their owners. The ceremony was performed by his lictor laying a rod called "vindicta" on the head of the person manumitted.

<sup>2</sup> *Telling nothing new*)—Ver. 363. He means that Calldorus has called him that already; which he has done in the 354th line.

<sup>3</sup> *Pooh! pooh!*)—Ver. 364. "Bombax." This is a Greek word, an expression of contempt.

<sup>4</sup> *Into a pierced cask*)—Ver. 369. This notion is probably taken from the punishment of the daughters of Danaüs, who, for the murder of their husbands, the sons of Ægyptus, were doomed by Jupiter to pass their time in the Infernal regions in gathering up water in perforated vessels.

BAL. Would you like to call me anything else besides?

CAL. Is there anything that shames you?

BAL. *Yes*; that you have been found to be a lover as empty as a rotten nut. But although you have used towards me expressions many and harsh, unless the Captain shall bring me this day the five minæ that he owes me, as this was the last day appointed for *the payment of* that money, if he doesn't bring it, I think that I am able to do my duty.

CAL. What is that *duty*? BAL. If you bring the money, I'll break faith with him; that's my duty. If it were more worth my while, I would talk further with you. But, without a coin of money, 'tis in vain that you request me to have pity upon you. Such is my determination; but do you, from this, consider what you have henceforth to do? (*Moves.*)

CAL. Are you going then? BAL. At present I am full of business. (*Exit.*)

PSEUD. Before long *you'll be* more so. That man is my own, unless all Gods and men forsake me. I'll bone him just in the same fashion that a cook does a lamprey<sup>1</sup>. Now, Calidorus, I wish you to give me your attention.

CAL. What do you bid me do?

PSEUD. I wish to lay siege to this town, that this day it may be taken. For that purpose, I have need of an artful, clever, knowing, and crafty fellow, who may despatch out of hand what he is ordered, not one to go to sleep upon his watch.

CAL. Tell me, then, what you are going to do?

PSEUD. In good time I'll let you know. I don't care for it to be repeated twice; stories are made too long that way.

CAL. You plead what's very fair and very just.

PSEUD. Make haste; bring the fellow hither quickly.

CAL. Out of many, there are *but* few friends that are to be depended upon by a person.

PSEUD. I know that; therefore, get for yourself now a choice of both, and seek out of these many one that can be depended upon.

CAL. I'll have him here this instant.

PSEUD. Can't you be off *then*? You create delay for yourself by your talking. (*Exit CALIDORUS.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Cook does a lamprey*)—Ver. 382. The "*muræna*," or "*lamprey*," was a dish highly valued by the Romans.

SCENE IV.—PSEUDOLUS, *alone*.

PSEUD. Since he has gone hence, you are *now* standing alone, Pseudolus. What are you to do now, after you have so largely promised costly delights to your master's son by your speeches? *You*, for whom not even *one* drop of sure counsel is ready, nor yet of silver \* \* \* \* nor have you where first you must begin your undertaking, nor *yet* fixed limits for finishing off your web. But just as the poet, when he has taken up his tablets, seeks what nowhere in the world exists, *and* still finds it, *and* makes that like truth which *really* is a fiction; now I'll become a poet; twenty minæ, which nowhere in the world are now existing, still will I find. And some time since had I said that I would find them for him, and I had attempted to throw a net over our old gentleman; however, by what means I know not, he perceived it beforehand. But my voice and my talking must be stopped; *for*, see! I perceive my master, Simo, coming this way, together with his neighbour, Callipho. Out of this old sepulchre will I dig twenty minæ this day, to give them to my master's son. Now I'll step aside here, that I may pick up their conversation. (*He stands apart.*)

SCENE V.—*Enter SIMO and CALLIPHO.*

SIMO. If now a Dictator<sup>1</sup> were to be appointed at Athens of Attica out of the spendthrifts or out of the gallants, I do think that no one would surpass my son. *For* now the only talk of all throughout the city is to the effect that he is trying to set his mistress free, and is seeking after money for that purpose. Some people bring me word of this; and, *in fact*, I had long ago perceived it, and had suspected it, but I dissembled *on it*.

PSEUD. (*apart*). Already is his son suspected by him; this affair is nipt in the bud, this business is at a stand-still. The way is now entirely blocked up against me, by which I had intended to go a-foraging for the money. He has perceived it beforehand. There's no booty for the marauders.

<sup>1</sup> *If now a Dictator*)—Ver. 416. Though the scene is at Athens, Plautus here makes reference to Roman customs. The Dictator was the highest officer in the Roman Republic, and was only elected upon emergencies.

CALL. Those men who carry about and who listen to accusations, should all be hanged, if so it could be at my decision, the carriers by their tongues, the listeners by their ears. For these things that are told you, that your son in his amour is desirous to chouse you out of money, the chance is that these things so told you are all lies. But suppose they are true, as habits are, now-a-days especially, what has he done *so* surprising? What new thing, if a young man does love, *and* if he does liberate his mistress?

PSEUD. (*apart*). A delightful old gentleman.

SIMO. I don't wish him to follow the old-fashioned habits<sup>1</sup>.

CALL. But still, in vain do you object; or you yourself shouldn't have done the like in your youthful days. It befits the father to be immaculate, who wishes his son to be more immaculate than he has been himself. But the mischief and the profligacy you were guilty of might have been distributed throughout the *whole* population, a share for each man. Are you surprised at it, if the son does take after the father?

PSEUD. (*apart*). O Zeus, Zeus<sup>2</sup>! how few in number are you considerate men. See, that's being a father to a son, just as is proper.

SIMO. Who is it that's speaking here? (*Looking round.*) *Why*, surely 'tis my servant Pseudolus. 'Tis he corrupts my son, the wicked scoundrel; he is his leader, he his tutor. I long for him to be put to extreme torture.

CALL. This is folly now, thus to keep your anger in readiness. How much better were it to accost him with kind words and to make all enquiries, whether these things are true or not that they tell you of?

SIMO. I'll take your advice. PSEUD. (*apart*). They are making towards you, Pseudolus; prepare your speech to meet the old fellow. Good courage in a bad case is half

<sup>1</sup> *The old-fashioned habits*)—Ver. 436. "Vetus nolo faciat." Literally, "I do not wish him to do what is old-fashioned." He alludes to the old-fashioned trick of falling into love, and running into extravagance.

<sup>2</sup> *O Zeus, Zeus!*)—Ver. 443.  $\text{ἽΩ Ζεῦ, Ζεῦ}$ . Zeus was the Greek name of Jupiter, whose Latin title was formed from "Zens pater," "Father Zeus." The use of it in Latin colloquy exactly corresponds with the irreverent French phrase too much in use with us, "O mon Dieu!"

the evil *got over*. (*Aloud, as he advances to meet them.*) First, I salute my master, as is proper; and after that, if anything is left, that I bestow upon his neighbour.

SIMO. Good day to you. What are you about?

PSEUD. About standing here in this fashion (*assuming an attitude*).

SIMO. See the attitude of the fellow, Callipho; how like that of a man of rank.

CALL. I consider that he is standing properly and with boldness.

PSEUD. It befits a servant innocent and guileless, as he is, to be bold, most especially before his master.

CALL. There are some things about which we wish to inquire of you, which we ourselves know and have heard of as though through a cloud of mist.

SIMO. He'll manage you now with his speeches, so that you shall think it isn't Pseudolus but Socrates<sup>1</sup> that's talking to you. What do you say?

PSEUD. For a long time you have held me in contempt, I know. I see that you have but little confidence in me. You wish me to be a villain; still, I will be of strict honesty.

SIMO. Take care, please, and make the recesses of your ears free, Pseudolus, that my words may be enabled to enter where I desire.

PSEUD. Come, say anything you please, although I am angry at you.

SIMO. *What*, you, a slave, angry at me your master?

PSEUD. And does that seem wonderful to you?

SIMO. Why, by my troth, according to what you say, I must be on my guard against you in your anger, and you are thinking of beating me in no other way than I am wont to *beat* yourself. What do you think? (*To CALLIPHO.*)

CALL. I' faith, I think that he's angry with good reason, since you have so little confidence in him.

SIMO. I'll leave him alone then. Let him be angry: I'll take care that he shall do *me* no harm. But what do you say? What as to that which I was asking you?

PSEUD. If you want anything, ask me. What I know, do you consider given you as a response at Delphi.

<sup>1</sup> *But Socrates*)—Ver. 465. The most learned and virtuous of all the philosophers of ancient times.



SIMO. Give your attention then, and take care and please mind your promise. What do you say? Do you know that my son is in love with a certain music-girl?

PSEUD. Yea, verily<sup>1</sup>. SIMO. Whom he is trying to make free?

PSEUD. Yea, verily and indeed. SIMO. And you are scheming by cajolery and by cunning tricks to get twenty minæ in ready money out of me?

PSEUD. I, get them out of you?

SIMO. Just so; to give them to my son, with which to liberate his mistress. Do you confess it? Speak out.

PSEUD. Yea, verily; yea, verily. SIMO. He confesses it. Didn't I tell you so just now, Callipho?

CALL. So I remember. SIMO. Why, directly you knew of these things, were they kept concealed from me? Why wasn't I made acquainted with them?

PSEUD. I'll tell you: because I was unwilling that a bad custom should originate in me, for a servant to accuse his master before his master.

SIMO. Wouldn't you order this fellow to be dragged head first to the treadmill<sup>2</sup>?

CALL. Has he done anything amiss, Simo?

SIMO. Yes, very much so. PSEUD. (to CALLIPHO). Be quiet, I quite well understand my own affairs, Callipho. Is this a fault? Now then, give your attention to the reason why I you kept ignorant of this amour. I knew that the treadmill was close at hand, if I told you.

SIMO. And didn't you know, as well, that the treadmill would be close at hand when you kept silent on it?

PSEUD. I did know it. SIMO. Why wasn't it told me?

<sup>1</sup> *Yea, verily*)—Ver. 483. *Nai γάρ*. This and the two following remarks of Pseudolus are in Greek. The Romans affected curtness of repartee in Greek, in much the same manner as we do in French. A cant tone has been attempted in the translation to be given to the remarks so made by Pseudolus.

<sup>2</sup> *To the treadmill*)—Ver. 494. "Pistrinum." The establishment of each wealthy person had its "pistrinum," or "handmill," where the mill for grinding corn was worked by the hand of slaves. The most worthless and refractory were employed at this labour, and as the task was deemed a degradation, the "pistrinum" was the usual place of punishment for the slaves of the household. Throughout this translation, the liberty has been in general taken of conveying the meaning of the term by the use of the word "treadmill."



PSEUD. The one evil was close at hand, the other at a greater distance; the one was at the moment, the other was a few days off.

SIMO. What will you be doing now? For assuredly the money cannot be got in this quarter out of me, who have especially detected it. I shall forthwith give notice to all that no one is to trust him the money.

PSEUD. I' faith, I'll never go begging to any person, so long, at all events, as you shall be alive; troth, you shall find me the money; *and* as for me, I shall take it from you.

SIMO. You, take it from me? PSEUD. Undoubtedly.

SIMO. Troth, now, knock out my eye, if I do find it.

PSEUD. You shall provide it. I warn you then to be on your guard against me.

SIMO. By my troth, I know this for sure; if you do take it away, you will have done a wonderful and a great exploit.

PSEUD. I will do it, *however*. SIMO. But if you don't carry it off?

PSEUD. *Then* flog me with rods. But what if I do carry it off?

SIMO. I give you Jupiter as your witness, that you shall pass your life free from punishment.

PSEUD. Take care and remember that. SIMO. Could I possibly be unable to be on my guard, who am forewarned?

PSEUD. I forewarn you to be on your guard. I say you must be on your guard, I tell you. Keep watch. Look, *now*, with those same hands will you this day give me the money

SIMO. By my troth, 'tis a clever mortal if he keeps his word.

PSEUD. Carry me away to be your slave if I don't do it.

SIMO. You speak kindly and obligingly; for at present you are not mine, *I suppose*.

PSEUD. Would you like me to tell you, too, what you will still more wonder at?

SIMO. Come, then; i' faith, I long to hear it; I listen to you with pleasure.

PSEUD. Before I fight that battle, I shall first fight another battle, famous and memorable.

SIMO. What battle? PSEUD. Why, with the procurer, your neighbour; by means of stratagem and artful tricks, I'll cleverly bamboozle the procurer out of this music-girl, with

whom your son is *so* desperately in love; and I surely will have both of these things effected this very day, before the evening.

SIMO. Well, if you accomplish these tasks as you say, you will surpass in might King Agathocles<sup>1</sup>. But if you don't do it, is there any reason why I shouldn't forthwith put you in the treadmill?

PSEUD. Not for one day, but, i' faith, for all, whatever the time. But if I effect it, will you not at once give me the money of your own free will for me to pay to the procurer?

CALL. Pseudolus is making a fair claim; say "I'll give it."

SIMO. But still, do you know what comes into my mind? Suppose they have made an arrangement, Callipho, among themselves, or are acting in concert, and on a preconcerted plan, to bamboozle me out of the money?

PSEUD. Who would be more audacious than myself, if I dared to do such an action? Well, Simo, if we are thus in collusion, or have ever arranged any plan, do you mark me quite all over with elm-tree stripes<sup>2</sup>, just as when letters are written in a book with a reed.

SIMO. Now then, proclaim the games as soon as you please.

PSEUD. Give me your attention, Callipho, I beg you, for this day, so that you may not any way employ yourself upon other business.

CALL. Why, now, I had made up my mind yesterday to go into the country.

PSEUD. Still, do you now change the plan which you have resolved upon.

CALL. I am now resolved not to go away on account of this; I have an inclination to be a spectator of your games, Pseudolus; and if I shall find that he doesn't give you the money which he has promised, rather than it shouldn't be done, I'll give it.

<sup>1</sup> *King Agathocles*)—Ver. 332. Agathocles was famous for having risen, by his valour and merit, from being the son of a potter to be the King of Sicily.

<sup>2</sup> *With elm-tree stripes*)—Ver. 545. "Stylis ulmeis," "with elm-tree styli." He alludes to the weals produced by flogging with elm-tree rods, which, being long and fine, would resemble the iron "stylus" used for writing upon wax tablets.

SIMO. I shall not change my purpose.

PSEUD. Because, by my faith, if you don't give it, you shall be dunned for it with clamour great and plenteous. Come, *now*, move yourselves off hence into the house this instant, and in turn give room for my tricks.

SIMO. Be it so. CALL. You may have your way.

PSEUD. But I want you to keep close at home.

SIMO. Well, that assistance I promise you.

CALL. But I shall be off to the Forum. I'll be back here presently. (*Exit CALLIPHON. SIMO goes into his house.*)

PSEUD. Be back directly. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) I have a suspicion, now, that you are suspecting that I have been promising these so great exploits to these persons for the purpose of amusing you, while I am acting this play, and that I shall not do that which I said I will do. I will not change my design ; so far as that then I know for certain ; by what means I'm to carry it out not at all do I know as yet ; only this, that so it shall be. For he that appears upon the stage in a new character, him it befits to bring something that is new. If he cannot do that, let him give place to him who can. I am inclined to go hence into the house for some little time, while I summon together<sup>1</sup> all my stratagems in my mind. Meanwhile this piper shall entertain you. (*Goes into the house of SIMO, and the PIPER strikes up a tune.*)

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter PSEUDOLUS, from the house of SIMO.*

PSEUD. O Jupiter, whatever I undertake, how cleverly and how fortunately does it befall me. Not any plan is there stored up in my breast that I can hesitate upon or be afraid of. But it is folly to entrust a bold exploit to a timorous heart ; for all things are just as you make them, so as you make them of importance. Now in my breast have I already so prepared my forces—double, *aye*, threefold stratagems, that when I engage with the enemy, relying upon the merits, I

<sup>1</sup> *While I summon together*)—Ver. 572. “Dum concenturio.” This word literally means, “to collect together the centuries,” or “companies of a hundred men,” for the purpose of giving their votes.

say, of my forefathers, and on my own industry and tricking propensity for mischief, I may easily conquer, *and* easily spoil my antagonists by my contrivances. Now will I adroitly batter down this Ballio<sup>1</sup>, the common foe of me and all of you; only lend *me* your attention. Now will I forthwith draw out my legions against this old town. If I take it, I shall make it a pleasant matter for the citizens: I'll load and fill myself, and my allies as well, with booty from it. I shall strike terror and fright into my enemies, so that they may know of what race I was born. Great exploits it befits me to perform, which long after may bespeak fame for me. But whom do I see here? Who's this low fellow that's presented before my eyes? I should like to know why he's come here with his sword: I' troth, now then I'll lie here in ambush for him, *to see* the business that he's about. (*Retires to a distance.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter HARPAX, with a bag in his hand.*

HAR. This is the place, and this the spot, which was pointed out to me by my master, according as I form a judgment from my eyesight. For my master, the Captain, told me to this effect, that the house was the seventh from the gate, in which lives the person to whom he requested me to carry the token and this silver \* \* \* \* \* I could vastly wish that some one would inform me where this Ballio, the procurer, lives. (*Looks from side to side.*)

PSEUD. (*apart*). Hist! Silence! This man is mine, unless all Gods and men forsake me. Now have I need of a new plan; this new scheme is suddenly presented to me. This I prefer to my former one; that I shall dismiss, which, before, I had commenced to carry into effect. By my troth, I'll then work this military messenger that's *just* arrived.

HAR. I'll knock at the door, and call some one out of doors from within. (*Goes towards the door of BALLIO'S house.*)

PSEUD. (*coming up to him*). Whoever you are, I wish you to spare your knocking; for I've *just* come out of doors, I, the spokesman and the defender of the door.

<sup>1</sup> *Batter down this Ballio*)—Ver. 585. "Ballionem exbalistabo." He plays upon the resemblance of the name of Ballio to the "balista," or "engine of war."

HAR. Are you Ballio? PSEUD. Why, no; but I'm the deputy-Ballio<sup>1</sup>.

HAR. What means that expression? PSEUD. I'm his butler-steward<sup>2</sup>; the caterer for his larder.

HAR. As though you were to say, you are his chamberlain<sup>3</sup>.

PSEUD. No; I'm above his chamberlain.

HAR. What are you, slave or free man?

PSEUD. Why, at present, I'm still a slave.

HAR. So you seem to be; and you don't look to be one worthy to be free.

PSEUD. Ain't you in the habit of looking at yourself when you abuse another person?

HAR. (*aside*). This must be a roguish fellow.

PSEUD. (*aside*). The Gods protect and favour me! for this is my anvil: this day will I hammer out thence full many a device.

HAR. Why is he talking to himself alone?

PSEUD. How say you, young man——?

HAR. What is it? PSEUD. Are you, or are you not, from that Captain of Macedonia? The servant of him, *I mean*, who bought a damsel of us here, who gave fifteen silver minæ to the procurer, my master, *and is still* owing five?

HAR. I am. But where in the world have you *ever* known me, or have *ever* seen or spoken to me? For in fact, before this day, I never was at Athens, nor did I ever before this day behold you with my eyes \* \* \*

PSEUD. Because you seem likely to be from him; for at the time when he went away, this was the day appointed for the money, on which he was to pay it to us, and he has not brought it as yet.

<sup>1</sup> *The deputy-Ballio*)—Ver. 607. In the Latin "subballio."

<sup>2</sup> *His butler-steward*)—Ver. 608. "Condus-promus" was the title given to the slave who had charge of the "storerooms," or "cellæ," in the Roman establishments. The office answered to those of our housekeeper and butler combined.

<sup>3</sup> *His chamberlain*)—Ver. 609. "Atriensis" was the title of the slave in whose charge was the "atrium," or large hall, or central room on the ground floor.

HAR. Yes, here it is. (*Holding up the bag.*)

PSEUD. *What?*—have you brought it?

HAR. I, myself. PSEUD. Do you at all hesitate to give it me?

HAR. I, give it you?

PSEUD. Aye, faith, to me, who manage the business and the accounts of my master Ballio, receive his money, and pay it to him to whom he owes it.

HAR. By my troth, if you were even the keeper of the treasures of supreme Jove, I would never entrust a groat of silver to you.

PSEUD. (*pointing*). While you've been making yourself so big, the money has become loose<sup>1</sup>.

HAR. I'll keep it the rather tied up — this way. (*Ties the mouth of the bag.*)

PSEUD. Woe to you! You indeed have been found to doubt my honor. As though innumerable times as much are not in the habit of being entrusted to me alone.

HAR. It's possible that others may think so, and that I mayn't trust you.

PSEUD. As though you meant to say that I wished to chouse you out of the money.

HAR. Why, yes; as though you meant to say so; and as though I, on the other hand, meant to suspect it. But what's your name?

PSEUD. (*aside*). This procurer has a servant of the name of Syrus; I'll say that I am he. I am Syrus.

HAR. Syrus? PSEUD. That's my name.

HAR. We are making many words. If your master's at home, why don't you call him out, that I may transact that for which I was sent here, whatever be your name?

PSEUD. If he were within I would call him out. But if you choose to give it me, it will be more truly paid than if you were to give it to himself.

HAR. But now do you know how it is? My master has sent me to pay this, not to lose it. But I know, to a certainty, that you are in a fever now, because you cannot lay

<sup>1</sup> *Has become loose*—Ver. 629. This passage is of obscure meaning; very possibly, however, while Harpax has been vapouring, the mouth of the bag containing the money has become loose, to which Pseudolus draws his attention.



your claws upon it. I shall entrust the money to no person except to Ballio himself.

PSEUD. But at present he's full of business: a cause of his is being tried before the judge.

HAR. May the Gods prosper it! And I, when I shall think that he's at home, will come again. Do you take this letter from me, and give it him: for in it is the token *agreed upon* between your master and mine about the damsel.

PSEUD. For my part, I understand it; the person who should bring the money and the impress of his likeness hither to us, with him he said he wished the damsel to be sent; for he left a specimen of it here as well.

HAR. You understand the whole affair?

PSEUD. Why should I not understand it?

HAR. Give him this token then. (*Gives the letter and token.*)

PSEUD. Very well. But what's your name?

HAR. Harpax. PSEUD. Get along with you, Harpax, I like you not. By my troth, you really shan't enter this house, lest you should be doing something in the harpy line<sup>1</sup>.

HAR. I am wont to carry off my enemies alive from the battle-field; from that *circumstance* is my name.

PSEUD. I' faith, I think that you are much more *likely* to carry off the brass pots from a house.

HAR. Such is not the fact. But, Syrus, do you know what I request of you?

PSEUD. I shall know, if you tell me.

HAR. I shall put up outside of the gate here, at the third shop, at the house of that tun-bellied, limping, fat old woman, Chrysis.

PSEUD. What do you wish then? HAR. That you'll fetch me thence when your master comes.

PSEUD. At your pleasure; by all means.

HAR. For, as I've come wearied off my journey, I wish to refresh myself.

PSEUD. You are very wise, and your plan is agreeable to me. But take care, please, that you are not out of the way when I send for you.

<sup>1</sup> *In the harpy line*)—Ver. 654. He alludes to his name, as having the Greek verb *απράζω*, "to plunder," or "to carry off by force," for its origin.

HAR. Why, when I've dined, I shall indulge myself with a nap.

PSEUD. I quite agree with you. HAR. Do you wish aught else?

PSEUD. That you'll be off to take your nap.

HAR. I'm off. PSEUD. And, do you hear, Harpax? Order yourself to be covered up, please; you'll receive the benefit if you take a good sweat. *(Exit HARPAX.)*

SCENE III.—PSEUDOLUS, *alone.*

PSEUD. Immortal Gods! this man has preserved me by his coming. By his supply for my journey he has brought me from my wanderings quite into the *right* way. For the Goddess Opportunity herself could not come to me more opportunely, than has this letter in this opportune manner been brought to me. For this has been brought as a horn of plenty<sup>1</sup>, in which there is whatever I wish for: here are my wiles, here all my tricks, here my stratagems, here my money, here his mistress for my master's son *so much* in love. And now how vaunting shall I show myself; how, with a breast so fertile in expedients, I was to do each thing, how, to steal away the damsel from the procurer, I had all my plans arranged in order in my mind as I desired, fixed, planned out. But, no doubt, thus will it come to pass: this Goddess Fortune, unaided, prevails over the designs of a hundred armed men. And this is the fact, just as each person uses his fortune, so does he surpass others, and forthwith we all pronounce him wise. When we learn that the counsels of any person have turned out well, we declare that he is a prudent man; but that he is a fool who is unsuccessful. In our folly we know not how much we are mistaken, when we eagerly wish any-

<sup>1</sup> *A horn of plenty*)—Ver. 671. He alludes to the "Cornucopia," or "horn of plenty," of the heathen Mythology, respecting which we find varying accounts in the ancient writers. Some say that by it was meant the horn of the goat Amalthea, which suckled Jupiter, and that the Nymphs gave it to Achelous, who afterwards exchanged it for the horn of which Hercules afterwards deprived him in the contest for the hand of Deianira. Ovid, in the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, represents it as being the same horn which was broken off by Hercules. "And that was not enough: while his relentless right hand was holding my stubborn horn, he broke it, and tore it away from my mutilated forehead. This heaped with fruit and odoriferous flowers, the Nymphs have consecrated, and the bounteous Goddess Plenty is enriched by my horn."

thing to be given to us ; as though we *ourselves* could possibly know what is for our advantage. We lose what is certain, while we are seeking what is uncertain. And this comes to pass, amid labours and amid sorrow, that death meanwhile comes creeping on. But there's enough now of philosophizing ; I have been talking too long, and at too great length. Immortal Gods ! my lie was not dear at its weight in double-distilled gold, which I just now trumped up here on the spur of the moment, when I said that I belonged to the procurer. Now, through this letter shall I deceive three persons—my master, and the procurer, and him who gave me this letter. Excellent ! another thing as well has happened, that I wished for : see, Calidorus is coming ; he is bringing some one with him, I know not whom. (*Stands apart.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter CALIDORUS and CHARINUS.*

CAL. The sweets and the bitters, all have I disclosed to you. You know my love, you know my difficulty, you know my poverty.

CHAR. I well remember all ; do you only let me know what you want me to do.

CAL. Pseudolus has directed me thus, that I should bring to him some bold *and* zealous person.

CHAR. You observe your directions well ; for you bring *him* one both friendly and zealous. But this Pseudolus is a stranger to me.

CAL. He is a very clever fellow—he is my contriver. He said that he would effect those things for me that I have told you of.

PSEUD. (*apart*). I'll address this person in a very lofty strain.

CAL. Whose voice is it that's heard *here* ?

PSEUD. Oh ! thee, sovereign lord, thee, oh ! thee do I address who dost rule over Pseudolus : thee do I seek, to impart to thee delights thrice three, threefold, acquired by three contrivances, obtained over three persons through craftiness and through subtlety, which in this very little sealed packet I have brought unto you<sup>1</sup>. (*Holds up the letter.*)

<sup>1</sup> *I have brought unto you*)—Ver. 706. The note of interrogation at the end of this passage, as found in Ritschel's Edition, seems to be out of place.

CAL. That's the fellow; how the hang-dog does bluster just like a tragedian.

PSEUD. Advance a step on thy side towards me. Boldly stretch forth thine arm for greeting.

CAL. (*taking his hand*). Tell me, Pseudolus, whether, as Hope or as Safety, must I greet you?

PSEUD. Why both. CAL. As both I greet you. But what has been done? Why are you silent? I have carried this person here. (*Pointing to CHARINUS.*)

PSEUD. How? Carried him here? CAL. Brought, I meant to say.

PSEUD. Who's this person? CAL. Charinus.

PSEUD. Well done; I return him thanks<sup>1</sup> then.

CHAR. Will you then boldly enjoin me what it is necessary to do?

PSEUD. My thanks, so far. May it be well with you, Charinus; I don't like that we should be troublesome to you.

CHAR. You, troublesome to me? Now, really, that's troublesome.

PSEUD. Well, then, wait a moment. (*Takes the letter out from under his dress.*)

CAL. What's that? PSEUD. This letter have I just now intercepted, and the token.

CAL. Token? What token? PSEUD. The one that was brought just now from the Captain. His servant, who was bringing it, with five minæ of silver, who came to fetch your mistress hence, him I have just now bamboozled.

CAL. How so? PSEUD. For the sake of these Spectators the play is being performed; they know, who were present here; you I'll tell at another time.

CAL. What are we to do then?

PSEUD. You shall this day embrace your mistress at liberty.

CAL. What, I? PSEUD. You yourself.

CAL. I? PSEUD. Your own self, I say, if indeed this head shall exist so long; if you'll only quickly find me out a man.

CHAR. Of what description? PSEUD. A cunning, crafty, and clever one, who, when he has *once* taken hold of the

<sup>1</sup> *Return him thanks*)—Ver. 712. *χαρίν τούτῳ ποιῶ*. He speaks in Greek for the purpose of punning on the name of Charinus in the word *χαρίν*, "thanks."

beginning, may by his own ingenuity still hold fast upon what it behoves him to do ; one, too, who has not often been seen here.

CHAR. If he is a slave, does that matter at all ?

PSEUD. Why, I'd much rather have him than a free man.

CHAR. I think that I'm able to procure for you a cunning and clever fellow, that has lately come to my father from Carystus<sup>1</sup>, and hasn't as yet gone anywhere out the house, and who never visited Athens before yesterday.

PSEUD. You assist in right earnest. But I have need to borrow five minæ of silver, which I shall repay this day, for his father (*pointing to CALIDORUS*) owes it me.

CHAR. I'll lend it ; don't seek it anywhere else.

PSEUD. O, how convenient a person for me. I have need of a scarf as well, a sword, and a broad-brimmed hat.

CHAR. I can provide them from my house. PSEUD. Immortal Gods ! surely this is not Charinus for me, but Abundance. But this servant, who is come here from Carystus, is there anything in him ?

CHAR. Plenty of the stinking goat<sup>2</sup> in him.

PSEUD. It befits the fellow, *then*, to have a tunic with long sleeves<sup>3</sup>. Has the chap anything sharp<sup>4</sup> in his breast ?

CHAR. Aye, of the very sharpest. PSEUD. But if it is necessary for him to draw forth what is sweet from the same place, has he aught of *that* ?

CHAR. Do you ask *that* ? He has wine of myrrh, sweet

<sup>1</sup> *From Carystus*)—Ver. 730. This was a city of Eubœa, opposite the Isle of Andros.

<sup>2</sup> *The stinking goat*)—Ver. 738. He cannot resist the temptation of a pun, though a somewhat unsavoury one. Pseudolus asks if this servant of Charinus is at all sharp. "Quid sapit ?" The same words also admit of the meaning, "does he smell of anything ?" On which Charinus gives him answer, as though the question had been put in the latter sense, "Yes, of the goat under the arm-pits." The Romans, who were fond of giving a name to everything, whether it was worth it or not, called the strong smell produced by the glands of the arm-pits by the name of "hircus," "the goat," by reason of the rank smell of that animal.

<sup>3</sup> *Tunic with long sleeves*)—Ver. 738. On this dirty answer being given him, Pseudolus says, "Well, then, he must have an under-garment with long sleeves," "manuleata tunica," in order to suppress the offensive smell. The use of the long-sleeved tunic was considered to denote great effeminacy.

<sup>4</sup> *Anything sharp*)—Ver. 739. "Ecquid aceti." Literally, "any vinegar." This word sometimes signifies "caustic wit" or "raillery." Here it denotes "natural shrewdness."

raisin wine, spice wine<sup>1</sup>, honey wine, sweets of every sort. Why, he once began to set up a hot liquor-shop in his breast.

PSEUD. Bravissi o! *Why*, Charinus, you beat me cleverly<sup>2</sup> at my own game. But what am I to say is the name of this servant?

CHAR. Simmia. PSEUD. In a difficulty, does he understand how to twirl about?

CHAR. A whirlwind<sup>3</sup> is not so ready *as he*.

PSEUD. Is he shrewd at all? CHAR. In mischievous tricks<sup>4</sup> very often.

PSEUD. How, when he's caught in the fact?

CHAR. He's a *very* eel; he slips out.

PSEUD. Is this fellow an experienced one?

CHAR. A public ordinance<sup>5</sup> is not more experienced.

PSEUD. He is a suitable person, according to what I hear you say.

CHAR. Aye, *and* from this you may know it. When he looks at you he'll tell, of his own accord, what it is you want with him. But what are you about to do?

PSEUD. I'll tell you. When I've dressed up *my* man, I intend to make him become the pretended servant of the Captain; let him take this token to the procurer, with five minæ of silver. There's the whole plot for you. As for the rest, in what way he is to do each thing, I'll instruct himself.

<sup>1</sup> *Raisin wine, spice wine*)—Ver. 741. "Passum" was wine made from grapes dried in the sun. "Defrutum" was new wine boiled down to one-half with herbs and spices to make it keep.

<sup>2</sup> *You beat me cleverly*)—Ver. 743. "Lamberas." The verb "lambero" generally signifies "to tear in pieces."

<sup>3</sup> *A whirlwind*)—Ver. 745. "Turbo" may mean either a "spinning-" or "whipping-top," or a "whirlwind," here.

<sup>4</sup> *In mischievous tricks*)—Ver. 746. "Argutus," as an adjective, signifies "clever," "shrewd." As the past participle of the verb "arguo," it means "accused." Pseudolus asks if he is "shrewd," "argutus;" to which the other answers evasively, "O yes (he has been accused," "argutus"), "of mischievous tricks very often."

<sup>5</sup> *A public ordinance*)—Ver. 748. The "plebiscita" among the Romans were the public ordinances, which were proposed by the Tribunes at the "Comitia Tributa" of the people. He puns upon the resemblance of the word "scitus," which means "knowing," and "scitum" signifying "an ordinance." Is he "scitus," "knowing?" "O yes, a public ordinance" "scitum," "is not more knowing," "scitus," "than he is."



CAL. Why, therefore, do we stand *here* then?

PSEUD. Bring the fellow to me just now, dressed out with all his accoutrements, to Æschinus, the banker's. But make all haste.

CAL. We'll be there before you.

PSEUD. Get you gone there quickly. (CALIDORUS and CHARINUS go into SIMO's house.) Whatever before was uncertain or doubtful in my mind, is now clear—now fined to the dregs; my heart has now an open path. All my legions will I lead forth under their standards with happy omen<sup>1</sup> with favorable auspices, and to my heart's content. I have a certainty that I can rout my enemies. Now will I go to the Forum, and load Simmia with my instructions what he is to do, that he may not be tripping at all, *and* that he may cleverly lay the train for this plot. Soon now shall I cause the town of this procurer to be carried by storm.

(Exit.)

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter a BOY from the house of BALLIO.*

BOY. On that Boy on whom the Gods bestow servitude under a procurer, when they add a base occupation as well, assuredly do they, so far as I now understand in my mind, bestow upon him a great misfortune and miseries manifold. Just as this servitude has turned out to me, where I am set over duties great and small; nor am I able to find any admirer to love me, so that at length I might be fitted out in a little better guise. Now this day is the birthday of this procurer. The procurer has made a determination, from the lowest to the highest, that if each one does not this day send him a present, he shall perish to-morrow with the greatest torments. Now, faith, I know not what to do in my line, for, unless I shall send a present to the procurer this day, to-morrow must I swallow down fullers' produce<sup>2</sup>. And yet I cannot do that which they who can are wont to do.

<sup>1</sup> *With happy omen*)—Ver. 762. "Ave sinistrâ" Literally, "with a bird on the left hand." This was considered to be a favorable omen.

<sup>2</sup> *Fullers' produce*)—Ver. 781. As fullers used hands, feet, and sticks in beating the cloth, "fructus fullonius" would mean "kicks and bruises."

Alas! how little am I, even still for this vocation. And by my troth, now, to my misfortune how fearfully do I dread punishment. If any one lays on<sup>1</sup> whose hand is too heavy, although they say that it *generally* is done amid great weeping, I think that I am able in some measure to keep my teeth closed. But I must keep close my lips and my talking, *for* see, my master is betaking himself home, and bringing a Cook *with him*. (*Stands at a distance.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter BALLIO and a COOK.*

BAL. Those who call it the cook's market, call it so foolishly; for 'tis not a cook's market, but a thieves' market. For if, upon oath, I were to seek out the worst of men, I couldn't have brought a worse one than this fellow that I'm bringing, *one*, chattering, bragging, silly, *and* worthless. Why, for this very reason Orcus has declined<sup>2</sup> to take him to himself, that he might be here to cook a banquet for the dead; for here he is able to cook a thing to please them alone.

COOK. If you thought of me in this manner that you are mentioning, why did you hire me?

BAL. From scarcity; there wasn't another. But why, if you were a cook, were you sitting in the market-place, you alone behind the rest?

COOK. I'll tell you. By reason of the avarice of men have I become an inferior cook, not through my own inclination.

BAL. For what reason is that? COOK. I'll tell you. Because, in fact, directly people come to hire a cook, no one enquires for him that's the best and the highest priced: rather do they hire him that's the lowest priced. Through this have I to-day been the only sitter in the market. Those wretched fellows are for a drachma a-piece; not any person is able to prevail on me to rise for less than a didrachm<sup>3</sup>. I

<sup>1</sup> *If any one lays on*)—Ver. 785. It is supposed by some that an indecent allusion is obscurely made in this line; it is, however, doubtful if such really is the fact.

<sup>2</sup> *Orcus has declined*)—Ver. 795. "Orcus" is an epithet of Pluto, the king of the Infernal regions, and, sometimes, of the place itself.

<sup>3</sup> *A didrachm*)—Ver. 809. Literally, "nummus," "a coin" or "piece of

don't cook a dinner too, like other cooks, who bring me up seasoned meadows of grass upon their dishes ; who turn the guests into oxen, and supply the grass. This herbage, too, do they further season with other herbs : put in coriander, fennel, garlick, orage ; they add, *too*, sorrel, cabbage, beet, and spinach. In this they dissolve a pound weight of asafœtida. The roguish mustard is pounded, which makes the eyes of those that pound it drop tears before they have pounded it. These fellows, when they cook dinners, when they do season them, season them, not with seasonings, but with vampyre owls<sup>1</sup>, which eat out the bowels of the guests while *still* alive. Through this, in fact, it is, that people here live such short lives, inasmuch as they heap up these herbs of this sort in their stomachs, dreadful to be mentioned, not only to be eaten. Herbage which the cattle eat not, men eat *themselves*.

BAL. What do you say ? Do you use divine seasonings, by which you can prolong the life of men, *you*, who find fault with these *other* seasonings ?

COOK. I proclaim it boldly ; for those who shall eat of my victuals which I have seasoned will be able to exist two hundred years even. For when I've put into the saucepan *either* cicilendrum, or cepolindrum, or mace<sup>2</sup>, or saucaptis, the very dishes become warmed forthwith. These are sauces for *fish*, the cattle of Neptune ; the *flesh* of the earthly cattle I season with cicimandrum, hapalopsis, or cataractria.

money," which means a didrachm or piece of two drachmæ in value, or about one shilling and sevenpence of our money.

<sup>1</sup> *With vampyre owls*)—Ver. 820. "Strigibus." By this expression he probably alludes to the drastic effect of these herbs on those who partook of them. Ovid, in the Sixth Book of the Fasti, has these words : "There are ravenous fowls ; not those which used to rob the mouth of Phineus at the board, but thence do they derive their origin. Large are their heads, fixed is their gaze for plunder are their beaks adapted ; on their wings is a greyish colour, crooked talons are on their claws. By night they fly, and they seek the children unprotected by the nurse, and pollute their bodies dragged from their cradles. With their beaks they are said to tear the entrails of the sucklings, and they have their maws distended with the blood which they have swallowed. 'Striges' are they called ; and the origin of this name is the fact, that they are wont to screech in the dismal night." It is supposed by some persons that, under this name, the vampyre bat is alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> *Cepolindrum, or mace*)—Ver. 832. With the exception of mace, all these names are gibberish, invented by the Cook for the purpose of imposing upon Ballo.

BAL. Now may Jupiter and all the Divinities confound you with your sauces, and with all those lies *of yours*!

COOK. Do allow me to speak, please. BAL. Speak, and go to very perdition.

COOK. When all the saucepans are hot, I open them all then does the odour fly towards heaven with its hands hanging down<sup>1</sup>.

BAL. The odour with its hands hanging down?

COOK. I made a mistake without thinking.

BAL. How so? COOK. With its feet hanging down, I meant to say. Jupiter dines on that odour every day.

BAL. If you happen not to go out to cook, pray what does Jupiter dine upon?

COOK. He goes to sleep without his dinner.

BAL. Go to very perdition. Is it for this reason that I'm to give you a didrachm to-day?

COOK. Well, I confess that I am a very high-priced cook; but I make *the results of* my labour to be seen for the price, hired at which I go out.

BAL. In thieving, to wit. COOK. And do you expect to meet with any cook except with the claws of a kite or of an eagle?

BAL. And do you expect to go anywhere to cook, and not to cook the dinner there with your claws tied up? Now, therefore, you *boy (to the Boy)*, who are my *servant*, I now give you notice to make haste to remove hence all my property; and to keep his eyes as well in your sight. Whichever way he shall look, do you look the same way as well. If he shall move in any direction, do you move as well. If he shall put forth his hand, put you forth your hand as well. If he shall take anything of his own, do you suffer him to take it; if he shall take what's mine, do you on the other side hold him fast. If he shall stoop to the ground, do you stoop there as well. Likewise over your understrappers I shall appoint a single guard *a-piece*.

<sup>1</sup> *With its hands hanging down*)—Ver. 841. He means to personify the odour and to represent it as flying up to heaven; but, by mistake, he says it flies up, “*demissis manibus*,” with its hands hanging down, which would rather be the attitude of a person thrown out of, and falling from, the heavens. Ballio repeats the expression in a tone of surprise, on which the Cook corrects himself, and says he meant to say, “with its feet hanging down,” “*demissis pedibus*.”

COOK. Only have good courage. BAL. Prithce, tell me how I possibly can have good courage, who am taking you home to my house?

COOK. Because, by my broth, this day will I do just in the way that Medea cooked up the old man Pelias<sup>1</sup>, whom she is said by a draught and by her potions from an aged man to have made young again; so will I make you likewise.

BAL. How now; are you an enchanter as well?

COOK. Why no, by my troth, I am rather a preserver<sup>2</sup> of mankind.

BAL. Well now; for how much would you teach me that one point in cooking?

COOK. What point? BAL. That I may preserve you from pilfering anything from me.

COOK. For a didrachm, if you believe me; if not, not for a mina even. But whether are you about to-day to give a dinner, to your friends or to your enemies?

BAL. Why, faith, to my friends surely.

COOK. But why don't you invite your enemies to it rather than your friends? For this day will I present to the guests a banquet so savoury, and I'll season it with such a dulcet sweetness, that whoever shall taste each thing that's seasoned, I'll make that same person to gnaw off the ends of his own fingers.

BAL. Troth now, prithee, before you shall present aught to the guests do you yourself first taste, and give some

<sup>1</sup> *The old man Pelias*)—Ver. 869. The Cook could not be expected to be very learned in the heathen Mythology; and we accordingly find him making a blunder. Æson, the father of Jason, was restored to youth by the charms of Medea; but Pelias being the enemy of Jason, Medea persuaded his daughters to cut him in pieces, that he might in similar manner restore him to youth; which was accordingly done, on which, having thus contrived his death, she refused her assistance. It is much more probable that the Cook should be intended to be represented as ignorant, than as attempting here to impose on the ignorance of Ballio. Warner, in his translation, however, thinks otherwise. He says, "The humour plainly lies in the Cook's promises to restore Ballio to his juvenility by a cookery—one that would kill him. Ballio's ignorance is, indeed, here meant to be exposed to ridicule by the Cook, that is by Plantus, as it likewise is in the names of the spices, which are probably fictitious."

<sup>2</sup> *Rather a preserver*)—Ver. 874. The "enchanters," who were called "venefici," "poisoners," were supposed to destroy men by their potions, whence the preser. reply of the Cook.

to your understrappers, that you may gnaw off the ends of your own pilfering hands.

COOK. Perhaps then you don't believe me in the things that I say.

BAL. Don't you be troublesome; you din me too much; you don't please me *by it*. See, there I live. (*Points to his house.*) Do you go in-doors and cook the dinner, with all speed.

BOY. Why don't you go, and take your place? Go and find the guests; the dinner's spoiling already. (*Cook and Boy go into the house.*)

BAL. Now, just look, please, at that young offshoot; for he, too, is a good-for-nothing deputy-scullion for the cook. Truly I don't know what now first to be on my guard against; such thieves there are in my house, and there's a robber close at hand. For my neighbour here, the father of Calidorus, a short time since, in the market-place, asked me by all means to be on my guard against his servant Pseudolus, not to put any trust in him; for that he is on the hunt this day, if possible to dupe me out of the woman. He said that he had stoutly promised to him that he would get away Phœnicium from me by stratagem. I'll now go in-doors and give notice to my household, that no one must put any trust whatever in *this* Pseudolus. (*Goes into his house.*)

#### ACT IV.—SCENE I.

##### *Enter PSEUDOLUS.*

PSEUD. If the immortal Gods ever did determine that any person should be assisted by their aid, now do they intend that Calidorus shall be preserved for me, and the procurer destroyed, inasmuch as they produced you for my assistant, so clever and so knowing a fellow. (*Looking back.*) But where is he? am I not a silly fellow to be thus talking to myself alone? I' faith, he has put a trick upon myself, as I fancy; myself one knave, I have been poorly on my guard against *another* knave. By my troth I'm undone, if this fellow's off, and I shall not carry into effect this day what I intended. But see, there he is, a statue that deserves a whipping; how stately he does stalk along!



*Enter SIMMIA, at a distance, dressed like HARPAK.*

PSEUD. How now! By my faith I was looking about for you; I was very greatly afraid that you were off.

SIM. It was my character to do so, I confess.

PSEUD. Where were you loitering? SIM. Where I pleased.

PSEUD. That I know well enough already.

SIM. Why then do you ask me what you know?

PSEUD. Why this I want, to put you in mind.

SIM. Needing to be put in mind yourself, don't you be putting me in mind.

PSEUD. Really I am treated by you quite with contempt.

SIM. And why shouldn't I treat you with contempt, I, who have the repute of being a military gentleman?

PSEUD. I want this then, which has been commenced, to be completed.

SIM. Do you see me a-doing anything else?

PSEUD. Therefore walk on briskly. SIM. No, I choose to go slowly.

PSEUD. This is the opportunity; while this *Harpax* is asleep, I want you to be the first to accost him.

SIM. Why are you hurrying? Softly; don't you fear. I wish Jupiter would so make it, that he were openly in the same place *with me*, whoever he is, that has arrived from the Captain. Never a *jot*, by my troth, should he be a bit the better *Harpax* than I. Have good courage, I'll have this business nicely accounted for to you. So by my tricks and lies would I put this military stranger in a fright that he himself would deny that he is the person that he is, and would believe me to be the person that he himself is.

PSEUD. How can that be? SIM. You are murdering me when you ask me that.

PSEUD. A clever fellow. SIM. And so are you too, who are *quite* my equal with your mischievous tricks and lies

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PSEUD. May Jupiter preserve you for me.

SIM. Aye, *and* for myself. But look, does this dress become me quite well?

PSEUD. It suits very well. SIM. Be it so.

PSEUD. May the Deities grant you as many blessings as you may wish for yourself. For if I were to wish for as many as you are deserving of, they would be less than nothing; (*aside*) nor have I ever seen any one more of a rogue than this fellow.

SIM. (*overhearing him*). Do you say that to me?

PSEUD. This man's an honest *fellow*.

SIM. It is neither this person, *then* (*pointing to PSEUDOS*), nor myself.

PSEUD. But take care that you don't be tripping.

SIM. Can't you hold your tongue? He that puts a man in mind of that which, remembering it, he does keep in mind, causes him to forget it. I recollect everything; they are stored up in my breast; my plans are cleverly laid.

PSEUD. I'm silent. But what good turn shall I do you if you carry through this matter with management? So may the Gods love me——

SIM. They won't do so; you'll be uttering sheer falsehoods then.

PSEUD. How I do love you, Simmia, for your roguery, and *both* fear and laud you.

SIM. That I have learned to make a present of to others; you can't put your flatteries on me.

PSEUD. In how delightful a manner I shall receive you this day, when you have completed this matter.

SIM. Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing*.)

PSEUD. With nice viands, wine, perfumes, and titbits between our cups. There, too, shall be a charming damsel, who shall give you kiss upon kiss.

SIM. You will be receiving me in a delightful manner.

PSEUD. Aye, *and* if you effect it, then I'll make you say so still more.

SIM. If I don't effect it, do you, the executioner, take me off to torture. But make haste and point out to me where is the door of the procurer's house.

PSEUD. 'Tis the third hence. SIM. Hist! hush! the door's opening.

PSEUD. In my mind, I believe that the house is poorly.

SIM. Why so? PSEUD. Because, i' faith, it is vomiting forth the procurer. (*BALLIO is coming out of his house.*)

SIM. Is this he? PSEUD. This is his own self.

SIM. 'Tis a worthless commodity. PSEUD. Do see that: he doesn't go straight, but sideways, just as a crab is wont. (*They conceal themselves from BALLIO.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter BALLIO from his house.*

BAL. I do believe that this fellow is not so bad a cook as I thought he was; for he has clawed off nothing as yet except a cup and a tankard.

PSEUD. (*apart to SIMMIA*). Hallo you! now's your opportunity and your time.

SIM. I agree with you. PSEUD. Step sliely out into the street; I'll be here in ambush. (*SIMMIA steps forward, and then walks along the middle of the street to meet BALLIO.*)

SIM. (*talking aloud to himself*). I took the number carefully; this is the sixth lane from the *city* gate; down that lane he bade me turn; how many houses down he told me, that I don't quite know for certain.

BAL. (*eyeing SIMMIA*). Who's this fellow in the scarf, or whence does he come, or whom is he looking for? The appearance of the fellow seems outlandish and shabby.

SIM. But see, here's a person, who, from uncertainty, will make the thing more certain for me that I wish to know.

BAL. He's coming straight towards me. Where in the world am I to say this fellow comes from?

SIM. Harkye! you who are standing there with a goat's beard, answer me this that I ask you.

BAL. How now! Don't you salute me first?

SIM. (*with a surly voice*). I have no salutations to give away.

BAL. Well, troth, you shall get just as much from here *then*.

PSEUD. (*from behind*). Well done, at the very beginning.

SIM. Do you know any person in this lane, I ask you?

BAL. I *know* myself. SIM. Few persons do that which you mention; for in the Forum there is hardly every tenth person that knows his own self.

PSEUD. (*from behind*). I'm all right; he is philosophizing now.

SIM. I'm looking for a fellow here, a bad one, a law-breaker, an impious, perjured, and dishonest *rogue*.

BAL. (*aside*). He's looking for me, for those are my titles.

If he would only mention the name. (*To SIMMIA.*) What's the name of this person?

SIM. Ballio, the procurer. BAL. Do I know him? I am the very person, young man, that you are looking for.

SIM. *What*, are you Ballio? BAL. I really am he.

SIM. How you are clothed, a housebreaker \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

(*He takes hold of BALLIO's cloak.*)

BAL. I think if you were to see me in the dark, you'd be keeping your hand off.

SIM. My master bade me present you many greetings. Receive this letter from me; he bade me give you it.

BAL. Who's the person that bade you?

PSEUD. (*from behind*). I'm undone, now the fellow's in the middle of the mud. He doesn't know the name—this business is at a dead lock.

BAL. Who do you say sent me this?

SIM. Observe the seal; do you yourself tell me his name, that I may know that you are Ballio himself.

BAL. Give me the letter. SIM. Take it, and look at the seal. (*Gives him the letter.*)

BAL. (*looking at it*). Oho! 'Tis nothing more nor less than Polymachæroplagides<sup>1</sup>, his own very self; I recognize it. Hallo *you*, Polymachæroplagides is his name!

SIM. I know now that I have rightly given you the letter, since you have mentioned the name of Polymachæroplagides.

BAL. How fares he? SIM. By my troth, just as a brave man and a good soldier *should*. But make haste, I beg, to read this letter through, *for* it is requisite *to do* so, and to take this money at once and send out the damsel. For it's necessary for me this day to be at Sicyon<sup>2</sup>, or else to suffer death to-morrow; so peremptory is my master.

BAL. I know it: you are telling those who know it *already*.

SIM. Make haste then to read the letter through.

BAL. I'll do so, if you'll only hold your tongue. (*He reads the letter.*) "The Captain Polymachæroplagides sends

<sup>1</sup> *Polymachæroplagides*)—Ver. 988. This high-sounding name is compounded of three Greek words, and signifies "the son of many blows with the sword," or something akin to it.

<sup>2</sup> *To be at Sicyon*)—Ver. 995. This was a very ancient city of the Peloponnesus on the Gulf of Corinth.

this letter, written to the procurer Ballio, sealed with the impression which was formerly agreed upon between us two."

SIM. The token's in the letter.

BAL. I see the token and I recognize it. But is he in the habit of sending no greeting written in his letter?

SIM. Such is the military etiquette, Ballio; with their hand they send health to their well-wishers, *and* with the same do they send destruction to their evil-wishers. But as you have commenced, go on to ascertain of yourself what this letter says.

BAL. Listen then. (*Reading on.*) "Harpax is my camp-servant, who has come to you." Are you this Harpax?

SIM. I am, and the *real* Harpax too<sup>1</sup>.

BAL. (*reading on.*) "Who brings this letter; I wish the money to be received from him, and the woman to be sent together with him. 'Tis becoming to send greeting to the worthy; had I deemed you worthy, I should have sent it to you."

SIM. What then? BAL. Pay me the money, take away the woman.

SIM. Which of us is delaying *the matter*?

BAL. Follow me in-doors then.

SIM. I'm following. (*They go into BALLIO's house.*)

### SCENE III.—PSEUDOLUS comes forward.

PSEUD. I' troth, a more artful fellow, and one more skilfully cunning, I never did see than is this same Simmia. Very much do I dread this man, and sadly do I fear that he may prove mischievous against myself just as he has been against him; lest in his prosperity he may now turn his horns against me, if he finds an opportunity. Should he prove mischievous *towards me* \* \* \* \*

But, i' faith, for my part I hope not, for I wish well to him. Now in three ways am I in the greatest dread. First of all then, I dread this comrade of mine, lest he should forsake me and go over from me to the enemy. Next do I dread that my master should in the meantime return from the Forum;

<sup>1</sup> *The real Harpax too*)—Ver. 1010. He lays a stress on the name, to catch a laugh from the audience by implying that he is a regular Harpax or "plunderer," both in name and reality.

lest, the booty taken, the plunderers should be taken. Together with these things do I fear, lest that *other* Harpax should arrive here before this Harpax has departed hence with the woman. By my faith, I'm undone; they are very slow in coming out of doors. With baggage packed<sup>1</sup> up, my heart is waiting, ready, if he doesn't bring out the damsel together with himself, to fly away in exile out from of my breast. \* \* \* \* \*

(*The door of BALLIO's house opens.*) I'm the conqueror—I've got the better of my wary guards.

SCENE IV.—*Enter SIMMIA, from BALLIO's house, leading PHŒNICIUM.*

SIM. (*to PHŒNICIUM*). Don't weep: you know not how the matter is, Phœnicium; but before long I'll let you know it when you are resting. I'm not leading you to that Macedonian long-teethed fellow, who now causes you to be weeping. To him will I lead you, whose you especially long to be. I'll cause you before very long to be embracing Calidorus.

PSEUD. Prithee, why did you stay so long in-doors? For how long a time was my heart throbbing with beating against my breast.

SIM. You have found reason, you whipping-post, *with a vengeance* to be making enquires of me \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* amid the ambush of the enemy. Why don't we go home with all speed with military strides<sup>2</sup>.

PSEUD. Now, by my troth, although you are a worthless fellow, you advise aright. March in triumphal procession, this way, straight in the path to the *festive* goblet. (*They march off in triumphal procession.*)

SCENE V.—*Enter BALLIO, from his house.*

BAL. Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing.*) Now, at last, my mind is in a state of ease, since that fellow has departed hence,

<sup>1</sup> *With baggage packed*)—Ver. 1033. "Conligatis vasis." This is a figure derived from military affairs. In modern as in ancient times, the custom is for the soldiers, when they break up the encampment, to collect all their vessels and baggage and tie them up in bundles.

<sup>2</sup> *With military strides*)—Ver. 1049. Having often to march quickly, soldiers would naturally acquire the habit of walking with large strides.



and taken away the woman. I should like Pseudolus now to come, that wicked rascal, to carry the woman off from me by his stratagems. I know for sure, right well, that I had rather in solemn form perjure myself a thousand times, than that he should cheat me by making a laughing-stock of me. By my troth now, I'll laugh at the fellow if I meet him. But I guess that he'll *soon* be on the treadmill, *just* as befits him. Now I wish for Simo that he would come in my way, in order that he might be joyful in common with my joy.

SCENE VI.—*Enter SIMO.*

SIMO (*to himself*). I'm going to see what business my Ulysses has transacted; whether he now has the statue<sup>1</sup> from the Ballionian citadel.

BAL. O, lucky man! give me your lucky hand. (*Takes his hand.*)

SIMO. What's the matter? BAL. Now.

SIMO. What now? BAL. There's nothing at all for you to fear.

SIMO. What's the matter? Has that fellow *Pseudolus* come to you?

BAL. No. SIMO. What good fortune is there, then?

BAL. Your twenty minæ are safe and sound which Pseudolus stipulated for from you this day.

SIMO. I' faith, I really do wish they were.

BAL. Ask of me twenty minæ if he this day gets hold of that woman, or gives her to your son this day, as he has promised. On my word, prithee, do demand them of me; I *quite* long to promise them. And, besides this, keep the woman as a present for yourself, that in every way you may know that your money's safe.

SIMO. There's no danger that I know of in making *this* bargain. According as you have solemnly pledged your word, will you give me twenty minæ?

BAL. They shall be given. SIMO. This, indeed, is not *so* badly done. But have you met the fellow?

BAL. Aye, both of them together.

<sup>1</sup> *Now has the statue*)—Ver. 1064. He alludes to Ulysses carrying away the Palladium or statue of Minerva from the citadel of Troy.

SIMO. What did he say? What did he talk about? Prithee, what did he mention to you?

BAL. Theatrical nonsense; expressions which, in comedies, are wont to be used to a procurer, which boys are acquainted with. He said that I was worthless, and wicked, and forsworn.

SIMO. I' faith, he told no lie.

BAL. 'Twas for that reason I wasn't angry. For what matters it for you to speak uncivilly to him who cares not for it, and who don't deny *the truth of what you say*?

SIMO. Why is it that you are in no fear of him? That I'm longing to hear.

BAL. Because he never will carry the woman off now, nor is he able. Don't you yourself remember that I told you, some time since, that she had been sold to a Macedonian officer?

SIMO. I remember. BAL. Well, his servant just now brought me the money, and the token with the impression, which had been arranged between himself and me.

SIMO. What then? BAL. He took away with him the woman, not long since.

SIMO. Do you say this in real truth?

BAL. Whence could I possibly have that *quality*?

SIMO. Do you only take care that he hasn't been playing some trick there.

BAL. The letter and the impress *on the seal* make me sure. Indeed, 'twas but just now he took her off for Sicyon.

SIMO. Troth now, 'twas well done. Why do I delay to make Pseudolus give a name<sup>1</sup> to a colony at the mill-stones? But who's this fellow in the scarf?

BAL. I don't know, i' faith; however, let's observe whither he's going, and what business he's upon. (*They stand on one side.*)

SCENE VII.—*Enter* HARPA.

HAR. (*to himself*). That slave's a base and worthless fellow, who values his master's commands at nought; and he, too, is good for nothing who is forgetful to do his duty unless he's put in mind. But those who forthwith deem themselves to be at liberty, when they have hidden themselves from

<sup>1</sup> *Give a name*)—Ver. 1100. He alludes to the custom of the first colonists giving the name to a colony. He says that he thinks that he must give Pseudolus a settlement at the hand-mill, and so make him colonize the place of punishment

the sight of their master, *who* riot, wench, devour what they have,—*aye*, what *they* have not,—long do those same endure the name of servitude. Nor is there any good disposition in them, except *only* that they may uphold themselves by their dishonest contrivances. With these, neither their company nor their conversation suits me, nor by these persons have I been ever known. Although he is away, I consider my master as being here; I fear him when he isn't here, that I may not have to fear him when he is here. *Therefore*, as I have been ordered, to this business will I give my attention. But *that* Syrus, to whom I gave the token, would have been letting me stay even yet in the shop. As he bade me, I stayed there; he said that he would send for me when the procurer was at home. But since he hasn't come, or called me *while* staying *there*, I'm come hither of my own accord, that I may know what is the fact, that that fellow mayn't be playing tricks with me. And there is nothing better than that I should knock at this *door*, and call some out here from indoors. I want this procurer to take this money of me, and to send off this woman with me. (*Goes towards BALLIO's door.*)

BAL. (*from behind, to SIMO*). Hark you! SIMO. (*apart*). What do you want?

BAL. (*apart*). This fellow's my own. SIMO. (*apart*). How so?

BAL. (*apart, pointing to the purse in the hand of HARPAX*). Because that booty's mine. He's in search of a mistress he has got money. I already long to fix my teeth in him.

SIMO. (*apart*). Are you going to devour him already?

BAL. (*apart*). While he's fresh, while he's in the habit of giving away, while he's warm upon it, 'tis proper for him to be gobbled up. The good men keep me poor, the bad ones support me; the virtuous are a benefit to the public, the debauched to myself.

SIMO. (*aside*). A mischief may the Gods send you; such a villain are you.

BAL. (*apart*). Venus bestows upon me these blessings, when she drives hither these haters of money, these who *quite* long for losses, who carefully pamper themselves and their *youthful* age, eat, drink, and wench. Of quite different dispositions are they and you.

HAR. (*to himself*). I'm now delaying myself, in not knocking at this door. that I may know whether or no

Ballio is at home now. (*Calls out, going up to the door.*)  
Hallo! where are you? Hallo! where are you?

BAL. (*apart*). Why, he's going straight up towards my house. I shall come off finely loaded with plunder from this fellow; I know it's a lucky omen for me.

HAR. (*knocking violently at the door*). Does any one come to open this *door*?

BAL. (*calling out to him*). Hallo! you in the scarf, what's owing you at that house?

HAR. I'm enquiring for Ballio, the procurer, the master of the house.

BAL. Whoever you are, young man, make short work of your enquiries.

HAR. Why so? BAL. Because he himself in person sees you in his presence before him.

HAR. What, are you he? SIMO. You in the scarf, take you care, please, of some crooked misfortune, and point your finger<sup>1</sup> at him; this fellow is a procurer.

BAL. (*pointing to SIMO*). And this is an honest man. (*To SIMO.*) But you, worthy fellow, are many a time being hunted after in the Forum with noise *enough*, when you haven't a groat in the world, unless this procurer here comes to help you a bit.

HAR. But why don't you address yourself to me?

BAL. I do address you. What is it you want?

HAR. You to take this money. (*He holds out the five minæ.*)

BAL. (*holding out his hand*). Already have I extended my hand, if you are going to give it.

HAR. Take it; here are five picked minæ of silver counted out. (*Gives him the money.*) This did my master, Polymachæroplagides, order me to deliver to you, *the sum* which he was owing, and that you were to send Phœnicium with me.

BAL. Your master? HAR. I say to that effect.

BAL. The Captain? HAR. I speak to that effect.

BAL. The Macedonian? HAR. Such is the fact, I say.

BAL. Polymachæroplagides sent you to me?

HAR. You say what's fact. BAL. To give me this money?

<sup>1</sup> *Point your finger*)—Ver. 1144. Simo thinks that Harpax has come to be a customer of the procurer, and tells him to beware of misfortune, and rather to point the finger of scorn at such a worthless character. The middle finger was used for that purpose.

HAR. If you really are the procurer Ballio.

BAL. And for you to take away the woman from me?

HAR. Even so. BAL. Did he say that it was Phœnicium?

HAR. You remember it exactly. BAL. Wait *there*; I'll return to you this instant.

HAR. Make haste, then, with all speed, for I'm in a hurry. 'Tis now late in the day, d'ye see?

BAL. I see; still I wish to call this person aside. Do you only wait there; I'll return to you this instant. (*He takes SIMO on one side.*) What's to be done now, Simo? What are we to do? I've detected this fellow that has brought the money in the fact.

SIMO. How so? BAL. And don't you understand what this plan is?

SIMO. About as much as the most ignorant do.

BAL. Your servant, Pseudolus, has sent this fellow on the message, as though he was from the Macedonian Captain.

SIMO. Have you got the money from the fellow?

BAL. Do you ask about that which you see? (*Shows the purse in his hand.*)

SIMO. Harkye, remember to give me one half of that plunder. It's right that that should be in common.

BAL. Why, plague on't, 'tis all your own<sup>1</sup>.

HAR. (*coming forward a step*). How soon are you going to attend to me?

BAL. I'll attend to you, indeed. (*Aside.*) What now do you advise me to do, Simo?

SIMO. (*aside*). Let's make some fun of this counterfeit spy, even until he himself shall be sensible that he is being made a fool of.

BAL. Follow me. (*To HARPAX.*) What have you to say? You are his servant, I suppose?

HAR. Most certainly. BAL. At what price did he purchase you?

HAR. With the victory of his prowess in battle; for I was a very great general at home in my own country.

BAL. Why, did he ever capture a gaol in your country?

HAR. If you utter affronting speeches, you'll be hearing them.

<sup>1</sup> *Your own*)—Ver. 1165. Meaning that, no doubt, Pseudolus had stolen it from him.

BAL. In what time did you come from Sicyon hither?

HAR. In one day, by noon. SIMO. Bravo! By my troth, you did come quickly; how very swift of foot this man is.

BAL. When you look at his calves, you might know that he can wear heavy fetters. How say you—were you also, when a child, in the habit of sleeping in a cradle?

SIMO. Of course. BAL. And were you, too, in the habit of doing<sup>1</sup>—you know what I mean?

SIMO. Of course he was in the habit of *doing as other children did*?

HAR. Are you *men* in your senses? BAL. What, because I asked you that? At night, when the Captain was going on guard, *and* when you were going with him, did the sword of the officer fit your scabbard?

HAR. Go to utter perdition. BAL. You, indeed, shall have the opportunity of going there in good time to-day.

HAR. But do you bring out the woman to me, or else give me back the money.

BAL. Wait *a bit*. HAR. Why should I wait?

BAL. That scarf, tell me for how much it has been lent.

HAR. What matters it? SIMO. How much is the sword hired for?

HAR. These fellows *surely* stand in need of hellebore<sup>2</sup>.

BAL. How now—(*Takes hold of him.*) HAR. (*repulsing him*). Leave me alone.

BAL. What wages does *that* broad-brimmed hat hire to-day for its owner?

HAR. What owner? SIMO. What do the shoes? \* \* \*

HAR. What are you dreaming about? Why, I'm the owner of all these things, bought with my own savings.

BAL. Those, you mean, which the upper part of your thighs supports<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *The habit of doing*)—Ver. 1178. An indecent allusion is most probably here intended. An attempt has been made in the translation to turn it into another channel.

<sup>2</sup> *Have need of hellebore*)—Ver. 1184. Black hellebore was much esteemed in cases of madness. Harpax has really, from their way of proceeding, some reason to think that the persons in conversation with him are not in their right senses.

<sup>3</sup> *Your thighs supports*)—Ver. 1189. Unless a more gross allusion is intended, he means that his "peculium" is not his "savings" (which is the strict meaning of the word), but his back and flanks, which often receive on *them* the punishment of servitude, and which alone he can call his own.



HAR. (*aside*). These old fellows have been anointed; they want themselves rubbed down<sup>1</sup>, after the old-fashioned custom.

BAL. I' faith, prithee, answer me this truly and seriously, which I ask of you: What are you to earn? For how trifling a sum has Pseudolus hired you?

HAR. Who is this Pseudolus? BAL. Your tutor, who has instructed you in this knavery, to take away the woman hence from me by stratagem.

HAR. What Pseudolus, *and* what stratagem are you talking to me about? A person that I know of no colour, *black or white*.

BAL. Will you not be off from here? There's no profit here for swindlers to-day. Therefore you may tell Pseudolus that another person has carried off the prize—the first Harpax that came.

HAR. On my word, I really am that Harpax.

BAL. Aye, on my word, you want to be. This is nothing more nor less than a downright impostor.

HAR. I have given yourself the money, and a while ago, immediately on my arrival, the token to your servant; a letter sealed with the likeness of my master, here before the door.

BAL. You gave a letter to my servant? What servant?

HAR. To Syrus. BAL. (*to SIMO*). The wicked rogue has assurance enough<sup>2</sup>. He hasn't contrived his knavish scheme amiss. By my faith, that whipping-post of a fellow, Pseudolus, how cleverly he has managed his plans; just as much money as the Captain owed, he has given this man, and has dressed out the fellow that he might take away the woman \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* (*To HARPAX.*) But the real Harpax himself brought that letter hither to me.

HAR. My name is Harpax; I am the servant of the Macedonian Captain. I'm doing nothing roguishly or cheatingly, nor do I know or understand this Pseudolus, what mortal being he is.

SIMO. Unless it's something wonderful, procurer, you've clearly lost the woman.

<sup>1</sup> *Themselves rubbed down*)—Ver. 1190. After bathing, the Greeks and Romans were in the habit of being anointed, and then rubbed down with a flesh-brush. Probably the latter custom had gone out of fashion in the time of Plautus. Harpax says that the old men want to be rubbed down; but he means, as uncle Bowling expresses it in Roderick Random, "with an oaken towel."

<sup>2</sup> *Has assurance enough*)—Ver. 1204. The note of interrogation, in Ritscher's edition, after "nequam," seems to be out of place.

BAL. Assuredly, by my troth, I'm in dread of that more and more, when I come to hear his words. I' faith, that Syrus, too, has already set my heart a-freezing, that received the token from him.

SIMO. 'Tis a wonder if it isn't Pseudolus. (*To HARPAX.*) How now, you! of what appearance was the person to whom you delivered the token?

HAR. A certain red-haired fellow<sup>1</sup>, pot-bellied, with thick calves, swarthy, with a big head, sharp eyes, red face, and very large feet.

BAL. You prove our undoing, when you mention the feet. It was Pseudolus himself. It's all up with me. I'm dying now, Simo.

HAR. By my troth, I shan't let you die, unless the money's returned me—twenty minæ.

SIMO. And another twenty minæ to me as well.

BAL. (*to SIMO*). And is the sum to be taken of me that I promised by way of a joke?

SIMO. From unprincipled men it's proper for both their money and their plunder to be taken.

BAL. At least you might give up Pseudolus to me.

SIMO. I, give up Pseudolus to you? What has he done amiss? Did I not tell you a hundred times that you were to beware of him?

BAL. He has ruined me. SIMO. And on me he has laid a fine of twenty fair minæ.

BAL. What am I to do then? HAR. When you have given me the money—go hang yourself.

BAL. The Gods confound you. (*To HARPAX.*) Follow me, then, this way, please, to the Forum, that I may pay you.

HAR. I follow you. SIMO. What am I to do?

BAL. Strangers I'll pay at once; to-morrow I'll settle with fellow-citizens. Pseudolus has been holding a council-general<sup>2</sup> against my life, in sending that fellow to me to-day

<sup>1</sup> *Red-haired fellow*)—Ver. 1218. Some Commentators fancy that in these lines Plautus intends to give a description of himself. If so, he certainly was not so handsome as he was ingenious.

<sup>2</sup> *A council-general*)—Ver. 1232. "Centuriata habuit comitia." Literally, "has held the comitia centuriata." These were the largest and most important meetings of the centuries or classes of all the Roman citizens, who there met together for the purpose of electing the superior magistrates by their votes, making laws, deciding upon war, and in later times, of concluding peace with foreign nations

to carry off the woman. (*To HARPAX.*) Do you follow me. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) Now don't you be expecting that I shall be returning home this way. As matters stand, I've determined to go through the alleys.

HAK. If you had walked at the rate you talk, you'd be by this have been at the Forum.

BAL. I'm determined to make this, instead of my birthday, my dying day. (*Exit BALLIO, HARPAX following.*)

SCENE VIII.—SIMO, *alone.*

SIMO. I've touched this fellow handsomely, and cleverly has my servant *managed* his adversary. Now am I resolved to lie in ambush for Pseudolus in a different manner to what's done in other plays, where people lie in wait with goads or whips. Without revenge will I at once pay down the twenty minæ which I promised if he should effect it. I'll carry them to him of my own accord. This creature is very clever, very cunning, very artful. Pseudolus has surpassed the Trojan stratagem<sup>1</sup> and Ulysses *too*. Now I'll be off in-doors. I'll take out the money; I'll lie in ambush for Pseudolus. (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter PSEUDOLUS, drunk, with a chaplet on his head.*

PSEUD. (*staggering*). How's this? And is it the fact? Feet—are you standing or not? Or is it this you want, some one to pick me up here as I lie? But, by my faith, if I do fall down, yours will be the fault. Are you going to go? Heigho! I must wait upon myself. This is the great fault in wine; it first lays hold of the feet; 'tis a cunning wrestler. By my faith, assuredly am I now come off right well drenched; with such exquisite viands, with such becoming elegance, in such a delightful place, have we been delightfully entertained. What's the need for me to make much prosing? This is the thing for a man, an object for him to pass his life for; here are all pleasures *and* all delights. I think that the ecstasy is equal to that of the Deities, when the lover

As these important things were done with due deliberation, Ballio borrows a figure thence, and means that Pseudolus has been giving all attention to the promotion of the success of the plot which he has laid against him.

<sup>1</sup> *The Trojan stratagem*)—Ver. 1244. He probably alludes to the contrivance of the Wooden Horse, which was first suggested by Ulysses.

embraces his mistress, when he places lip to lip, when melting kisses are exchanged, when breast is pressed to breast, or else, if they please, they are locked in strict embrace; then for your most loving mistress, with her white hand, to be pledging you in the luscious goblet, for no one there to be disagreeable to another, for no one to be indulging in silly conversation; for unguents and perfumes, ribbons<sup>1</sup> and festive wreaths, to be provided in profusion; and for the rest of the entertainment, too, to be provided in no niggardly style. That no one may have to question me then, in this manner have myself and my young master been spending this day in jollity. After I had fulfilled all my task just as I intended, the enemy put to flight, I was leaving them reclining *and* drinking, each lover with his mistress, and my own mistress there as well, indulging heart and soul. But after I had risen, they begged me to dance. After this fashion (*he dances*) did I show myself off there quite charmingly, in a master-like style, to wit; for I am thoroughly acquainted with the Ionian step. Thus, clad in my little mantle, full of fun, I was stepping about, this way. Some of them clapped me, others cried out for me to dance again. In that same *Ionian* fashion once again did I begin *to take a turn*; I presented myself to my mistress, that she might caress me; *as* I was pirouetting, down I tumbled: that was the funeral dirge<sup>2</sup> for my sport. And so, while I was a-struggling to get up, near —, almost, *I mean*, I soiled my mantle. Then, by my troth, I was the cause of plenteous mirth. A goblet was presented me on account of my fall. Forthwith I changed my mantle, *and* put on this; thence have I come hither, that I might get rid of my surfeit. Now I'm going to my old master, to put him in mind of our bargain. Open—open *the door*. Hallo, there! Tell Simo, somebody, that I'm here. (*Knocks at the door of SIMO's house.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Ribbons*)—Ver. 1265. "Lemniseos." According to Festus, "lemnisci" were purple ribbons wrapped round one another, and hanging down from the wreaths which the ancients wore on their heads at their entertainments. From a passage in Pliny it would appear that these ribbons were in general only worn by persons of distinction. The translation of l. 1260 has necessarily been somewhat modified.

<sup>2</sup> *The funeral dirge*)—Ver. 1278. The word "Nænia," or "nenia," has several meanings, among others, that of "a funeral dirge," which is probably its meaning here. Pseudolus intends to say that his fall, so far as he was concerned, put an end to his enjoying the amusement of dancing any further.

SCENE II.—*Enter SIMO*<sup>1</sup>, *from his house.*

SIMO. The voice of a rascally fellow is calling me out of doors. (*He stares at PSEUDOLUS.*) But what's this? How's this? What is it I see in this guise?

PSEUD. (*staggering towards him*). Your own Pseudolus, drunk, with a chaplet on<sup>2</sup>.

SIMO. (*to himself*). By my troth, this is free and easy indeed. But see his attitude; is he on my account a bit the more afraid? I'm thinking whether I shall address him harshly or kindly. But this (*pointing to a purse in his hand*) that I'm carrying forbids me to use rough measures towards him just now; if there's any hope for me, centred in this.

PSEUD. (*staggering up to SIMO*). A worthless fellow is coming to meet the best of men.

SIMO. May the Gods bless you, Pseudolus. (*PSEUDOLUS eructates.*) Foh! go to utter perdition. (*Pushes him away.*)

PSEUD. But why should I have that mischance befall me?

SIMO. Why, the plague, in your drunkenness, are you eructating in my face?

PSEUD. Hold me up, steadily; take care that I don't fall. Don't you see me, how drenched and soaking I am?

SIMO. What impudence is this, for you to be going about this way in broad daylight, drunk, with a chaplet on?

PSEUD. Such is my pleasure. (*Eructates again.*) SIMO. Why your pleasure? Do you persist in eructating in my *very* face?

PSEUD. An eructation is comforting to me; do indulge me in it; do but stand off.

SIMO. For my part I really do believe, you villain, that you are able in a single hour to drink up four right plentiful vintages of the Massic hills<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Simo*)—All the former editions introduced Ballio in this scene, and put in his mouth much of what really belongs to Simo. The astute Ritschel saw the absurdity of this, and has rectified the text accordingly.

<sup>2</sup> *With a chaplet on*)—Ver. 1287. Pseudolus lays some stress on this, as slaves were not permitted to wear chaplets. He, however, presumes on the fact of Simo being in his debt.

<sup>3</sup> *The Massic hills*)—Ver. 1303. The Massic hills were situate in the Falernian district, in the territory of Naples. The Massic or Falernian wine held the second rank among the choice wines of the Romans. It was considered fit for drinking when ten years old, and might be used up to the twentieth year, but when kept longer was considered to be injurious to the nervous system.



PSEUD. A winter hour<sup>1</sup>, add. SIMO. You don't remind me amiss. But tell me, however, whence I am to say that you are bringing your deeply-laden bark?

PSEUD. I've just been having a thorough bout with your son. That damsel is the cause of this; along with your son she is carousing, a free woman.

SIMO. You are a most worthless fellow.

PSEUD. But, Simo, wasn't Ballio nicely diddled? How well I carried what I told you into effect.

SIMO. I know everything in its order, just as you managed each particular.

PSEUD. Why, then, do you hesitate to pay me the money?

SIMO. You ask what's just, I confess; take it. (*Gives him the money.*)

PSEUD. But you declared that you wouldn't give it me; and still do you give it.

SIMO. Are you laughing at me? What? Are you going to take this from your master, Pseudolus?

PSEUD. With most willing heart and soul.

SIMO. Prithee, can't you venture to make me an abatement of some portion of this money?

PSEUD. No: you shall say that I *really* am a greedy fellow; for you shall never be richer by a single coin of this money.

SIMO. Well, I really didn't suppose that it would ever come to pass with me that I should be begging of you.

PSEUD. Load your shoulder with it, and follow me this way. (*Pointing.*)

SIMO. I—load myself with that? PSEUD. You will load yourself, I'm sure.

SIMO. What am I to do to this fellow? Doesn't he, contrary to my expectation, take my money, and *then* laugh at me?

PSEUD. Woe to the conquered<sup>2</sup>: turn your back, then. (*Turns him round.*)

<sup>1</sup> A winter hour)—Ver. 1304. The Romans divided the light part of the day into twelve hours; consequently, the hours of the winter days were much shorter than the summer ones.

<sup>2</sup> Woe to the conquered)—Ver. 1322. The following was the origin of this expression. When the Romans capitulated to the Gauls under Brennus, a thousand pounds weight of gold were to be their ransom. When it was about to be weighed out, the Gauls brought false weights. On this the Roman officer refused to use them, whereupon Brennus threw his sword into the scale, and exclaimed "Væ victis!" "Woe to the conquered!" The expression afterwards became proverbial, as signifying that no mercy was to be expected.



SIMO. Oh! oh! desist. Let me alone—I'm in pain.

PSEUD. Were you not in pain, I should be in pain; and no compassion would you have had for my back, if I hadn't this day managed this.

SIMO. There will be an opportunity for me to be revenged on you, if I live.

PSEUD. Why do you threaten? I've got a back *of my own*.

SIMO. Very well, then. (*Moves as if going.*) PSEUD. Come you back then.

SIMO. Why come back? PSEUD. Only come you back; you shall not be deceived.

SIMO. (*turns round*). I am come back. PSEUD. Come and have a drink with me.

SIMO. What—I, come? PSEUD. Do as I ask you. If you do come, I'll let you take half of this, or even more. (*Points to the purse in his hand.*)

SIMO. I'll come; take me where you like, Pseudolus.

PSEUD. How now *then*? Are you at all angry with me or with your son, Simo, on account of these matters?

SIMO. Certainly, not at all. PSEUD. (*going*). Step this way now.

SIMO. I follow you. But why don't you invite the Spectators as well?

PSEUD. (*turning round*). I' faith, they are not in the habit *of inviting* me; and, therefore, I don't invite them. But if you (*addressing the AUDIENCE*) are willing to applaud and approve of this company of players, and *this* Comedy, I invite you for to-morrow<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Invite you for to-morrow*)—Ver. 1335. At the Megalensian games the third day was especially set apart for scenic representations. Probably, as the present Play was acted there, it was on that occasion announced for repetition on the succeeding day. It may not be inapposite here to remark that Cicero, in his Treatise on Old Age, informs us that Plautus entertained a very high opinion of this Play; while Aulus Gellius styles it "*Comœdia festissima*," "a most entertaining Comedy." Many of the modern Commentators have pronounced it to be the *most* meritorious of the Plays of Plautus.

# MENÆCHMI; OR, THE TWIN-BROTHERS.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, his twin-brother.

PENICULUS, a Parasite.

MESSENIUS, the servant of Menæchmus Sosicles.

CYLINDRUS, a Cook.

AN OLD MAN, father-in-law of Menæchmus Sosicles.

A DOCTOR.

THE WIFE OF MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

EROTIUM, a Courtesan.

MAID-SERVANT of Erotium.

*Scene.*—Epidamnus, a city of Illyricum. The house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus is on one side of the street, and that of EROTIUM on the other.

## THE SUBJECT.

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MOSCHUS, a merchant of Syracuse, had two twin-sons who exactly resembled each other. One of these, whose name was Menæchmus, when a child, accompanied his father to Tarentum, at which place he was stolen and carried away to Epidamnus, where in course of time he has married a wealthy wife. Disagreements, however, arising with her, he forms an acquaintance with the Courtesan Erotium, and is in the habit of presenting her with clothes and jewels which he pilfers from his wife. The original name of the other twin-brother was Sosicles, but on the loss of Menæchmus, the latter name has been substituted by their grandfather for Sosicles, in remembrance of the lost child. Menæchmus Sosicles, on growing to manhood, determines to seek his lost brother. Having wandered for six years, he arrives at Epidamnus, attended by his servant, Messenio. In consequence of his resemblance to his brother, many curious and laughable mistakes happen between him and the Courtesan Erotium, the wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnus, the Cook Cylindrus, the Parasite Peniculus, the father-in-law of Menæchmus of Epidamnus, and lastly Messenio himself. At length, through the agency of the latter, the brothers recognize each other; on which Messenio receives his liberty, and Menæchmus of Epidamnus resolves to make sale of his possessions and to return to Syracuse, his native place.

# MENÆCHMI; OR, THE TWIN-BROTHERS.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

A SICILIAN merchant (*Mercator*) who had two sons, on one being stolen from him (*Ei*), ended his life. As a name (*Nomen*) for him who is at home, his paternal grandfather (*Avus*) gives him that of Menæchmus instead of Sosicles. And (*Et*) he, as soon as he is grown up, goes to seek his brother about (*Circum*) all countries. At last he comes to Epidamnus; thither (*Huc*) the one that was stolen has been carried. All think that the stranger, Menæchmus (*Menæchmum*), is their fellow-citizen, and address him (*Eum*) as such: Courtesan, wife, and father-in-law. There (*Ibi*) at last the brothers mutually recognize each other.

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## THE PROLOGUE.

IN the first<sup>1</sup> place now, Spectators, at the commencement, do I wish health and happiness<sup>2</sup> to myself and to you. I bring you Plautus, with my tongue, not with my hand: I beg that you will receive him with favouring ears. Now learn the argument, and give your attention; in as few words as possible will I be brief. And, in fact, this subject is a Greek one; still, it is not an Attic<sup>3</sup>, but a Sicilian one. But in their Comedies the poets do this; they feign that all the business takes place at Athens<sup>4</sup>, in order that it may appear

<sup>1</sup> *In the first*)—Ver. 1. This Play was the foundation of Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors. See the Note at the end of the Play.

<sup>2</sup> *Health and happiness*)—Ver. 1. "Salutem propitiam." Literally, "propitious health."

<sup>3</sup> *It is not an Attic*)—Ver. 7. "Græcissat—Atticissat—Sicelissat." Perhaps these words might be more literally translated, "Græcize," "Atticize," and "Sicilicize."

<sup>4</sup> *At Athens*)—Ver. 10. As the majority of the Greek Comic Poets were either natives of, or residents at, Athens, they would naturally take that extensive, opulent, and bustling city as the scene of many of their Comedies. In the time of Plautus, Greek was yet the language of the Sicilians. In Cicero's time the language of the Sicilians was a mixture, partly Greek and partly Latin. Apuleius informs us that in his day they spoke Greek, Latin, and a language peculiar to themselves, called the Sicilian.

the more Grecian to you. I will not tell you that *this matter* happened anywhere except where it is said to have happened. This has been my preface to the subject of this play. Now will I give the subject, meted out to you, not in a measure, nor yet in a threefold measure<sup>1</sup>, but in the granary itself; so great is my heartiness in telling you the plot.

There was a certain aged man, a merchant at Syracuse<sup>2</sup>; to him two sons were born, twins, children so like in appearance that their own foster-mother<sup>3</sup>, who gave the breast, was not able to distinguish them, nor even the mother herself who had given them birth; as a person, indeed, informed me who had seen the children; I never saw them, let no one of you fancy *so*. After the children were now seven years old, the father freighted a large ship with much merchandize. The father put one of the twins on board the ship, and took him away, together with himself, to traffic at Tarentum<sup>4</sup>; the other one he left with his mother at home. By accident, there were games at Tarentum when he came there: many persons, as *generally happens* at the games, had met together; the child strayed away there from his father among the people. A certain merchant of Epidamnus was there; he picked up the child, and carried it away to Epidamnus<sup>5</sup>. But its father, after he had lost the child, took it heavily to heart, and through grief at it he died a few days after at Tarentum. Now, after news reached the grandfather of the children at home about this matter, how that one of the children had been stolen, the grandfather changed the name of that other twin. So much did he love that one which had been stolen, *that* he gave his

<sup>1</sup> A *threefold measure*)—Ver. 15. “Trimodius.” This was a measure for corn, consisting of three “modii,” which last contained about a peck of English measure.

<sup>2</sup> At *Syracuse*)—Ver. 17. Syracuse was the principal city of Sicily famed for its commerce and opulence.

*Foster-mother*)—Ver. 19. “Mater.” Literally, “mother.”

<sup>4</sup> At *Tarentum*)—Ver. 27. Tarentum was a city of Calabria, in the south of Italy. It was said to have been founded by the Lacedæmonians.

<sup>5</sup> To *Epidamnus*)—Ver. 33. Epidamnus, or Epidamnium, was a town of Macedonia, situate on the Adriatic Sea. It was much resorted to for the purpose of transit to the opposite shores of Italy. It received its original name from Epidamnus, one of its kings; but on falling into the possession of the Romans, they changed its name, as we are informed by Pliny the Elder, into Dyrrachium, from a superstitious notion that when they were going to “Epidamnium,” they were going “to their loss,” as “damnum” is the Latin for “loss” or “destruction,” and ἐπί, or “epi,” is the Greek preposition signifying to. Cicero was banished to this place.

name to the one that was at home. That you may not mistake hereafter, I tell you then this beforehand; the name of both the twin-brothers is the same. He gave the same name of Menæchmus to *this one* as the other had; and by the same name the grandfather himself was called. I remember his name the more easily for the reason that I saw him cried with much noise<sup>1</sup>. Now must I speed back on foot to Epidamnus, that I may exactly disclose this matter to you. If any one of you<sup>2</sup> wishes anything to be transacted for him at Epidamnus, command me boldly and speak out; but on these terms, that he give me *the means* by which it may be transacted for him. For unless a person gives the money, he will be mistaken; (*in a lower tone*) except that he who does give it will be very much more *mistaken*<sup>3</sup>. But I have returned to that place whence I set forth, and yet I am standing in the self-same spot. This person of Epidamnus, whom I mentioned just now, that stole that other twin child, had no children, except his wealth. He adopted as his son the child so carried off, and gave him a well-portioned wife, and made him his heir when he himself died. For as, by chance, he was going into the country, when it had rained heavily, entering, not far from the city, a rapid stream, in its rapidity<sup>4</sup> it threw the ravisher of the child off his legs, and hurried the man away to great and grievous destruction. And so a very large fortune fell to that youth. Here (*pointing to the house*) does the stolen twin now dwell. Now that twin, who dwells at Syracuse, has come this day to Epidamnus with his servant to make enquiry for this own twin-brother of his. This is the city of Epidamnus while this play is acting; when another shall be acted, it will become another town; just as our companies, too, are wont to be shifted about. The same person now acts the procurer, now the youth, now the old man, the pauper, the beggar, the king, the parasite, the soothsayer \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Cried with much noise*)—Ver. 48. Probably the word “flagitarius” means that the lost child was cried publicly by the “præco,” or “crier.”

<sup>2</sup> *If any one of you*)—Ver. 51. This is said facetiously to the Audience for the purpose of catching a laugh.

<sup>3</sup> *Very much more mistaken*)—Ver. 55. Because he will keep the money and not execute the commission.

<sup>4</sup> *In its rapidity*)—Ver. 65. He means to pun upon the words “rapidus,” “rapid” or “carrying away,” and “raptor,” the “carrier away” or “ravisher.”  
 ‘The stream carried away the carrier away’



## ACT I. — SCENE I.

*Enter* PENICULUS

PEN. The young men have given me the name of Peniculus<sup>1</sup>, for this reason, because when I eat, I wipe the tables clean. \* \* \* \* \*

The persons who bind captives with chains, and who put fetters upon runaway slaves, act very foolishly, in my opinion at least. For if bad usage is added to his misfortune for a wretched man, the greater is his inclination to run away and to do amiss. For by some means *or other* do they release themselves from the chains; while *thus* fettered, they either wear away a link with a file, or else with a stone they knock out the nail; 'tis a mere trifle this. He whom you wish to keep securely that he may not run away, with meat and with drink ought he to be chained; do you bind down the mouth of a man to a full table. So long as you give him what to eat and what to drink at his own pleasure in abundance every day, i' faith he'll never run away, even if he has committed an offence that's capital; easily will you secure him so long as you shall bind him with such chains. So very supple are these chains of food, the more you stretch them so much the more tightly do they bind. But now I'm going directly to Menæchmus; whither for this long time I have been sentenced, *thither* of my own accord I am going, that he may enchain me. For, by my troth, this man does not nourish persons, but he *quite* rears and reinvigorates them; no one administers medicine more agreeably. Such is *this* young man; himself with a very well-stocked larder, he gives dinners fit for Ceres<sup>2</sup>; so does he heap the tables up, *and* piles so vast of dishes does he arrange, you must stand on your couch if you wish for anything at the top. But I have now had an interval these many days, while I've been lording it at home all along

<sup>1</sup> *Name of Peniculus*)—Ver. 77. This word means "a sponge" which was fastened to a stick, and was used for the purpose of cleansing tables. He says that the youths so called him from his own propensity for clearing the tables of their provisions. The tails of foxes and of oxen were also used as "*peniculi*." Colman and Warner, in their translations of Terence and Plautus, render the word "dishcloth."

<sup>2</sup> *Fit for Ceres*)—Ver. 101. As Ceres was the Goddess of corn and the giver of plenty, the entertainments in honor of her would of course be *very* bounteous.

together with my dear ones<sup>1</sup>;—for nothing do I eat or purchase but what it is most dear. But inasmuch as dear ones, when they are provided, are in the habit of forsaking us, I am now paying him a visit. But his door is opening; and see, I perceive Menæchmus himself; he is coming out of doors.

SCENE II.—*Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, from his house.*

MEN. (*speaking at the door to his WIFE within*). Unless you were worthless, unless *you were* foolish, unless you were stark wild and an idiot, that which you see is disagreeable to your husband, you would deem to be so to yourself *as well*. Moreover, if after this day you do any such thing to me, I'll force you, a divorced woman, turned out of *my* doors to go visit your father. For as often as I wish to go out of the house, you are detaining me, calling me back, asking me questions; whither I am going, what matter I am about, what business I am transacting, what I am wanting, what I am bringing, what I have been doing out of doors? I've *surely* brought home a custom-house officer<sup>2</sup> *as my wife*; so much am I obliged to disclose all my business, whatever I have done and am doing. I've had you *hitherto* indulged too much. Now, therefore, I'll tell you how I am about to act. Since I find you handsomely in maids, provisions, wool, gold trinkets, garments, *and* purple, and you are wanting in nought, you'll beware of a mischief if you're wise; you'll leave off watching your husband. (*In a lower voice.*) And therefore, that you mayn't be watching me in vain, for your pains I shall find me a mistress to-day, and invite her to dinner somewhere out of doors.

PEN. (*apart*). This fellow pretends that he's upbraiding his wife, *but* he's addressing myself; for if he does dine out of doors, he really is punishing me, not his wife.

MEN. (*to himself*). Hurra! I' troth, by my taunts I've driven my wife from the door at last. Where *now* are your

<sup>1</sup> *With my dear ones*)—Ver. 105. “Cum caris meis.” When he says this, it might be supposed that he is meaning his family by these words of endearment. The next line shows that such is not the case. He has had a supply of victuals, purchased at his own cost; he has been consuming these victuals, and right dear (carissimum) has he found them. He is now coming out to look for Menæchmus, and to make up for lost time.

<sup>2</sup> *A custom-house officer*)—Ver. 117. The “portitores” examined those who landed or embarked at any port, to see that they had no merchandize about them which had not paid duty. They also made the necessary enquiries who the parties were, and what was their destination. He compares his wife to one of these inquisitive persons

intriguing husbands? Why do they hesitate, all returning thanks, to bring presents to me who have fought *so gallantly*? This mantle<sup>1</sup> of my wife's (*taking it from under his cloak*) I've just now stolen from in-doors, and I'm taking it to my mistress. This way it's proper for a clever trick to be played this knowing *husband-watcher*. This is a becoming action, this is right, this is skilful, this is done in workman-like style; inasmuch as at my own risk I've taken this from my plague, this *same* shall be carried off to destruction<sup>2</sup>. With the safety of my allies<sup>3</sup> I've gained a booty from the foe.

PEN. (*aloud, at a distance*). Harkye! young man; pray what share have I<sup>4</sup> in that *booty*?

MEN. I'm undone; I've fallen into an ambuscade.

PEN. Say a safeguard rather. Don't be afraid.

MEN. What person's this? PEN. 'Tis I. (*Coming up to him.*)

MEN. O my convenient friend—O my ready occasion, save you.

PEN. And save you. (*They shake hands.*) MEN. What are you about?

PEN. Holding my *good* Genius in my right hand.

MEN. You couldn't have come to me more à propos than you have come.

MEN. I'm in the habit of *doing* so; I understand all the points of ready occasion.

MEN. Would you like to be witness of a brilliant exploit?

PEN. What cook has cooked it? I shall know at once if he has made any mistake, when I see the remnants<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *This mantle*)—Ver. 130. The "palla," a kind of "mantle" or "cloak," was worn indifferently by both sexes among the Greeks and Romans. This will account for the circumstance of Menæchmus Sosicles wearing, as we shall see in the sequel, the "palla" of a female, without expecting to attract the notice of passers-by. The "palla," which by the prose writers is also called "pallium," was used for many other purposes than that of a garment. See Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

<sup>2</sup> *To destruction*)—Ver. 133. "Ad damnum." He calls the Courtesan "damnum," "sheer loss" or "wastefulness" *par éminence*.

<sup>3</sup> *Of my allies*)—Ver. 134. By these he means the Courtesan Erotium and the Parasite Peniculus, who have run no risk by helping him to filch away the mantle.

<sup>4</sup> *What share have I*)—Ver. 135. Thinking himself alluded to as one of the "socii" or "allies," the Parasite immediately appears before him and asks what share, then, he is to have of the booty.

*When I see the remnants*)—Ver. 142. He thinks that Menæchmus is alluding

MEN. Tell me—did you ever see a picture painted on a wall, where the eagle is carrying off Ganymede<sup>1</sup>, or Venus Adonis?

PEN. Many a time. But what are these pictures to me?

MEN. Come, look at me<sup>2</sup>. Do I at all bear any resemblance to them?

PEN. What's this garb of yours?

MEN. Pronounce me to be a very clever fellow.

PEN. Where are we to feed? MEN. Only do you say that which I requested you.

PEN. *Well*, I do say *so*; very clever fellow.

MEN. And don't you venture to add anything of your own to it?

PEN. — And very pleasant *fellow*. MEN. Go on.

PEN. I' faith, I really can't go on, unless I know for what reason. You've had a fall-out with your wife; on that ground am I the more strongly on my guard<sup>3</sup> against you.

MEN. While you are interrupting me, you are delaying yourself.

PEN. Knock out my only eye<sup>4</sup>, Menæchmus, if I speak one word but what you bid me.

MEN. \* \* \* \* \* where, unknown to my wife, we will erect the funeral pile \* \*

to something in the eating way, and says that he can tell whether the cook has done his duty well or not, by only looking at the scraps of the entertainment.

<sup>1</sup> *Ganymede*)—Ver. 144. He is mentioned in the text under another name of a gross nature. Ganymede was the son of Tros, King of Troy. Jupiter was said, in the form of an eagle, to have carried him off, and made him cupbearer to the Gods, in the place of Hebe, the Goddess of youth.

<sup>2</sup> *Come, look at me*)—Ver. 145. Saying this, he probably takes the "palla" from behind him, and putting it on, stalks about with it upon him. This he could do without the risk of being seen by his wife, as on the Roman stage a number of streets and lanes were seen to terminate, up which the actor would go a little way to escape observation from a house situate just at the end of another street. He means to ask the Parasite if he does not quite equal Ganymede or Adonis, as represented in the pictures, by reason of his tasteful attire.

<sup>3</sup> *On my guard*)—Ver. 151. As Menæchmus has fallen out with his wife, the Parasite thinks there is no chance of a "cœna" at his house. He is the more careful then to make enquiries, lest Menæchmus should contrive to baulk him of his banquet altogether.

*My only eye*)—Ver. 152. By this it appears that Peniculus has but one eye. In the Curculio, the Parasite of that name is also represented as having but one eye.

\* \* \* \* \* and let us consume this day<sup>1</sup> upon it.

PEN. Well, come then, since you request what's fair, how soon am I to set fire to the pile? Why really, the day's half dead already down to its navel<sup>2</sup>.

MEN. Come this way from the door.

PEN. Be it so. (*Moves from the door.*) MEN. Come still more this way.

PEN. Very well. (*Moves.*) MEN. Even still, step aside boldly from the lioness's den.

PEN. (*still moving*). Well done; by my troth, as I fancy, you really would be an excellent charioteer<sup>3</sup>.

MEN. Why so? PEN. That your wife mayn't follow you, you are looking back ever and anon.

MEN. But what say you? PEN. What, I? Why, whatever you choose, that same do I say, and that same do I deny.

MEN. Could you make any conjecture at all from the smell, if perchance you were to take a smell at something?

PEN. Were the college of *Augurs* summoned \* \* \*

MEN. (*holds out the skirt of the mantle*). Come then, take a sniff at this mantle that I'm holding. What does it smell of? Do you decline?

PEN. It's as well to smell the top of a woman's garment; for at this *other* place the nose is offended with an odour that can't be washed out.

MEN. (*holding another part*). Take a smell here then, Peniculus, as you are so daintily nice.

PEN. Very well. (*He smells it.*) MEN. How now? What does it smell of? Answer me.

<sup>1</sup> *Let consume this day*—Ver. 155. He supposes the day to be dead so far as business is concerned; the "cœna," which generally commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon (and sometimes, perhaps, the "prandium" as well), was followed by "potatio" or "drinking," which by such characters as Menæchmus and the Parasite would be prolonged to midnight, when they would see the day dead, and celebrate its funeral in their orgies.

<sup>2</sup> *To its navel*—Ver. 157. "Umbilicus," the "navel," was a term much used to signify the middle part of anything. Thus Delphi was called the "umbilicus," or "navel," of the world.

<sup>3</sup> *An excellent charioteer*—Ver. 160. The drivers of the chariots at the Circenian games were called "agitatores." Of course they would look back every now and then to see how near their opponents were, that they might keep the lead.

PEN. Theft, a mistress, *and* a breakfast. To you \*  
\* \* \* \*

MEN. You have spoken out \* \* \*  
\* \* now it shall be taken to this mistress *of mine*,  
the Courtesan Erotium. I'll order a breakfast at once to be  
got ready, for me, you, and her; then will we booze away  
even to the morrow's morning star.

PEN. Capital. You've spoken out distinctly. Am I to  
knock at the door then?

MEN. Knock—or hold, rather. PEN. You've removed<sup>1</sup>  
the goblet a *full mile by that*.

MEN. Knock gently. PEN. You're afraid, I think, that  
the doors are made of Samian *crockery*. (*Goes to knock.*)

MEN. Hold, prithee, hold, i' faith; see, she's coming out  
herself. (*The door of EROTIUM'S house is opened.*) Ha  
you behold the sun, is it not quite darkened in comparison  
with the bright rays of her person.

SCENE III.—*Enter EROTIUM, from her house.*

ERO. My life, Menæchmus, save you.

PEN. *And* what for me? ERO. You are out of my  
number.

PEN. \* \* \* \* \* that  
same thing is wont to be done for the other supernumeraries<sup>2</sup>  
of the legion.

MEN. I would order a skirmish to be got ready there at  
your house for me to-day.

ERO. To-day it shall be done.

MEN. In that skirmish we two shall drink. Him shall  
you choose that shall be found there the better warrior with  
the goblet; do you make up your mind with which of the  
two you'll pass this night. How much, my love, when I look  
upon you, do I hate my wife.

<sup>1</sup> *You've removed*)—Ver. 178. Peniculus now loses patience, and reflects  
that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.

<sup>2</sup> *Supernumeraries*)—Ver. 184. The “*adscriptivi*,” who were also called “*ac-  
censi*,” were a body of reserve troops who followed the Roman army without any  
military duties to perform, and who were drafted off to supply the deficiencies  
in the legions. In battle they were placed in the rear of the army. Of course  
they could not claim the same advantages as the regular soldier; and his own  
position is likened by the Parasite to theirs.



ERO. Meantime, however, you cannot help being wrapped in something of hers. What's this? (*Takes hold of the mantle.*)

MEN. (*taking it off*). 'Tis a new dress for you, and a spoil from<sup>1</sup> my wife, my rosebud.

ERO. You have a ready way of prevailing, so as to be superior in my eyes to any one *of those* that pay me suit. (*Embraces him.*)

PEN. (*aside*). The harlot's coaxing in the meantime, while she's looking out what to plunder \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* (*to EROTIVM*) for if you *really* loved him, by this his nose ought to have been off with your teething him<sup>2</sup>.

MEN. Take hold of this, Peniculus: I wish to dedicate the spoil that I've vowed.

PEN. Give it me. (*Holds it while MENÆCHMUS puts it on.*) But, i' faith, prithee, do dance afterwards with the mantle on in this way.

MEN. I—dance? I' faith, you're not in your senses.

PEN. Are you or I the most? If you won't dance, then take it off.

MEN. (*to EROTIVM*). At a great risk have I stolen this to-day. In my opinion, indeed, Hercules didn't ever carry off the belt from Hippolyta<sup>3</sup> with danger as great. Take this for yourself (*he takes it off, and gives her the mantle*), since you are the only one alive that's compliant with my humours.

ERO. With such feelings 'tis proper that real lovers should be animated.

PEN. (*aside*). Those, indeed, who are making haste to bring themselves down to beggary.

MEN. I purchased that for my wife a year since at the price of four minæ.

PEN. (*aside*). The four minæ are clearly gone for ever, as the account *now* stands.

<sup>1</sup> *A spoil from*)—Ver. 191. "Exuviae" means either the slough or cast skin of a snake, or the spoil taken from the enemy. Perhaps the latter is the sense in which it is here meant, as he has described his operations as a perfect campaign.

<sup>2</sup> *With your teething him*)—Ver. 195. Judging from this remark, perhaps she has accidentally forgotten to kiss her dupe, Menæchmus.

<sup>3</sup> *From Hippolyta*)—Ver. 200. Hercules was commanded by Eurystheus to obtain the belt or girdle of Hippolyta, or Antiope, the Queen of the Amazons. This he effected, and gave her in marriage to his companion Theseus, by whom, after giving birth to Hippolytus, she was put to death. Some accounts, however, state that she was slain by Hercules.

MEN. Do you know what I wish you to attend to?

ERO. I don't know; but I'll attend to whatever you do wish.

MEN. Order a breakfast, then, to be provided for us three at your house, and some dainties to be purchased at the market; kernels of boars' neck, or bacon off the gammon<sup>1</sup>, or pig's head, or something in that way, which, when cooked and placed on table before me, may promote *an appetite* like a kite's: and—forthwith——

ERO. I' faith, I will. MEN. We're going to the Forum: we shall be here just now. While it's cooking, we'll take a whet in the meantime.

ERO. Come when you like, the things shall be ready.

MEN. Only make haste, *then*. Do you follow me (*to PENICULUS*).

PEN. By my troth, I certainly shall keep an eye on you, and follow you. I wouldn't take the wealth of the Gods to lose you this day. (*Exeunt MENÆCHMUS and PENICULUS.*)

ERO. (*speaking at the door of her house*). Call Cylindrus, the cook, out of doors this moment from within.

SCENE IV.—*Enter CYLINDRUS, from the house.*

ERO. Take a hand-basket and some money. See, you have three *didrachms* here. (*Giving him money.*)

CYL. I have *so*. ERO. Go and bring some provisions, see that there's enough for three; let it be neither deficient nor overmuch.

CYL. What sort of persons are these to be?

ERO. Myself, Menæchmus, and his Parasite.

CYL. Then these make ten, for the Parasite easily performs the duty of eight persons<sup>2</sup>.

ERO. I've *now* told you the guests; do you take care of the rest.

CYL. Very well. It's cooked *already*; bid them go and take their places.

ERO. Make haste back. CYL. I'll be here directly.

(*Exit CYLINDRUS, and EROTIVM goes into her house.*)

<sup>1</sup> Bacon off the gammon)—Ver. 210. He facetiously calls bacon "pernonides;" literally, "the son of the gammon."

<sup>2</sup> Duty of eight persons)—Ver. 223. Athenæus, Book I., quotes a passage from Eubulus, the Comic writer, where he represents a Parasite as being counted or two or even three at table.

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES and MESSENIUS.*

MEN. SOS. There's no greater pleasure to voyagers, in my notion, Messenio, than at the moment when from sea they espy the land afar.

MESS. There is a greater, I'll say it without subterfuge,—if on your arrival you see the land that is your own. But, prithee, why are we now come to Epidamnus? Why, like the sea, are we going round all the islands?

MEN. SOS. To seek for my own twin-brother born?

MESS. Why, what end is there to be of searching for him? This is the sixth year that we've devoted our attention to this business. We have been already carried round the Istrians<sup>1</sup>, the Hispanians, the Massilians, the Illyrians, all the Upper Adriatic Sea, and foreign Greece<sup>2</sup>, and all the shores of Italy, wherever the sea reaches them. If you had been searching for a needle, I do believe you would, long ere this, have found the needle, if it were visible. Among the living are we seeking a person that's dead; for long ago should we have found him if he had been alive.

MEN. SOS. For that reason I am looking for a person to give me that information for certain, who can say that he knows that he *really* is dead; after that I shall never take any trouble in seeking *further*. But otherwise I shall never, while I'm alive, desist; I know how dear he is to my heart.

MESS. You are seeking a knot in a bulrush<sup>3</sup>. Why don't we return homeward hence, unless we are to write a history<sup>4</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *The Istrians*)—Ver. 235. The Istrians were a people of the north of Italy, near the Adriatic Sea, and adjoining to Illyricum. The Illyrians inhabited the countries now called Dalmatia and Sclavonia. The Massilians were the natives of the city of Massilia, now called Marseilles, in the south of France, where Pontius Pilate ended his days in banishment. The Hispani were the inhabitants of Hispania, now Spain.

<sup>2</sup> *And foreign Greece*)—Ver. 236. The "Græcia exotica," or "foreign Greece," here mentioned, was the southern part of Italy, which was also called "Magna Græcia," in consequence of the great number of Grecian settlements there. The Greeks were in the habit of calling the Sicilians and Calabrians "ἑξωτικούς," "barbarian" or "foreign Greeks."

<sup>3</sup> *In a bulrush*)—Ver. 247. Those who made difficulties when there really was no difficulty at all, were said "in scirpo nodum quærere," "to seek a knot in a bulrush," the stem of which is perfectly smooth.

<sup>4</sup> *To write a history*)—Ver. 248. A narrative or history of their travels. Boxhorn thinks that the remark alludes to the voyage of Ulysses, a counterpart

MEN. SOS. Have done with your witty sayings, and be on your guard against a mischief. Don't you be troublesome; this matter shan't be done at your bidding.

MESS. (*aside*). Aye, aye; by that same expression do I rest assured that I'm a slave; he couldn't in a few words have said more in a plain-spoken way. But still I can't restrain myself from speaking. (*Aloud*.) Do you hear, Menæchmus? When I look in the purse, *I find*, i' faith, we're only equipped for our journey like summer travellers<sup>1</sup>. By my troth, I guess, if you don't be returning home, while you're seeking your twin-brother, you'll surely be groaning<sup>2</sup>, when you have nothing left. For such is this race of people; among the men of Epidamnus there are debauchees and very great drinkers; swindlers besides, and many wheedlers are living in this city; then the women in the harlot line are said nowhere in the world to be more captivating. The name of Epidamnus was given to this city for the very reason, because hardly any person sojourns here without some damnable mishap<sup>3</sup>.

MEN. SOS. I'll guard against that. Just give me the purse this way.

MESS. What do you want with it?

MEN. SOS. I'm apprehensive then about yourself, from your expressions.

MESS. Why are you apprehensive? MEN. SOS. Lest you should cause me some damnable mishap in Epidamnus. You are a great admirer of the women, Messenio, and I'm a passionate man, of an unmanageable disposition; of both these things will I have a care, when I've got the money, that you shall not commit a fault, and that I shall not be in a passion with you.

MESS. (*giving him the purse*). Take and keep it; with all my heart you may do so.

of which voyage could not be written without great personal observation, and an extensive knowledge of geography.

<sup>1</sup> *Like summer travellers*—Ver. 255. Of course lighter garments and a less weight of luggage would be carried by travellers in the heat of summer

<sup>2</sup> *You'll surely be groaning*—Ver. 257. He intends a puerile play upon the resemblance of the words "gemes," "will be groaning," and "geminum," "twin-brother."

<sup>3</sup> *Some damnable mishap*—Ver. 264. "Sine damno." Literally, "without mischief" or "mishap." He puns on the resemblance of "damnum" to "Epidamnun." An attempt has been made in the translation to preserve the resemblance in some degree.

SCENE II.—*Enter CYLINDRUS, with a basket of provisions.*

CYL. I've catered well, and to my mind. I'll set a good breakfast before the breakfasters. But see, I perceive Menæchmus. Woe to my back; the guests are now already walking before the door, before I've returned with the provisions. I'll go and accost him. Save you, Menæchmus.

MEN. SOS. The Gods bless you, whoever you are. \*

CYL. \* \* \* \* \* who I am?

MESS. I' faith, not I, indeed. CYL. Where are the other guests?

MEN. SOS. What guests are you enquiring about?

CYL. Your Parasite. MEN. SOS. My Parasite? Surely this fellow's deranged.

MESS. Didn't I tell you that there were many swindlers here?

MEN. SOS. What Parasite of mine, young man, are you enquiring about?

CYL. Peniculus. MEN. SOS. \* \* \* \* \*  
Where is my \* \* \* \* \*

MESS. See, I've got your sponge<sup>1</sup> [*Peniculus*] all safe in the wallet.

CYL. Menæchmus, you've come here too soon for breakfast; I'm but now returning with the provisions.

MEN. SOS. Answer me *this*, young man: at what price do pigs sell here<sup>2</sup>, unblemished ones, for sacrifice?

CYL. At a didrachm a-piece.

MEN. SOS. (*holding out his hand*). Receive, *then*, a didrachm of me; bid a sacrifice be made for you at my expense; for, by my faith, I really am sure in very truth that you are deranged, who are annoying me, a person that's a stranger, whoever you are.

CYL. I am Cylindrus; don't you know my name?

MEN. SOS. Whether you are Cylindrus or Caliendrus<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *I've got your sponge*)—Ver. 286. Menæchmus takes Cylindrus to mean as though he were really talking about a "peniculus," or "sponge," used for the purposes of a napkin. He turns to Messenio, and probably says (in the mutilated passage), "Where is my peniculus?" on which the servant, taking it out of the "vidulus," or travelling-bag, says, "Here it is, quite safe."

<sup>2</sup> *Do pigs sell here*)—Ver. 289. Pigs without blemish were sacrificed to the Lares, or household Gods, in behalf of those who were afflicted with insanity. Menæchmus Sosicles adopts this as a quiet way of telling Cylindrus that he must be mad.

<sup>3</sup> *Cylindrus or Caliendrus*)—Ver. 295. Probably Cylindrus is so called from the words "cylindrus," "a cylinder," in the sense of a "rolling-pin." Sosicles plays

confound you. I don't know you, and, in fact, I don't want to know you.

CYL. Well, your name, however, is Menæchmus, that I do know.

MEN. SOS. You speak like a sane person when you call me by my name. But where have you known me?

CYL. Where have I known you, you who have Erotium, this mistress of mine (*pointing to the house*), for your lady?

MEN. SOS. By my troth, I have not, nor do I know yourself what person you are.

CYL. Not know who I am, who have many a time filled the cups for your own self at our house, when you've been drinking?

MESS. Woe to me, that I've got nothing with which to break this fellow's head.

MEN. SOS. Are you in the habit of filling the cups for me, who, before this day, have never beheld Epidamnus, nor been there?

CYL. Do you deny it? MEN. SOS. Upon my honor, I decidedly do deny it.

CYL. Don't you live in that house? (*Pointing to the house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.*)

MEN. SOS. May the Gods send to perdition those that live there.

CYL. Surely, this fellow's mad, who is *thus* uttering curses against his own self. Do you hear, Menæchmus?

MEN. SOS. What do you want? CYL. If you take my advice, that didrachm, which you just now promised to give me—you would order, if you were wise, a pig to be procured *with it* for yourself. For, i' faith, you really for sure are not in your senses, Menæchmus, who are now uttering curses against your own self.

MEN. SOS. Alas! By my faith, a very silly fellow, and an annoyance to me.

CYL. (*to MESSENIO*). He's in the habit of often joking with me in this fashion. How very droll he is, when his wife isn't present. How say you—?

MEN. SOS. What do you mean, you rascal?

CYL. (*pointing to the basket*). Has this that you see been provided in sufficient quantity for three persons, or am upon its resemblance to "calendrus," which perhaps meant a "peruke" or "wig," as the Latin word "callendrum" had that signification.



I to provide still more for yourself and the Parasite and the lady ?

MEN. Sos. What ladies—what Parasites are you talking about ?

MESS. What, you villain, urges you to be an annoyance to him ?

CYL. Pray what business have you with me ? I don't know you ; I'm talking to this person, whom I do know.

MEN. Sos. By my troth, you are not a person in his right senses, *that* I know for sure.

CYL. I'll have these things cooked directly ; there shall be no delay. Don't you be going after this anywhere at a distance from the house. Do you want anything ?

MEN. Sos. You to go to utter and extreme perdition.

CYL. I' faith, 'twere better for you to go in-doors at once and take your place, while I'm subjecting these things to the strength of the fire<sup>1</sup>. I'll go in-doors now, and tell Erotium that you are standing here, that she may fetch you away hence, rather than you be standing here out of doors. (*He goes into the house.*)

SCENE III.—MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENIO.

MEN. Sos. Is he gone then ? He is gone. By my faith, I find by experience that your words are not untrue.

MESS. Do you only be on your guard ; for I do believe that some woman in the harlot line is living here, as, in fact, this madman said, who has just gone away from here.

MEN. Sos. But I wonder how he came to know my name.

MESS. I' faith, 'tis far from surprising : courtesans have this custom ; they send servant-boys *and* servant-girls down to the harbour ; if any foreign ship comes into port, they enquire of what country it is, *and* what its name is ; after that, at once they set themselves to work, *and* fasten themselves upon him ; if they inveigle him, they send him home a ruined man. Now in this harbour there stands a piratical craft, against which I really think that we must be on our guard.

MEN. Sos. I' troth, you really counsel aright.

MESS. Then, in fine, shall I be sure that I've counselled aright, if you are rightly on your guard.

<sup>1</sup> *Strength of the fire*)—Ver. 330 *Valcani ad violentiam*. Literally “to the violence of Vulcan,” the God of fire.

MEN. SOS. Be silent for a moment, then; for the door makes a noise. Let's see who's coming out from there.

MESS. Meanwhile, I'll lay this down. (*He puts down the wallet.*) Do you keep watch upon these things, if you please, you sailors<sup>1</sup>.

SCENE IV.—*Enter EROTIIUM, from her house.*

ERO. (*speaking to her SERVANTS within*). Leave the door ajar<sup>2</sup> thus; begone. I don't want it shut: prepare, attend, and provide within; what is requisite, let it be done. Lay down the couches, burn the perfumes; neatness, that is the charm for the minds of lovers. Our agreeableness is for the lover's loss, for our own gain. (*To herself.*) But where is he whom the Cook said was in front of the house? O, I see him there—one who is of service to me, and who profits me very much. And right willingly is such usage shown to him, as he deserves to be of especial importance in my house. Now I'll accost him; I'll address him of my own accord. (*To MENÆCHMUS.*) My dear life, it seems wonderful to me that you are standing here out of doors, for whom the door is wide open, more so than your own house, inasmuch as this house is at your service. Everything's ready as you requested and as you desired; nor have you now any delay in-doors. The breakfast, as you ordered, is prepared here; when you please, you may go and take your place.

MEN. SOS. To whom is this woman addressing herself?

ERO. Why, I'm *talking* to yourself.

MEN. SOS. What business have I ever had with you, or have I now?

<sup>1</sup> *You sailors*)—Ver. 350. Some Commentators think that by the words “*navales pedes*” he means “*oars*,” as being the feet, or source of motion to the ship, and that Messenio puts his luggage upon some oars on the ground close by, telling them to be good enough to keep it all safe. It is more probable, however, that he is addressing some of the crew, perhaps the rowers who have carried the luggage from the ship. Others suggest that the luggage-porters, who awaited the arrival of ships with passengers and merchandize, are here referred to. This line, in Cotter's translation, is rendered, “*Observe these things now, if you please. Behold the ship!*” with this note, “*Navales pedes*, the oars of a ship, put for the ship itself.”! De l'Œuvre ingeniously suggests that “*pædes*” is the correct reading, and the word is the Greek *παῖδες* Latinized, and signifying, in the present instance, the “*ship-boys*” or “*servants*.”

*Leave the door ajar*)—Ver. 351. Ladies of Erotium's character would find it more convenient to have their doors ajar, that persons might step in unperceived; besides, in the present instance, she wishes the “*janitor*” not to shut the door, as she expects to return directly with Menæchmus.

ERO. Troth, inasmuch as Venus has willed that you singly above all I should exalt; and that not without your deserving it. For, by my faith, you alone make me, by your kindnesses, to be thriving.

MEN. Sos. For sure this woman is either mad or drunk, Messenio, that addresses me, a person whom she knows not, in so familiar a way.

MESS. Didn't I say that these things are in the habit of occurring here? The leaves are falling now; in comparison with this, if we shall be here for three days, the trees will be tumbling upon you. For to such a degree are all these Courtesans wheedlers out of one's money. But only let me address her. Harkye, woman, I'm speaking to you.

ERO. What's the matter? MESS. Where have you yourself known this person?

ERO. In that same place where he *has known* me for this long time, in Epidamnus.

MESS. In Epidamnus? *A man* who, until this day, has never put a foot here inside of this city.

ERO. Heyday! You are making fun, my *dear* Menæchmus. But, prithee, why not go in? There, it will be more suitable for you.

MEN. Sos. I' faith, this woman really does address me rightly by my name. I wonder very much what's the meaning of this business.

MESS. (*aside*). That purse that you are carrying has been smelt out by her.

MEN. Sos. (*aside*). I' faith, and rightly have you put me in mind. Take it, then; I'll know now whether she loves myself or the purse most. (*Gives him the purse.*)

ERO. Let's go in the house to breakfast.

MEN. Sos. You invite me kindly; so far, my thanks.

ERO. Why then did you bid me a while since prepare a breakfast for you?

MEN. Sos. I, bid you prepare?

ERO. Certainly you *did*, for yourself and your Parasite.

MEN. Sos. A plague, what Parasite? Surely this woman isn't quite right in her senses.

ERO. Peniculus. MEN. Sos. Who is this Peniculus? The one with which the shoes are wiped clean<sup>1</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *Are wiped clean*)—Ver. 391. "Baxæ" or "baxeæ" were sandals made of twigs or fibres. They were often worn on the stage by Comic actors, and probably

ERO. Him, I mean, who came with you a while ago, when you brought me the mantle which you purloined from your wife.

MEN. SOS. What do you mean? I, gave you a mantle, which I purloined from my wife? Are you in your senses? Surely this woman dreams standing, after the manner of a gelding<sup>1</sup>.

ERO. Why does it please you to hold me in ridicule, and to deny to me things that have been done by you?

MEN. SOS. Tell me what it is that I deny after having done it?

ERO. That you to-day gave me your wife's mantle.

MEN. SOS. Even still do I deny it. Indeed, I never had a wife, nor have I one; nor have I ever set my foot here within the *city* gate since I was born. I breakfasted on board ship; thence did I come this way, and *here* I met you.

ERO. See that now; I'm undone, wretched creature that I am! What ship are you now telling me about?

MEN. SOS. A wooden one, weather-beaten full oft, cracked full oft, many a time thumped with mallets. Just as the implements of the furrier<sup>2</sup>; *so* peg is close to peg.

ERO. Now, prithee, do leave off making fun of me, and step this way with me.

MEN. SOS. \* \* \* \* \*  
for, madam, you are looking for some other person, I know not whom, not me.

ERO. Don't I know you, Menæchmus, the son of your father Moschus, who are said to have been born in Sicily, at Syracuse, where King Agathocles reigned, and after him Pintia<sup>3</sup>, the third Liparo, who at his death left the kingdom to Hiero—*which* Hiero is now *king*?

on saying this, Menæchmus Sosicles points to his own. The Egyptians made them of palm-leaves and papyrus. They were much worn by the philosophers of ancient times. Probably the "peniculi," made of the tails of oxen, were much used for the purpose of dusting shoes.

<sup>1</sup> *Manner of a gelding*)—Ver. 395. He compares her to a horse, which sleeps and dreams (if it dreams at all) in a standing posture.

<sup>2</sup> *Of the furrier*)—Ver. 404. The "pellio," "furrier" or "skinner," would require a great many pegs in fastening down the skins for the purpose of stretching them. Meursius thinks that Plautus intends a sly hit here at Pellio, the bad actor, who is mentioned in the Second Scene of the Second Act in the *Bacclides*. If so, the joke is quite lost on us.

<sup>3</sup> *After him Pintia*)—Ver. 410. She is supposed, by the Commentators, to be

MEN. SOS. You say, madam, what is not untrue.

MESS. By Jupiter, hasn't this woman come from there,  
who knows you so readily? \* \* \*

MEN. SOS. (*apart*). Troth, I think she must not be denied.

MESS. (*apart*). Don't you do it. You are undone, if you  
enter inside her threshold.

MEN. SOS. (*apart*). But you only hold your tongue \*  
\* \* \* The matter  
goes on well. I shall assent to the woman, whatever she shall  
say, if I can get some entertainment. Just now, madam  
(*speaking to her in a low voice*), I contradicted you not un-  
designedly; I was afraid of that *fellow*, lest he might carry  
word to my wife about the mantle and the breakfast. Now,  
when you please, let's go in-doors.

ERO. Are you going to wait for the Parasite as well?

MEN. SOS. I'm neither going to wait for him, nor do I  
care a straw for him, nor, if he should come, do I want him  
to be admitted in-doors.

ERO. By my faith, I shall do that not *at all* reluctantly.  
But do you know what I beg you to do?

MEN. SOS. Only command me what you will.

ERO. For you to take that mantle which you gave me  
just now to the embroiderer's<sup>1</sup>, that it may be trimmed  
again, and that some work may be added which I want.

purposely represented here as quite mistaken in her historical facts, and as making nothing but a confused jumble of them. Some think that the words "Pintia" and "Liparo" are ablative cases; but it is much more probable that they are nominatives. Gronovius thinks that one Phintias is alluded to, who, as we are told by Diodorus Siculus, assumed the government at Agrigentum after the death of Agathocles. He did not, however, reign at Syracuse. We do not learn from history that Hiero received the government from Liparo, but, on the contrary, that his virtuous character was the sole ground for his election to the sovereignty. Lipara was the name of one of the Æolian islands (now called the Isles of Lipari), not far from the coast of Sicily. Some think that she means to call Agathocles by the additional names of Plintias (and not Pintia) from *πλιντὸς*, "pottery," as he had exercised the trade of a potter, and of "Liparo," from the Greek *λυπηρὸς*, "savage," by reason of the cruelty of which he was guilty in the latter part of his life. This notion seems, however, to be more fanciful than well-founded.

<sup>1</sup> *To the embroiderer's*)—Ver. 425. "Phrygionem." As the natives of Phrygia were very dexterous at embroidering, and their services were much sought for the purposes of luxury, all embroiderers in time came to be called "phrygiones."

MEN. Sos. I' faith, you say what's right; in such a way shall it be disguised that my wife shan't know that you are wearing it, if she should see you in the street.

ERO. Then take it away with you just now, when you go away.

MEN. Sos. By all means. ERO. Let's go in-doors. (*Goes into her house.*)

MEN. Sos. I'll follow you this instant; I only wish to speak to this person. So, there! Messenio, step to me this way.

MESS. What's the matter? MEN. Sos. Listen.

MESS. What need for it? MEN. Sos. There is need. I know what you'll say to me——

MESS. So much the worse. MEN. Sos. Hold your tongue

\* \* \* \* \*  
I've got some spoil; thus much of the business have I begun upon. Go, and, as quick as you can, take away those people<sup>1</sup> at once to an inn<sup>2</sup>. Then do you take care to come and meet me<sup>3</sup> before sunset.

MESS. Don't you know that these people are harlots, master?

MEN. Sos. Hold your tongue, I say, and go you away from here. It will cost me pain, not you, if I do anything here that's foolish. This woman is silly and inexperienced. So far as I've perceived just now, there's some spoil for us here. (*He goes into the house of EROTUM.*)

MESS. I'm undone. Are you going away then? He is certainly ruined; the piratical craft is now leading the boat straight to destruction. But I'm an unreasonable fellow to wish to rule my master; he bought me to obey his orders,

Cotter renders "ad phrygionem" here "to Phrygia," and so throughout the whole play!

<sup>1</sup> *Those people*)—Ver. 436. By "istos" he probably means the sailors or porters who were carrying the luggage.

<sup>2</sup> *To an inn*)—Ver. 436. The accommodation of the "taberna diversoria," or "diversorium," was generally of a humble kind, and these places were mostly adapted for the poorer classes only.

<sup>3</sup> *Come and meet me*)—Ver. 437. That is, as his "adversitor," which was the title given to the servant whose duty it was to fetch his master home in the evening.



not to be his commander. (*To the ATTENDANTS.*) Follow me, that, as I'm ordered, I may come in good time to meet my master.

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter* PENICULUS.

PEN. More than thirty years have I been bon vet during that time I never did any more mischievous or more evil trick than this day, when, to my misfortune, I thrust myself into the midst of the assembly<sup>1</sup>. while I was gaping about there, Menæchmus stole away from me, and went, I suppose, to his mistress, and didn't want to take me. May all the Divinities confound that man who first mischievously devised the holding of an assembly, which keeps men *thus* engaged. By my troth, is it not fitting that men who are disengaged should be chosen for that purpose? These, when they are cited, if they are not present, let the *officers* exact the fine<sup>2</sup> forthwith \* \* \* \* \* the senate \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Abundance of men are there who every day eat their victuals alone, who have no business, who are neither invited nor invite to feast; these ought to give their attendance at the assembly and the law-courts<sup>3</sup>. If so it had been, this say I shouldn't have lost my breakfast; to which I deemed myself as much accustomed, as to see myself alive. I'll go; even yet the hope of the scraps comforts my mind. But why do I see Menæchmus here? He's coming out of doors with a chaplet on? The banquet is removed; i' faith, I come just in time to meet him. I'll watch the fellow, what he's about, then I'll go and accost him. (*He steps aside.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Midst of the assembly*)—Ver. 448. This "concio" was the sitting of the court for the trial of causes, to which we shall find further reference in the sequel, when it is explained how he happened to lose sight of Menæchmus.

<sup>2</sup> *Exact the fine*)—Ver. 454. He suggests that Menæchmus has possibly been summoned, in his capacity as a citizen, to the "concio," for the purpose of being present at the trials going on. The Parasite curses this custom, and wishes that they would summon only the idle men, and not those engaged in the important business of feasting their friends. There is some doubt as to the meaning of "census capiant," but it probably signifies "let them exact the fine."

<sup>3</sup> *And the law-courts*)—Ver. 459. The "comitia" of the Romans have been referred to in a previous Note.

SCENE II.—*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, from the house of EROTIVM, with the mantle on.*

MEN. SOS. (*speaking to EROTIVM within*). Can't you rest content, if this day I bring it you back in good time, nicely and properly trimmed? I'll cause you to say it isn't itself, so much shall it be disguised.

PEN. (*apart*). He's carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, the breakfast finished and the wine drunk up, *and* the Parasite shut out of doors. By my troth, I'm not the person that I am, if I don't handsomely avenge this injury and myself. 'Tis requisite I should watch \* \* \*

I'll give something.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). O ye immortal Gods! on what man ever have you conferred more blessings in one day, who hoped for less? I've been breakfasting, drinking, feasting with a mistress; *and* I've carried off this *mantle*, of which she shall no more be owner after this day.

PEN. Isn't he now talking about me, and my share of the *repast*? I can't well hear what he says.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). She says that I secretly gave her this, and that I stole it away from my wife. When I perceived that she was mistaken, at once I began to assent, as though I *really* had had acquaintanceship with her. Whatever the woman said, the same said I. What need of many words? I was never entertained at less expense.

PEN. (*apart*). I'll accost the fellow; for I quite long to have a row.

MEN. SOS. Who's this that's coming up towards me? (*Takes off the mantle, and hides it.*)

PEN. What say you, *you* fellow lighter than a feather, most rascally and most abandoned—you disgraceful man—you cheat, and most worthless fellow? Why have I deserved this of you? For what reason should you ruin me? How you stole yourself away from me just now at the Forum. You've been performing the funeral of the breakfast in my absence. Why did you dare to do so, when I was entitled to it in an equal degree?

MEN. SOS. Young man, prithee, what business with me have you, who are thus purposely insulting a person whom

you know not? Do you wish a punishment to be given you for your abuse?

PEN. Do be quiet; by my faith, I discover that you've done that already indeed.

MEN. Sos. Answer me, young man, I beg; what is your name?

PEN. Are you laughing at me, as well, as though you didn't know my name?

MEN. Sos. By my troth, I never saw or knew you, that I'm aware of, before this day; but at all events, whoever you are, if you do what's right, you won't be an annoyance to me.

PEN. Don't you know me? MEN. Sos. I shouldn't deny it if I did know you.

PEN. Menæchmus, awake. MEN. Sos. I' troth, I really am awake, so far as I know.

PEN. Don't you know your own Parasite?

MEN. Sos. Young man, I find that your headpiece isn't sound.

PEN. Answer me; have you not purloined that mantle from your wife to-day, and given it to Erotium?

MEN. Sos. I' faith I have no wife, nor have I given the mantle to Erotium, nor have I purloined it.

PEN. Are you really in your senses? \* \* \*  
\* \* \* This matter's settled<sup>1</sup>.  
Did I not see you coming out of doors clad in a mantle?

MEN. Sos. Woe to your head. Do you think that all people are effeminate rogues<sup>2</sup> because you *are one*? Do you declare that I was clothed in a mantle?

PEN. Troth, I really do. MEN. Sos. Why don't you go where you are deserving *to go*, or else request yourself to be atoned for, you downright madman?

PEN. By my troth, never shall any one prevail upon me not to tell your wife the whole matter now, just as it happened. All these insults shall be retorted upon yourself. I'll take care that you shan't have devoured the breakfast unpunished. (*He goes into the house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.*)

MEN. Sos. What's the meaning of this business? Why,

<sup>1</sup> *This matter's settled*)—Ver. 512. "Occisa est hæc res." Literally, "this matter is killed;" somewhat similar to our expression, "the murder is out."

<sup>2</sup> *Effeminate rogues*)—Ver. 514. "Cinædos." Literally, "dancers" or "dancing-masters," who, being effeminate persons, would be more likely to wear a "palla" of gay colours.

just as I see each person, do they all make fun of me in this way? But the door makes a noise.

SCENE III.—*Enter a MAID-SERVANT, from the house of*  
EROTIUM.

MAID. Menæchmus, Erotium says that she entreats you much, that at the same opportunity you'll take this to the goldsmith's, and add to it an ounce in weight of gold, and order the bracelet<sup>1</sup> to be fashioned anew. (*Gives him a bracelet.*)

MEN. SOS. Tell her that I'll attend both to this and anything else that she shall wish, if she wishes anything else attended to.

MAID. Do you know what this bracelet is?

MEN. SOS. I don't know, unless it's of gold.

MAID. This is the same one that you once said that you had secretly stolen out of the closet from your wife.

MEN. SOS. By my troth, 'twas never done.

MAID. Prithee, don't you remember it?

MEN. SOS. Not in the least. MAID. Give it me back then, if you don't remember it. (*Tries to take it.*)

MEN. SOS. Stop. (*Pretends to examine the bracelet.*) O yes, I really do remember it; it's the same, I believe, that I presented to her.

MAID. I' faith, it is the same. MEN. SOS. Where are the clasps which I gave her together with them?

MAID. You never gave her any. MEN. SOS. Why, faith, I gave them together with this \* \* \* \* \*

MAID. Shall I say that you'll attend to it?

MEN. SOS. Do say so; it shall be attended to. I'll take care that the mantle and the bracelet are brought back together.

MAID. My dear Menæchmus, do, pray, give me some earrings<sup>2</sup>, the pendants to be made two didrachms in weight;

<sup>1</sup> *Order the bracelet*—Ver. 527. "Spinter" or "spinter" is another name, derived from the Greek σφιγκτήρ, for the Latin "armilla" or bracelet. It received its Greek name, from its keeping in its place by compressing the arm of the wearer. Festus tells us that the bracelet called "spinter" was worn by the Roman ladies on the left arm, while the "armilla" was worn on either.

<sup>2</sup> *Give me some earrings*—Ver. 541. The drops of the earrings were probably to be of the weight of two didrachms. The earring was called among the Romans "inauris," and by the Greeks ἐνώτιον. The Greeks also called it ἑλλάβιον, from its being inserted in the lobe of the ear. These ornaments were

that I may look on you with delight when you come to our house.

MEN. SOS. Be it so. Give me the gold<sup>1</sup>; I'll find the price of the workmanship.

MAID. Give it yourself, please; at a future time I'll give it you back.

MEN. SOS. No, give it yourself; at a future time I'll give it you twofold.

MAID. I haven't any. MEN. SOS. But when you have it, do you give it *me*, then.

MAID. Do you wish for aught? MEN. SOS. Say that I'll attend to these things, (*aside*) to be sold as soon as they can, and for what they'll fetch. (*The MAID-SERVANT goes into the house.*) Has she now gone off in-doors? She's gone, and has shut the door. Surely all the Gods are favouring, amplifying, and prospering me. But why do I delay while opportunity and time are granted me to get away from these procurers' dens? Make haste, Menæchmus; pull foot and quicken your pace. I'll take off this chaplet<sup>2</sup>, and throw it away on the left hand side (*throws the chaplet down*), that, if they follow me, they may think I've gone in that direction. I'll go and meet my servant, if I can, that he may learn from me these blessings which the Gods confer upon me.

#### ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Enter, from her house, the WIFE of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, followed by PENICULUS.*

WIFE. And shall I allow myself to remain in wedlock<sup>3</sup>

worn by both sexes among the Lydians, Persians, Libyans, Carthaginians, and other nations. Among the Greeks and Romans, the females alone were in the habit of wearing them. As with us, the earring consisted of a ring, and a drop, called "stalagmium," the ring being generally of gold, though bronze was sometimes used by the common people. Pearls, especially those of elongated form, called "elenchi," were very much valued for pendants.

<sup>1</sup> *Give me the gold*—Ver. 544. He asks for the gold with the intention of stealing it; for, in spite of their wealth, it is evident, from this, and what appears in the sequel, that both he and his brother are by nature arrant thieves.

<sup>2</sup> *Take off this chaplet*—Ver. 555. This he had been wearing at the "prandium," or "breakfast," at Erotium's house. The latter appears to be a more fitting name for a meal that was taken generally about twelve o'clock; while "the cœna," which commenced in general at about three, cannot with propriety be termed anything else than a "dinner."

<sup>3</sup> *To remain in wedlock*—Ver. 559. As already observed in the Notes to the

here, when my husband secretly pilfers whatever's in the house, and carries it thence off to his mistress?

PEN. Why don't you hold your peace? I'll let you now catch him in the fact; do you only follow me this way. (*They go to the opposite side of the stage.*) In a state of drunkenness, with a chaplet on, he was carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, which he purloined from you at home to-day. But see, here is the chaplet which he had on. (*Seeing the chaplet on the ground.*) Now am I saying false? Aha, this way has he gone, if you wish to trace his footsteps. And, by my faith, see, here he comes on his way back most opportunely, but he isn't wearing the mantle.

WIFE. What now shall I do to him?

PEN. The same as usual; abuse him.

WIFE. So I am resolved. PEN. Let's step aside this way watch him from ambush. (*They retire on one side.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.*

MEN. (*to himself*). How we do practise a custom here *that is* very foolish and extremely troublesome, and how *even* those who are the most worthy and great<sup>1</sup> do follow this habit: all wish their dependants to be many in number; whether they are deserving or undeserving, about that they don't enquire. Their property is more enquired about, than what the reputation of their clients is for honor. If any person is poor and not dishonest, he is considered worthless; but if a rich man is dishonest, he is considered a good client. Those who neither regard laws nor any good or justice at all, *the same* have zealous patrons. What has been entrusted to them, they deny to have been *so* entrusted; men full of litigation, rapacious, and fraudulent; who have acquired their property either by usury or by perjury; their *whole* pleasure is in litigation. When the day for trial is appointed, at the same time it is mentioned to their patrons, in order that they may plead for

Stichus and the Miles Gloriosus, the facilities for divorce, by reason of incompatibility and other circumstances, were very great among the Romans.

<sup>1</sup> *Most worthy and great*)—Ver. 572. "Optumi maximi." This was properly an epithet of Jupiter, and is, perhaps, satirically applied to the "little Gods," the great men of Rome. In the previous line he uses "morus," the Greek word *μῶρὸς*, signifying "foolish," on account of its resemblance to the word "mores," "manner" or "custom."



them, about what they have done amiss. Before the people<sup>1</sup>, or at law *before the Prætor*, or before the Ædile, is the cause tried. Just so, this day, a certain dependant has kept me very much engaged, nor was it allowed me to do what I wished, or in company with whom I wished ; so fast did he stick to me, so much did he detain me. Before the Ædile, in behalf of his doings, very many and very disgraceful, did I plead his cause ; a compromise I obtained, obscure *and* perplexed—more than enough I said, *and* than I needed to say, that surety *for him*<sup>2</sup> might end this litigation. What did he do ? *Well*, what ? He gave bail. And never did I at any time see any person more clearly detected ; three very adverse witnesses against all his misdeeds were there. May all the Gods confound him, he has so spoilt this day for me ; and myself as well, who ever this day beheld the Forum with my eyes. I ordered a breakfast to be prepared ; my mistress is expecting me, I'm sure ; as soon as ever I had the opportunity, I made haste immediately to leave the Forum. Now, I suppose, she's angry with me ; the mantle, *however*, will appease her that I gave her, the one I took away to-day from my wife and carried to Erotium here.

PEN. (*apart to the WIFE*). What say you *now* ?

WIFE (*apart*). That I'm unfortunately married to a worthless fellow.

PEN. (*apart*). Do you perfectly hear what he says ?

WIFE (*apart*). Quite well. MEN. If I am wise, I shall be going hence in-doors, where it may be comfortable for me.

PEN. (*coming forward*). Stop ; on the contrary, it shall be uncomfortable.

MEN.               \*               \*               \*               \*               \*               she  
is very sorrowful ; this doesn't quite please me, but I'll speak to her. Tell me, my wife, what is it amiss with you ?

<sup>1</sup> *Before the people*)—Ver. 587. It is thought that he here refers to the three modes of trial in civil cases among the Romans—"apud populum," before the people in the Comitia centuriata, or full assembly ; "in jure," before the "Prætor," or his delegates, the "Recuperatores" or "Judices selecti," "commissioned judges ;" and before the Ædile, or city officer. He says, that on being summoned to the "concio," a "cliens" or dependant suddenly accosted him, and insisted on his defending him, which greatly detained him, but that in spite of the worthlessness of his client's cause, he was at last successful in effecting a compromise.

<sup>2</sup> *That surety for him*)—Ver. 592. He probably means that he gained time for his client to pay the debt, on condition of his giving bail or security that he would do so within a certain time.

PEN. (*to the WIFE*). The pretty fellow's soothing you.

MEN. Can't you cease being annoying to me? Did I address you?

WIFE. (*turning away from MENÆCHMUS*). Take yourself off—away with your caresses from me. Do you persist in it?

MEN. Why are you offended with me?

WIFE. You ought to know. PEN. The rascal knows, but he pretends not to know.

MEN. Has any one of the servants done amiss? Do either the maid or the men-servants give you saucy answers? Speak out; it shan't be *done* with impunity.

WIFE. You are trifling. MEN. Surely you are angry at some one of the domestics?

WIFE. You are trifling. MEN. Are you angry with me at all events?

WIFE. Now you are not trifling. MEN. I' faith, I haven't done wrong in anything.

WIFE. Ah! now you are trifling again.

MEN. Wife, what's the matter? WIFE. Do you ask me *that*?

MEN. Do you wish me to ask him? (*To PENICULUS*.) What's the matter?

WIFE. The mantle. MEN. The mantle?

WIFE. A certain person *has taken* a mantle. (*MENÆCHMUS starts*.)

PEN. (*to MENÆCHMUS*). Why are you alarmed?

MEN. For my part, I'm not alarmed at all—(*aside*) except about one thing; the mantle makes<sup>1</sup> my face mantle.

PEN. (*aside to MENÆCHMUS*). But as for me, you shouldn't have silyly devoured the breakfast. (*To the WIFE*.) Go on against your husband.

MEN. (*making signs to PENICULUS*). Won't you hold your tongue?

PEN. Faith, I really will not hold my tongue. (*To the WIFE*.) He's nodding to me not to speak.

MEN. On my word, I really never did nod to you, or wink in any way.

<sup>1</sup> *The mantle makes*)—Ver. 616. "*Pallia pallorem incutit.*" In his alarm he cannot avoid a pun on the resemblance between "*palla*," the "*mantle*," and "*pallor*," paleness. The meaning is, literally, "*the mantle strikes paleness into me*;" but an attempt is made in the Translation to imitate the play upon the words

PEN. Nothing is more audacious than this man, who resolutely denies those things which you see.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the Gods, I swear, wife, that I did not nod to him; isn't that enough for you?

PEN. She now believes you about that matter; go back again there.

MEN. Go back where? PEN. Why, to the embroiderer, as I suppose. Go *and* bring the mantle back.

MEN. What mantle is it? PEN. Now I hold my tongue, since he doesn't remember his own business.

WIFE. Did you suppose that you could possibly commit these villanies unknown *to me*? By heavens, you have assuredly taken that away from me at a heavy usury; such is the return<sup>1</sup>. (*Shaking her fist.*)

PEN. Such is the return. Do you make haste to eat up the breakfast in my absence; *and* then in your drunkenness make fun of me, with your chaplet on, before the house.

MEN. By all the powers, I have neither breakfasted, nor have I this day set foot inside of that house.

PEN. Do you deny it? MEN. By my troth, I really do deny it.

PEN. Nothing is there more audacious than this fellow. Did I not just now see you standing here before the house, with a chaplet of flowers *on*, when you were declaring that my headpiece wasn't sound, and declaring that you didn't know me, *and* saying that you were a foreigner?

MEN. On the contrary, as some time since I parted with you, *so* I'm now returning home at last.

PEN. I understand you. You didn't think it was in my power to take vengeance upon you; i' faith, I've told it all to your wife.

MEN. Told her what? PEN. I don't know; ask her own self.

MEN. (*turning to his WIFE*). What's this, wife? Pray, what

<sup>1</sup> *Such is the return*)—Ver. 626. "Sic datur." Literally, "thus it is given," or "on these terms it is lent." Some Commentators will have it, that these words are accompanied with a slap on the face, in which case they will be equivalent to "there, take that." They may, however, simply mean, "such are the terms" on which you had my mantle, "such are the results of your lending;" her abuse and indignation, accompanied, perhaps, with a threat, being the "fœnus, or "interest" for the loan.

has he been telling you? What is it? Why are you silent? Why don't you say what it is?

WIFE. As though you didn't know. I' faith, I certainly am a miserable woman.

MEN. Why are you a miserable woman? tell me.

WIFE. Do you ask me? MEN. Faith, I shouldn't ask you if I knew.

PEN. O the wicked fellow; how he does dissemble. You cannot conceal it; she knows the matter thoroughly; by my faith, I've disclosed everything.

MEN. What is it? WIFE. Inasmuch as you are not at all ashamed, and don't wish to confess of your own accord, listen, and attend to this; I'll both let you know why I'm sorrowful, and what he has told me. My mantle has been purloined from me at home.

MEN. Mantle purloined from me? PEN. (*to the WIFE*). D'you see how the rogue is catching you up? (*To MENÆCHMUS*.) It was purloined from her, not from you; for certainly if it had been purloined from you, it would now be safe.

MEN. (*to PENICULUS*). I've nothing to do with you. But (*to his WIFE*) what is it you say?

WIFE. A mantle, I say, has been lost from home.

MEN. Who has stolen it? WIFE. I faith, he knows that, who took it away.

MEN. What person was it? WIFE. A certain Menæchmus.

MEN. By my troth, 'twas villanously done. Who is this Menæchmus?

WIFE. You are he, I say. MEN. I?

WIFE. You. MEN. Who accuses me?

WIFE. I, myself. PEN. I, too; and you carried it off to Erotium here, your mistress.

MEN. I, gave it her? PEN. You, you, I say. Do you wish for an owl<sup>1</sup> to be brought here, to say "you, you," continually to you? For we are now quite tired of it.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the Gods, I swear, wife (and isn't that enough for you?), that I did not give it.

PEN. Aye, and I, by all the powers, that we are telling no untruth.

<sup>1</sup> *Wish for an owl*—Ver. 654. "Tu, tu." He alludes to the note of the owl which to the Romans would seem to say "tu, tu" "you, you."

MEN. But I haven't given it away, but just only lent it to be made use of.

WIFE. But, i' faith, for my part, I don't lend either your scarf or your cloak out of the house, to any one, to be made use of. 'Tis fair that the woman should lend out of the house the woman's apparel, the man the man's. But why don't you bring the mantle home again?

MEN. I'll have it brought back. WIFE. For your own interest you'll do so, as I think; for you shall never enter the house to-day unless you bring the mantle with you. I'm going home.

PEN. (*to the WIFE*). What's there to be for me, who have given you this assistance?

WIFE. Your assistance shall be repaid, when anything shall be purloined from your house. (*The WIFE goes into the house.*)

PEN. Then, by my troth, that really will never be; for nothing have I at home to lose. May the Gods confound you, both husband and wife. I'll make haste to the Forum, for I see clearly that I've quite fallen out with this family. (*Exit.*)

MEN. My wife thinks that she does me an injury when she shuts me out of doors; as though I hadn't another better place to be admitted into. If I displease you, I must endure it; I shall please Erotium here, who won't be shutting me out of her house, but will be shutting me up in her house *rather*. Now I'll go; I'll beg her to give me back the mantle that I gave her a while since. I'll purchase another for her—a better one. Hallo! is any one the porter here? (*Knocks at EROTIVM's door.*) Open *here*, and some one of *you* call Erotium before the door.

SCENE III.—*Enter EROTIVM, from her house.*

ERO. Who's enquiring for me here?

MEN. One that's more of an enemy to his own self than to yourself<sup>1</sup>.

ERO. My *dear* Menæchmus? Why are you standing before the house? Do follow me in-doors.

<sup>1</sup> *Than to yourself*)—Ver. 675. "Ætati tuæ." Literally, "to your age," a *curcumlocution* for "yourself."

MEN. Stop. Do you know why it is that I'm come to you?

ERO. I know *well*; that you may amuse yourself with me.

MEN. Why no, troth, that mantle which I gave you a while since, give it me back, I entreat you; my wife has become acquainted with all the transaction, in its order, just as it happened. I'll procure for you a mantle of twofold greater value than you shall wish.

ERO. Why, I gave it your own self a little while since, that you might take it to the embroiderer's, and that bracelet, too, that you might take it to the goldsmith's that it might be made anew.

MEN. You, gave me the mantle and the bracelet? You'll find 'twas never done. For, indeed, after I gave it you a while ago, and went away to the Forum, I'm but just returning, *and* now see you for the first time since.

ERO. I see what plan you are upon; that you may defraud me of what I entrusted *to you*, at that thing you are aiming——

MEN. On my word, I do not ask it for the sake of defrauding you. But I tell you that my wife has discovered *the matter*.

ERO. Nor did I of my own accord beg you to give it me; of your own accord you yourself brought it me. You gave it me as a present; now you're asking for the same thing back again. I'll put up with it; keep it to yourself; take it away; make use of it, either yourself or your wife, or squeeze it into your money-box<sup>1</sup> even. After this day, that you mayn't be deceived, you shan't set your foot in this house, since you hold me in contempt, who deserve so well of you. Unless you bring money, you'll be disappointed; you can't cajole me. Find some other woman, henceforth, for you to be disappointing.

MEN. By my troth, very angry at last. Hallo! you; stay, I bid you. Come you back. Will you stay now? Will you even for my sake come back? (*EROTIUM goes into her house, and shuts the door.*) She has gone in-doors, *and* shut the house. Now I'm regularly barred out; I have

<sup>1</sup> *Into your money-box*)—Ver. 691. "As you make so much fuss about it, and it is so valuable, squeeze it up into your money-box."



neither any credit at home now, nor with my mistress. I'll go and consult my friends on this matter, as to what they think should be done. *(Exit.)*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, with the mantle on.*

MEN. SOS. I did very foolishly a while since, in entrusting my purse to Messenio with the money. I suspect he has got himself into some bad house<sup>1</sup> or other.

*Enter the WIFE of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, from the house.*

WIFE. I'll look out to see how soon my husband is going to return home. But here he is; I see him; I'm all right, he's bringing back the mantle.

MEN. SOS. *(to himself)*. I wonder where Messenio can be walking now.

WIFE. I'll go and receive the fellow with such language as he deserves. *(Accosting him.)* Are you not ashamed to come forward in my presence, you disgraceful man, in that garb?

MEN. SOS. What's the matter? What thing is troubling you, woman?

WIFE. Do you dare, you shameless fellow, to utter even a single word, or to speak to me?

MEN. SOS. Pray, what wrong have I committed, that I shouldn't dare to speak to you?

WIFE. Do you ask me? O dear, the impudent audacity of the fellow!

MEN. SOS. Don't you know, madam, for what reason the Greeks used to say that Hecuba was a bitch<sup>2</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *Into some bad house*)—Ver. 704. The "ganeæ" or "ganea" were, probably, very similar to the "popinæ," the loose character of which, and the "thermopolia," has been alluded to in a preceding Note.

<sup>2</sup> *Hecuba was a bitch*)—Ver. 714. Hecuba was the daughter of Cisseus or of Dymas, and the wife of Priam, King of Troy. In the distribution of the spoil, after the siege of Troy, she fell to the share of Ulysses, and became his slave, but died soon after in Thrace. Servius alleges, with Plautus, that the Greeks circulated the story of her transformation into a bitch, because she was perpetually railing at them to provoke them to put her to death, rather than condemn her to the life of a slave. According to Strabo and Pomponius Mela, in their time the place of her burial was still to be seen in Thrace. It was called *κύνος σπημα*, "the Tomb of the bitch." Euripides, in his "Hecuba," has not followed this tradition, but represents her as complaining that the Greeks had chained her to the door of Agamemnon like a dog.

WIFE. I don't know, indeed. MEN. Sos. Because Hecuba used to do the same thing that you are now doing. She used to heap all kinds of imprecations on every one she saw; and, therefore, for that reason she was properly begun to be called a bitch.

WIFE. I can't put up with this disgraceful conduct of yours; for I had rather see my life than that of a widow, than endure this vile conduct of yours that you are guilty of.

MEN. Sos. What is it to me, whether you are able to endure to live in the married state, or whether you will separate from your husband? Is it thus the fashion here to tell *these* stories to a stranger on his arrival?

WIFE. What stories? I say, I'll not endure it henceforth, but live separate rather than put up with these ways.

MEN. Sos. Troth, so far indeed as I'm concerned, do live separate, even so long as Jupiter shall hold his sway.

WIFE. By heavens, I'll certainly now send for my father, and I'll tell him your disgraceful conduct that you are guilty of. Go, Decio (*calling to a SERVANT*), seek for my father, that he may come along with you to me; tell him that occasion has arisen for it. I'll now disclose to him this disgraceful conduct of yours.

MEN. Sos. Are you in your senses? What disgraceful conduct of mine?

WIFE. When you filch from home my mantle and gold *trinkets*, without the knowledge of your wife, and carry them off to your mistress. Don't I state this correctly?

MEN. Sos. O dear! madam, by my faith, you are both very bold and *very* perverse. Do you dare to say (*pointing at the mantle*) that this was stolen from you which another woman gave me, for me to get it trimmed?

WIFE. A little while since you didn't deny that you had purloined it from me; do you now hold up that same before my eyes? Are you not ashamed?

MEN. Sos. By my faith, madam, I entreat you, if you know, show me what I'm to drink<sup>1</sup>, by means of which I may put up with your impertinence. What person you are

<sup>1</sup> *What I'm to drink*)—Ver. 742. Some Commentators think that he is asking for a medical potion, to help him to swallow down the “petulantia,” or insulting conduct. This supposition does not seem necessary, for even a draught of water would have the same effect in such a case.

taking me to be, I don't know; I know you just as well as Parthaon<sup>1</sup>.

WIFE. If you laugh at me, still, i' troth, you can't do so at him; my father, *I mean*, who's coming here. Why don't you look back? Do you know that *person*?

MEN. SOS. Just as well as Calchas<sup>2</sup> do I know him; I have seen him on that same day on which *I have seen* yourself before this present day.

WIFE. Do you deny that you know me? Do you deny *that you know* my father?

MEN. SOS. Troth, I shall say the same thing, if you choose to bring your grandfather.

WIFE. I' faith, you do this and other things just in a like fashion.

SCENE II.—*Enter an OLD MAN, hobbling with a stick.*

OLD MAN. According as my age *permits*, and as there is occasion to do so, I'll push on my steps *and* make haste to get along. But how far from easy 'tis for me, I'm not mistaken as to that. For my agility forsakes me, *and* I am beset with age; I carry my body weighed down; my strength has deserted me. How grievous a pack upon one's back is age. For when it comes, it brings very many and very grievous particulars, were I now to recount all of which, my speech would be too long. But this matter is a trouble to my mind and heart, what this business can possibly be on account of which my daughter suddenly requires me to come to her, and doesn't first let me know what's the matter, what she wants, or why she sends for me. But pretty nearly do I know now what's the matter; I suspect that some quarrel has arisen with her husband. So are these women wont to do, who, presuming on their portions, *and* haughty, require their husbands to be obedient to them; and they as well full oft are not without fault. But still there are bounds, within which a wife ought to be put up with. By my troth, my daughter never sends for her father to come to her

<sup>1</sup> *As well as Parthaon*)—Ver. 745. Parthaon was the father of Æneus, King of Ætolia, the father of Deïanira, the wife of Hercules. The name is used to signify a person who lived so long ago that it was impossible to know him.

<sup>2</sup> *As well as Calchas*)—Ver. 748. Calchas, the son of Thestor, was a famous soothsayer, who accompanied the Grecian army in the expedition against Troy.

except *when* either something has been done wrong, or there is a cause for quarrelling. But whatever it is, I shall now know. And see, I perceive her herself before the house, and her husband in a pensive mood. 'Tis the same as I suspected. I'll accost her.

WIFE. I'll go and meet him. May every happiness attend you, my father.

OLD MAN. Happiness attend you. Do I find you in good spirits? Do you bid me be fetched in happy mood? Why are you sorrowful? And why does he (*pointing at MENÆCHMUS*) in anger stand apart from you? *Something*, I know not what, are you two wrangling about<sup>1</sup> between you. Say, in few words, which of the two is in fault: no long speeches, *though*.

WIFE. For my part, I've done nothing wrong; as to that point do I at once make you easy, father. But I cannot live or remain here on any account; you must take me away hence immediately.

OLD MAN. Why, what's the matter? WIFE. I am made a laughing-stock of, father.

OLD MAN. By whom? WIFE. By him to whom you gave me, my husband.

OLD MAN. Look at that—a quarrel now. How often, I wonder, have I told you to be cautious, that neither should be coming to me with your complaints.

WIFE. How, my father, can I possibly guard against that?

OLD MAN. Do you ask me? \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* unless you don't wish.  
 How often have I told you to be compliant to your husband. Don't be watching what he does, where he goes, or what matter he's about.

WIFE. Why, but he's in love with a courtesan here close by.

OLD MAN. He is exceedingly wise: and for this painstaking of *yours*, I would even have him love her the more.

WIFE. He drinks there, too. OLD MAN. And will he really drink the less for you, whether it shall please him *to do*

<sup>1</sup> *Wrangling about*)—Ver 778. “*Velitati estis*,” literally, “have been skirmishing.” The figure is derived from the “*velites*,” the light-armed soldiers of the Roman army, who were not drawn up in rank and file, but commonly skirmished in front of the main body, attacking the enemy here and there, and when hard pressed, retiring into the vacant spaces of the legion.

so there or anywhere else ? Plague on it, what assurance is this ? On the same principle, you would wish to hinder him from engaging to dine out, or from receiving any other person at his own house. Do you want husbands to be your servants ? You might *as well* expect, on the same principle, to be giving him out his task, *and* bidding him sit among the female servants *and* card wool.

WIFE. Why, surely, father, I've sent for you not to be my advocate, but my husband's : on this side you stand<sup>1</sup>, on the other you plead the cause.

OLD MAN. If he has done wrong in anything, so much the more shall I censure him than I've censured you. Since he keeps you provided for and well clothed, *and* finds you amply in female servants *and* provisions, 'tis better, madam, to entertain kindly feelings.

WIFE. But he purloins from me gold trinkets and mantles from out of the chests at home ; he plunders me, *and* secretly carries off my ornaments to harlots.

OLD MAN. He does wrong, if he does that ; if he does not do it, you do wrong in accusing him *when* innocent.

WIFE. Why at this moment, even, he has got a mantle, father, and a bracelet, which he had carried off to her ; now, because I came to know of it, he brings them back.

OLD MAN. I'll know from himself, then, how it happened. I'll go up to *this* man and accost him. (*Goes up to MENÆCHMUS.*) Tell me this, Menæchmus, what you *two* are disputing about, that I may know. Why are you pensive ? And why does she in anger stand apart from you ?

MEN. SOS. Whoever you are, whatever is your name, old gentleman, I call to witness supreme Jove and the Deities——

OLD MAN. For what reason, or what matter of all matters ?

MEN. SOS. That I have neither done wrong to that woman, who is accusing me of having purloined this (*pointing to the mantle*) away from her at home \* \* \* *and which* she solemnly swears that I did take away. If

<sup>1</sup> *On this side you stand*)—Ver. 799. It was the custom for the patron, when acting as the counsel, to have his client standing by him while pleading. The wife complains that her father has been sent for by her to act as her own advocate, but that, instead of so doing, he is encouraging her supposed husband in his perverseness.

ever I set foot inside of her house where she lives, I wish that I may become the most wretched of all wretched men.

OLD MAN. Are you in your senses to wish this, or to deny that you ever set foot in that house where you live, you downright madman?

MEN. SOS. Do you say, old gentleman, that I live in this house? (*Pointing at the house.*)

OLD MAN. Do you deny it? MEN. SOS. By my faith, I certainly do deny it.

OLD MAN. In your fun you are going too far in denying it; unless you flitted elsewhere this last night. Step this way, please, daughter. (*To the WIFE.*) What do you say? Have you removed from this house?

WIFE. To what place, or for what reason, prithee?

OLD MAN. I' faith, I don't know. WIFE. He's surely making fun of you.

OLD MAN. Can't you keep yourself *quiet*? Now, Menæchmus, you really have joked long enough; now do *seriously* attend to this matter.

MEN. SOS. Prithee, what have I to do with you? Whence or what person are you? Is your mind right, or hers, in fact, who is an annoyance to me in every way?

WIFE. Don't you see how his eyes sparkle? How a green colour<sup>1</sup> is arising on his temples and his forehead; look how his eyes do glisten \* \* \* \*

MEN. SOS. O me! They say I'm mad, whereas they of themselves are mad.

WIFE. How he yawns, as he stretches himself. What am I to do now, my father?

OLD MAN. Step this way, my daughter, as far as ever you can from him.

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). What is there better for me than, since they say I'm mad, to pretend that I am mad, that I may frighten them away from me? (*He dances about.*)

<sup>1</sup> A green colour—Ver. 829. It was supposed that in madness, or extreme anger, the countenance assumed a greenish hue. Ben Jonson has probably imitated this passage in the *Silent Woman*, Act IV., sc. 4.: "Lord! how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! Do you see what blue spots he has?"



Evoë, Bacchus, ho! Bromius<sup>1</sup>, in what forest dost thou invite me to the chase? I hear *thee*, but I cannot get away from this spot, so much does this raving mad female cur watch me on the left side. And behind there is that other old he-goat, who many a time in his life has proved the destruction of an innocent fellow-citizen by his false testimony.

OLD MAN (*shaking his stick at him*). Woe to your head!

MEN. SOS. Lo! by his oracle, Apollo bids me burn out her eyes with blazing torches. (*He points with his fingers at her.*)

WIFE. I'm undone, my father; he's threatening to burn my eyes out.

OLD MAN. Hark you, daughter. WIFE. What's the matter? What are we to do?

OLD MAN. What if I call the servants out here? I'll go bring some to take him away hence, and bind him at home, before he makes any further disturbance.

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). So now; I think now if I don't adopt some plan for myself, these people will be carrying me off home to their house. (*Aloud.*) Dost thou forbid me to spare my fists at all upon her face, unless she does at once get out of my sight to utter and extreme perdition? I will do what thou dost bid me, Apollo. (*Runs after her.*)

OLD MAN (*to the WIFE*). Away with you home as soon as possible, lest he should knock you down.

WIFE. I'm off. Watch him, my father, I entreat you, that he mayn't go anywhere hence. Am I not a wretched woman to hear these things? (*She goes into her house.*)

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). I've got rid of her not so badly. (*Aloud.*) Now as for this most filthy, long-bearded, palsied Tithonus, who is said to have had Cygnus for his father<sup>2</sup>, you

<sup>1</sup> *Ho! Bromius*)—Ver. 836. Evius and Bromius were two of the names by which the Bacchanals addressed Bacchus in their frenzy.

<sup>2</sup> *Cygnus for his father*)—Ver. 854. Plautus designedly makes Menæchmus Sosicles be guilty of the mistake of styling Tithonus the son of Cygnus, as helping to promote the belief of his madness. Tithonus was the son of Laomedon, and the brother of Priam. He was beloved by Aurora, and the poets feigned that he was her husband. Having received the gift of immortality, he forgot to have perpetual youthfulness united with the gift; and at length, in his extreme old age, he was changed into a grasshopper. There were several persons of the name of Cygnus, or Cycnus; one was the son of Apollo and Hyrie, another of Mars and Pelopea, or Pyrene, another of Neptune and Calyx, and a fourth of Ocitus and Arnophile

bid me break in pieces his limbs, and bones, and members with that walking-stick which he himself is holding.

OLD MAN. Punishment shall be inflicted if you touch me indeed, or if you come nearer to me.

MEN. SOS. (*shouting aloud*). I will do what thou dost bid me; I will take a two-edged axe, and I will hew this old fellow to his very bones, and I will chop his entrails into mince-meat.

OLD MAN (*retreating as far as he can*). Why really against that must I take care and precaution. As he threatens, I'm quite in dread of him, lest he should do me some mischief.

MEN. SOS. (*jumping and raising his arms*). Many things dost thou bid me do, Apollo. Now thou dost order me to take the yoked horses, unbroke *and* fierce, and to mount the chariot, that I may crush to pieces this aged, stinking, toothless lion. Now have I mounted the chariot; now do I hold the reins; now is the whip in my hand. Speed onward, *ye* steeds, let the sound of your hoofs be heard; in your swift course let the rapid pace of your feet<sup>1</sup> be redoubled. (*Points at the OLD MAN as he pretends to gallop.*)

OLD MAN. Are you threatening me with your yoked steeds?

MEN. SOS. Lo! again, Apollo, thou dost bid me to make an onset against him who is standing here, and to murder him. But what person is this that is tearing me hence by the hair down from the chariot? He revokes thy commands and the decree of Apollo.

OLD MAN. Alas! a severe and obstinate malady, i' faith. By our trust in you, ye Gods \* \* \* \* \* even this person who is now mad, how well he was a little time since. All on a sudden has so great a distemper attacked him. I'll go now and fetch a physician as fast as I can. (*Exit.*)

MEN. SOS. Prithee, are these persons gone now out of my sight, who are compelling me by force, while in my wits, to be mad? Why do I delay to be off to the ship, while I can

<sup>1</sup> *The rapid pace of your feet*—Ver. 867. "Cursu celeri facite inflexa sit pedum pernecitas." Literally, "in the swift course, make the swiftness of your feet to be bent inwards." The legs of good horses, when trotting fast, bend inwards before they throw them out.

in safety ?

\* \* \*

And all of you (*to the SPECTATORS*), if the old gentleman should return, I beg not to tell him, now, by what street I fled away hence. (*Exit.*)

# ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter the OLD MAN, very slowly.*

OLD MAN. My bones ache with sitting, my eyes with watching, while waiting for the Doctor, till he returned from his business. At last the troublesome fellow has with difficulty got away from his patients. He says that he has set a broken leg for Æsculapius<sup>1</sup>, and an arm for Apollo. I'm now thinking whether I'm to say that I'm bringing a doctor or a carpenter<sup>2</sup>. But, see, here he comes.—Do get on with your ant's pace.

## SCENE II.—*Enter a DOCTOR.*

DOCT. What did you say was his disorder? Tell me, respected sir. Is he harassed by sprites<sup>3</sup>, or is he frenzied? Let me know. Is it lethargy, or is it dropsy, that possesses him?

OLD MAN. Why, I'm bringing you for that reason, that you may tell me that, and make him convalescent.

DOCT. That indeed is a very easy matter. Why, I shall heal innumerable times as many<sup>4</sup> in the day.

OLD MAN. I wish him to be treated with great attention.

DOCT. That he shall be healed, I promise that on my word; so with great attention will I treat him for you.

<sup>1</sup> *For Æsculapius*)—Ver. 885. Apollo and Æsculapius were the two guardian Divinities of the medical art. The old man, perhaps, mentions their names instead of those of some persons of whose wonderful cures the Doctor has been bragging.

<sup>2</sup> *Or a carpenter*)—Ver. 887. He says that, talking of mending legs, the Doctor may, for aught he knows, be some carpenter, who has been patching up the legs of statues.

<sup>3</sup> *Harassed by sprites*)—Ver. 890. "Larvatus aut cerritus." The "larvati" were mad persons, supposed to be afflicted with ghosts or spectres; while the "cerriti" were persons who were thought to be visited with madness by the Goddess Ceres.

<sup>4</sup> *Innumerable times as many*)—Ver. 894. The Doctor is bragging of his extensive practice.

OLD MAN. Why, see! here's the man himself.

DOCT. Let's watch what matter he's about. (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.*

MEN. (*to himself*). By my faith, this day has certainly fallen out perverse and adverse for me, since the Parasite, who has filled me full of disgrace and terror, has made that all known, which I supposed I was doing secretly; my own Ulysses<sup>1</sup>, who has brought so great evil on his king—a fellow that, by my troth, if I only live, I'll soon finish his life<sup>2</sup>. But I'm a fool, who call that his, which is my own. With my own victuals and *at my own* expense has he been supported; of existence will I deprive the fellow. But the Courtesan has done this in a way worthy of her, just as the harlot's habit is: because I ask for the mantle, that it may be returned again to my wife, she declares that she has given it me. O dear! By my faith, I do live a wretched man.

OLD MAN (*apart*). Do you hear what he says?

DOCT. (*apart*). He declares that he is wretched.

OLD MAN (*apart*). I wish you to accost him.

DOCT. (*going up to him*). Save you, Menæchmus. Prithee, why do you bare your arm? Don't you know how much mischief you are now doing to that disease of yours?

MEN. Why don't you go hang yourself?

OLD MAN. What think you *now*? DOCT. What shouldn't I think? This case can't be treated with *even* ointment of hellebore. But what have you to say, Menæchmus?

MEN. What do you want? DOCT. Tell me this that I ask of you; do you drink white wine or dark-coloured?

MEN. What need have you to enquire?

DOCT. \* \* \* \* \*

MEN. Why don't you go to utter perdition?

<sup>1</sup> *My own Ulysses*)—Ver. 902. He complains that the Parasite, who used to be his adviser, and as good as a Ulysses to him, his king, or patron, has been the cause of all his mishaps.

<sup>2</sup> *Finish his life*)—Ver. 903. “Vitâ evolvam suâ.” Literally, “I will wind him off of his life.” He probably alludes to the “Parcæ,” the “Fates” or “Destinies,” who were fabled to be the daughters of Nox and Erebus, and of whom, one, named Clotho, held the distaff, and spun the thread of life; another, named Lachesis, wound it off; and the third, called Atropos, cut it off when of the requisite length.

OLD MAN. Troth, he's now beginning to be attacked with the fit.

MEN. Why don't you ask whether I'm wont to eat dark bread, or purple, or yellow? Or whether I'm wont *to eat* birds with scales, *or* fish with wings?

OLD MAN. Dear, dear! (*To the Doctor*.) Don't you hear how deliriously he talks? Why do you delay to give him something by way of a potion, before his raving overtakes him?

DOCT. Stop a little; I'll question him on some other matters as well.

OLD MAN. You are killing me<sup>1</sup> by your prating.

DOCT. (*to MENÆCHMUS*). Tell me this; are your eyes ever in the habit of becoming hard<sup>2</sup>?

MEN. What? Do you take me to be a locust<sup>3</sup>, you most worthless fellow?

DOCT. Tell me, now, do your bowels ever rumble that you know of?

MEN. When I'm full, they don't rumble at all; when I'm hungry, then they do rumble.

DOCT. I' faith, he really gave me that answer not like an insane person. Do you always sleep soundly until daylight? Do you easily go to sleep when in bed?

MEN. I sleep throughout if \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* I go to sleep if I have paid my money to him to whom I owe it.

DOCT. \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

MEN. (*to the Doctor*). May Jupiter and all the Divinities confound you, you questioner.

DOCT. (*aside*). Now *this* person begins to rave. (*To the OLD MAN*.) From those expressions do you take care of yourself.

OLD MAN. Why, he's now really quite favourable in his language, in comparison with what he was a short time since;

<sup>1</sup> *You are killing me*)—Ver. 922. "Occidis fabulans." This remark seems rather to apply to the effect of his chattering, upon the old man himself, who is growing impatient, than upon the supposed madman; though, from the elliptical nature of the expression, the latter may possibly be the meaning.

<sup>2</sup> *Of becoming hard*)—Ver. 923. This was supposed to be one of the symptoms of madness.

<sup>3</sup> *To be a locust*)—Ver. 924. The eyes of locusts were considered to be of peculiar hardness. They are very large and prominent. It has been suggested that "iocasta" here means a "lobster."

for, a little while ago, he was saying that his wife was a raving cur.

MEN. What did I say? OLD MAN. You were raving, I say.

MEN. What, I? OLD MAN. You there; who threatened as well to ride me down with your yoked steeds.

MEN. \* \* \* \* \*

OLD MAN. I myself saw you do this; I myself accuse you of this.

MEN. And I know that you stole<sup>1</sup> the sacred crown of Jupiter; and that on that account you were confined in prison; and after you were let out, I know that you were beaten with rods in the bilboes; I know, too, that you murdered your father and sold your mother. Don't I give this abuse in answer for your abuse, like a sane person?

OLD MAN. I' faith, Doctor, whatever you are about to do, prithee, do it quickly. Don't you see that the man is raving?

DOCT. Do you know what's the best for you to do? Have him taken to my house.

OLD MAN. Do you think so? DOCT. Why should I not? There at my own discretion I shall be able to treat the man.

OLD MAN. Do just as you please. DOCT. (*to MENÆCHMUS*). I'll make you drink hellebore some twenty days.

MEN. But, hanging up<sup>2</sup>, I'll flog you with a whip for thirty days.

DOCT. (*to the OLD MAN*). Go fetch some men to take him off to my house.

OLD MAN. How many are sufficient?

DOCT. Since I see him *thus* raving, four, no less.

OLD MAN. They shall be here this instant. Do you keep an eye on him, Doctor.

DOCT. Why, no, I shall go home that the things may be got ready, which are necessary to be prepared. Bid your servants carry him to my house.

OLD MAN. I'll make him be there just now.

<sup>1</sup> *That you stole*)—Ver. 941. This expression has been already remarked upon in the Notes to the Trinummus.

<sup>2</sup> *But, hanging up*)—Ver. 951. "Pendentem." When they were flogged, the slaves were tied up with their hands extended over their heads. Probably, the Doctor is intended to be represented as being a slave; as many of the liberal pursuits were followed by slaves, and sometimes to the very great profit of their masters. The "furca" (for want of a better word, called "bilboes" in the translation) is referred to in another Note.



DOCT. I'm off. OLD MAN. Farewell.

(*Exeunt OLD MAN and DOCTOR, separately.*)

MEN. My father-in-law is gone, the Doctor is gone; I'm alone. O Jupiter! Why is it that these people say I'm mad? Why, in fact, since I was born, I have never for a single day been ill. I'm neither mad, nor do I commence strifes or quarrels. In health *myself*, I see others well; I know people, I address them. Is it that they who falsely say I'm mad, are mad themselves? What shall I do now? I wish to go home; but my wife doesn't allow me; and here (*pointing to EROTIVM'S house*) no one admits me. Most unfortunately has this fallen out. Here will I still remain; at night, at least, I shall be let into the house, I trust. (*Stands near his door.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* MESSENIUS.

MESS. (*to himself*). This is the proof of a good servant, who takes care of his master's business, looks after it, arranges it, thinks about it, in the absence of his master diligently to attend to the affairs of his master, as much so as if he himself were present, or *even* better. It is proper that his back<sup>1</sup> should be of more consequence than his appetite, his legs than his stomach, whose heart is rightly placed. Let him bear in mind, those who are good for nothing, what reward is given them by their masters—lazy, worthless fellows. Stripes, fetters, the mill, weariness, hunger, sharp cold; these are the rewards of idleness. This evil do I terribly stand in awe of. Wherefore 'tis sure that to be good is better than to be bad. Much more readily do I submit to words, stripes I do detest; and I eat what is ground much more readily than supply it *ground* by myself<sup>2</sup>. Therefore do I obey the command of my master, carefully and diligently do I observe it; and in such manner do I pay obedience, as I think is for the interest of my back. And that *course* does profit me. Let others be just as they take it to be their interest; I shall be just as I ought to be. If I adhere to that, I shall avoid faultiness; so that I am in readiness for my

<sup>1</sup> *That his back*)—Ver. 970. For the purpose of keeping his back intact from the whip, and his feet from the fetters.

<sup>2</sup> *Ground by myself*)—Ver. 979. He alludes to the custom of sending refractory slaves to the "*pistrinum*," where the corn was ground by a handmill, which entailed extreme labour on those grinding. He says that he would rather *that* others should grind the corn for him, than *that* he should grind it for others.

master on all occasions, I shall not be much afraid. *The time* is near, when, for these deeds of mine, my master will give his reward. After I had deposited the goods and the servants in the inn, as he ordered me, thus am I come to meet him. (*Going to the door of EROTIUM's house.*) Now I'll knock at the door, that he may know that I'm here, and that out of this thick wood<sup>1</sup> of peril I may get my master safe out of doors. But I'm afraid that I'm come too late, after the battle has been fought.

SCENE V.—*Enter the OLD MAN, with SERVANTS.*

OLD MAN (*to the SERVANTS*). By Gods and men, I tell you prudently to pay regard to my commands, as to what I have commanded and do command. Take care that this person is carried at once upon your shoulders to the surgery, unless, indeed, you set no value upon your legs or your sides. Take care each of you to regard at a straw whatever threats he shall utter. What are you standing for? Why are you hesitating? By this you ought to have had him carried off on your shoulders. I'll go to the Doctor; I'll be there ready when you shall come.

(*Exit. The SERVANTS gather around MENÆCHMUS.*)

MEN. I'm undone. What business is this? Why are these men running towards me, pray? What do you want? What do you seek? Why do you stand around me? (*They seize and drag him.*) Whither are you dragging me? Whither are you carrying me? I'm undone. I entreat your assistance, citizens, men of Epidamnus, come and help me. (*To the men.*) Why don't you let me go?

MESS. (*running towards them*). O ye immortal Gods, I beseech you, what do I behold with my eyes? Some fellows, I know not who, are most disgracefully carrying off my master upon their shoulders.

MEN. Who is it that ventures to bring me aid?

MESS. I, master, and right boldly. (*Aloud.*) O shameful and scandalous deed, citizens of Epidamnus, for my master, here in a town enjoying peace, to be carried off, in daylight, in the street, who came to you a free man. Let him go.

MEN. Prithee, whoever you are, do lend me your aid, and don't suffer so great an outrage to be signally committed against me.

<sup>1</sup> *This thick wood*)—Ver. 988. He compares the house of the Courtesan to a forest or thicket. These latter places, as being frequently the lurking-places of thieves and robbers, would be especially dangerous to travellers.

MESS. Aye, I'll give you my aid, and I'll defend you, and zealously succour you. I'll never let you come to harm; 'tis fitter that I *myself* should come to harm. I'll now make a sowing on the faces of these fellows, and *there* I'll plant my fists. I' faith, you're carrying this person off this day at your own extreme hazard. Let him go. (*He lays about him.*)

MEN. (*fighting with them*). I've got hold of this fellow's eye.

MESS. Make the socket of his eye be seen in his head. You rascals! you villains! you robbers!

THE SERVANTS (*severally*). We are undone. Troth, now, prithee, *do*——

MESS. Let him go then. MEN. What business have you to touch me? Thump them with your fists.

MESS. Come, begone, fly hence to utter perdition *with you*. (*Three run away.*) Here's for you, too (*giving the fourth one a punch*); because you are the last to yield, you shall have this for a reward. (*They all disappear.*) Right well have I marked his face, and quite to my liking. Troth, now, master, I really did come to your help just now in the nick of time.

MEN. And may the Gods, young man, whoever you are, ever bless you. For, had it not been for you, I should never have survived this day until sunset.

MESS. By my troth, then, master, if you do right, you will give me my freedom.

MEN. I, give you your freedom? MESS. Doubtless: since, master, I have saved you.

MEN. How's this? Young man, you are mistaken.

MESS. How, mistaken? MEN. By father Jove, I solemnly swear that I am not your master.

MESS. Will you not hold your peace? MEN. I'm telling no lie; nor did any servant of mine ever do such a thing as you have done for me.

MESS. In that case, then, let me go free, if you deny that I am your servant.

MEN. By my faith, so far, indeed, as I'm concerned, be free, and go where you like.

MESS. That is, you order me *to do so*?

MEN. I' faith, I do order you, if I have aught of authority over you.

MESS. Save you, my patron. Since you seriously give me my freedom, I rejoice.

MEN. I' faith, I really do believe you.

MESS. But, my patron, I do entreat you that you won't command me any the less now than when I was your servant. With you will I dwell, and when you go I'll go home together with you. Wait for me *here*; I'll now go to the inn, *and* bring back the luggage and the money for you. The purse, with the money for our journey, is fast sealed up in the wallet; I'll bring it just now here to you.

MEN. Bring it carefully. MESS. I'll give it back safe to you just as you gave it to me. Do you wait for me here.

(*Exit* MESSENIO.)

MEN. Very wonderful things have really happened this day to me in wonderful ways. Some deny that I am he who I am, and shut me out of doors; others say that I am he who I am not, and will have it that they are my servants. He for instance, who said that he was going for the money, to whom I gave his freedom just now. Since he says that he will bring me a purse with money, if he does bring it<sup>1</sup>, I'll say that he may go free from me where he pleases, lest at a time when he shall have come to his senses he should ask the money of me. My father-in-law and the Doctor were saying that I am mad. Whatever it is, it is a wonderful affair. These things appear to me not at all otherwise than dreams. Now I'll go in the house to this Courtesan, although she is angry with me; if I can prevail upon her to restore the mantle for me to take back home. (*He goes into EROTIVM's house.*)

SCENE VI.—*Enter* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES *and* MESSENIO.

MEN. Sos. Do you dare affirm, audacious fellow, that I have ever met you this day since *the time when* I ordered you to come here to meet me?

MESS. Why, I just now rescued you before this house, when four men were carrying you off upon their shoulders. You invoked the aid of all Gods and men, when I ran up and delivered you by main force, fighting, *and* in spite of them. For this reason, because I rescued you, you set me at liberty. When I said that I was going for the money and the luggage, you ran before to meet me as quickly as you could, in order that you might deny what you did.

<sup>1</sup> *If he does bring it*)—Ver. 1044. He contemplates robbing even the man who has just rescued him. The dishonesty of his brother, in carrying off the mantle and bracelet, and wishing to rob the servant-maid of the gold for her earrings, has been previously remarked.

MEN. Sos. I, bade you go away a free man?

MESS. Certainly. MEN. Sos. Why, on the contrary, 'tis most certain that I myself would rather become a slave than ever give you your freedom.

SCENE VII.—*Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, from EROTIUM's house.*

MEN. (*at the door, to EROTIUM within*). If you are ready to swear by your eyes, by my troth, not a bit the more for that reason, most vile woman, will you make it that I took away the mantle and the bracelet to-day.

MESS. Immortal Gods, what do I see?

MEN. Sos. What do you see? MESS. Your resemblance in a mirror.

MEN. Sos. What's the matter? MESS. 'Tis your image; 'tis as like as possible.

MEN. Sos. (*catching sight of the other*). Troth, it really is not unlike, so far as I know my own form.

MEN. (*to MESSENIO*). O young man, save you, you who preserved me, whoever you are.

MESS. By my troth, young man, prithee, tell me your name, unless it's disagreeable.

MEN. I' faith, you've not so deserved of me, that it should be disagreeable *for me* to tell what you wish. My name is Menæchmus.

MEN. Sos. Why, by my troth, so is mine.

MEN. I am a Sicilian, of Syracuse.

MEN. Sos. Troth, the same is my native country.

MEN. What is it that I hear *of you*?

MEN. Sos. That which is the fact.

MESS. (*To MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, by mistake*). I know this person myself (*pointing to the other MENÆCHMUS*); he is my master, I really am his servant; but I did think I belonged to this other. (*To MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, by mistake*.) I took him to be you; to him, too, did I give some trouble. (*To his master*.) Pray, pardon me if I have said aught foolishly or unadvisedly to you.

MEN. Sos. You seem to me to be mad. Don't you remember that together with me you disembarked from board ship to-day?

MESS. Why, really, you say what's right—you are my master; (*to MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus*) do you look out for a servant. (*To his master*.) To you my greetings; (*to*

MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus*) to you, farewell. This, I say, is Menæchmus.

MEN. But I say I am. MEN. SOS. What story's this? Are you Menæchmus?

MEN. I say that I'm the son of Moschus, *who was* my father.

MEN. SOS. Are you the son of my father?

MEN. Aye, I really am, young man, of my own *father*. I don't want to claim your father, nor to take possession of him from you.

MESS. Immortal Gods, what unhopèd-for hope do you bestow on me, as I suspect. For unless my mind misleads me, these are the two twin-brothers; for they mention alike their native country and their father. I'll call my master aside—Menæchmus.

BOTH OF THE MENÆCHMI. What do you want?

MESS. I don't want you both. But which of you was brought *here* in the ship with me?

MEN. Not I. MEN. SOS. But 'twas I.

MESS. You, then, I want. Step this way. (*They go aside.*)

MEN. SOS. I've stepped aside *now*. What's the matter?

MESS. This man is either an impostor, or he is your twin-brother. But I never beheld one person more like *another* person. Neither water, believe me, is ever more like to water nor milk to milk, than he is to you, and you likewise to him; besides, he speaks of the same native country and father. 'Tis better for us to accost him and make further enquiries of him.

MEN. SOS. I' faith, but you've given me good advice, and I return you thanks. Troth, now, prithee, do continue to lend me your assistance. If you discover that this is my brother, be you a free man.

MESS. I hope *I shall*. MEN. SOS. I too hope that it will be so.

MESS. (*to MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus*). How say you? I think you said that you are called Menæchmus?

MEN. *I did* so indeed. MESS. (*pointing to his master*). His name, too, is Menæchmus. You said that you were born at Syracuse, in Sicily; he was born there. You said that Moschus was your father; he was his as well. Now both of you can be giving help to me and to yourselves at the same time.

MEN. You have deserved that you should beg nothing but what you should obtain that which you desire. Free *as I am*, I'll serve you as though you had bought me for money.



MESS. I have a hope that I shall find that you two are twin-born brothers, born of one mother and of one father on the same day.

MEN. You mention wondrous things. I wish that you could effect what you've promised.

MESS. I can. But attend now, both of you, *and* tell me that which I shall ask.

MEN. Ask as you please, I'll answer you. I'll not conceal anything that I know.

MESS. Isn't your name Menæchmus? MEN. I own it.

MESS. Isn't it yours as well? MEN. Sos. It is.

MESS. Do you say that Moschus was your father?

MEN. Truly, *I do say* so. MEN. Sos. And mine *as well*.

MESS. Are you of Syracuse? MEN. Certainly.

MESS. And you? MEN. Sos. Why not *the same*?

MESS. Hitherto the marks agree perfectly well. Still lend me your attention. (*To MENÆCHMUS.*) Tell me, what do you remember at the greatest distance of time in your native country?

MEN. When I went with my father to Tarentum to traffic; and afterwards how I strayed away from my father among the people, and was carried away thence.

MEN. Sos. Supreme Jupiter, preserve me!

MESS. (*to MENÆCHMUS SOSCILES*). Why do you exclaim? Why don't you hold your peace? (*To MENÆCHMUS.*) How many years old were you when your father took you from your native country?

MEN. Seven years old; for just then my teeth were changing for the first time. And never since then have I seen my father.

MESS. Well, how many sons of you had your father then?

MEN. As far as I now remember, two.

MESS. Which of the two was the older—you or the other?

MEN. Both were just alike *in age*.

MESS. How can that be? MEN. We two were twins.

MEN. Sos. The Gods wish to bless me.

MESS. (*to MENÆCHMUS SOSCILES*). If you interrupt, I shall hold my tongue.

MEN. Sos. Rather *than that*, I'll hold my tongue.

MESS. Tell me, were you both of the same name?

MEN. By no means; for my *name* was what it is now, Menæchmus, the other they then used to call Sosicles.

MEN. SOS. (*embracing his brother*). I recognize the proofs; I cannot refrain from embracing him. My own twin-brother, blessings on you; I am Sosicles.

MEN. How then was the name of Menæchmus afterwards given to you?

MEN. SOS. After word was brought to us that you \*  
\* \* \* \* and that my father was  
dead, my grandfather changed it; the name that was yours  
he gave to me.

MEN. I believe that it did so happen as you say. But answer me this.

MEN. SOS. Ask it of me. MEN. What was the name of our mother?

MEN. SOS. Teuximarcha. MEN. That quite agrees. (*He again embraces him.*) O welcome, unhoped-for brother, whom after many years I now behold.

MEN. SOS. And you, whom with many and anxious labours I have ever been seeking up to this time, and whom I rejoice at being found.

MESS. (*to his master*). It was for this reason that this Courtesan called you by his name; she thought that you were he, I suppose, when she invited you to breakfast.

MEN. Why, faith, to-day I ordered a breakfast to be got ready here (*pointing to EROTIIUM's house*) for me, unknown to my wife; a mantle which a short time since I filched from home, to her I gave it.

MEN. SOS. Do you say, brother, that this is the mantle which I'm wearing?

MEN. How did this come to you? MEN. SOS. The Courtesan who took me here (*pointing to EROTIIUM's house*) to breakfast, said that I had given it to her. I breakfasted very pleasantly; I drank and entertained myself with my mistress; she gave me the mantle and this golden trinket. (*Showing the bracelet.*) \* \* \* \*

MEN. I' faith, I'm glad if any luck has befallen you on my account; for when she invited you to her house, she supposed it to be me.

MESS. Do you make any objection that I should be free as you commanded?

MEN. He asks, brother, what's very fair and very just. Do it for my sake.

MEN. SOS. (*touching* MESSENIO's *shoulder*). Be thou a free man.

MEN. I am glad, Messenio, that you are free.

MESS. Why, better auspices<sup>1</sup> were required that I should be free for life.

\* \* \* \*

MEN. SOS. Since these matters, brother, have turned out to our wishes, let us both return to our native land.

MEN. Brother, I'll do as you wish. I'll have an auction here, and sell whatever I have. In the meantime, brother, let's now go in-doors.

MEN. SOS. Be it so. MESS. Do you know what I ask of you?

MEN. What? MESS. To give me the place of auctioneer.

MEN. It shall be given you. MESS. Would you like the auction, then, to be proclaimed at once? For what day?

MEN. On the seventh day *hence*.

MESS. (*coming forward, and speaking in a loud voice*). An auction of the property of Menæchmus will certainly take place on the morning of the seventh day hence. His slaves, furniture, house, and farms, will be sold. All will go for whatever they'll fetch at ready money prices. His wife, too, will be sold as well, if any purchaser shall come. I think that by the entire sale *Menæchmus* will hardly get fifty hundred thousand<sup>2</sup> sesterces. (*To the SPECTATORS.*) Now, Spectators, fare you well, and give us loud applause<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Better auspices*)—Ver. 1149. He alludes to the pretended manumission which he has already received from Menæchmus of Epidamnus, when he took him to be his master

<sup>2</sup> *Fifty hundred thousand*)—Ver. 1161. The sestertius, before the time of Augustus, was a silver coin of the value of twopence and one-half of a farthing; while after that period, its value was one penny three-farthings and a half. The large sum here mentioned, at the former value, amounts to 44,370*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* He says "vix," it will "hardly" amount, by way of a piece of boasting.

<sup>3</sup> *Give us loud applause*)—Ver. 1162. This Comedy, which is considered to be one of the best, if not the very best, of all the plays of Plautus, is thought by some to have been derived from one of Menander's, as there are some fragments of a play by that Poet, called *Δίδυμοι*, "the Twins." It is, however, very doubtful if such is the fact. It is rendered doubly famous from the fact that Shakspeare borrowed the plot of his Comedy of Errors from it, through the medium of the old translation of the Play, published in the year 1595, which is in some parts a strict translation, though in others only an abridgment of the original work. It is thought to have been made by William Warner, who wrote a poem called "Albion's England," which he dedicated to Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain to Queen Ann the wife of James the First

# AULULARIA ; OR, THE CONCEALED TREASURE

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## Dramatis Personæ.

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD, who speaks the Prologue.

EUCLIO, an aged Athenian.

MEGADORUS, uncle of Lyconides.

LYCONIDES, a young Athenian.

STROBILUS, servant of Megadorus and Lyconides

PYTHODICUS, servant of Megadorus.

ANTHRAX     }  
CONGRIO     } Cooks.

EUNOMIA, the sister of Megadorus.

PHÆDRA, the daughter of Euclio.

STAPHYLA, an old woman, servant of Euclio.

*Scene*.—Athens, before the houses of EUCLIO and MEGADORUS, and the Temple of Faith.

## THE SUBJECT

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**EUCLIO**, a miserly old Athenian, has a daughter named Phædra, who has been ravished by a young man named Lyconides, but is ignorant from whom she has received that injury. Lyconides has an uncle named Megadorus, who, being ignorant of these circumstances, determines to ask Phædra of her father, in marriage for himself. Euclio has discovered a pot of gold in his house, which he watches with the greatest anxiety. In the meantime, Megadorus asks his daughter in marriage, and his proposal is accepted; and while preparations are making for the nuptials, Euclio conceals his treasure, first in one place and then in another. Strobilus, the servant of Lyconides, watches his movements, and, having discovered it, carries off the treasure. While Euclio is lamenting his loss, Lyconides accosts him, with the view of confessing the outrage he has committed on his daughter, and of announcing to him that his uncle, Megadorus, has cancelled his agreement to marry her, in favour of himself. Euclio at first thinks that he is come to confess the robbery of the treasure. After much parleying, his mistake is rectified, and the matter is explained; on which Lyconides forces Strobilus to confess the theft; and (although the rest of the Play in its original form is lost) we learn from the acrostic Argument that Strobilus gives up the treasure, and Lyconides marries the daughter of Euclio, and receives the gold for a marriage-portion. The Supplement written by Codrus Ursens to supply the place of what is lost, has been added.

# AULULARIA<sup>1</sup>; OR, THE CONCEALED TREASURE.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT OF PRISCIAN.

A POT (*Aulam*) that he has found full of gold, Euclio watches with the greatest strictness (*Vi*), being distracted in a dreadful manner. Lyconides (*Lyconides*) debauches his daughter. Megadorus wishes (*Vult*) to marry her without a portion, and to do it in a cheerful way (*Lubens*), he provides cooks with provisions. Euclio is afraid on account of the gold (*Auro*); he drives them out of the house; and the whole matter (*Re*) having been seen, the servant of the ravisher steals it (*Id*). He discloses the matter to Euclio; by (*Ab*) him he is presented with the gold, a wife, and a son.

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## THE PROLOGUE,

*Spoken by the HOUSEHOLD GOD.*

Lest any one should wonder who I am, I will tell *you* in a few words. I am the household God of this family, from whose house you have seen me coming forth. It is now many years that I have been occupying this house, and I inhabited it for the father and the grandfather of this person who now dwells here. But beseeching me, his grandfather entrusted to me a treasure of gold, unknown to all. He deposited it in the midst of the hearth<sup>2</sup>, praying me that I would watch it for him. He, when he died, was of such an avaricious disposition, *that* he

<sup>1</sup> *Aulularia*) This word is derived from the old Latin word "aula," the same with the more recent form "olla," signifying "a pot," and whose diminutive was "aulula," which had the same signification. It will be seen how conspicuous a part the "aula" performs in the Play. Warner says, in a Note to his Translation, that Molière took a great part of his Comedy, called *L'Avare*, from this play of Plautus; and that there are two English Comedies on the same plan, one by Shadwell, the other by Fielding, called the Miser.

<sup>2</sup> *Midst of the hearth*)—Ver. 7. The Lares, or household Gods, were kept in the "lararium," which was a recess near the "focus," or "hearth," and in which prayers were offered up by the Romans on rising in the morning. The hearth or fireplace was in the middle of the house, and was sacred to the Lares



would never disclose it to his own son, and preferred rather to leave him in want than to show that treasure to *that* son. He left him no large quantity of land, on which to live with great laboriousness and in wretchedness. When he died who had entrusted that gold to me, I began to take notice whether his son would any how pay greater honor to me than his father had paid *me*. But he *was in the habit* of venerating me still less and less by very much, and gave me a still less share of devotion. So in return was it done by me ; and he likewise ended his life. He left this person who now dwells here, his son, of the same disposition as his father and grandfather were. He has an only daughter ; she is always every day making offerings to me, either with incense, or wine, or something or other ; she presents me, *too*, with chaplets. Out of regard for her, I have caused this Euclio to find this treasure, in order that he might more readily give her in marriage if he should wish ; for a young man of very high rank has ravished her ; this young man knows who it is that he has ravished ; she knows him not, nor yet *does* her father *know* that she has been ravished. This day I shall cause the old gentleman here, our neighbour, to ask her as his wife ; that will I do for this reason, that he may the more easily marry her who has ravished her. And this old gentleman who shall ask her as his wife, the same is the uncle of that young man who debauched her in the night time at the festival of Ceres<sup>1</sup>. But this old fellow is now making an uproar in the house, as usual ; he is thrusting the old woman out of doors, that she may not be privy *to the secret*. I suppose he wants to look at the gold, if it be not stolen.

#### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Enter EUCLIO, driving out STAPHYLA.*

EUC. Get out, I say, be off, get out ; by my troth, you

<sup>1</sup> *Festival of Ceres*)—Ver. 36. He probably alludes to the Thesmophoria, a festival which was celebrated in honor of the Goddess Ceres, and a large portion of the rites whereof were solemnized in the night time. In general it was celebrated only by the married women, though, as we find in the present instance, the maidens took some part in a portion of the ceremonial. It was said to have been celebrated in the night time in commemoration of the search by Ceres, with a torch in her hand, for her daughter Proserpine, when ravished by Pluto. No lights were used on the occasion, which will account, in a great measure, for the mishap of Phædra in the present instance, without her knowing who was the party that had insulted her. See an able article on the Thesmophoria in *Er Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities*.

must budge out of this house here, you pryabout woman, with your inquisitive eyes.

STAPH. Pray why are you beating me, wretched *creature that I am*?

EUC. That you may be wretched, and that, curst *as you are*, you may pass a curst life, well befitting you.

STAPH. But for what reason have you now pushed me out of the house?

EUC. Am I to be giving you a reason, you *whole* harvest of whips<sup>1</sup>. Get away there from the door! There, do look, if you please, how she does creep along. But do you know how matters stand with you? If I just now take a stick or a whip in my hand, I'll quicken that tortoise pace for you.

STAPH. O that the Gods would drive me to hang myself, rather indeed than that I should be a slave in your house on these terms!

EUC. Hark how the hag is grumbling to herself! By my troth, you wretch, I'll knock out those eyes of yours, that you mayn't be able to watch me, what business I'm about. Get out (*pushes her with his hands*)—further yet! still further! further! There now, stand you there! By my faith, if you budge a finger's breadth, or a nail's width from that spot, or if you look back until I shall order you, i' faith, I'll give you up at once as a trainer for the gibbet. (*Aside.*) I know for sure that I did never see one more accursed than this hag, and I'm sadly in fear of her, lest she should be cheating me unawares, or be scenting it out where the gold is concealed, a most vile wretch, who has eyes in the back of her head as well. Now I'll go and see whether the gold is just as I concealed it, that *so* troubles wretched me in very many ways. (*He goes into his house.*)

#### SCENE II.—STAPHYLA, *alone*.

STAPH. By heavens, I cannot now conceive what misfortune, or what insanity, I am to say has befallen my master; in such a way does he often, ten times in one day, in this fashion push wretched me out of the house. I' faith, I know not what craziness does possess this man; whole nights is he on the watch; then, too, all the day long does he sit for

<sup>1</sup> *Harvest of whips*)—Ver. 6. "Stimulorum seges." Literally, "you corn-field of whips." He means, that he will make her body as full of weals from whipping in a corn-field is of ears of corn.

whole days together at home like a lame cobbler<sup>1</sup>. Nor can I imagine now by what means to conceal the disgrace of my master's daughter, whose lying-in approaches near; and there isn't anything better for me, as I fancy, than to make one long *capital* letter<sup>2</sup> of myself, when I've tied up my neck in a halter.

SCENE III.—*Enter EUCLIO, from his house.*

EUC. (*to himself*). Now, with my mind at ease, at length I go out of my house, after I've seen that everything is safe in-doors. Now do you return at once into the house (*to STAPHYLA*), and keep watch in-doors.

STAPH. Keep watch in-doors upon nothing at all, forsooth: or *is it*, that no one may carry the house away. For here in our house there's nothing else for thieves to gain, so filled is it with emptiness<sup>3</sup> and cobwebs.

EUC. 'Tis a wonder that, for your sake, Jupiter doesn't now make me a King Philip, or a Darius<sup>4</sup>, you hag of hags. I choose those cobwebs to be watched for me. I am poor, I confess it—I put up with it. What the Gods send, I endure. Go in-doors, shut to the door, I shall be there directly. Take you care not to let any strange person into the house.

STAPH. What if any person asks for fire?

EUC. I wish it to be put out, that there may be no cause for any one asking it of you. But if the fire shall be kept in, you yourself shall be forthwith extinguished. Then do you say that the water has run out<sup>5</sup>, if any one asks *for it*.

<sup>1</sup> *A lame cobbler*)—Ver. 34. Of course, lame people would be the most likely to take to such a sedentary employment as that of a cobbler.

<sup>2</sup> *Long capital letter*)—Ver. 38. She means to say, that she shall be forced to make a letter I of herself, by hanging herself. In so saying, she not only alludes to the straight and perpendicular form of that letter, but to its being especially long in the Roman mode of writing. They wrote words with the letter I thus: *ÆDLIS, PISO, IVLIVS*, for *Ædilis, Piso, and Julius*.

<sup>3</sup> *Filled is it with emptiness*)—Ver. 45. The expression, "full of emptiness," is intended as a piece of wit on the part of the old woman. Perhaps Euclio would not have the spiders molested, because they were considered to bring good luck.

<sup>4</sup> *Philip, or a Darius*)—Ver. 47. The names of Philip, King of Macedon, and Darius, King of Persia, as powerful and wealthy monarchs, would be likely to be well known to the writers of the new Greek Comedy, from whom Plautus borrowed most, if not all, of his plays.

<sup>5</sup> *Has run out*)—Ver. 55. It is not improbable that allusion is here made to the supply of water by pipes from the aqueducts.

STAPH. The knife, the hatchet, the pestle and mortar, utensils that neighbours are always asking the loan of——

EUC. Say that thieves have come and carried them off. In fact, in my absence, I wish no one to be admitted into my house; and this, too, do I tell you beforehand, if Good Luck should come, don't you admit her.

STAPH. I' faith, she takes good care, I think, not to be admitted; for though close at hand<sup>1</sup>, she has never come to our house.

EUC. Hold your tongue, and go in-doors.

STAPH. I'll hold my tongue, and be off.

EUC. Shut the door, please, with both bolts. I shall be there directly. (STAPHYLA *goes into the house*.) I'm tormented in my mind, because I must go away from my house! I' faith, I go but very unwillingly; but I know *full well* what I'm about; for the person that is our master of our ward<sup>2</sup> has given notice that he will distribute a didrachm of silver to each man; if I relinquish that, and don't ask for it, at once I fancy that all will be suspecting that I've got gold at home; for it isn't very likely that a poor man would despise ever such a trifle, so as not to ask for his piece of money. For as it is, while I am carefully concealing it from all, lest they should know, all seem to know it, and all salute me more civilly than they formerly used to salute me; they come up to me, they stop, they shake hands<sup>3</sup>; they ask me how I am, what I'm

<sup>1</sup> *Close at hand*)—Ver. 63. She seems to allude to the fact of the temple of Bona Fortuna, or Good Luck, being in the vicinity of Euclio's house.

<sup>2</sup> *Master of our ward*)—Ver. 68. The "curiæ" at Rome were sub-divisions of the tribes originally made by Romulus, who divided the Ramnes, Titienses, and Luceres into thirty "curiæ." Each "curia" had its place for meeting and worship, which was also called "curia;" and was presided over by the "Curio," who is here called the "Magister curiæ," or "master of the ward." At first the Patricians and Equites had the sole influence in the "curiæ," and alone elected the "Curiones;" but after the year A.U.C. 544, the "Curio" was elected from the Patricians, after which period the political importance of the "curiæ" gradually declined, until they became mere bodies meeting for the performance of religious observances. Plautus probably alludes, in the present instance, to a dole, or distribution of money, made by the Greek Trittuarch among the poorer brethren of his *τριττὺς*, or "tribus;" as in adapting a Greek play to the taste of a Roman audience, he very often mingles the customs of the one country with those of the other.

<sup>3</sup> *They shake hands*)—Ver. 77. "Cupulantur dextras." Literally, "they couple right hands."

doing, what business I'm about. Now I'll go there whither I had set out<sup>1</sup>; afterwards, I'll betake myself back again home as fast as ever I can.

# ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter EUNOMIA and MEGADORUS, from their house.*

EUN. I could wish you, brother, to think that I utter these words by reason of my own regard and your welfare, as is befitting your own sister *to do*. Although I'm not unaware that we women are accounted troublesome; for we are all of us deservedly considered very talkative, and, in fact, they say at the present day that not a single woman has been found dumb<sup>2</sup> in any age. Still, brother, do you consider this one circumstance, that I am your nearest relation, and you in like manner are mine. How proper it is that I should counsel and advise you, and you me, as to what we may judge for the interest of each of us; and for it not to be kept concealed or kept silence upon through apprehension, but rather that I should make you my confidant, and you me in like manner. For that reason, now, have I brought you here apart out of doors, that I might here discourse with you upon your private concerns.

MEG. Best of women, give me your hand. (*Takes her hand.*)

EUN. (*looking about*). Where is she? Who, pray, is this best of women?

MEG. Yourself. EUN. Do you say so?

MEG. If you say no, I say no.

EUN. Indeed, it's right that the truth should be spoken; for the best of women can nowhere be found; one is *only* worse than another, brother.

MEG. I think the same, and I'm determined never to contradict you on that point, sister. What do you wish?

EUN. Give me your attention, I beg of you.

MEG. 'Tis at your service; use and command me, please, if you wish for aught.

<sup>1</sup> *Whither I had set out*)—Ver. 79. "Nunc quo profectus sumito." This is rendered, in Cotter's Translation, "now I will go where I am profited!"

<sup>2</sup> *Has been found dumb*)—Ver. 86. Not seeing the sarcasm intended against the female sex in this passage, Lambinus seriously takes the trouble to contradict Eunomia; his words are, "I myself, who am at present in my fifty-sixth year have seen no less than two dumb women."



EUN. A thing that I consider very greatly for your advantage I'm come to recommend you.

MEG. Sister, you are doing after your *usual* manner.

EUN. I wish it were done. MEG. What is it, sister?

EUN. That you may enjoy<sup>1</sup> everlasting blessings in being the father of children.

MEG. May the Gods so grant it.

EUN. I wish you to bring home a wife.

MEG. Ha! I'm undone. EUN. How so?

MEG. Because, sister, your words are knocking out the brains of unfortunate me; you are speaking stones<sup>2</sup>.

EUN. Well, well, do this that your sister requests you.

MEG. If she requests me, I will do it.

EUN. 'Tis for your own interest. MEG. Yes, for me to die before I marry. Let her who comes *here* to-morrow, be carried out<sup>3</sup> of the house the day after, sister; on that condition, give me her whom you wish to give; get ready the nuptials.

EUN. I am able, brother, to provide you *with a wife with a* very large marriage-portion. But she's somewhat aged; she's of the middle-age of woman. If you request me, brother, to ask her for you, I'll ask her.

MEG. Would you like me to ask you a question?

EUN. Yes, if you like, ask it.

MEG. *Suppose* any old man, past mid-age, brings home a middle-aged wife, if by chance he should have a child by this old woman, do you doubt at all but that the name of that child is Posthumus<sup>4</sup>, all prepared? Now, sister, I'll remove and lessen this labour for you. I, by the merits of the Gods

<sup>1</sup> *That you may enjoy*)—Ver. 105. "Quod tibi sempiternum salutare sit." This was a formula frequently introduced in announcing intelligence, or in making a proposition, and was considered to be significant of a good omen.

<sup>2</sup> *You are speaking stones*)—Ver. 110. So Shakspeare says, in Hamlet, Act III., sc. 7, "I will speak daggers to her, but use none." Aristophanes says, in one of his plays, "You have spoken roses to me."

<sup>3</sup> *Be carried out*)—Ver. 113. "Feratur," "may be carried out to burial." "Fero" and "effero" have that especial signification. The body was carried out to burial on a bier, which resembled a bed or couch.

<sup>4</sup> *Is Posthumus*)—Ver. 121. Children, who were born after their father's decease, were called "posthumi," a term which is still retained. By speaking of an old woman, "anus," as the mother, he seems also to allude to the chance of the child losing its mother as well, at the moment of its birth.



and of my forefathers, am rich enough ; these high families, haughty pride<sup>1</sup>, bountiful portions, acclamations, imperiousness, vehicles inlaid with ivory, *superb* mantles *and* purple, I can't abide, things that by their extravagance reduce men to slavery..

EUN. Tell me, pray, who is she whom you would like to take for a wife ?

MEG. I'll tell you. Do you know that Euclio, the poor old man close by ?

EUN. I know him ; not a bad sort of man, i' faith.

MEG. I'd like his maiden daughter to be promised me in marriage. Don't make any words<sup>2</sup> *about it*, sister ; I know what you are going to say ; that she's poor. This poor *girl* pleases me.

EUN. May the Gods prosper it. MEG. I hope the same.

EUN. What *do you want me now for* ? Do you wish for anything ?

MEG. Farewell. EUN. And you *the same*, brother. (*Goes into the house.*)

MEG. I'll go meet Euclio, if he's at home. But, see ! the *very* person is betaking himself home, whence, I know not.

#### SCENE II.—*Enter EUCLIO.*

EUC. (*to himself*). My mind had a presentiment that I was going to no purpose when I left my house ; and therefore I went unwillingly ; for neither did any one of the wardsmen come, nor *yet* the master of the ward, who ought to have distributed the money. Now I'm making all haste to hasten home ; for I myself am here, my mind's at home.

MEG. (*accosting him*). May you be well, and ever fortunate, Euclio !

EUC. May the Gods bless you, Megadorus !

MEG. How are you ? Are you quite well, and as you wish ?

EUC. (*aside*). It isn't for nothing when a rich man accosts

<sup>1</sup> *Haughty pride*)—Ver. 124. He means to say, that these evils are attendant upon marrying a woman with a large dowry.

<sup>2</sup> *Don't make any words*)—Ver. 130. Ben Jonson has imitated this passage in his *Silent Woman*, Act I., sc. 5 :

I know what thou wouldst say :  
She's poor, and her friends deceased.  
She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence.

a poor man courteously; now this fellow knows that I've got some gold; for that reason he salutes me more courteously.

MEG. Do you say that you are well?

EUC. Troth, I'm not very well in the money line.

MEG. I' faith, if you've a contented mind, you have enough to passing a good life with.

EUC. (*aside*). By my faith, the old woman has made a discovery to him about the gold; 'tis clear it's all out. I'll cut off her tongue, and tear out her eyes, *when I get home*.

MEG. Why are you talking to yourself?

EUC. I'm lamenting my poverty; I've a grown-up girl without a portion, and one that can't be disposed of in marriage; nor have I the ability to marry her to anybody.

MEG. Hold your peace; be of good courage, Euclio: she shall be given *in marriage*; you shall be assisted by myself. Say, if you have need of aught; command me.

EUC. (*aside*). Now is he aiming at *my property*, while he's making promises; he's gaping for my gold, that he may devour it; in the one hand he is carrying a stone<sup>1</sup>, while he shows the bread in the other. I trust no person, who, rich *himself*, is exceedingly courteous to a poor man; when he extends his hand with a kind air, then is he loading you with some damage. I know these polypi<sup>2</sup>, who, when they've touched a thing, hold it fast.

<sup>1</sup> *Carrying a stone*)—Ver. 152. "To ask for bread, and to receive a stone," was a proverbial expression with the ancients. Erasmus says that it was applied to those who pretended to be friendly to a person, and at the same time were doing him mischief; and that it was borrowed from persons enticing a dog with a piece of bread, and, when it had come sufficiently near, pelting it with a stone. The expression is used in the New Testament. "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" St. Luke, c. xi., v. 11. The bread, as we learn from specimens found at Pompeii, was often made into cakes, which somewhat resembled large stones.

<sup>2</sup> *These polypi*)—Ver. 155. Ovid says in his *Haliuticon*, or Treatise on Fishes: "But, on the other hand, the sluggish polypus sticks to the rocks with its body provided with feelers, and by this stratagem it escapes the nets; and, according to the nature of the spot, it assumes and changes its colour, always resembling that place which it has lighted upon; and when it has greedily seized the prey hanging from the fishing-line, it likewise deceives the angler on his raising the rod, when, on emerging into the air, it loosens its feelers, and spits forth the hook that it has despoiled of the bait."

MEG. Give me your attention, Euclio, for a little time : I wish to address you in a few words, about a common concern of yours and mine.

EUC. (*aside*). Alas ! woe is me ! my gold has been grabbed from in-doors : now he's wishing for this thing, I'm sure, to come to a compromise with me ; but I'll go look in my house. (*He goes towards his door.*)

MEG. Where are you going ? EUC. I'll return to you directly, for there's something I must go and see to at home. (*He goes into his house.*)

MEG. By my troth, I do believe that when I make mention of his daughter, for him to promise her to me, he'll suppose that he's being laughed at by me ; nor is there out of the whole class of paupers one more beggarly than he. (*EUCLIO returns from his house.*)

EUC. (*aside*). The Gods do favour me ; my property's all safe. If nothing's lost, it's safe. I was very dreadfully afraid, before I went in-doors ! I was almost dead ! (*Aloud.*) I'm come back to you, Megadorus, if you wish to say anything to me.

MEG. I return you thanks ; I beg that as to what I shall enquire of you, you'll not hesitate to speak out boldly.

EUC. So long, indeed, as you enquire nothing that I mayn't choose to speak out upon.

MEG. Tell me, of what sort of family do you consider me to be sprung ?

EUC. Of a good one. MEG. What *think you* as to my character ?

EUC. 'Tis a good one. MEG. What of my conduct ?

EUC. Neither bad nor dishonest. MEG. Do *you know* my years ?

EUC. I know that they are plentiful, just like your money.

MEG. I' faith, for sure I really did always take you to be a citizen without any evil guile, and now I think you so.

EUC. (*aside*). He smells the gold. (*Aloud.*) What do you want with me now ?

MEG. Since you know me, and I know you, what sort of person you are—a thing, that may it bring a blessing on my-

self, and you and your daughter, I ask your daughter as my wife. Promise me that it shall be *so*.

EUC. Heyday! Megadorus, you are doing a deed that's not becoming to your *usual* actions, in laughing at me, a poor man, and guiltless towards yourself and towards your family. For neither in act, nor in words, have I ever deserved it of you, that you should do what you are *now* doing.

MEG. By my troth, I neither am come to laugh at you, nor am I laughing at you, nor do I think you deserving *of it*.

EUC. Why then do you ask for my daughter for your self?

MEG. That through me it may be better for you, and through you and yours for me.

EUC. This suggests itself to my mind, Megadorus, that you are a wealthy man, *a man* of rank; that I likewise am a person, the poorest of the poor; now, if I should give my daughter in marriage to you, it suggests itself to my mind that you are the ox, and that I am the ass; when I'm yoked to you, *and* when I'm not able to bear the burden equally *with yourself*, I, the ass, must lie down in the mire; you, the ox, would regard me no more than if I had never been born; and I should both find you unjust, and my own class would laugh at me; in neither direction should I have a fixed stall, if there should be any separation<sup>1</sup>; the asses would tear me with their teeth, the oxen would butt at me with their horns. This is the great hazard, in my passing over from the asses to the oxen.

MEG. The nearer you can unite yourself in alliance with the virtuous, so much the better. Do you receive this proposal, listen to me, and promise her to me.

EUC. But indeed there is no marriage-portion.

MEG. You are to give none; so long as she comes with good principles, she is sufficiently portioned.

EUC. I say so for this reason, that you mayn't be supposing that I have found *any* treasures.

<sup>1</sup> *Be any separation*)—Ver. 190. "Si quid divortii fuat." By the use of the word "divortium," he means either an estrangement of himself from Megadorus, or a separation or divorce of the latter from his intended wife, which of course would lead to the same consequences. The facilities for divorce among the Romans have been remarked upon in a previous Note.

MEG. I know that; don't enlarge *upon it*. Promise her *to me*.

EUC. So be it. (*Starts and looks about.*) But, O Jupiter, am I not utterly undone?

MEG. What's the matter with you?

EUC. What was it sounded just now as though it were iron?

MEG. Here at my place, I ordered them to dig up the garden. (*EUCLIO runs off into his house.*) But where is this man? He's off, and he hasn't fully answered me; he treats me with contempt. Because he sees that I wish for his friendship, he acts after the manner of mankind. For if a wealthy person goes to ask a favour of a poorer one, the poor man is afraid to treat with him; through his apprehension he hurts his own interest. The same person, when this opportunity is lost, too late, then wishes for it.

EUC. (*coming out of the house, addressing STAPHYLA within*). By the powers, if I don't give you up to have your tongue cut out by the roots, I order and I authorize you to hand me over to any one you please to be incapacitated.

MEG. By my troth, Euclio, I perceive that you consider me a fit man for you to make sport of in my old age, for no deserts of my own.

EUC. I' faith, Megadorus, I am not doing so, nor, should I desire it, had I the means<sup>1</sup>.

MEG. How now? Do you then betroth your daughter to me?

EUC. On those terms, *and* with that portion which I mentioned to you.

MEG. Do you promise her then? EUC. I do promise her.

MEG. May the Gods bestow their blessings on it.

EUC. May the Gods so do. Take you care of this, and remember that we've agreed, that my daughter is not to bring you any portion.

<sup>1</sup> *Had I the means*)—Ver. 210. "Neque, si cupiam, copia est." In saying this, Euclio intends to play upon the words of Megadorus, "ludos facias," which may either signify "you make sport of me," or "you give a public show" or "spectacle," which the wealthy Patricians of Rome were in the habit of doing. Euclio pretends to take his words in the latter sense, and replies, "I couldn't even if I would," by reason of his poverty, as he pretends. It was usual for the *Ædiles* to provide the spectacles from their private resources, from which circumstance one who lived a life of extravagance was said "*Ædilitatem petere*," "to be aspiring to the *Ædileship*."

MEG. I remember it. EUC. But I understand in what fashion you, *of your class*, are wont to equivocate; an agreement is no agreement, no agreement is an agreement, just as it pleases you.

MEG. I'll have no misunderstanding with you. But what reason is there why we shouldn't have the nuptials this day?

EUC. Why, by my troth, there is very good *reason for them*.

MEG. I'll go, then, *and prepare matters*. Do you want me in any way?

EUC. That shall be done. Fare you well.

MEG. (*going to the door of his house and calling out*). Hallo! Strobilus, follow me quickly, in all haste, to the flesh-market.

(*Exit MEGADORUS.*)

EUC. He has gone hence. Immortal Gods, I do beseech you! How powerful is gold! I do believe, now, that he has had some intimation that I've got a treasure at home; he's gaping for that; for the sake of that has he persisted in this alliance.

SCENE III.—EUCLIO, *alone*.

EUC. (*going to the door of his house, he opens it, and calls to STAPHYLA within*). Where are you who have now been blabbing to all my neighbours that I'm going to give a portion to my daughter? Hallo! Staphyla, I'm calling you! Don't you hear? Make haste in-doors there, and wash the vessels clean. I've promised my daughter in marriage; to-day I shall give her to be married to Megadorus here.

*Enter STAPHYLA, from the house.*

STAPH. (*as she enters*). May the Gods bestow their blessings on it! But, i' faith, it cannot be; 'tis too sudden.

EUC. Hold your tongue, and be off. Take care that things are ready when I return home from the Forum, and shut the house up. I shall be here directly. (*Exit.*)

STAPH. What now am I to do? Now is ruin near at hand for us, both for myself and my master's daughter; for her disgrace and her delivery are upon the very point of becoming known; that which even until now has been concealed and kept secret, cannot *be so now*. I'll go in-doors, that what my



master ordered may be done when he comes. But, by my faith, I do fear that I shall have to drink of a mixture of bitterness<sup>1</sup>!

(*Exit.*)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter STROBILUS, ANTHRAX, and CONGRIO, with MUSIC-GIRLS, and PERSONS carrying provisions.*

STRO. After my master had bought the provisions, and hired the cooks<sup>2</sup> and these music-girls in the market-place, he ordered me to divide these provisions into two parts.

CON. By my troth, but you really shan't be dividing me<sup>3</sup>, I tell you plainly. If you wish me to go anywhere whole, I'll do my best.

ANTH. A very pretty and modest fellow, indeed<sup>4</sup>. As if, *when you are a conger by name*, you wouldn't like to be cut into pieces.

CON. But, Anthrax, I said that in another sense, *and* not in the one which you are pretending.

STRO. Now my master's going to be married to-day.

ANTH. Whose daughter is he to marry? STRO. The daughter of this Euclio, his near neighbour here. For that reason he has ordered half of these provisions here to be presented to him—one cook, and one music-girl likewise.

ANTH. That is, you take one half to him, the *other* half home?

<sup>1</sup> *A mixture of bitterness*)—Ver. 235. Hildyard suggests that Staphyla is fond of a drop, and likes her liquors neat (“merum”), wherefore it is a double misfortune to her, not only to endure misfortunes, but those of a “mixed” nature. “Mixture” was the term applied to the wine, when mixed with its due proportion of water for drinking.

<sup>2</sup> *Hired the cooks*)—Ver. 236. Allusion has been made, in the Notes to the Pseudolus, to the custom of hiring cooks in the markets on any special occasion. These were frequently slaves; and in such case, the greater portion of their earnings would go into the pockets of their masters. From the remark made in l. 265, we find that Congrio and Anthrax are slaves.

<sup>3</sup> *You really shan't be dividing me*)—Ver. 239. He alludes to his own name, “Congrio,” “a conger eel,” which was cut up before it was cooked; and he means to say, that spite of his name, he will not stand being divided by Strobilus.

<sup>4</sup> *Modest fellow, indeed*)—Ver. 241. Anthrax gives a very indelicate turn to the remark of Congrio; and the liberty has been taken of giving a more harmless form to the gross witticism of Anthrax. It may be here remarked, that he takes his name from the Greek word, signifying “a coal,” a commodity, of course, much in request with cooks.

STRO. 'Tis just as you say. ANTH. How's that? Couldn't this old fellow provide from his own resources for the wedding of his daughter.

STRO. Pshaw! ANTH. What's the matter?

STRO. What's the matter, do you ask? A pumice stone isn't so dry as is this old fellow.

ANTH. Do you really say that it is as you affirm?

STRO. Do be judge yourself. Why, he's for ever crying out for aid from Gods and men, that his property has gone, and that he is ruined root and branch, if the smoke by chance escapes out of doors through the rafters of his house. Why, when he goes to sleep, he ties a bag<sup>1</sup> beneath his gullet.

ANTH. Why so? STRO. That when he sleeps, he may lose no breath.

ANTH. And does he stop up the lower part of his wind-pipe<sup>2</sup> as well, lest, perchance, he should lose any breath as he sleeps?

STRO. In that 'tis as fair that you should credit me, as *it is* for me *to credit* you.

ANTH. Why really, I do believe you.

STRO. But, further, do you know how it is? I' faith, he grieves to throw away the water when he washes.

ANTH. Do you think a great talent<sup>3</sup> might be begged of this old fellow for him to give us, through which we might become free?

STRO. By my troth, if you were to ask it, he would never let you have the loan of hunger. Why, the other day, the barber had cut his nails<sup>4</sup>; he collected all the parings, and carried them off.

<sup>1</sup> *He ties a bag*)—Ver. 257. He probably intends to hint here that Euclio sleeps with his purse (which consisted of a "follis," or "leathern bag") tied round his throat, but implies that he not only wishes thereby to save his money, but his breath as well, by having the mouth of the bag so near to his own. Although Thornton thinks that the suggestion of Lambinus that "follem obstringit" means, "he ties up the nozzle of the bellows," is forced and far-fetched, it is far from improbable that that is the meaning of the passage. It may possibly mean that he ties the bellows to his throat.

<sup>2</sup> *Part of his windpipe*)—Ver. 260. An indelicate remark is here made, which has been obviated in the translation.

<sup>3</sup> *A great talent*)—Ver. 264. As the ancients weighed silver on paying a talent, the word "talentum" denoted both a sum of money and a weight. The great talent here mentioned, was the Attic talent of sixty minæ, or six thousand drachmæ.

<sup>4</sup> *Had cut his nails*)—Ver. 267. From this passage we learn that barbers were

ANTH. I' faith, you do describe a miserably stingy wretch.

CON. But do you think that he does live so very stingily and wretchedly?

STRO. A kite, the other day, carried off his morsel of food; the fellow went crying to the Prætor<sup>1</sup>; there, weeping and lamenting, he began to request that he might be allowed to compel the kite to give bail. There are innumerable other things that I could mention, if I had the leisure. But which of you two is the sharper? Tell me.

CON. I—as being much the better one. STRO. A cook I ask for, not a thief<sup>2</sup>.

CON. As a cook, I mean. STRO. (to ANTHRAX). What do you say?

ANTH. I'm just as you see me.

in the habit of paring the nails of their customers; in the Epistles of Horace, B. 1, Ep. 7, l. 50, we are informed that idlers pared their nails in the barber's shops of Rome.

<sup>1</sup> *To the Prætor*—Ver. 272. The “Prætor” was a magistrate at Rome, who administered justice, and ranked next to the Consuls. There were eight Prætors in the time of Cicero. Two of them were employed in adjudicating “in causis privatis,” “disputes concerning private property.” One of these was called “Prætor urbanus,” or “the city Prætor,” who administered justice when the parties were “cives,” or possessed the rights of Roman citizenship. The other was called “Prætor peregrinus,” or “the foreigners' Prætor,” who administered justice when both the litigating parties, or only one of them, were “peregrini,” or “foreigners,” and had not the right of Roman citizenship. The other six Prætors had jurisdiction in criminal cases, such as murder, adultery, and violence. The Prætors committed the examination of causes to subordinate judges, who were called “judices selecti,” and they published the sentences of the judges so appointed by them. The Prætors wore the “toga prætexta,” or “magisterial robe,” sat on the “sella curulis,” and were preceded by six lictors. Their duties lasted for a year, after which they went as governors to such provinces as had no army, which were assigned to them by lot. There they administered justice in the same way as they had done as Prætors at Rome, and were called by the name of “Proprætores;” though, as such governors, they were also sometimes called “Prætores.” The office of Prætor was first instituted at Rome A.U.C. 388, partly because the Consuls, on account of the many wars in which the Romans were engaged, could no longer administer justice; partly that the Patricians might thereby have a compensation for admitting the Plebeians to a share in the Consulate. At first there was only one Prætor; Sylla made their number six; Julius Cæsar eight; and Augustus increased them to sixteen. It will not escape observation, that Plautus, as usual, mentions a Roman officer in a Play, the scene of which is supposed to be Athens.

<sup>2</sup> *Not a thief*—Ver. 277. Because “celer,” “sharp” or “nimble,” would especially apply to the requisite qualifications for an expert thief.

CON. He's a nine-day cook<sup>1</sup>; every ninth day he's in the habit of going out to cook.

ANTH. You, you three-lettered fellow<sup>2</sup>; do you abuse me, you thief?

CON. To be sure *I do*, you trebly-distilled thief of thieves<sup>3</sup>.

STRO. Now do you hold your tongue for the present, and, that lamb, whichever is the fatter of *the two*——

CON. Very well<sup>4</sup>. STRO. Do you, Congrio, take that, and go in-doors there (*pointing to EUCLIO's house*); and (*to a MUSIC-GIRL and some of the PEOPLE with provisions*) do you follow him; the rest of you this way, to our house.

CON. By my troth, you've made an unfair division; they've got the fattest lamb.

STRO. But the fattest music-girl shall be given you then. Do you, therefore, go along with him, Phrygia<sup>5</sup>. And do you, Eleusium, step in-doors here, to our house.

<sup>1</sup> *A nine-day cook*)—Ver. 279. Congrio probably means to say that Anthrax is a cook who only gets employment on the "Nundinæ," when the influx of country-people into the city called the services of even the worst cooks into requisition, and the eaters were not of the most fastidious description. The "Nundinæ" (so called from "nonæ," "ninth," and "dies," "day") returned every eighth day, according to our mode of reckoning; but according to the Romans, who, in counting, reckoned both extreme, every ninth day, whence the name. On this day the country-people came into the city to sell their wares, make their purchases, hear the new laws read, and learn the news. By the Hortensian law, the "Nundinæ," which before were only "feriæ," or "holidays," were made "fasti," or "court-days," that the country-people then in town might have their lawsuits determined. Lipsius thinks that reference is here made to the feast called "novendiale," which was sometimes given to the poorer classes on the ninth day after the funeral of a person of affluence. Probably, the cooking of these banquets was not of the highest order; but the former seems the more probable explanation of the passage.

<sup>2</sup> *Three-lettered fellow*)—Ver. 280. "Trium literarum homo;" literally, "man of three letters"—"FUR," "thief."

<sup>3</sup> *Thief of thieves*)—Ver. 281. "Fur trifurcifer." Strictly speaking, the latter word signifies "thief three times over."

<sup>4</sup> *Very well*)—Ver. 283. Congrio answers "licet," by way of assent to Strobilus, thinking that he is asking him to take the fattest lamb, on which Strobilus gives him the leanest one. Hildyard suggests that Congrio fancies that Strobilus is asking which is the fattest cook, and not the fattest lamb, and accordingly says, "Very well," thereby admitting that he is the fattest of the two. If there is any such wit intended in the passage, it is very recondite.

<sup>5</sup> *Phrygia*)—Ver. 287. "Phrygia" was an appropriate girl for a "tibicina," music-girl, or female player on the flute, as that instrument was originally introduced from Phrygia, or Lydia, which adjoined it. Eleusium would probably

CON. O you crafty Strobilus, have you pushed me off here upon this most miserly old fellow, where if I ask for anything, I may ask even to hoarseness before anything's found me?

STRO. 'Tis very foolish, and 'tis thanklessly done, to do a service to you, when what you do goes for nothing.

CON. But how so? STRO. Do you ask? In the first place then, there will be no confusion for you there in the house; if you want anything to use, bring it from your own home, don't lose your trouble in asking *for it*. But here, at our house, there's great confusion, and a *large* establishment—furniture, gold, garments, silver vessels. If anything's lost here (as I know that you can easily<sup>1</sup> keep hands off—if nothing's in your way), they may say, "The cooks have stolen it; seize them, bind them, beat them, thrust them in the dungeon"<sup>2</sup>. Nothing of that sort will happen to you, inasmuch as there will be nothing for you to steal. Follow me this way.

CON. I follow.

STRO. (*knocking at the door of EUCLIO's house*). Ho, there! Staphyla, come out and open the door.

STAPH. (*from within*). Who calls *there*? STRO. Strobilus.

SCENE II.—*Enter STAPHYLA.*

STAPH. What do you want? STRO. For you to take in these cooks, and *this* music-girl, and *these* provisions for the wedding. Megadorus bade me take *these* things to Euclio.

STAPH. Are you about to make this wedding, Strobilus, in honor of Ceres<sup>3</sup>?

derive her name from Eleusis in Attica, where the mysteries of Ceres were celebrated. Players on the "tibiae" were much in request on festive occasions, especially at weddings, as in the present instance. The "tubicinae" were probably hired in the market-place, the same way as the cooks.

<sup>1</sup> *You can easily*)—Ver. 299. "Facile," "easily," seems a preferable reading to "facere." If the latter reading is adopted, there are three consecutive verbs in the infinitive mood, which, even in the (occasionally) uncouth language of Plautus, sounds very uneuphoniously, "Facere abstinere posse."

<sup>2</sup> *In the dungeon*)—Ver. 301. "Puteus" here signifies the black hole or dungeon underground (called also "ergastulum"), where the refractory slaves were put in confinement.

<sup>3</sup> *In honor of Ceres*)—Ver. 309. The old woman probably alludes to the Thesmophoria, where abstinence from wine was especially practised, and which were celebrated in a state of fasting and purification. Her question here tends to confirm the suspicion that she was more fond of the "merum" than the "mixtum," reference to which has already been made.



STRO. Why? STAPH. Because I don't see any wine brought.

STRO. Why, *that* will be brought just now, when he himself comes back from the market.

STAPH. There's no firewood here in our house.

CON. There are the beams. STAPH. I' faith, there are.

CON. There is wood, then; don't you be seeking it out of doors.

STAPH. What, you unpurified *fellow*<sup>1</sup>, although your business is with the fire, for the sake of a dinner, or of your own hire, do you request us to set our house on fire?

CON. I don't ask you. STRO. Take them in-doors.

STAPH. Follow me. (*They follow her in-doors, and STROBILUS goes with the others into the house of MEGADORUS.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter PYTHODICUS, from the house of MEGADORUS.*

PYTH. Mind you your business; I'll step in and see what the cooks are doing, to observe whom, i' faith, to-day it is a most laborious task. Unless I manage this one thing, for them to cook the dinner *down* in the dungeon<sup>2</sup>; thence, when cooked, we might bring it up again in small baskets. But if they should eat below<sup>3</sup> whatever they should cook, those above would go without their dinner, and those below have dined: But here am I chattering, as though I had no business, when there's such a pack of thieves in the house. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter EUCLIO, with some chaplets of flowers in his hand.*

EUC. I wished at length to screw up my courage to-day, so as to enjoy myself at the wedding of my daughter. I come to the market, I enquire about fish; they tell me that it is dear, that lamb is dear, beef is dear, veal, large fish<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *You unpurified fellow*)—Ver. 313. "Impurate." "You that are unpurified, in spite of your everlastingly stewing over the fire." She alludes, figuratively, to the process of smelting and purifying metals by the action of fire.

<sup>2</sup> *In the dungeon*)—Ver. 319. By the use of the word "puteus" he may possibly mean the black hole or dungeon alluded to in l. 301, whence there was no means of egress but by being drawn up. He means to say that such a place will be the only one for preventing the cooks from thieving whatever comes in their way. The thievish propensities of the hired cooks are also referred to in the *Pseudolus*.

<sup>3</sup> *Should eat below*)—Ver. 321. He reflects that if they are put in the "puteus" to prevent their thieving, they may possibly revenge themselves by eating up the victuals as fast as they cook it.

<sup>4</sup> *Large fish*)—Ver. 329. "Cetus" or "cete" properly signifies fish of the



and pork, all of them are dear. And for this reason were they still dearer; I hadn't the money. I came away thence in a rage, since I had nothing wherewithal to make a purchase; and thus did I baulk<sup>1</sup> all those rascals. Then I began to think with myself upon the road, "If you are guilty of any extravagance on a festive day, you may be wanting on a common day, unless you are saving." After I disclosed this reasoning to my heart and appetite, my mind came over to my opinion, that I ought to give my daughter in marriage at as little expense as possible. Now I've bought a bit of frankincense, and these chaplets of flowers; these shall be placed upon the hearth for our household God, that he may grant a propitious marriage to my daughter. But what do I——? Do I behold my house open? There's a noise, too, within; is it that I'm robbed, wretch that I am?

CON. (*speaking within the house*). Seek of the neighbours a bigger pot<sup>2</sup> if you can; this one's *too* little, it can't hold it.

EUC. Woe to me! By my faith, I'm a dead man; the gold's being carried off—my pot's being looked for. I am certainly murdered, unless I make haste to run with all haste indoors here! Apollo, prithee do assist and help me, whom thou hast already, before this, helped in such circumstances. Pierce with thine arrows the plunderers of my treasures. But am I delaying to run, before I perish outright. (*He runs into his house.*)

SCENE V.—*Enter ANTHRAX, from the house of MEGADORUS.*

ANTH. (*speaking to some within*). Dromo, do you scale the fish. Do you, Machærio, have the conger *and* the lamprey boned. I'm going to ask the loan of a baking-pan of

whale or dolphin kind; it perhaps means here simply the larger and coarser fish in use among the Romans, like plaice or codfish with us. He probably would not ask the price of "pisciculi," or "small fish," as their dearness would terrify him out of his wits.

<sup>1</sup> *Did I baulk*)—Ver. 332. "Manum adire" probably signified "to kiss the hand" to a person when expecting something more than that, and thereby "to make a fool of him." He asked the prices of all the commodities, and probably chaffered about them, then kissed his hand to the dealers, and left the market without purchasing. Some think it alludes to a feint or baulk made in wrestling.

<sup>2</sup> *A bigger pot*)—Ver. 344. Congrio is bawling out within doors for a bigger 'aula,' "pot" or "jar," to be brought for his cooking, on which the old hunch thinks that some thieves have discovered his own dear "aula."

our neighbour Congrio. You, if you are wise, will have that capon more smoothly picked for me than is a plucked play-actor<sup>1</sup>. But what's this clamour that's arising here hard by? By my faith, the cooks, I do believe, are at their usual pranks<sup>2</sup>. I'll run in-doors, lest there may be any disturbance here for me as well. (*Retreats into the house of MEGADORUS.*)

SCENE VI.—*Enter CONGRIO, in haste, from the house of EUCLIO.*

CON. (*roaring out*). Beloved fellow-citizens, fellow-countrymen, inhabitants, neighbours, and all strangers, do make way for me to escape! Make all the streets clear! Never have I at any time, until this day, come to Bacchants<sup>3</sup>, in a Bacchanalian den, to cook; so sadly have they mauled wretched me and my scullions with *their* sticks. I'm aching all over, and am utterly done for; that old fellow has so made a bruising school<sup>4</sup> of me; and in such a fashion has he turned us all out of the house, myself and them, laden with sticks. Nowhere, in all the world, have I ever seen wood dealt out more plentifully. Alackaday! by my faith, to my misery, I'm done for; the Bacchanalian den is opening, *here* he comes. He's following *us*. I know the thing I'll do: that the master himself<sup>5</sup> has taught me.

SCENE VII.—*Enter EUCLIO, from his house, driving the COOKS and the MUSIC-GIRL before him.*

EUC. (*calling out, while CONGRIO and the others are run-*

<sup>1</sup> *A plucked play-actor*)—Ver. 356. The actors, having to perform the parts of women and beardless youths, were obliged to remove superfluous hair from the face, which was effected "vellendo," "by plucking it out," whence the term "volsus."

<sup>2</sup> *At their usual pranks*)—Ver. 358. "Faciunt officium suum." Literally, "are doing their duty." He says this ironically; on hearing the row going on in Euclio's house, he supposes that the cooks are up to their old tricks of thieving and wrangling.

<sup>3</sup> *To Bacchants*)—Ver. 362. The Bacchants, or frantic female worshippers of Bacchus, with their rites, have been alluded to in a Note at the commencement of the Bacchides.

<sup>4</sup> *A bruising school*)—Ver. 364. Literally, "a Gymnasium." The Gymnasium was the place where vigorous exercise was taken; so Congrio means to say that Euclio has been taking exercise in basting his back.

<sup>5</sup> *The master himself*)—Ver. 368. By "magister" he probably means Euclio, whom he styles the master of the Gymnasium, whose duty it was to train the pupils in the various exercises. He says that his master has taught him a trick, namely, how to defend himself, which in the next Scene he threatens to do.

ning off). Come back! Where are you running to, now? Hold you!

CON. Why are you crying out, you stupid?

EUC. Because this instant I shall give your name to the Triumvirs<sup>1</sup>.

CON. Why? EUC. Because you've got a knife.

CON. 'Tis the proper thing for a cook. EUC. Why did you threaten me?

CON. I think that it was badly managed, that I didn't pierce your side *with it*.

EUC. There's not a person that's living this day a greater rascal than you, nor one to whom designedly I would *with greater pleasure* cause a mischief.

CON. I' faith, though<sup>2</sup> you should hold your noise, really that's quite clear; the thing itself is *its own* witness. As it is, I'm *made* softer by far with your sticks than any ballet-dancer. But what right have you to touch us, you beggar-man? What's the matter?

EUC. Do you even ask me? Is it that I've done less than I ought to have done? *Only* let me—— (*Is going to strike him.*)

CON. Now, by my faith, at your great peril, if this head should feel it!

EUC. Troth, I don't know what may happen<sup>3</sup> hereafter; your head feels it just now! But what business, pray, had you in my house, in my absence, unless I had ordered you? I want to know *that*.

<sup>1</sup> *To the Triumvirs*)—Ver. 369. "Trisviros." Though the scene is in Greece he refers to the "Triumviri capitales," who were Roman magistrates. They took cognizance of capital crimes, and they apprehended criminals. In conjunction with the Ædiles, they had to preserve the public peace, to prevent unlawful assemblies, and to enforce the payment of fines due to the state. They had also the care of the public prisons, and to them was entrusted the punishment of criminals. They had authority to inflict summary punishment upon the slaves and the lower orders, though, probably, not upon those who enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens.

<sup>2</sup> *I' faith, though*)—Ver. 375. In Hildyard's edition this and the next line are given to Euclio; but they seem much more likely to belong to Congrio, as we do not find that any person has beat Euclio with sticks, whereas Congrio has already complained of the rough usage he has experienced.

<sup>3</sup> *What may happen*)—Ver. 380. Euclio is laughing at his "ifs," which commence the saving-clause of all cowards. He does not care what Congrio *will* do, but he knows that he *has* already *made* his head to feel it.

CON. Hold your noise, then; because we came to cook for the wedding.

EUCL. Why the plague do you trouble yourself whether I eat *meat* raw or cooked, unless you are my tutor<sup>1</sup>.

CON. I want to know if you will allow or not allow us to cook the dinner here?

EUCL. I, too, want to know whether my property will be safe in my house.

CON. I only wish to carry the things away safe that I brought here! I don't care for yours; should I be coveting your things?

EUCL. I understand; don't teach me; I know.

CON. What is it, on account of which you now hinder us from cooking the dinner here? What have we done? What have we said to you otherwise than you could wish?

EUCL. Do you even ask me, you rascally fellow? You who've been making a thoroughfare of every corner of my house, and the places under lock and key? If you had stopped by the fireside, where it was your business, you wouldn't have had your head broken. It has been done for you deservedly! Therefore that you may now know my determination; if you come nearer to the door here, unless I order you, I'll make you to be the most wretched of creatures. Do you now know my determination? (*He goes into his house.*)

CON. Where are you going? Come you back again! So may Laverna<sup>2</sup> love me well, I'll expose you at once with loud abuse here before the house, if you don't order my utensils to be restored to me! What shall I do now? Verily, by my faith, I came here with unlucky auspices; I was hired for a didrachm<sup>3</sup>; I stand in more need now of a surgeon than of wages.

<sup>1</sup> *You are my tutor*)—Ver. 384. One of the duties of the "pædagogus," or "tutor of boys," would be to see that they did not eat unwholesome food.

<sup>2</sup> *So may Laverna*)—Ver. 399. Laverna was a Goddess worshipped by the thievish fraternity at Rome, as their tutelar Divinity. Horace makes mention of her in his Epistles, B. 1, Ep. 16.

<sup>3</sup> *For a didrachm*)—Ver. 402. "Nummo." It has been remarked, in the Notes to the Pseudolus, that a "nummus," or didrachm, of nearly twenty-pence of our money, was the wages of a good cook for a day's employment. See the Pseudolus, 800—810.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter EUCLIO, from his house, with the pot of money under his cloak.*

EUC. (*to himself, as he enters*). This, by my faith, wherever I shall go, really shall be with me, *and* with myself will I carry it, nor will I ever *again* entrust it to that place, for it to be in such great peril. (*Speaking to CONGRIO and his SCULIONS.*) Now, then, go you all of you in the house, cooks and music-girls; introduce even, if you like, a whole company of hirelings<sup>1</sup>; cook, bustle, *and* hurry now at once just as much as you please.

CON. O dear, I'm a ruined man. EUC. Be off! your labour was hired here, not your talk.

CON. Harkye, old gentleman, for the beating, by my faith, I shall demand of you a recompense. I was hired a while ago to cook, *and* not to be basted.

EUC. Proceed against me at law! Don't be troublesome! Either cook the dinner, or away with you from the house to downright perdition!

CON. Go there yourself then. (*CONGRIO and the COOKS and MUSIC-GIRL go back into the house.*)

SCENE IX.—EUCLIO, *alone*.

EUC. He's gone. Immortal Gods! A poor man, who begins to have dealings or business with an opulent one, commences upon a rash undertaking! Thus, for instance, Megadorus who has pretended that, for the sake of honoring me, he sends these cooks hither, is plaguing unfortunate me in every way; for this reason has he sent them, that they might purloin this (*putting his hand on the pot*) from unfortunate me. Just as I might expect, even my dunghill-cock in-doors, that was bought with the old woman's savings<sup>2</sup>, had well nigh been the ruin of me; where this was buried, he began to scratch there all round about with his claws. What need of *more* words? So exasperated were my feelings, I took a stick, *and* knocked

<sup>1</sup> *Company of hirelings*)—Ver. 406. "Venalium" may mean either "slaves" or "hirelings;" it does not much signify which, as the cooks, in this instance at least, were both. Having secured his money, Euclio does not care if a whole gang of thieves is admitted into his house, as there is nothing for them to steal.

<sup>2</sup> *With the old woman's savings*)—Ver. 420. "Ani peculiaris." Bought out of the "peculium," or "savings," of the old woman.

off the head of the cock—a thief caught in the act. I' faith, I do believe that the cooks had promised a reward to the cock, if he should discover it; I took the opportunity<sup>1</sup> out of their hands, *however*. What need of many words? I had a *regular* battle<sup>2</sup> with the dunghill-cock. But see, my neighbour Megadorus is coming from the Forum. I can't, then, venture to pass by him, but I must stop and speak to him. (*He retires close to his door.*)

SCENE X.—*Enter MEGADORUS, at a distance.*

MEG. (*to himself*). I've communicated to many friends my design about this proposal; they speak in high terms of the daughter of Euclio. They say that it was discreetly done, and with great prudence. But, in my opinion, indeed, if the other richer men were to do the same, so as to take home as their wives, without dower, the daughters of the poorer persons, both the state would become much more united, and we should meet with less ill feeling than we *now* meet with; both, they, *the wives*, would stand in fear of punishment more than they do stand in fear of it, and we *husbands* should be at less expense than we *now* are. In the greater part of the people this is a most just *way of thinking*; in the smaller portion there is an objection among the avaricious, whose avaricious minds and insatiate dispositions there is neither law nor magistrate to be able to put a check upon. But a person may say this; "How are these rich women with portions to marry, if this law is laid down for the poor?" Let them marry whom they please, so long as the dowry isn't their companion. If this were so done, *the women* would acquire for themselves better manners for them to bring, in place of dowry, than they now bring. I'd make mules, which exceed horses in price, to become cheaper than Gallic geldings<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Took the opportunity*)—Ver. 425. "Eximere ex manu manubrium," literally means, "to take the handle out of the hand," and its figurative application is derived from the act of taking a sword out of the hand of a person who is about to use it.

<sup>2</sup> *A regular battle*)—Ver. 426. Hildyard suggests that, in these words, there is probably a reference to some current saying or proverb. If such is the case, the saying so referred to has not come down to us.

<sup>3</sup> *Than Gallic geldings*)—Ver. 449. Mules were much coveted by the haughty games of Rome for the purpose of drawing their carriages. He says that if he had his way, such extravagance should not be encouraged, and mules should not be a bit more valuable than humble Gallic geldings.



EUC. (*aside*). So may the Gods favour me, I listen to him with delight; very shrewdly has he discoursed on the side of economy.

MEG. (*to himself*). No *wife* should then be saying: "Indeed, I brought you a marriage-portion far greater than was your own wealth; why, it really is fair that purple and gold should be found for me, maid-servants, mules, muleteers, *and* lacqueys<sup>1</sup>, pages to carry<sup>2</sup> compliments, vehicles in which I may be carried."

EUC. (*aside*). How thoroughly he does understand the doings of the wives! I wish he were made Prefect of the manners of the women.

MEG. (*to himself*). Now, go where you will, you may see more carriages<sup>3</sup> among the houses than in the country when you go to a farm-house. But this is even light, in comparison with what they ask for their allowance; *there* stands the scourer<sup>4</sup>, the embroiderer, the goldsmith, the woollen-manufacturer, retail dealers in figured skirts<sup>5</sup>, dealers in women's under-clothing<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *And lacqueys*)—Ver. 455. "Pedissequos." The "pedissequi" were a particular class of slaves whose duty it was to follow their master when he went out of doors. They were of the lowest rank in the slave family.

<sup>2</sup> *Pages to carry*)—Ver. 456. The "salutigeruti pueri" were boys whose business it was to run on errands, and carry messages and compliments from one house to another. Hildyard suggests the rather refined translation of "boys to carry visiting-cards."

<sup>3</sup> *More carriages*)—Ver. 459. "Plaustra" generally mean "carts" or "wag-gons," and perhaps, from his reference to the country, may have that signification here; though he has just been speaking of the luxury of the ladies, with their "vehicla," or "carriages."

<sup>4</sup> *The scourer*)—Ver. 462. The "fullo" was a washer and cleaner of linen and woollen clothing with fuller's earth. As woollen dresses were chiefly worn by the Romans, they would, by reason of the perspiration produced by so hot a climate, require frequent purification. As the ancients, probably, were not acquainted with the use of ordinary washing soap, various alkalis were used in its place for the purpose of cleansing garments. It is not known whether the fuller's earth of the Romans resembled that used at the present day.

<sup>5</sup> *Dealers in figured skirts*)—Ver. 463. "Patagiarii." These were persons who sold the "patagium," which was a broad band or hem on the tunics of the women, answering to the "clavus," or "broad stripe," on the clothes of the men. It may possibly have been the same as the "instita," or broad 'bunce, which distinguished the Roman matrons of reputable character.

<sup>6</sup> *Dealers in women's under-clothing*)—Ver. 463. "Indusiarii," "makers" or "sellers" of the "indusium," which is by some thought to have been the upper tunic worn by the Roman women; while others suppose the under tunic, worn next the skin, to have been so called, from "intus," "innermost."

dyers in flame-colour, dyers in violet, dyers in wax-colour<sup>1</sup>, or else sieve-makers<sup>2</sup>, or perfumers<sup>3</sup>; wholesale linendrapers, shoemakers, squatting cobblers, slipper-makers; sandal-makers stand there; stainers in mallow colour stand there; hairdressers<sup>4</sup> make their demands, botchers their demands; boddice-makers<sup>5</sup> stand there; makers of kirtles<sup>6</sup> take their stand. Now you would think them got rid of; *these* make way, others make their demands; three hundred duns<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dyers in wax-colour*)—Ver. 464. “Carinari.” Ovid, in the Art of Love, B. 3, l. 184, has the line, “Sua velleribus nomina cera dedit.” “The wax has given its own name to the wool.” The yellow colour resembling that of wax was much esteemed by the Romans.

<sup>2</sup> *Sleeve-makers*)—Ver. 465. “Manulearii,” “makers of the manulea.” This was a long sleeve fitted on to the tunics of the Roman ladies, and was probably made to take on and off, for the purpose of keeping the arms and hands warm.

<sup>3</sup> *Perfumers*)—Ver. 465. “Murobrecharii.” One reading here is “murrobratharii,” “persons who give an agreeable smell to women’s shoes, by scenting them with myrrh.” “Murobrecharii,” which is adopted above, means “perfumers,” or “persons who scented the clothes,” from the Greek *μυρόν*, “ointment,” and *βρέχω*, “to moisten.” Myrrh or nard was much used for this purpose. The unguents or ointments used by the ancients were very numerous. Among those used for the skin or the hair were “mendesium,” “megalesium,” “metopium,” “amaracinum,” “Cyprinum,” “susinum,” “nardinum,” “spicatum,” “jasminum,” “rosaceum,” and crocus oil, which last was considered the most costly. Powders were also used as perfumes; they were called “diapasmata.” The Greeks used expensive perfumes from early times, and both Greeks and Romans were in the habit of carrying them about in small boxes of elegant workmanship. In the luxurious city of Capua, there was one great street, called the “Seplasia,” which consisted entirely of shops in which ointments and perfumes were sold.

<sup>4</sup> *Hairdressers*)—Ver. 469. “Ciniflones.” The “ciniflones” were those persons whose duty it was to heat the “calamistrum,” or “curling-iron,” in wood-ashes (cinis), from which they took their name. In the time of Cicero, the youths of Rome generally had their hair curled, whence they were termed “calamistrati.”

<sup>5</sup> *Boddice-makers*)—Ver. 471. “Stropharii.” These were makers of the band or stomacher which was worn by the women, to correct excessive protuberance of the breast and stomach.

<sup>6</sup> *Makers of kirtles*)—Ver. 470 “Semizonarii.” These were makers or sellers of “semicinctia,” which were little “aprons” or “kirtles” extending half way down the body.

<sup>7</sup> *Three hundred duns*)—Ver. 472. “Phylacistæ,” from the Greek *φυλακιστης*, “a keeper of a prison.” He calls “duns” or importunate creditors by this name, from their keeping as close a watch on the front of a debtor’s house as if they were gaolers.

are standing in your hall; weavers, lace-makers<sup>1</sup>, cabinet-makers<sup>2</sup>, are introduced; the money's paid *them*. You would think them got rid of by this; when dyers in saffron-colours come sneaking along; or else there's always some horrid plague or other which is demanding something.

EUC. (*aside*). I would accost him, if I didn't fear that he would cease to descant upon the ways of women; for the present I'll leave him as he is.

MEG. When the money has been paid to all the nicknack-mongers, for these saffron-coloured garments *and* stomachers, your wife's expenses, then at the last comes the tax-gatherer<sup>3</sup> *and* asks for money. You go, your account is being made up with your banker<sup>4</sup>; the tax-gatherer waits, half-starved, *and* thinks the money will be paid. When the account has been made up with the banker, even already is *the husband* himself in debt to the banker, *and* the hopes of the tax-gatherer are postponed to another day. These, and many others, are the inconveniences and intolerable expenses of great portions; but she who is without portion is in the power of her husband; the portioned ones overwhelm their husbands with loss and ruin. But see; here's my connexion by marriage before the house! How do you do, Euclio?

EUC. With very great pleasure have I listened to your discourse.

MEG. Did you hear me? EUC. Everything from the very beginning.

MEG. (*eyeing him from head to foot*). Still, in my way of thinking indeed, you would be acting a little more becomingly if you were more tidy at the wedding of your daughter.

EUC. Those who have display according to their circum-

<sup>1</sup> *Lace-makers*)—Ver. 473. "Limbuarii." The makers of "limbus," "lace" or "fringes" for women's dresses.

<sup>2</sup> *Cabinet-makers*)—Ver. 473. "Arcularii," makers of "arculæ," "caskets" or "cabinets" for jewels and nicknacks.

<sup>3</sup> *The tax-gatherer*)—Ver. 481. "Miles." Literally, "the soldier." This is explained as meaning that the soldier comes to receive the military tribute levied by the Tribunes, which was called "æ� militare." The word may, however, possibly mean simply the officer of the magistrate by whom the tribute was levied, as "miles" has sometimes, though very rarely, that signification.

<sup>4</sup> *With your banker*)—Ver. 482. The "argentarii" acted as bankers of deposit upon whom the depositors drew checks as with us.

stances and splendour according to their means<sup>1</sup>, remember themselves, from whence they are sprung; neither by myself, Megadorus, nor by any poor man, are better circumstances enjoyed than appearances warrant.

MEG. Surely they are; and may the Gods, I hope, make them so to be, and more and more may they prosper that which you now possess.

EUC. (*aside*). That expression don't please me, "which you now possess." He knows that I've got this, as well as I do myself: the old woman has discovered it *to him*.

MEG. Why do you separate yourself *thus* alone, apart from the Senate<sup>2</sup>?

EUC. Troth, I was considering whether I should accuse you deservedly.

MEG. What's the matter? EUC. Do you ask me what's the matter? You who have filled every corner in my house, for wretched me, with thieves? You who have introduced into my dwelling five hundred cooks, with six hands *a-piece*, of the race of Geryon<sup>3</sup>, whom were Argus to watch, who was eyes all over, that Juno once set as a spy upon Jupiter, he never could watch them; a music-girl besides, who could alone drink up for me the Corinthian fountain of Pirene<sup>4</sup>, if it were flowing with wine? And then as to provisions——

MEG. Troth, there's enough for a procurer<sup>5</sup> even. I sent as much as a lamb.

<sup>1</sup> *According to their means*)—Ver. 496. Shakspeare expresses the same idea in Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 3:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy.

<sup>2</sup> *Apart from the Senate*)—Ver. 504. As the Senate consults about the common interests, so are they discussing their common sentiments. Megadorus therefore, on hearing him talking to himself, asks him why he is withdrawing himself from the discussions of the Senate.

<sup>3</sup> *Of the race of Geryon*)—Ver. 509. Geryon was a King of Spain, slain by Hercules. He was fabled to have had three heads and three bodies, consequently six hands.

<sup>4</sup> *Fountain of Pirene*)—Ver. 514. Pirene, the daughter of Achelœus, on Conchreas her son by Neptune being slain by Diana, pined away, and was changed into a fountain, which was in the Arx Corinthiacus, or Citadel of Corinth, and retained her name.

<sup>5</sup> *For a procurer*)—Ver. 515. Who might be presumed to have a voracious and ungovernable appetite, and probably a large household to satisfy. Some editions, however, have "legioni," which would almost appear to be a preferable reading: almost enough for a whole legion."

EUC. Than which lamb, I, indeed, know right well that there is nowhere a more curious<sup>1</sup> beast existing.

MEG. I wish to know of you why is this lamb curious?

EUC. Because it's all skin and bone, so lean is it with care; why, even when alive, by the light of the sun you may look at its entrails; it's just as transparent as a Punic lantern<sup>2</sup>.

MEG. I bought it to be killed.

EUC. Then it's best that you likewise should bargain for<sup>3</sup> it to be carried out for burial; for I believe it's dead by this time.

MEG. Euclio, I wish this day to have a drinking with you.

EUC. By my troth, I really must not drink.

MEG. But I'll order one cask of old wine to be brought from my house.

EUC. I' faith, I won't have it; for I've determined to drink water.

MEG. I'll have you well drenched this day, if I live, you who have determined to drink water.

EUC. (*aside*). I know what plan he's upon; he's aiming at this method, to overcome me with wine, *and* after that, to change the settlement<sup>4</sup> of what I possess: I'll take care of

<sup>1</sup> *A more curious*)—Ver. 517. "Magis curiosam." It is suggested in Schmieder's Notes to Plautus, that Euclio intends to call the lamb "inquisitive" or "curious," "curiosam," because he had found it, when he entered his house to drive out Congrio and his scullions, scraping and smelling about in every direction, as in a strange place it was natural for it to do, but which the old man thought to be done in quest of his treasure. On this, Megadorus, who has not heard, or else has misunderstood, the last syllable for "nem," instead of "sam," asks him what sort of a lamb a "curio" (the nominative of "curionem") lamb is; on which Euclio catches him up, and says he calls a "curio" lamb such a one as he has sent him, all skin and bone, and lean with "cura," "care." "Curionem" is by many preferred as the reading in the 517th line to "curiosam," and perhaps it is the best. Be it as it may, the wit seems far-fetched; and not improbably the word "curio" may have had some meaning which is now lost, other than its usual signification of the master or head of a "curia," or "ward."

<sup>2</sup> *A Punic lantern*)—Ver. 521. The horn exported from Carthage, for the purpose of making lanterns, was more pellucid than any other.

<sup>3</sup> *Should bargain for*)—Ver. 523. "Loces." "Should hire" the "conductores, or "libitinarii," who contracted to perform funerals. He seems to hint that the lamb is so meagre that it is not worth eating. If that is not his meaning, the wit intended to be conveyed by the passage is imperceptible.

<sup>4</sup> *Change the settlement*)—Ver. 531. "Conmutet coloniam." Literally "ma-  
change its colony."



that, for I'll hide it somewhere out of doors. I'll make him lose his wine and his trouble together.

MEG. Unless you want me for anything, I'm going to bathe, that I may sacrifice. (*He goes into his house.*)

EUC. By my faith, *you* pot (*taking it from under his cloak*), you surely have many enemies, and that gold as well which is entrusted to you! Now this is the best thing to be done by me, to take you away, *my* pot, to the Temple of Faith<sup>1</sup>, where I'll hide you carefully. Faith, thou dost know me, and I thee; please, do have a care not to change thy name against me, if I entrust this *to thee*. Faith, I'll come to thee, relying on thy fidelity. (*He goes into the Temple of Faith.*)

# ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Enter STROBILUS*<sup>2</sup>.

STRO. This is the duty of a good servant, to do what I'm intending, not to consider the commands of his master a bore or trouble to him. For that servant who resolves to serve his master with hearty goodwill, him it behoves to act expeditiously for his master, slowly for himself; but if he sleeps, let him so sleep as to bethink himself that he is a servant. But he who lives in servitude to one in love, as I am serving, if he sees love overcoming his master, this I think to be the duty of the servant; to restrain him for his safety, not to impel him onwards towards his own inclina-

<sup>1</sup> *Temple of Faith*)—Ver. 538. "Fides," "Faith," was a Goddess worshipped by the Romans. Probably, in the present instance, her Temple was represented at one side of the stage, and the door just beyond the side-scene.

<sup>2</sup> *Strobilus*) It is a curious fact that all of the editions make this to be a different person from the Strobilus, the servant of Megadorus, whom we have already seen hiring Congrio, Anthrax, and the "tibicinae." In the "*dramatis personae*" they style this one, Strobilus, "the servant of Lyconides," and the other Strobilus, in some instances, as "the servant of Megadorus," and in others (evidently by mistake) as "the servant of Euclio." On examination we shall find there is no ground for this. Eunomia (most probably a widow) is living, together with her son Lyconides, in the house of her brother Megadorus. This is clear from what Lyconides says in l. 684, where, speaking of the house of his uncle, he calls it "*ædes nostras*," "our house," which he would not have said had he not been residing there. By the indulgence of his uncle, who has no children, we may presume that Strobilus has been permitted to consider him as "his young master." After hiring the cooks, he has communicated the bad news to Lyconides, who tells him to keep a good look-out, and inform him of any chance that may possibly happen for breaking off the marriage.



tion. Just as a float of bulrushes is placed beneath boys who are learning to swim, by means of which they may labour less, so as to swim more easily and move their hands ; in the same way do I consider that it is proper for the servant to be a buoy to his master *thus* in love, so as to bear him up lest he should go to the bottom ; and so \*  
 \* \* \* should he learn the will of his master, that his eyes should know what his mouth chooses not to speak. What he orders, he should hasten to perform more swiftly than the swift steeds. He who shall have a care for these things, will escape the castigation of the ox's hide, nor by his own means will he ever bring the fetters to brightness. Now, my master's in love with the daughter of this poor man, Euclio ; word has just now been brought to my master that she is given to Megadorus here : he has sent me here to spy out, that he may be made acquainted with the things that are going on. Now, without any suspicion, I'll sit here by the sacred altar<sup>1</sup>. From this spot I shall be able, in this direction and that, to witness what they are about. (*He sits by the altar, and on seeing EUCLIO, hides behind it.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter EUCLIO, from the Temple.*

EUC. O Goddess Faith, do thou but take care not to discover to any person that my gold is there. I have no fear that any one will find it, so well is it concealed in its hiding-place. By my troth, he will surely have a charming booty there, if any one shall meet with that pot loaded with gold. But I entreat thee, Faith, to hinder that. Now I shall go wash me, that I may perform the sacrifice ; so that I may not delay my *new* connexion by marriage, but that, when he sends to me, he may forthwith take my daughter home. Over and over again now, Goddess Faith, do thou take care that I shall carry away the pot safe from thy Temple. To thy fidelity<sup>2</sup> have I entrusted the gold ; in thy grove and Temple is it placed. (*Goes into his house.*)

<sup>1</sup> *By the sacred altar*)—Ver. 560. The Athenians often raised altars to Apollo or Bacchus at their doors. The Romans also had altars in their public streets. On the stage of Comedy there was generally an altar erected in honor of Apollo, *προστατηριὸς*, "that presides."

<sup>2</sup> *To thy fidelity*)—Ver. 569 "Tuæ fidei." He plays upon the word "fides," and flatters himself that his treasure cannot be more secure than when entrusted "to the faith of Faith."

STRO. (*coming from behind the altar*). Immortal Gods, what a deed did I hear this person speaking of, how that he had hidden here, in the Temple of Faith, a pot filled with gold; prithee, beware you, how you are more faithful to him than to myself! And he, as I fancy, is the father of her whom my master's in love with. I'll go hence into it; I'll thoroughly ransack the Temple, to see if I can anywhere find the gold, while he's engaged. But if I do find it, O *Goddess* Faith, I'll offer to thee a gallon jug<sup>1</sup> full of honeyed wine, that I'll surely offer to thee; but I'll drink it up myself, when I have offered it. (*Retreats behind the altar.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter EUCLIO, from his house.*

EUC. (*to himself*). It wasn't for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand<sup>2</sup>; he was both scratching the ground with his feet and croaking with his voice. At once my heart began to jump about<sup>3</sup>, and to leap within my breast. But *why* do I delay to run? (*He discovers STROBILUS, and drags him from behind the altar.*) Out, out, you earthworm<sup>4</sup>, who have this instant crept out of the earth; who just now were nowhere seen, *and* now that you are seen shall die *for it*. By my faith, you juggler, I'll receive you now after a disagreeable fashion. (*Begins to shake and beat him.*)

STRO. What the curst plague does ail you? What business have you with me, old fellow? Why do you torment me? Why are you dragging me? For what reason are you beating me?

<sup>1</sup> *A gallon jug*)—Ver. 576. "Congialem." Literally, "holding a congius." This contained about nine pints of English measure. By the use of the word "fidelia," "a jug," he plays on its resemblance to the name of "Fides."

<sup>2</sup> *On my left hand*)—Ver. 578. We cannot fail to remember here the exactly similar expression of Gay, in the fable of the Farmer's Wife and the Raven:

That raven on yon left-hand oak  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)  
Bodes me no good.

<sup>3</sup> *Began to jump about*)—Ver. 580. "Ars ludicra" here means "the art of a 'ludius,' or stage-player," who moves to and fro and gesticulates—hence "cor cœpit artem facere ludicram" would strictly mean "my heart begins to move to and fro like a play-actor."

<sup>4</sup> *Earthworm*)—Ver. 582. He thinks, that in the short space of time during which he has been absent in the Temple, he can only have sprung out of the earth, as he had not seen him a few minutes before; and taking him to be a sort of 'præstigiator,' or "juggler," he fancies that he has followed him into the Temple, and purloined the treasure.

EUC. You out-and-out whipping-post, do you even ask that, you, not thief, but thrice-dotted thief.

STRO. What have I stolen from you?

EUC. Give me that back here, if you please.

STRO. What do you want me to give you back?

EUC. Do you ask me that? STRO. As for me, I've taken nothing away from you.

EUC. But give up that which you have taken away for yourself. Are you going to do so?

STRO. Do what? EUC. You can't carry it off.

STRO. What do you want? EUC. Lay it down.

STRO. Troth, for my part, I think that you are in the habit<sup>1</sup> of quizzing, old gentleman.

EUC. Put that down, please; cease your quibbling; I'm not trifling now.

STRO. What am I to put down? Why don't you mention it, whatever it is, by its own name? By my faith, I really have neither taken nor touched anything.

EUC. Show me your hands, here. STRO. Well, I do show them; see, here they are. (*Holding out his hands.*)

EUC. I see them. Come, show me the third<sup>2</sup>, as well.

STRO. (*aside*). Sprites, and frenzy, and madness, possess this old fellow. Are you doing me an injustice, or not?

EUC. A very great one, I confess, inasmuch as you are

<sup>1</sup> *In the habit*—Ver. 591. The real meaning of the author in this line is so indelicate, that it requires another turn to be given to the passage.

<sup>2</sup> *Show me the third*—Ver. 595. This passage has been considered as extravagant; but it really does not appear inconsistent with the ridiculous conduct of the wretched Euclio throughout. Thornton supposes that the following passage in the old play of Albumazar, Act III., Sc. 8 (where *Trinculo* questions *Ronca* about the purse, which the latter has stolen from him), is an imitation of this passage:

*Trin.* Show me your hand.

*Ron.* Here 'tis.

*Trin.* But where's the other?

*Ron.* Why, here.

*Trin.* But I mean, where's your other hand?

*Ron.* Think you me the giant with an hundred hands?

*Trin.* Give me your right.

*Ron.* My right?

*Trin.* Your left.

*Ron.* My left?

*Trin.* Now both.

*Ron.* There's both, my dear Antonio.

not strung up; and that too shall be done this moment, unless you do confess.

STRO. What am I to confess to you? EUC. What it was you took away hence.

STRO. May the Gods confound me, if I've taken away anything of yours, (*aside*) and if I don't wish I had taken it away.

EUC. Come then, shake out your cloak.

STRO. At your pleasure. (*Shakes it.*)

EUC. You haven't it among your under-clothing?

STRO. Search where you please. EUC. Pshaw! how civilly the rascal *speaks*, that I mayn't suppose he has taken it away! I know your tricks. Come, show me here again *that* right hand.

STRO. Here it is. (*Extending it.*) EUC. Now show me your left.

STRO. Well, then, I show you both, in fact. (*Extending them.*)

EUC. Now I leave off searching. Give back that here.

STRO. Give back what? EUC. Are you trifling with me? You certainly have got it.

STRO. I, got it? Got what? EUC. I shan't say; you want to hear. Whatever you have of mine, give it back.

STRO. You are mad; you've searched me all over at your own pleasure, and yet you've found nothing of yours in my possession.

EUC. (*starting*). Stop, stop; who was that? Who was the other<sup>1</sup> that was within here, together with yourself? Troth, I'm undone; he's now rummaging about within. If I let this one go, he'll escape. At last, I've now searched this one all over; he has got nothing. Be off where you please; Jupiter and the Gods confound you!

STRO. He returns his thanks not amiss<sup>2</sup>.

EUC. I'll go in here now, and I'll at once throttle this accomplice of yours. Will you not fly hence from my sight? Will you away from here, or no?

<sup>1</sup> *Who was the other*)—Ver. 609. This suspicion in Euclio is very natural; and he asks the question very artfully, for the purpose of catching a confession from him by inadvertence.

<sup>2</sup> *Thanks not amiss*)—Ver. 612. He says this sarcastically. If he gets such thanks when he has not stolen the treasure, what would he have got supposing that he had?

STRO. I'm off. EUC. Take you care, please, how I see you.  
(*He goes into the Temple.*)

SCENE IV.—STROBILUS, *alone.*

STRO. I would rather that I were dead outright, by a shocking death, than not lay an ambush this day for that old fellow. But he'll not venture now to hide his gold here; he'll now be carrying it with him, I guess, and be changing the spot. But hark! there's a noise at the door. (*Looking in the direction of the Temple.*) See, the old fellow's bringing out the gold with him! Meanwhile, I'll step aside here to the door. (*Conceals himself near the door.*)

SCENE V.—*Enter EUCLIO, from the Temple, with the pot of money.*

EUC. (*to himself*). I had thought that there was the very greatest dependence upon Faith; very nearly had she played me a pretty trick<sup>1</sup>. If the raven hadn't come to my assistance, to my sorrow I should have been undone. Troth, I very much wish that raven would come to me which gave me the warning, that I might say something kind to him; for I would as soon give<sup>2</sup> him something to eat as lose it. Now I'm thinking of a lonely spot where I shall hide this. The grove of Sylvanus, outside of the wall, is unfrequented, and planted with many a willow; there will I choose a spot. I'm determined to trust Sylvanus<sup>3</sup>, rather than Faith. (*Exit.*)

STRO. (*re-appearing from his hiding-place*). Capital! capital! the Gods will me to be safe and preserved! Now will I run before to that place, and climb up into some tree, and thence will I watch where the old fellow hides the gold. Although my master bade me remain here, I'm resolved rather to risk a mishap along with emolument. (*Exit.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Played me a pretty trick*)—Ver. 623. "Sublevit os." "Sublinere os" means "to paint the face secretly," in allusion to the practical joke of so doing when a person is asleep, and thereby making a fool of him.

<sup>2</sup> *Would as soon give*)—Ver. 626. That is, "not at all." He says "thank you" to the raven, but he would be as likely to give it a scrap of victuals as to throw it away, which was quite repugnant to his "jus et norma vivendi," his mode of life.

<sup>3</sup> *Sylvanus*)—Ver. 630. Sylvanus was the tutelary Divinity of the woodland fields, and cattle. Pigs were usually offered in sacrifice to him.

SCENE VI.—*Enter LYCONIDES and EUNOMIA, from the house of MEGADORUS.*

LYC. I've told you *all*, mother; as well as I do myself, you understand all about the daughter of Euclio. Now, I do entreat you, my mother, make mention of it to my uncle, and I *now* unask of you, mother, that which before I entreated of you, *to conceal this from Megadorus.*

EUN. You know, yourself, that what you desire to be done, I desire, and I trust that I shall obtain *this* of my brother; and the reason is good, if 'tis so as you say, that in a drunken fit you debauched this damsel.

LYC. Could I, my mother, tell a falsehood in your presence? (*PHÆDRA cries out in labour, in EUCLIO's house.*) I die, my nurse; my pangs are coming on! I entreat thee for thy protection, Juno Lucina<sup>1</sup>!

LYC. Ah! my mother, I see a more convincing proof for you; she's crying aloud—she's in the pangs of labour.

EUN. Come in-doors here, with me, my son, to my brother, that I may obtain a grant from him of that which you beg of me.

LYC. Go; I'll follow you this instant, mother. (*EUNOMIA goes into the house.*) But my servant, Strobilus, I wonder where he is, whom I ordered to wait here for me. Now I reflect with myself, if he's lending me his assistance, it isn't fair that I should be angry with him. I'll go in-doors, where they are sitting in judgment<sup>2</sup> upon my life. (*Goes into the house of MEGADORUS.*)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter STROBILUS, with the pot of money.*

STRO. I, by myself, exceed the riches of the Griffins<sup>3</sup>, who

<sup>1</sup> *Juno Lucina*)—Ver. 646. Juno Lucina was the Goddess who presided over childbirth. Some suppose that the Goddess Diana was called by that name; but (although Diana was also addressed by parturient females) it is more likely that Juno was addressed under the title. A similar circumstance to this takes place in the Andria and the Adelphi of Terence.

<sup>2</sup> *They are sitting in judgment*)—Ver. 654. "Ubi de capite meo sunt Comititia." Literally, "where, then, are the Comititia about my life." Trials were held before the "Comitia centuriata," or assemblies of the people, at Rome, to which reference is here made. He alludes to the discussion between Eunomia and Megadorus, on the marriage of the latter with Phædra.

<sup>3</sup> *Riches of the Griffins*)—Ver. 655. *Pici*. "*Picis*" would be a better reading here, and ought to be adopted, unless we agree with some of the Commentators, who



inhabit the golden mountains. For I'm unwilling to make mention of those other kings, beggarly fellows—I am the king Philip. O charming day! for when I went from here, just now, I arrived there much the first, and, long before, I placed myself in a tree, and thence observed where the old fellow hid the gold. When he departed thence, I let myself down from the tree, *and* dug up the pot full of gold. Thence, from that spot, I saw the old fellow betaking himself back again; he didn't see me, for I turned a little on one side, out of the path. Heyday! here he comes himself. I'll go and hide this away, at home. (*Goes into the house of MEGADORUS.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter EUCLIO, tearing his hair and wringing his hands.*

EUC. I'm ruined! I'm done for! I'm murdered! Whither shall I run? Whither not run? Stop *him*—stop *him*. Whom? who? I don't know. I see nothing! I'm going blindfold; and, in fact, whither I am going, or where I am, or who I am, I can't in my mind find out for certain. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) I beseech you, give me your aid (I beg *and* entreat of you), and point me out the person that has taken it away. What's the matter? Why do you laugh? I'm acquainted with you all; I know that there are many thieves here, who conceal themselves with *white* clothes and chalk<sup>1</sup>, and sit as though they were honest! (*To one of the SPECTATORS.*) What say you? You I'm resolved to believe; for I perceive, even by your looks, that you are honest. Well then, none of these has got it? You've been the death of me! Tell me, then, who has got it? You don't know? Oh, wretched, wretched me! I'm done for! wofully undone! In most sorry plight I go; so much groaning, and misfortune, and sorrow, has this day brought upon me,

think that Strobilus begins a sentence, and then, in the exuberance of his joy, breaks out into an expression of a different construction from that originally intended. It may, however, possibly be, as Hildyard suggests, the “*nominativus pendens*,” which is not unfrequently used by Plautus. The *Pici* here alluded to were Griffins, or fabulous monsters, who were said to watch the treasures of the Arimaspi, a people of the north of Scythia, mentioned by Herodotus, who were said to possess mountains of gold; in which story, no doubt, the Uralian mountains were alluded to.

<sup>1</sup> *White clothes and chalk*)—Ver. 673. The Romans were much in the habit of having their woollen “*togæ*” made extremely white by chalk, pipeclay, and the fuller's art. He alludes to white garments covering bad manners, much as in Scripture whited sepulchres are mentioned as being full of uncleanness.

hunger and poverty, *too*. I'm the most utterly ruined of all men upon the earth! For what need of life have I, who have lost so much gold that I *so* carefully watched? I pinched myself, and my inclinations, and my *very* heart<sup>1</sup>! Now others are rejoicing at this, my loss and my misfortune! I cannot endure it. (*He runs about, crying and stamping.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* LYCONIDES, *from the house of* MEGADORUS.

LYC. What person, I wonder, is this before our house lamenting, and that utters complaints with his moaning? Why, surely, this is Euclio, as I imagine. I'm utterly undone! The thing's all out; he knows now, as I suppose, that his daughter is brought to bed. I'm in a state of uncertainty now what I shall do, whether go or remain, accost him or fly.

EUC. What person is it that speaks there?

LYC. 'Tis I, wretch that I am.

EUC. Yes, and so am I, and wretchedly ruined, whose lot is misfortune so great and sorrow.

LYC. Be of good courage. EUC. How, prithee, can I be so?

LYC. Because that deed which is afflicting your mind, I did it, and I confess it.

EUC. What is it I hear from you?

LYC. That which is the truth. EUC. What evil, young man, have I deserved, by reason of which you should do thus, and go to ruin both me and my children?

LYC. A Divinity was my prompter; he prompted me *to do it*<sup>2</sup>.

EUC. How? LYC. I confess that I have done wrong, and I know that I deserve censure; for that reason I'm come to beseech you, that, with feelings assuaged, you will pardon me.

EUC. Why did you dare do *so*, to touch that which was not your own?

<sup>1</sup> *And my very heart*)—Ver. 682. "Geniumque meum." Literally, "and my Genius," i. e. "my social disposition" or "capacity for enjoyment."

<sup>2</sup> *Prompted me to do it*)—Ver. 694. "Ad illam illexit." Literally, "enticed me to her." The humour of the whole scene turns upon Euclio and Lyconides mistaking the meaning of each other—the former thinking that the latter is speaking about the "aula," or "pot," while the latter fancies that Euclio is lamenting the mishap of his daughter. In the Latin language, the word "aula" is of the feminine gender, by reason of which the misunderstanding is much more natural than it would be in the English language. In consequence, some little latitude in the translation is absolutely necessary to sustain the equivocal of the original.

LYC. What do you wish to be done? The thing has been done; it can't be undone. I believe that the Gods willed it, for if they hadn't willed it, I know it wouldn't have happened.

EUC. But I believe that the Gods have willed that I should be the death of you in fetters.

LYC. Don't say that! EUC. What business then have you to touch what is my own against my will?

LYC. Because I did it under the evil influence of wine and love.

EUC. Most audacious man, that you should dare to come here to me with that speech, you impudent *fellow*! For if this is lawful, so that you may be able to excuse it—let us openly, in broad daylight, plunder their golden trinkets from ladies—after that, if we are caught, let us excuse ourselves, that we did it when intoxicated, by reason of being in love. Too cheap are wine and love, if one in liquor and in love is allowed to do with impunity whatever he pleases.

LYC. But I come to you of my own accord to supplicate you on account of my folly.

EUC. Persons don't please me, who, when they've done wrong, excuse themselves. You knew that you had no right there; you oughtn't to have touched<sup>1</sup>.

LYC. Therefore, inasmuch as I did dare to touch, I make no objection to keep by all means.

EUC. You, keep what is my own against my will?

LYC. Against your will, I do not ask; but I think that *that which was yours* ought to be mine<sup>2</sup>. Moreover, Euclio, you'll find, I say, that mine it ought to be.

EUC. Now really, on my word, I'll drag you to the Prætor and take proceedings<sup>3</sup> against you, unless you make restitution.

<sup>1</sup> *You oughtn't to have touched*)—Ver. 711. "Tu illam scibas non tuam esse: non attactam oportuit." This literally, speaking of the pot (aula) as of the feminine gender, would mean "you knew that she was not your own; it was not fitting for her to be touched." This of course helps to confirm Lyconides in the impression that Euclio is speaking of his daughter.

<sup>2</sup> *Ought to be mine*)—Ver. 714. Lyconides here alludes to a law which prevailed at Rome, whereby, when a person had seduced a freeborn female, he was obliged either to marry her himself without a portion, or else to give her such a portion as was suitable to her station. Lyconides means to say that he shall exercise the former right.

<sup>3</sup> *And take proceedings*)—Ver. 716. "Scribam dicam." "Dica" was a name

LYC. Make restitution of what to you?

EUC. What you've stolen of mine.

LYC. I, stolen of yours? Whence, or what is it?

EUC. So shall Jupiter love you, how ignorant you are *about it!*

LYC. Unless, indeed, you tell me what you are enquiring for.

EUC. The pot of gold, I say, I'm asking back of you, which you confessed to me that you had taken away.

LYC. By my faith, I've neither said so, nor have I done it.

EUC. Do you deny it? LYC. Yes, I do utterly deny it; for neither the gold nor *yet* this pot, what it means, do I know or understand.

EUC. Give me up that *pot* which you took away from the wood of Sylvanus. Come, give it me back! I would rather give you the one-half of it. Although you are a thief to me, I'll not be hard upon the thief. Give it me back.

LYC. You are not in your senses, to call me a thief; I thought, Euclio, that you had come to the knowledge of another matter; as concerns myself, it is a great matter which I wish to speak with you upon at your leisure, if you are at leisure.

EUC. Tell me, in good faith, have you not stolen that gold?

LYC. In good *faith*, No. EUC. Nor know who has taken it away?

LYC. In good faith, *No*, to that as well.

EUC. But if you should know who has taken it away, will you discover it to me?

LYC. I will do *so*. EUC. Nor accept of a share from him, whoever he is, for yourself, nor harbour the thief?

LYC. Even so. EUC. What if you deceive me?

LYC. Then may great Jupiter do unto me what he pleases.

EUC. I'm satisfied. Come, then, say what you wish.

LYC. If you know me *but* imperfectly, of what family I'm born: Megadorus here is my uncle; Antimachus was my father; my name is Lyconides; Eunomia is my mother.

*derived from the Greek, for an "indictment," "writ," or "process," by which an action was commenced.*

EUC. I know the family ; now, what do you want ?

LYC. I want to know this. You have a daughter or yours ?

EUC. Why, yes, she's there at home.

LYC. You have, I think, recently betrothed her to my uncle ?

EUC. You have the whole matter. LYC. He has now bade me announce to you his refusal of *her*<sup>1</sup>.

EUC. A refusal, when the things are got ready, and the wedding's prepared ? May all the immortal Gods and Goddesses confound him, so far as is possible, by reason of whom this day, unhappy wretch *that I am*, I have lost so much gold !

LYC. Be of good heart, and speak in kindly terms ; now, a thing—may it turn out well and prosperously to you and your daughter.—May the Gods so grant—say.

EUC. May the Gods so grant. LYC. And for me, too, may the Gods so grant it. Now, then, do you listen. The man that admits a fault is not so much to be despised, if he feels a sense of shame when he excuses himself. Now, Euclio, I do beseech you, that what unawares I have done wrong towards yourself or your daughter, you will grant me pardon for the same, and give her for a wife to me, as the laws demand. I confess that I did violence to your daughter on the festival of Ceres, by reason of wine and the impulse of youth.

EUC. Woe is me ! What shocking deed do I hear of you ?

LYC. Why do you exclaim ? *You* whom I've made to be a grandfather now at the very wedding of your daughter. For your daughter has *just* been brought to bed in the ninth month after—calculate the number<sup>2</sup> ; for that reason, in my behalf, has my uncle sent his refusal. Go in-doors ; enquire whether it is so or not as I say.

EUC. I'm undone utterly ; so very many misfortunes unite themselves for my undoing. I'll go in-doors, that I may know what of this is true. (*He goes into his house.*)

<sup>1</sup> *His refusal of her*)—Ver. 740. "Repudium." The rejection of a person after being betrothed was called "repudium ;" while the putting-away of a married woman by her husband was called "divortium."

<sup>2</sup> *Calculate the number*)—Ver. 755. "Numeram cape." He probably means by this, "calculate the time" since the festival of Ceres, when this misfortune happened.

LYC. I'll follow you this instant. This matter seems now to be pretty nearly in the haven of safety. Now, where to say my servant Strobilus is, I don't know, but yet I'll wait here still a little while; after that I'll follow this man indoors; now, in the meantime, I'll give him leisure to enquire of the nurse about my doings, the attendant of his daughter, whether she knows the truth. (*Moves as if going.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter STROBILUS, at a distance.*

STRO. (*to himself*). Immortal Gods, with what and how great delights do you present me! I've got a four pound pot filled with gold; who there is richer than I? What man is there greater than I at Athens now; any one, *I mean*, to whom the Gods are propitious?

LYC. (*to himself*). Why, surely, I seemed just now to hear the voice of some one speaking here.

STRO. (*to himself*). Ha! do I not see my master?

LYC. (*to himself*). Do I see Strobilus now, my servant?

STRO. (*to himself*). 'Tis he himself. LYC. (*to himself*). 'Tis no other.

STRO. (*to himself*). I'll accost him. LYC. (*to himself*). I'll step out<sup>1</sup> towards him. I do think that he has been, as I requested him, to the old woman, the nurse herself of this damsel.

STRO. (*to himself*). Why don't I tell him that I've found this prize, and speak out? For that reason, I'll beg of him to make me free. I'll go and speak to him. (*Addressing him.*) I've found——

LYC. What have you found? STRO. Not that which the boys cry out that they've found in the bean<sup>2</sup>.

LYC. And are you trifling *with me* then, as you are in the habit of doing? (*He turns as if to go away.*)

STRO. Master, stop; I'll speak out then; do listen.

<sup>1</sup> *I'll step out*)—Ver. 770. It must be supposed that Strobilus is a good way down a street, which emerges on the stage right opposite the Spectators; while Lyconides is in the front of the stage, and consequently beyond the nearer end of the street.

<sup>2</sup> *Found in the bean*)—Ver. 775. This is explained as meaning a little worm or weevil, which boys used to seek for in beans and other pulse, and which they called "Midas."



LYC. Come then, tell me. STRO. I've found to-day, master, very great riches.

LYC. Where, pray? STRO. A four pound pot<sup>1</sup>, I say, full of gold!

LYC. What crime is this that I hear of from you?

STRO. I've stolen it from this old fellow, Euclio.

LYC. Where is this gold? STRO. In my box at home; I now wish to be made free.

LYC. I, make you free, you fellow, brimful of wickedness?

STRO. Out upon you, master, I know what you would be at. Troth, I've cleverly tried your inclination; you were just getting ready to take it away from me; what would you do, if I had found it?

LYC. You can't make good your pretences. Come, give up the gold!

STRO. I, give up the gold? LYC. Give it up, I say, that it may be given back to him.

STRO. Where *am I to get it* from? LYC. That which you confessed just now to be in your box.

STRO. I' faith, I'm in the habit of talking nonsense; 'twas in that way I was speaking.

LYC. (*seizing him*). But do you know what?—

STRO. Even kill me outright, i' faith, you never shall get it hence of me

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\*2

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE AULULARIA BY CODRUS URCEUS.

STRO. — *the pot belonging to the old fellow, which I've not got.*

LYC. *I will have it*, whether you will or no; when I've tied you up all fours, and torn asunder your body for you *tied up* to the beam. But why do I delay to rush upon the jaws of this rascal, and why this instant do I not compel his

<sup>1</sup> *A four pound pot*)—Ver. 777. "Quadrilibris" probably alludes to the capacity of the pot, and not its weight. It was probably a jar made to contain four pounds weight of liquid.

<sup>2</sup> \* \* \* The rest of this Play is unfortunately lost. From the Acrostic Argument which is prefixed to the Play, we learn that Lyconides obtained the gold, and gave it up to Euclio, who presented it to him as a marriage-portion with his daughter. In some of the Editions there is a Supplement to the last Scene, written in a very meagre style by some unknown author, which is not worth presenting to the reader. The Supplement by Antonius Codrus Urceus, a learned scholar and professor at Bologna, is certainly somewhat superior, and, such as it is, a translation

soul to take its journey before its time<sup>1</sup>? Are you going to give it me or not?

STRO. I will give it you. LYC. I want you to give it me now, *and* not at a future time.

STRO. I'll give it now; but I entreat you to allow me to recover breath. (LYCONIDES *lets him go.*) Aha! What is it you want me to give you, master?

LYC. Don't you know, you rascal? And do you dare to refuse me the four pound pot full of gold which you just now said you had stolen? (*Calling at the door.*) Hallo there! Where now are the flogging men?

STRO. Master, do hear a few words. LYC. I won't hear; floggers, hallo there—hallo!

SCENE V.—*Enter two FLOGGING SLAVES.*

SLAVE. What's the matter? LYC. I want the chains to be got ready.

STRO. Listen *to me*, I beg of you; afterwards order them to bind me as much as you please.

LYC. I will hear you; but hasten the matter very quickly.

STRO. If you order me to be tortured to death, see what you obtain; in the first place, you have the death of your slave. Then, what you wish for you cannot get. But if you had only allured me by the reward of dear liberty, you would already have obtained your wish. Nature produces all men free, and by nature all desire freedom. Slavery is worse than every evil, than every calamity; and he whom Jupiter hates, him he first makes a slave.

LYC. You speak not unwisely. STRO. Now then hear the rest. Our age has produced masters too grasping, whom I'm in the habit of calling Harpagos, Harpies, and Tantali, poor amid great wealth, and thirsty in the midst of the waters of Ocean; no riches are enough for them, not *those* of Midas, not of Cræsus; not all the wealth of the Persians can satisfy

of it is here presented to the reader. Its chief fault is, that it indicates a greater change in the nature of the miser than is consistent with probability. Though Plautus doubtless depicted him as giving up the gold to his new son-in-law, it was probably on some other ground than a change of disposition.

<sup>1</sup> *Before its time*)—The expression used here by Urcens is capable of two modes of translation; the most delicate one has been preferred.

their Tartarean maw. Masters use their slaves rigorously, and slaves now obey their masters *but* tardily; so on neither side is that done which would be fair to be done. Their provisions, kitchens, *and* store-cellars, avaricious old fellows shut up with a thousand keys. Slaves, thievish, double-dealers, *and* artful, open for themselves things shut up with a thousand keys, which *the owners* hardly like to be granted to their lawful children, and stealthily do they carry off, consume, *and* lick them up—*fellows* that will never disclose their hundred thefts *even* at the gibbet; thus in laughter and joking do bad slaves take revenge upon their slavery. So then, I come to the conclusion that liberality renders slaves faithful.

LYC. Rightly, indeed, *have* you *spoken*, but not in a few words, as you promised me. But if I do make you free, will you give me back what I'm asking for?

STRO. I will give it back; but I wish for witnesses to be present; you'll pardon me, master, I trust you but little.

LYC. Just as you please; let there be present even a hundred; then I shouldn't care about it.

STRO. (*going to the door of the house of MEGADORUS*). Megadorus, and you, Eunomia, please come here, I beg of you; the business finished, you shall return directly.

.SCENE VI.—*Enter MEGADORUS and EUNOMIA.*

MEG. Who's calling us? Ha! Lyconides! EUN. Ha! Strobilus, what is the matter? Say.

LYC. 'Tis a short matter. MEG. What is it?

STRO. I'm calling you as witnesses. If I bring here a four pound pot full of gold and give it up to Lyconides, Lyconides makes me a free man, and orders me to be my own master. (*To LYCONIDES.*) Do you not promise me so?

LYC. I do promise *so*. STRO. Have you heard now what he has said?

MEG. We have heard. STRO. Swear, then, by Jupiter.

LYC. Alas! to what I am reduced by the misfortunes of others! You are too insulting; still, I'll do what he bids *me*.

STRO. Hark you, our generation hasn't much confidence in *people*: the documents are signed; the twelve witnesses

are present; the registrar writes down the time and the place; *and* still, the pleader is found to deny that it has been done.

LYC. But release me speedily, please.

STRO. Here, take *this* stone. (*Giving him a stone.*)

LYC. If I knowingly deceive you, so may Jupiter reject from me his blessings, the city and citadel safe, as I do this stone. (*He throws it.*) Have I now satisfied you?

STRO. I am satisfied; *and* I'm going to bring the gold.

LYC. Go with the speed of Pegasus, and return devouring the road *with your rapid steps*. (*Exit STROBILUS.*) Any impertinent slave, that wishes to be more wise than his master, is a nuisance to a decent man. Let this Strobilus be off *as* a free man to utter perdition, if he only brings me the pot full of pure gold, so that I may restore Euclio, my father-in-law, from his grief to joy, and obtain the favour of his daughter, who is just brought to bed by reason of my debauching her. But see! Strobilus is returning, loaded; as I guess, he's bringing the pot; and, for sure, it is the pot that he's carrying.

SCENE VII.—*Enter STROBILUS, carrying the pot of gold.*

STRO. Lyconides, I bring you my findings that I promised—the four pound pot of gold; have I been long?

LYC. Why, yes. (*He takes some of the gold out of the pot.*) O immortal Gods, what do I behold? Or what is it I hold? More than six hundred Philippean pieces, three or four times over. But let's call out Euclio forthwith.

SCENE VIII.

LYC. (*going to the door of EUCLIO's house*). Ho, Euclio, Euclio!

MEG. Euclio; Euclio! EUC. (*opening his window*). What's the matter?

LYC. Come down to us, for the Gods will you to be saved; we've got the pot.

EUC. Have you got it, or are you trifling with me?

LYC. We've got it, I say. Now, if you can, fly down hither.

EUC. (*having come out of the house to them*). O great Jupiter! O household Divinity and Queen Juno! and Alcides,

my treasurer! that at length you do show pity upon a wretched old man. (*Taking the pot in his arms.*) O my pot! O how aged I, your friend, do clasp you with joyful arms, and receive you with kisses; with a thousand embraces even I cannot be satisfied. O my hope! my heart! that dissipates my grief.

LYC. (*aside, to MEGADORUS*). I always thought that to be in want of gold was the worst thing for both boys and men, and all old people. Indigence compels boys to be guilty of misdeeds, men to thieve, and old men themselves to become beggars. But 'tis much worse, as I now see, to abound in gold beyond what's necessary for us. Alas! what miseries has Euclio endured on account of the pot, that a little while since was lost by him!

EUC. To whom shall I give deserved thanks? Whether to the Gods, who show regard for good men, or to my friends, upright men, or to them both? Rather to both, *I think*; and first to you, Lyconides, the origin and author of so great a good; you do I present with this pot of gold; accept it with pleasure. I wish it to be your own, and my daughter as well, in the presence of Megadorus, and his good sister, Eunomia.

LYC. (*receiving the pot of gold*). The favour is received, and is returned, *in thanks*, as you deserve, Euclio, a father-in-law most acceptable to me.

EUC. I shall think the favour sufficiently returned to me, if you now receive with pleasure my gift, and myself *as well for your father-in-law*.

LYC. I do receive it; and I wish my house to be that of Euclio.

STRO. What *still* remains, master,—remember now that I'm to be free.

LYC. You've well put me in mind. Be you a free man, O Strobilus, for your deserts; and now prepare in-doors the dinner that has been *so* disturbed.

STRO. (*coming forward*). Spectators, the avaricious Euclio has changed his nature; he has suddenly become liberal; so, too, do you practise liberality; and if the play has pleased you well, loudly clap your hands.

## CAPTIVI; THE CAPTIVES.

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### Dramatis Personæ.

HEGIO, an Ætolian, father of Philopolemus.

PHILOCRATES, an Elean, captive in Ætolia.

TYNDARUS, his servant.

ARISTOPHONTES, an Elean, captive in Ætolia.

PHILOPOLEMUS, an Ætolian, captive in Elis.

ERGASILUS, a Parasite.

STALAGMUS, the servant of Hegio.

A SLAVE of Hegio.

A LAD, the same.

~~Scene.~~—A place in Ætolia, before the house of ~~LIZADA~~.



## THE SUBJECT.

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HEGIO, a wealthy native of Ætolia, had two sons, one of which was stolen by a slave when four years old, and being carried away to Elis, was sold there; the father being unable for many years to learn what has become of him. A war having commenced between the Eleans and the Ætolians, Philopolemus, the other son of Hegio, is taken prisoner by the Eleans. The Ætolians having taken many Elean prisoners, Hegio commences to traffic in captives, with the view of thereby redeeming his son from the Eleans, in exchange for some prisoner of rank. At this conjuncture the Play commences. Among the captives whom Hegio has purchased, Philocrates is one, having been taken prisoner, together with his servant, Tyndarus. With the object of deceiving Hegio, Philocrates and Tyndarus change their clothes, and having exchanged names as well, Philocrates pretends to be the servant of Tyndarus. Hegio being desirous to procure the exchange of his son, Philocrates (in the character of the servant of his fellow-captive) is sent to Elis for that purpose. After his departure, Aristophontes, another captive, accidentally puts Hegio in the way of discovering the manner in which he has been deceived. On this, the old man, losing all hope of obtaining the liberation of his son, sends Tyndarus in chains to the stone-quarries. Shortly after, Philocrates returns, and brings with him Philopolemus, the son of Hegio, and Stalagmus, the runaway slave, that had stolen his other son. It is then discovered that Stalagmus had sold the child to the father of Philocrates, and that he is no other than Tyndarus, the slave; on which, Tyndarus is sent for, and is informed that he is the lost son of Hegio. Stalagmus is then condemned to the chains from which Tyndarus is liberated.

# CAPTIVI; THE CAPTIVES.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT<sup>1</sup>.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

*One* son of Hegio has been made prisoner (*Captus*) in battle. A runaway slave has sold the other (*Alium*) when four years old. The father (*Pater*) traffics in Elean captives, only (*Tantum*) desirous that he may recover his son, and (*Et*) among these he buys his son that was formerly lost. He (*Is*), his clothes and his name changed with his master, causes that (*Ut*) he is lost to *Hegio*; and he himself is punished. And (*Et*) he brings back the captive and the runaway together, through whose information (*Indicio*) he discovers his other son.

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## THE PROLOGUE.

THESE two captives (*pointing to PHILOCRATES and TYNDARUS*), whom you see standing here, are standing here because—they are both<sup>2</sup> standing, and are not sitting. That I am saying this truly, you are my witnesses. The old man, who lives here (*pointing to HEGIO'S house*), is Hegio—his father (*pointing to TYNDARUS*). But under what circumstances he is the slave of his own father, that I will here explain to you, if you give attention. This old man had two sons; a slave stole one child when four years old, and flying hence; he sold him in Elis<sup>3</sup>, to the father of this

<sup>1</sup> In this Acrostic it will be found that the old form of "Capteivei" is preserved.

<sup>2</sup> *Because—they are both*—Ver. 2. This is apparently intended as a piece of humour, in catching or baulking the audience. He begins as though he was going to explain why the captives are standing there, and ends his explanation with saying that they are standing because they are not sitting. A similar truism is uttered by Pamphila, in the *Stichus*, l. 120.

<sup>3</sup> *In Elis*—Ver. 9. Elis, or, as it is called by Plautus, "Alis," was a city of Achaia, in the north-western part of the Peloponnesus. Near it the Olympic games were celebrated

*captive* (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*). Now, do you understand this? Very good. I' faith, that man at a distance<sup>1</sup> there (*pointing*) says, no. Come nearer *then*. If there isn't room for you to sit down, there is for you to walk; since you'd be compelling an actor to bawl like a beggar<sup>2</sup>. I'm not going to burst myself for your sake, so don't you be mistaken. You who are enabled by your means to pay your taxes<sup>3</sup>, listen to the rest<sup>4</sup>; I care not to be in debt to another. This runaway *slave*, as I said before, sold his *young* master, whom, when he fled, he had carried off, to this one's father. He, after he bought him, gave him as his own private slave<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That man at a distance*)—Ver. 11. One of the audience, probably a plebeian who has no seat, but is standing in a remote part of the theatre, is supposed to exclaim in a rude manner that he cannot hear what the actor says. On this the speaker tells him that he had better come nearer; and if he cannot find a seat, there is room for him to walk away. Possibly the verb “ambulo” may be intended to signify in this case either “to walk” or “to stand,” in contradistinction to sitting. Rost, with some reason, suggests “abscedito,” “walk out,” in place of “accedito,” “come nearer.”

<sup>2</sup> *To bawl like a beggar*)—Ver. 13. Commentators have differed as to the meaning of this passage. Some think that he means that with the view of pleasing the plebeian part of the audience, he shall not bawl out like a beggar asking alms; while others suppose that the meaning is, that he will not run the risk of cracking his voice, after which he will be hissed off the stage, and so be reduced to beggary.

<sup>3</sup> *To pay your taxes*)—Ver. 15. By this he shows that the party whom he is addressing, is either one of the lowest plebeians or a slave. In the assessment or census, which was made by the Censors, the slaves were not numbered at all, being supposed to have no “caput,” or “civil condition.” The lowest century were the “proletarii,” whose only qualification was the being heads of families, or fathers of children. In addressing those who are reckoned in the census “ope vestrâ,” “by your means” or “circumstances,” he seems to be rebuking the “proletarii,” who had no such standing, and who probably formed the most noisy part of the audience. As these paid no part of the taxes with which the theatres were in part supported, of course they would be placed at a greater distance from the stage, and probably were not accommodated with seats. It was just about this period that the elder Scipio assigned different places in the theatres to the various classes of the people.

<sup>4</sup> *Listen to the rest*)—Ver. 16. “Reliquum” was a term which either signified generally, “what is left,” or money borrowed and still unpaid. He plays upon these different meanings—“Accipite reliquum,” which may either signify “hear the rest” or “take what is due and owing,” and he then makes the observation, parenthetically, “alieno uti nil moror,” “I don't care to be in debt.”

<sup>5</sup> *His own private slave*)—Ver. 20. “Peculiaris” means “for his own private use,” or “attached to his person;” being considered as though bought with his

to this son of his, because they were of about the same age. He is now the slave at home of his own father, nor does his father know it. Verily, the Gods do treat us men just like footballs<sup>1</sup>. You hear the manner *now* how he lost one *son*. Afterwards, the Ætolians<sup>2</sup> are waging war with the people of Elis, *and*, as happens in warfare, the other son is taken prisoner. The physician Menarchus buys him there in Elis. *On this*, this *Hegio* begins to traffic in Elean captives, if, *perchance*, he may be able to find one to change for that captive son of his. He knows not that this one who is in his house is his own son. And as he heard yesterday that an Elean knight of very high rank and very high family was taken prisoner, he has spared no expense to rescue his son<sup>3</sup>. In order that he may more easily bring him back home, he buys both of these of the Quæstors<sup>4</sup> out of the spoil.

Now they, between themselves, have contrived this plan, that, by means of it, the servant may send away hence his master home. And therefore among themselves they change their garments and their names. He, there (*pointing*), is called Philocrates; this one (*pointing*), Tyndarus; he this day assumes the character of this one, this one of him. And this one to-day will cleverly carry out this plot, and cause his master to gain his liberty; and by the same means he will

son's "peculium," or out of his own private purse. The "peculium" was the sum of money which a son in his minority was allowed by his father to be in possession of. The word also signified the savings of the slave.

<sup>1</sup> *Just like footballs*)—Ver. 22. "Pilas." Among the ancients, games with the "pila" were those played with the "pila trigonalis," so called, probably, from the players standing in a triangle, and those with the "follis," which was a larger ball, inflated with air and struck with the hands, or used for a football. "Paganica" was a similar ball, but harder, being stuffed with feathers, and was used by the country-people. "Harpastum" was a small ball used by the Greeks, which was scrambled for as soon as it came to the ground, whence it received its name. The Greeks had a proverb similar to this expression, *θεῶν παίγνια ἀνθρωποῖ*, "men are the playthings of the Gods." So Plato called mankind *θεῶν ἀθύρματα*, "the sport of the Gods."

<sup>2</sup> *The Ætolians*)—Ver. 24. Ætolia was a country of Greece, the southern portion of which was bounded by the Corinthian Gulf; it was opposite to the Elean territory, from which it was divided by the gulf.

*To rescue his son*)—Ver. 32. "Filio dum parceret." Literally, "so long as he might spare his son."

<sup>4</sup> *Of the Quæstors*)—Ver. 34. In speaking of these officers, Plautus, as usual, introduces Roman customs into a Play the scene of which is in Greece. It has been previously remarked that the Quæstors had the selling of the spoils taken in war

save his own brother, and without knowing it, will cause him to return back a free man to his own country to his father. just as often now, on many occasions, a person has done more good unknowingly than knowingly. But unconsciously, by their devices, they have so planned and devised their plot, and have so contrived it by their design, that this one is living in servitude with his own father. *And* thus now, in ignorance, he is the slave of his own father. What poor creatures are men, when I reflect upon it! This plot will be performed by us—a play for your *entertainment*. But there is, besides, a thing which, in a few words, I would wish to inform you of. Really, it will be worth your while to give your attention to this play. 'Tis not composed in the hackneyed style, nor yet like other *plays*, nor are there in it any ribald lines<sup>1</sup> unfit for utterance: here is neither the perjured procurer, nor the artful courtesan, nor yet the braggart captain. Don't you be afraid because I've said that there's war between the *Ætolians* and the *Eleans*. There (*pointing*), at a distance, beyond the scenes, the battles will be fought. For this were almost impossible for a Comic establishment<sup>2</sup>, that we should at a moment attempt to be acting Tragedy. If, therefore, any one is looking for a battle, let him commence the quarrel; if he shall find an adversary more powerful, I'll cause him to be the spectator of a battle that isn't pleasant *to him*, so that hereafter he shall hate to be a spectator of them all. I *now* retire. Fare ye well, at home, most upright judges, and in warfare most valiant combatants.

# ACT I. — SCENE I.

## *Enter* ERGASILUS.

ERG. The young men have given me the name of "the mistress," for this reason, because invocated<sup>3</sup> I am wont

<sup>1</sup> *Any ribald lines*)—Ver. 56. See the address of the Company of actors to the Spectators at the end of the Play.

<sup>2</sup> *A Comic establishment*)—Ver. 61. "Comico choragio." Literally, "for the choragium of Comedy." The "choragium" was the dress and furniture, or "properties" for the stage, supplied by the "choragus," or keeper of the theatrical wardrobe.

<sup>3</sup> *Because invocated*)—Ver. 70. "Invocatus." The following Note is extracted from Thornton's Translation of this Play:—"The reader's indulgence for the coinage of a new term (and perhaps not quite so much out of character from the mouth of a Parasite) is here requested in the use of the word 'invocated' in a sense, which

to attend at the banquet. I know that buffoons<sup>1</sup> say that this is absurdly said, but I affirm that it is rightly *said*. For at the banquet the lover, when he throws the dice, invokes his mistress<sup>2</sup>. Is she *then* invocated, or *is she* not? She is, most clearly. But, i' faith, we Parasites with better reason *are so called*, whom no person ever either invites or invokes, *and who*, like mice, are always eating the victuals of another person. When business is laid aside<sup>3</sup>, when people repair to the country, at that same moment is business laid aside for our teeth. Just as, when it is hot weather, snails lie hidden in secret, *and* live upon their own juices, if the dew doesn't fall; so, when business is laid aside, do Parasites lie hidden in retirement, *and* miserably live upon their own juices, while in the country the persons are rustivating whom they sponge upon. When business is laid aside, we Parasites are greyhounds; when business recommences, *like* mastiffs<sup>4</sup>, we are annoying-like and very troublesome-like<sup>5</sup>.

it is owned, there is no authority for, but without it no way occurs to explain the poet's meaning—which, such as it is, and involved in such a pun, is all that can be aimed at. The word 'invocatus' means both 'called upon' and 'not called upon.' Ergasilus here quibbles upon it; for, though at entertainments he attends, as it is the common character of Parasites to do, without invitation, that is 'not called upon;' and as mistresses are 'called upon' that their names so invoked may make their lovers throw the dice with success; still, according to the double sense of the word, they may be compared to each other, as they are both, according to the Latin idiom, 'invocati.'

<sup>1</sup> *That buffoons*)—Ver. 71. "Derisores," "buffoons." By this word he means, that particular class of Parasites who earned their dinners by their repartees and bon-mots.

<sup>2</sup> *Invokes his mistress*)—Ver. 73. It was the Grecian custom, when they threw dice at an entertainment, for the thrower to call his mistress by name, which invocation was considered to bring good luck.

<sup>3</sup> *When business is laid aside*)—Ver. 78. "Ubi res prolatæ sunt." Meaning thereby "in vacation-time." In the heat of summer the courts of justice were closed, and the more wealthy portion of the Romans retired into the country or to the seaside. Cicero mentions this vacation as "rerum prolatio." The allusion in the previous line is probably derived from a saying of the Cynic Diogenes; when he saw mice creeping under the table, he used to say, "See the Parasites of Diogenes."

<sup>4</sup> *Like mastiffs*)—Ver. 86. "Molossici." Literally, "dogs of Molossus," a country of Epirus.

<sup>5</sup> *Annoying-like and very troublesome-like*)—Ver. 87. "Odiosici—incommodestici." These are two extravagant forms of the words "odiosi" and "incommodi," coined by the author for the occasion



And here, indeed, unless, i' faith, any Parasite is able to endure cuffs with the fist, and pots to be broken<sup>1</sup> about his head, why he may e'en go with his wallet outside the Trigeminian Gate<sup>2</sup>. That this may prove my lot, there is some danger. For since my patron<sup>3</sup> has fallen into the hands of the enemy—(such warfare are the Ætolians now waging with the Eleans; for this is Ætolia; this Philopolemus has been made captive in Elis, the son of this old man Hegio who lives here (*pointing to the house*)—a house which to me is a house of woe, *and* which so oft as I look upon, I weep). Now, for the sake of his son, has he commenced this dishonorable traffic, very much against his own inclination. He buys up men that have been made captives, if *perchance* he may be able to find some one for whom to gain his son in exchange. An object which I really do much desire that he may gain; for unless he finds him, there's nowhere for me to find myself. I have no hopes in the young men; they are all *too* fond of themselves. He, in fine, is a youth with the old-fashioned manners, whose countenance I never rendered cheerful without a return. His father is worthily matched, as endowed with like manners. Now I'll go to him;—but his door is opening, *the door* from which full oft I've sallied forth drunk with excess of cheer. (*He stands aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter, from his house, HEGIO and a SLAVE.*

HEG. Now, give attention you, if you please. Those two captives whom I purchased yesterday of the Quæstors out of the spoil, put upon them chains of light weight<sup>4</sup>; take off

<sup>1</sup> *Pots to be broken*)—Ver. 89. By Meursius we are informed that these practical jokes were played upon the unfortunate Parasites with pots filled with cinders, which were sometimes scattered over their clothes, to the great amusement of their fellow-guests.

<sup>2</sup> *The Trigeminian Gate*)—Ver. 90. The Ostian Gate was so called because the Horatii left the city by that gate to fight the Curiatii. The brothers being born at one birth were “trigemini,” whence the gate received its name. The beggars with their wallets were seated there. See the Trinummus, l. 423, and the Note to the passage.

<sup>3</sup> *Since my patron*)—Ver. 92. Rex; literally, “king.” The Parasites were in the habit of so calling their entertainers.

<sup>4</sup> *Chains of light weight*)—Ver. 112. “Singularias.” This word may admit of three interpretations, and it is impossible to decide which is the right one. It may mean chains weighing a single “libra,” or pound; it may signify chains for the captives singly, in contradistinction to those by which they were fastened

those greater ones with which they are bound. Permit them to walk, if they wish, out of doors, *or* if in-doors, but so that they are watched with the greatest care. A captive at liberty is like a bird that's wild; if opportunity is once given for escaping, 'tis enough; after that, you can never catch him.

SLAVE. Doubtless we all are free men more willingly than we live the life of slaves.

HEG. You, indeed, don't seem *to think* so<sup>1</sup>.

SLAVE. If I have nothing to give, should you like me to give myself to flight?<sup>2</sup>

HEG. If you do *so* give *yourself*, I shall at once have something to be giving to you.

SLAVE. I'll make myself just like the wild bird you were telling of.

HEG. 'Tis just as you say; for if you do so, I'll be giving you to the cage<sup>3</sup>. But enough of prating; take you care of what I've ordered, and be off. (*The SLAVE goes into the house.*) I'll away to my brother's, to my other captives; I'll go see whether they've been making any disturbance last night. From there I shall forthwith betake myself home again.

ERG. (*apart*). It grieves me that this unhappy old man is following the trade of a slave-dealer, by reason of the misfortune of his son. But, if by any means he can be brought back here, I could even endure for him to become an executioner.

HEG. (*overhearing him*). Who is it that's speaking?

to each other; or it may mean single chains, in opposition to double ones. In the Acts of the Apostles, ch. 12, v. 6, we read that St. Peter was bound with two chains; and in ch. 13, v. 33, the chief captain orders St. Paul to be bound with two chains.

<sup>1</sup> *Don't seem to think so*)—Ver. 120. Hegio means to say that the slave does not seem to think liberty so very desirable, or he would try more to please his master and do his duty, which might probably be the right method for gaining his liberty. As the slave could generally ransom himself out of his "peculium," or "savings," if they were sufficient, the slave here either thinks, or pretends to think, that Hegio is censuring him for not taking those means, and answers, accordingly, that he has nothing to offer.

<sup>2</sup> *Give myself to flight*)—Ver. 121. "Dem in pedes." Literally, "give myself to my feet," meaning thereby "to run away." He puns upon this meaning of "dare," and its common signification of "to give" or "to offer to give."

<sup>3</sup> *Giving you to the cage*)—Ver. 124. "In cavern." He plays on the word "cavea," which meaning "a cage" for a bird, might also mean confinement for a prisoner.

ERG. 'Tis I, who am pining at your affliction, growing thin, waxing old, and shockingly wasting away. Wretched man that I am, I'm *but* skin and bone through leanness; nor does anything ever do me good that I eat at home; even that ever so little which I taste out of doors, the same refreshes me.

HEG. Ergasilus, save you! ERG. (*crying*). May the Gods kindly bless you, Hegio!

HEG. Don't weep. ERG. Must I not weep for him? Must I not weep for such a young man?

HEG. I've always known you to be a friend to my son, and I have understood him *to be so* to you.

ERG. Then at last do we men know our blessings, when we have lost those things which we *once* had in our power. I, since your son fell into the power of the enemy, knowing by experience of what value he was, now feel his loss.

HEG. Since you, who are no relation, bear his misfortune so much amiss, what is it likely that I, a father, should do, whose only *son* he is?

ERG. I, no relation *to him*? He, no relation *to me*? Oh, Hegio! never do say that, nor come to such a belief. To you he is an only *child*, but to me he is even more only than an only one.

HEG. I commend you, in that you consider the affliction of your friend your own affliction. Now be of good heart.

ERG. (*crying*). O dear! HEG. (*half-aside*). 'Tis this afflicts him, that the army for guttling is now disbanded. Meanwhile, have you found no one to command for you the army that you mentioned as disbanded?

ERG. What do you think? All to whom it used to fall are in the habit of declining that province since your son Philopolemus was taken prisoner.

HEG. I' faith, 't isn't to be wondered at, that they are in the habit of declining that province. You have necessity for numerous troops, and those of numerous kinds. Well, first you have need of the Bakerians<sup>1</sup>. Of these Bakerians

<sup>1</sup> *The Bakerians*)—Ver. 162. This and the following appellations are expressive both of the several trades that contributed to furnishing entertainments, and, in the Latin, also denoted the names of inhabitants of several places in Italy or elsewhere. As this meaning could not be expressed in a literal translation of them, the original words are here subjoined. In the word "*Pistorienses*," he

there are several kinds. You have need of Roll-makerians, you have need too of Confectionerians, you have need of Poultererians, you have need of Beccaficorians; besides, all the maritime forces are necessary for you.

ERG. How the greatest geniuses do frequently lie concealed! How great a general now is *this* private individual!

HEG. Only have good courage; for I trust that in a few days I shall bring him back home. For see *now*; there's a captive here, a young man of Elis, born of a very high family, and of very great wealth; I trust that it will come to pass that I shall get my son in exchange for him.

ERG. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so!

HEG. But are you invited out anywhere to dinner?

ERG. Nowhere that I know of. But, pray, why do you ask me?

HEG. Because this is my birthday; for that reason I'd like you to be invited to dinner at my house.

ERG. 'Tis kindly said. HEG. But if you can be content to eat a very little——

ERG. Aye, even ever so little; for on such fare as that do I enjoy myself every day at home.

HEG. Come, *then*, please, set yourself up for sale.

ERG. I'll put myself up for purchase, just like a landed estate, unless any one shall *privately* make a better offer that pleases myself and my friends more, *and* to my own conditions will I bind myself.

HEG. You are surely selling me a bottomless pit<sup>1</sup>, *and* not a landed estate. But if you are coming, *do so* in time.

ERG. Why, for that matter, I'm at leisure even now.

alludes to the bakers, and the natives of Pistorium, a town of Etruria; in the "Panicei," to the bread or roll bakers, and the natives of Pana, a little town of the Samnites, mentioned by Strabo; in the "Placentini," to the "confectioners" or "cake-makers," and the people of Placentia, a city in the North of Italy; in the "Turdetani," to the "poulterers" or "sellers of thrushes," and the people of Turdetania, a district of Spain; and in the "Ficedulæ," to the "sellers of beccaficos," a delicate bird, and the inhabitants of Ficeculæ, a town near Rome. Of course, these appellations, as relating to the trades, are only comical words coined for the occasion.

<sup>1</sup> *A bottomless pit*)—Ver. 183. He plays upon the resemblance in sound of the word "fundum," "landed property," to "profundum," "a deep cavity," to which he compares the Parasite's stomach. "You sell me landed property, indeed; say rather a bottomless pit."

HEG. Go then, *and* hunt for a hare; at present, *in me* you have but a ferret<sup>1</sup>, for my fare is in the way of frequenting a rugged road.

ERG. You'll never repulse me by that, Hegio, so don't attempt it. I'll come, in spite of it, with teeth well shod.

HEG. Really, my viands are *but* of a rough sort<sup>2</sup>. ERG. Are you in the habit of eating brambles?

HEG. *Mine* is an earthy dinner. ERG. A pig is an earthy animal.

HEG. *Earthy* from its plenty of vegetables.

ERG. Treat your sick people<sup>3</sup> at home *with that fare*? Do you wish anything else?

HEG. Come in good time. ERG. You are putting in mind one who remembers quite well. (Exit.)

HEG. I'll go in-doors, and in the house I'll make the calculation how little money I have at my banker's; afterwards I'll go to my brother's, whither I was saying I would go. (*Goes into his house.*)

#### ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter, from the house, PHILOCRATES, TYNDARUS, and SLAVES and CAPTIVES of HEGIO.*

SLAVE. If the immortal Gods have so willed it that you should undergo this affliction, it becomes you to endure it with equanimity; if you do so, your trouble will be lighter<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Have but a ferret*)—Ver. 185. This passage has much puzzled the Commentators; but allowing for some very far-fetched wit, which is not uncommon with Plautus, it may admit of some explanation. He tells the Parasite that he had better look for a nicer dinner, a hare, in fact; for that in dining with him, he will only get the ferret (with which the hare was hunted) for his dinner. Then, inasmuch as the ferret was used for following the hare or rabbit into "*scruposæ viæ*," "impervious" or "rocky places" where they had burrowed, he adds: "For my dinner, ferret-like, frequents rugged places;" by which he probably means that it is nothing but a meagre repast of vegetables, of which possibly capers formed a part, which grow plentifully in Italy, in old ruins and craggy spots. Some suggest that it was a custom with the huntsmen, if they failed to catch the hare, to kill and eat the ferret.

<sup>2</sup> *Are but of a rough sort*)—Ver. 189. The word "*asper*" means either "*unsavoury*" or "*prickly*," according to the context. Hegio means to use it in the former sense, but the Parasite, for the sake of repartee, chooses to take it in the latter.

<sup>3</sup> *Treat your sick people*)—Ver. 191. He means that such a dinner may suit sick people, but will not be to his taste.

<sup>4</sup> *Will be lighter*)—Ver. 197. The English proverb corresponds with this. What can't be cured must be endured.

At home you were free men, I suppose ; now if slavery has befallen you, 'tis a becoming way for you to put up with it, and by your dispositions to render it light, under a master's rule. Unworthy actions which a master does must be deemed worthy ones.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Alas !. alas ! alas ! SLAVE. There's no need for wailing ; you cause much injury to your eyes. In adversity, if you use fortitude of mind, it is of service.

PHIL. *and* TYND. But we are ashamed, because we are in bonds.

SLAVE. But in the result it might cause vexation to our master, if he were to release you from chains, or allow you to be loose, whom he has purchased with his money.

PHIL. *and* TYND. What does he fear from us ? We know our duty, what it is, if he allows us to be loose.

SLAVE. Why, you are meditating escape. I know what it is you are devising.

PHIL. *and* TYND. We, make our escape ? Whither should we escape ?

SLAVE. To your own country. PHIL. *and* TYND. Out upon you ; it would ill befit us to be following the example of runaways.

SLAVE. Why, faith, should there be an opportunity, I don't advise you not.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Do you allow us to make one request.

SLAVE. What is it, pray ? PHIL. *and* TYND. That you will give us an opportunity of conversing, without these and yourselves for overlookers.

SLAVE. Be it so ; go you away from here, *you people*. Let's step here, on one side. (*To the other CAPTIVES and SLAVES.*) But commence upon a short conversation *only*.

PHIL. O yes, it was my intention so to do. Step aside this way (*to TYNDARUS*).

SLAVE (*to the other CAPTIVES*). Stand apart from them.

TYND. (*to the SLAVE*). We are both greatly obliged to you, by reason of your doing so, since you allow us to obtain what we are desirous of.

PHIL. Step here then, at a distance now, if you think fit, that no listeners may be enabled to overhear our discourse, and that this plan of ours mayn't be divulged before them ; for a stratagem is no stratagem, if you don't plan it with art



but *it is* a very great misfortune if it becomes disclosed. For if you are my master, and I represent myself as your servant, still there's need of foresight, *and* need of caution, that this may be carried out discreetly and without overlookers, with carefulness *and* with cautious prudence and diligence. So great is the matter that has been commenced upon; this must not be carried out in any drowsy fashion.

TYND. Just as you shall desire me to be, I will be.

PHIL. I trust *so*. TYND. For now you see that for your precious life I'm setting at stake my own, *as dear to me*.

PHIL. I know it. TYND. But remember to know it when you shall be enjoying that which you wish for; for mostly, the greatest part of mankind follow this fashion; what they wish for, until they obtain it, they are rightminded; but when they have now got it in their power, from being rightminded they become most deceitful, and most dishonest; now I do consider that you are towards me as I wish. What I advise you, I would advise my own father.

PHIL. I' faith, if I could venture, I would call you father; for next to my own father, you are my nearest father.

TYND. I understand. PHIL. And therefore I remind you the more frequently, that you may remember it. I am not your master, but your servant; now this one thing I do beseech you. Inasmuch as the immortal Gods have disclosed to us their wishes, that they desire me to have *once* been your master, and now to be your fellow-captive; what formerly of my right I used to command you, now with entreaties do I beg of you, by our uncertain fortunes, and by the kindness of my father towards you, *and* by our common captivity, which has befallen us by the hand of the enemy, don't you pay me any greater respect than *I did you* when you were my slave; and don't you forget to remember who you were, and who you now are.

TYND. I know, indeed, that I now am you, and that you are I.

PHIL. Well, if you are able carefully to remember that, I have *some* hope in this scheme of *ours*.

SCENE II.—*Enter HEGIO, from his house, speaking to those within.*

HEG. I shall return in-doors just now, when I shall have

discovered from these people what I want *to know*. (*To the SLAVES.*) Where are those persons whom I ordered to be brought out of doors here, before the house?

PHIL. By my faith, I find that you have taken due precaution that we shouldn't be missed by you, so walled in are we with chains and keepers.

HEG. He that takes precaution that he mayn't be deceived, is hardly on his guard, even while he's taking precaution; even when he has supposed that he has taken every precaution, full often is this wary man outwitted. Was there not good reason, indeed, for me to watch you carefully, whom I purchased with so large a sum of ready money?

PHIL. Troth, it isn't fair for us to hold you to blame, because you watch us *closely*; nor yet for you us, if we go away hence, should there be an opportunity.

HEG. As you *are* here, so is my son a captive there among your people.

PHIL. He, a captive? HEG. Even so.

PHIL. We, then, have not proved the only cowards<sup>1</sup>.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES, supposing him to be the SERVANT of the other*). Step you aside this way, for there are some things that I wish to enquire of you *in private*, on which subjects I would have you not to be untruthful to me. (*They step aside.*)

PHIL. I will not be, as to that which I shall know; if I shall not know anything, that which I don't know I'll tell you of.

TYND. (*aside*). Now is the old fellow in the barber's shop; now, at this very instant, is *Philocrates* wielding the razor<sup>2</sup>. He hasn't cared, indeed, to put on the barber's cloth<sup>3</sup>, so as not to soil his dress. But whether to say that he's going to shave him close, or *trim him*<sup>4</sup> through the

<sup>1</sup> *The only cowards*—Ver. 267. He alludes to the notion in the heroic times, that it was the duty of a warrior to conquer or to die, and that it was disgraceful to be made prisoner.

<sup>2</sup> *Wielding the razor*—Ver. 271. It is hard to say whether by the word "cutters," in this passage, razors or scissors are meant.

<sup>3</sup> *To put on the barber's cloth*—Ver. 272. He probably means by this expression that Philocrates has made no preamble, and shown no hesitation, in commencing at once to dupe the old man.

<sup>4</sup> *Or trim him*—Ver. 273. He alludes here to the two kinds of shaving and trimming the beard used by the barbers among the ancients. The one was close

comb<sup>1</sup>, I don't know ; but if he's wise, he'll scrape him right well to the very quick.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). Which would you ? Would you prefer to be a slave, or a free man ?—Tell me.

PHIL. That which is the nearest to good, and the furthest off from evil, do I prefer ; although my servitude hasn't proved very grievous *to me*, nor has it been otherwise to me than if I had been a son in the family.

TYND. (*aside*). Capital ! I wouldn't purchase, at a talent's price *even*, Thales the Milesian<sup>2</sup> ; for compared with this man's wisdom, he was a very twaddler. How cleverly has he suited his language to the slave's condition.

HEG. Of what family is this Philocrates born ?

PHIL. The Polyplusian<sup>3</sup> ; which one family is flourishing there, and held in highest esteem.

HEG. What is he himself ? In what esteem is he held there ?

PHIL. In the highest, and *that* by the very highest men.

HEG. Since, then, he is held in such great respect among the Eleans, as you tell of, what substance has he ?—Of large amount ?

PHIL. *Enough for him, even*, when an old man, to be melting out the tallow<sup>4</sup>.

"strictim," when they shaved to the skin ; the other was, when with a pair of scissors they clipped the hair, with the interposition of a comb. The former fashion was called by the Greeks σκάφιον ; the latter method, which was borrowed from the Persians, κήπος. "Esse in tonstrinâ," "to be in the barber's shop," was a proverbial expression to denote "being imposed upon." Tyndarus is wondering to what extent Philocrates is going to impose upon Hegio.

<sup>1</sup> *Through the comb*)—Ver. 273. The Greeks and Romans made their combs of boxwood, much of which was imported from Paphlagonia. The Egyptians used them made of wood and of ivory, and toothed on one side only ; while those of the Greeks had teeth on both sides.

<sup>2</sup> *Thales the Milesian*)—Ver. 279. A talent would be a low price for such a learned slave as Thales the Milesian, who was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He says, however, that Thales at such a low price would be nothing in comparison with Philocrates for the same money.

<sup>3</sup> *The Polyplusian*)—Ver. 282. This word is coined by Philocrates for the occasion, as being the name of his family, from the Greek word πολυπλουσιός, "very wealthy ;" probably with the idea of raising the expectations of Hegio, and making him the more ready to promote an exchange of his own son for a member of so opulent a family.

<sup>4</sup> *Melting out the tallow*)—Ver. 286. Hegio asks him if his riches are very

HEG. What is his father? Is he living? PHIL. When we departed thence, we left him alive; whether he's living now or not, Orcus, forsooth, must know that.

TYND. (*aside*). The matter's all right; he's not only lying, *but* he's even philosophizing now.

HEG. What's his name? PHIL. Thesaurochrysonicocœsides<sup>1</sup>.

HEG. That name has been given, I suppose, by reason of his wealth, as it were.

PHIL. Troth, not so, *but* rather by reason of his avarice and grasping disposition; for, indeed, he was Theodoromedes originally by name.

HEG. How say you? Is his father covetous?

PHIL. Aye, by my faith, he is covetous. Why, that you may even understand it the better,—when he's sacrificing at any time to his own Genius<sup>2</sup>, the vessels that are needed for the sacrifice he uses of Samian ware, lest the Genius himself should steal them; from this, consider how much he would trust other people.

HEG. (*addressing* TYNDARUS *as though* PHILOCRATES). Do you then follow me this way. (*Aside*.) The things that I desire to know, I'll enquire of him. (*Addressing* TYNDARUS.) Philocrates, this person has done as it becomes an honest man to do. For from him I've learnt of what family you are sprung; he has confessed it to me. If you are willing to own these same things (which, however, understand that I *already* know from him), you will be doing it for your own advantage.

abundant, and in doing so uses the word "opimæ," of which the primary meaning was "fat;" the other answers, "Yes, so fat that he can be melting the tallow out of them even when he is an old man;" meaning thereby that he is amply provided with means.

<sup>1</sup> *Thesaurochrysonicocœsides*)—Ver. 290. This is a name made up of several Greek words, and seems to mean "a son of Crœsus, abounding in treasures of gold," in allusion to Crœsus, the wealthy king of Lydia. The author indulges in similar pleasantries in the Miles Gloriosus.

<sup>2</sup> *To his own Genius*)—Ver. 295. As the Genius of a man was not only his guardian Deity through life, but the word was also used to signify his capacity for enjoyment; the term "to sacrifice to his Genius," is supposed by some Commentators to mean, "to indulge the appetite in feasting and good cheer." This, however, seems not to be the meaning in this instance; and he probably intends to be understood as alluding, literally, to the domestic sacrifice to the Genius.

TYND. He did his duty when he confessed the truth to you, although, Hegio, I wished carefully to conceal both my rank and my wealth ; now, inasmuch as I've lost my country and my liberty, I don't think it right for him to be dreading me rather than you. The might of warfare has made my fortunes on a level with himself. I remember *the time* when he didn't dare *to do it* in word ; now, in deed, he is at liberty to offend me. But don't you see ? Human fortune moulds and fashions just as she wills. Myself, who was a free man she has made a slave, from the very highest the very lowest. I, who was accustomed to command, now obey the mandates of another. And indeed, if I meet with a master just such as I proved the ruler in my own household, I shall not fear that he will rule me harshly or severely. With this, Hegio, I wished you to be acquainted, unless perchance you yourself wish it not.

HEG. Speak boldly *out*. TYND. As free a man was I till lately as your son. As much did a hostile hand deprive me of my liberty as him of his. As much is he a slave among my people, as I am now a slave here with yourself. There is undoubtedly a God, who both hears and sees the things which we do. Just as you shall treat me here, in the same degree will he have a care for him. To the well-deserving will he show favour, to the ill-deserving will he give a like return. As much as you lament your son, so much does my father lament me.

HEG. That I am aware of. But do you admit the same that he has disclosed to me ?

TYND. I confess that my father has very great wealth at home, and that I am born of a very noble family ; but I entreat you, Hegio, let not my riches make your mind too prone to avarice, lest it should seem to my father, although I am his only *son*, more suitable that I should be a slave in your house, bountifully supplied at your expense and with your clothing, rather than be living the life of a beggar where 't would be far from honorable.

HEG. By the favour of the Gods and of my forefathers, I am rich enough. I don't quite believe that every *kind of* gain is serviceable to mankind. I know that gain has already made many a man famous ; and yet there are occasions when it is undoubtedly better to incur loss than *to make gain*.



Gold I detest: many a one has it persuaded to many an evil course. Now give your attention to this, that you may know as well what my wishes are. My son, taken prisoner, is in servitude at Elis there among your people; if you restore him to me, don't you give me a single coin besides; both you and him, *your servant*, I'll send back from here; on no other terms can you depart *hence*.

TYND. You ask what's very right and very just, and you are the very kindest person of all mankind. But whether is he in servitude to a private person or to the public<sup>1</sup>?

HEG. In private *servitude* to Menarchus, a physician.

PHIL. By my faith, that person's surely his father's dependant. Why really, that's down as pat for you, as the shower is when it rains.

HEG. Do you *then* cause this person, *my son*, to be redeemed.

TYND. I'll do *so*: but this I beg of you, Hegio——

HEG. Whatever you wish, so that you request nothing against my interest, I'll do.

TYND. Listen then, *and* you'll know. I don't ask for myself to be released, until he has returned. But I beg of you to give me him (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*) with a price set<sup>2</sup>. upon him, that I may send him to my father, that this person, *your son*, may be redeemed there.

HEG. Why no; I'd rather send another person hence, when there shall be a truce, to confer with your father there, *and* to carry your injunctions which you shall entrust him with, just as you wish.

TYND. But it's of no use to send to him one that he doesn't know; you'd be losing your labour. Send this person; he'll have it all completed, if he gets there. And you cannot send any person to him more faithful, nor one in whom he places more confidence, nor who is more a servant after his own mind; nor, in fact, one to whom he would more readily entrust your son. Have no fears; at my own peril I'll make proof of his fidelity, relying upon his disposition; because he is sensible that I'm kindly disposed towards him.

<sup>1</sup> *Or to the public*)—Ver. 339. Some captives were employed in the public service, while others fell into the hands of private individuals.

<sup>2</sup> *With a price set*)—Ver. 345. "*Æstimatus*" here means "entrusted to a person at a fixed value, and at his risk for the due return of it."



HEG. Well then, I'll send him with a price set upon him, on the surety of your promise, if you wish it.

TYND. I do wish it ; so soon as ever it can, I want this matter to be brought to completion.

HEG. What reason is there, then, that if he doesn't return, you should not pay me twenty minæ for him ?

TYND. Yes—very good. HEG. (*to the SLAVES, who obey*). Release him now forthwith ; and, indeed, both of them. (*On being released, PHILOCRATES goes into the house.*)

TYND. May all the Gods grant you all your desires, since you have deigned me honor so great, and since you release me from my chains. Really, this is not *so* irksome now, since my neck is free from the collar-chain.

HEG. The kindnesses that are done to the good, thanks for the same are pregnant with blessings. Now, if you are about to send him thither, direct, instruct him, give him the orders which you wish to be carried to your father. Should you like me to call him to you ?

TYND. Do call him. (*HEGIO goes to the door, and calls PHILOCRATES.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter PHILOCRATES, from the house.*

HEG. May this affair turn out happily for myself and for my son, and for yourselves. (*To PHILOCRATES.*) Your new master wishes you to pay faithful obedience to your former owner in what he wishes. For I have presented you to him, with the price of twenty minæ set upon you : and he says that he is desirous to send you away hence to his father, that he may there redeem my son, *and* that an exchange may be made between me and him for our *respective* sons.

PHIL. My disposition takes its course straight in either direction, *both* to yourself and to him ; as a wheel<sup>1</sup> you may

<sup>1</sup> *As a wheel*)—Ver. 374. This may either mean the wheel of a vehicle or a potter's wheel. The wheels used by the ancients revolved on the axle, as in the carriages of modern times, and were prevented, by pins inserted, from falling off. They consisted of naves, spokes, which varied much in number, the felly, or wooden circumference, made of elastic wood, such as the poplar and wild fig, and composed of several segments united, and the tire, which was of metal. Some of their carts and waggons had wheels made of a solid circle of wood, in shape like a millstone, with the axle running through the middle. Similar wheels are used in the south of Europe at the present day.

make use of me ; either this way or that can I be turned, whichever way you shall command me.

HEG. You yourself profit the most from your own disposition, when you endure slavery just as it ought to be endured. Follow me. (*To TYNDARUS.*) See here's *your* man.

TYND. I return you thanks, since you give me this opportunity and permission to send this messenger to my parents, who may relate all the matter in its order to my father, what I'm doing here, and what I wish to be done. (*To PHILOCRATES.*) Now, Tyndarus, thus is it arranged between myself and him, that I'm to send you, valued at a fixed price, to my father in Elis ; so that, if you don't return hither, I'm to give twenty minæ for you.

PHIL. I think that you've come to a right understanding. For your father expects either myself or some messenger to come from here to him.

TYND. I wish you, then, to mind what message it is I want you to carry hence to my country to my father.

PHIL. Philocrates, as up to this moment I have done, I will take all due care to endeavour that which may especially conduce to your interest, and to pursue the same with heart and soul, and with my ears.

TYND. You act just as you ought to act ; now I wish you to give attention. In the first place of all, carry my respects to my mother and my father, and to my relations, and if any one else you see well-disposed *towards me*: say that I am in health here, and that I am a slave, in servitude to this most worthy man, who has ever honored me more and more with his respect, and does *so still*.

PHIL. Don't you be instructing me as to that ; I can, still, easily bear that in mind.

TYND. For, indeed, except that I have a keeper, I deem myself to be a free man. Tell my father on what terms I have agreed with this party about his son.

PHIL. What I remember, it is sheer delay to be putting me in mind of.

TYND. To redeem him, and to send him back here in exchange for both of us.

PHIL. I'll remember it. HEG. But as soon as he can that is especially to the interest of us both.

PHIL. You *are* not more *anxious* to see your son, than he *is* to see his.

HEG. My son is dear to myself, *and* his own to every man.

PHIL. (*to* TYNDARUS). Do you wish any other message to be carried to your father?

TYND. *Say* that I am well here; and do you boldly tell him, Tyndarus, that we have been of dispositions for uninterrupted harmony between ourselves, and that you have neither been deserving of censure, nor that I have proved your enemy; and that still, amid miseries so great, you have shown implicit obedience to your master, and that you have never abandoned me, either in deed or in fidelity, amid my wavering, unprosperous fortunes. When my father shall know this, Tyndarus, how well-disposed you have proved towards his son and himself, he will never be so avaricious but that he'll give you your liberty for nothing. And by my own endeavours, if I return hence, I'll make him do so the more readily. For by your aid and kindness, and good disposition and prudence, you have caused me to be allowed to return to my parents once again, inasmuch as to *Hegio* you have confessed both my rank and my wealth; by means of which, through your wisdom, you have liberated your master from his chains.

PHIL. The things which you mention I have done, and I am pleased that you remember this. Deservedly have they been done for you by me; for now, Philocrates, if I, too, were to mention the things that you have kindly done for me, the night would cut short the day. For, had you been my slave *even*, no otherwise were you always obliging to me.

HEG. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! *behold* the kindly disposition of *these* persons! How they draw *the very* tears from me! See how cordially they love each other, *and* with what praises the servant has commended his master.

PHIL. I' troth, he hasn't commended me the one hundredth part of what he himself deserves to be commended in my praises.

HEG. (*to* PHILOCRATES). Since, then, you have acted most becomingly, now there's an opportunity to add to your good deeds in managing this matter with fidelity towards him.

PHIL. I am not able more to wish it done, than by my en-

deavours to try to bring it about. That you may know this, Hegio, with praises do I call supreme Jove to witness that I will not prove unfaithful to Philocrates<sup>1</sup>—

HEG. You are a worthy fellow. PHIL. And that I will never in anything act otherwise towards him than towards my own self.

TYND. I wish you to put these speeches to the test, both by your deeds and your actions; and inasmuch as I have said the less about you than I had wished, I wish you *the more* to give me your attention, and take you care not to be angry with me by reason of these words. But, I beseech you, reflect that you are sent hence home with a price set upon you at my risk, and that my life is here left as a pledge for you. Do not you forget me the very moment that you have left my presence, since you will have left me here behind a captive in captivity for yourself, and *don't* consider yourself as free, *and* forsake your pledge<sup>2</sup>, and not use your endeavours for you to bring his son home again, in return for me. Understand that you are sent hence valued at twenty minæ. Take care to prove scrupulously faithful; take care that you show not a wavering fidelity. For my father, I am sure, will do everything that he ought to do. Preserve me as a constant friend to you, and find out<sup>3</sup> this person *so lately* discovered. These things, by your right hand, holding you with my *own* right hand, do I beg of you; do not prove less true to me than I have proved to you. This matter do you attend to; you are now my master, you my patron, you my father; to you do I commend my hopes and my fortunes.

PHIL. You have given injunctions enough. Are you satisfied if I bring back accomplished what you have enjoined?

TYND. Satisfied. PHIL. (*to* HEGIO). According to your wishes, and (*to* TYNDARUS) according to yours, will I return hither provided. Is there anything else?

<sup>1</sup> *Unfaithful to Philocrates*)—Ver. 432. Philocrates might very safely take an oath to Hegio, that he would not prove unfaithful to himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Forsake your pledge*)—Ver. 441. Alluding to himself being left behind, and a surety for his speedy return.

<sup>3</sup> *And find out*)—Ver. 446. "Atque hunc inventum inveni." Some would render this, "And find this person still as you have found him," making it allude to Hegio; it seems, however, rather to apply to the son of Hegio, and to mean, "Do you seek out this person whom we have found out to be in the possession of the physician, Menarchus."

TYND. For you to return back as soon as ever you can.

PHIL. The business *itself* reminds *me of that*.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). Follow me, that I may give you your expenses for the journey at my banker's; on the same occasion I'll get a passport from the Prætor.

TYND. What passport<sup>1</sup>? HEG. For him to take with him hence to the army, that he may be allowed to go home from here. (*To TYNDARUS*.) You go in-doors.

TYND. Speed you well. PHIL. Right heartily, farewell. (*TYNDARUS goes into the house.*)

HEG. (*aside*). I' faith, I compassed my design, when I purchased these men of the Quæstors out of the spoil. I have released my son from slavery, if *so* it pleases the Gods; and yet I hesitated a long time whether I should purchase or should not purchase these persons. Watch that man in-doors, if you please, you servants, that he may nowhere move a foot without a guard. I shall soon make my appearance at home; now I'm going to my brother's, to see my other captives; at the same time I'll enquire whether any one knows this young man. (*To PHILOCRATES*.) Do you follow, that I may despatch you. I wish attention first to be paid to that matter.

(*Exeunt.*)

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter ERGASILUS.*

ERG. Wretched is that man who is in search of something to eat, and finds that with difficulty; but more wretched is he who both seeks with difficulty, and finds nothing at all; most wretched is he, who, when he desires to eat, has not that which he may eat. But, by my faith, if I *only* could, I'd willingly tear out the eyes of this day;—with such enmity has it filled all people towards me. One more starved out I

<sup>1</sup> *What passport?*—Ver. 454. Being conscious of the trick which they are playing on the worthy old man, Tyndarus shows some alarm on hearing a passport, or “sygraphus,” mentioned. Commentators are at a loss to know why he should express such alarm. It is difficult to say, but, probably, as there was in the passport a description of the bearer, who would be Philocrates under the name of Tyndarus, it suddenly comes to the recollection of Tyndarus that they were originally made prisoners under their proper names, and that possibly Philocrates may be recognized as attempting to pass under an assumed name.



never did see, nor one more filled with hunger<sup>1</sup>, nor one who prospers less in whatever he begins to do. So much do my stomach and my throat take rest on these fasting holidays<sup>2</sup>. Away with the profession of a Parasite to very utter and extreme perdition! so much in these days do the young men drive away from them the needy drolls. They care nothing now-a-days for *these* Laconian men<sup>3</sup> of the lowest benches—these whipping-posts, who have their *clever* sayings without provision and *without* money. They *now-a-days* seek those who, when they've eaten at their pleasure, may give them a return at their own houses. They go themselves to market, which formerly was the province of the Parasites. They go themselves from the Forum to the procurers with face as exposed<sup>4</sup> as *the magistrates* in court<sup>5</sup>, with face exposed, condemn those who are found guilty; nor do they now value buffoons at one farthing<sup>6</sup>; all are *so much* in love with themselves. For, when, just now, I went away from here, I came to some young men in the Forum: "Good morrow," said I; "whither are we going together to breakfast?" On this, they were silent.

<sup>1</sup> *Filled with hunger*)—Ver. 471. This paradoxical expression is similar to the one used in the *Aulularia*, l. 45, "*inaniis oppletæ*," "filled with emptiness."

<sup>2</sup> *Fasting holidays*)—Ver. 473. He means to say, that as on feast days and holidays people abstain from work, so at present his teeth and stomach have no employment.

<sup>3</sup> *These Laconian men*)—Ver. 476. The Parasites, when there was not room for them on the "*triclinia*," or "*couches*" at table, were forced to sit on "*subsellia*," or "*benches*," at the bottom of the table. This was like the custom of the Spartans, or Laconians, who, eschewing the luxury of reclining, always persisted in sitting at meals. The Spartans, also, endured pain with the greatest firmness; a virtue much required by Parasites, in order to put up with the indignities which they had to endure from the guests, who daubed their faces, broke pots about their heads, and boxed their ears.

<sup>4</sup> *With face as exposed*)—Ver. 480. People, with any sense of decency, would resort to these places either in masks, or with a hood thrown over the face.

<sup>5</sup> *In court*)—Ver. 481. "*In tribu*." He alludes to the trials which took place before the Roman people in the "*Comitia Tributa*," or "*assemblies of the tribes*," where the Tribunes and *Ædiles* acted as the accusers. The offences for which persons were summoned before the tribes, were, bad conduct of a magistrate in performance of his duties, neglect of duty, mismanagement of a war, embezzlement of the public money, breaches of the peace, usury, adultery, and some other crimes. The "*Comitia Tributa*" were used as courts of appeal, when a person protested against a fine imposed by a magistrate.

<sup>6</sup> *At one farthing*)—Ver. 482. Literally, "*at a teruncius*," which was a small coin among the Romans, containing three "*uncia*," "*twelfth parts*" or one quarter of the "*as*," which we generally take as equivalent to a penny.



"Who says, 'here, *at my house*,' or who makes an offer?" said I. Just like dumb men, they were silent, and didn't smile at me. "Where do we dine?" said I. On this they declined. I said one funny saying out of my best *bon mots*, by which I formerly used to get feasting for a month; not an individual smiled; at once I knew that the matter was arranged by concert. Not even one was willing to imitate a dog when provoked; if they didn't laugh, they might, at least, have grinned with their teeth<sup>1</sup>. From them I went away, after I saw that I was thus made sport of. I went to some others; *then* to some others I came; then to some others—the same the result. All treat the matter in confederacy, just like the oil-merchants in the *Velabrum*<sup>2</sup>. Now, I've returned thence, since I see myself made sport of there. In like manner do other Parasites walk to and fro, to no purpose, in the Forum. Now, after the foreign fashion<sup>3</sup>, I'm determined to enforce all my rights. Those who have entered into a confederacy, by which to deprive us of food and life,—for them I'll name a day. I'll demand, as the damages, that they shall give me ten dinners at my own option, when provisions are dear: thus will I

<sup>1</sup> *Grinned with their teeth*)—Ver. 491. That is, by showing their teeth and grinning. This is not unlike the expression used in the Psalms (according to the translation in our Liturgy)—Ps. lix., ver. 6—"They grin like a dog and run about through the city."

<sup>2</sup> *In the Velabrum*)—Ver. 494. The "*Via Nova*," or "*New Street*," at Rome, led from the interior of the city to the "*Velabra*." The greater and the less "*Velabrum*" lay between the Palatine and the Capitoline Hills, where fruits and other commodities were sold in booths, or under awnings, from which ("*vela*") the streets probably derived their name. Varro, however, says that they were so called from the verb "*veho*," "*to carry*;" because in early times those spots were traversed in boats, which mode of carriage was called "*velatura*." From the present passage, it appears that the oil-merchants in the "*Velabra*" acted in confederacy not to sell their oils under a certain price.

<sup>3</sup> *After the foreign fashion*)—Ver. 497. Some suppose that "*barbaricâ lege*" here means "*the foreign*" or "*Roman law*," and that he refers to the "*Lex Vinnia*, introduced at Rome by Quintus Vinnius, which was said to have been passed against those persons who confederated for the purpose of keeping up the high prices of provisions. It is, however, somewhat doubtful if there really was such a law; and the better opinion seems to be that the word "*lege*" means "*fashion*" or "*custom*;" and that he refers to the Roman method of trial. He will accuse his former entertainers of a conspiracy to starve him. He will name a day for trial, "*diem dicet*;" he will demand damages or a penalty, "*irrogabit multam*;" and thus will he proceed at law against them, "*sic egerit*." Rost has written at great length on the meaning of this passage.

do. Now I'll go hence to the harbour. There, is my only hope of a dinner; if that shall fail me, I'll return here to the old gentleman, to his unsavoury dinner.

SCENE II.—*Enter HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.*

HEG. (*to himself*). What is there more delightful than to manage one's own interests well for the public good<sup>1</sup>, just as I did yesterday, when I purchased these men. Every person, as they see me, comes to meet me, and congratulates me on this matter. By thus stopping and detaining unlucky me, they've made me *quite* tired. With much ado have I survived<sup>2</sup> from being congratulated, to my misfortune. At last, to the Prætor did I get. There, scarcely did I rest myself. I asked for a passport; it was given me: at once I delivered it to Tyndarus. He started for home. Thence, straightway, after that was done, I passed by my house; and I went at once to my brother's, where my other captives are. I asked about Philocrates from Elis, whether any one of them all knew the person. This man (*pointing to ARISTOPHONTES*) called out that he had been his intimate friend; I told him that he was at my house. At once he besought and entreated me that I would permit him to see him. Forthwith I ordered him to be released *from chains*. Thence have I come. (*To ARISTOPHONTES.*) Now, do you follow me, that you may obtain what you have besought of me, the opportunity of meeting with this person. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter TYNDARUS, from the house.*

TYND. Now stands the matter so, that I would much rather that I had once existed, than that I *still* exist; now do my hopes, my resources, and my succour, desert me and spurn themselves. This is that day, when, for my life, no safety can be hoped; nor *yet* is death my end; nor hope is there,

<sup>1</sup> *For the public good*)—Ver. 504. It is possible that he may here refer to his purchase of Philocrates, whose high position among the Eleans would probably tend, on his return to his native country, to promote peace between it and the people of Ætoia.

<sup>2</sup> *With much ado have I survived*)—Ver. 513. "Vix——eminebam." Literally, "I hardly kept myself above" water. He means that he was almost overpowered by the crowds of people congratulating him.

in fact, to dispel this fear for me ; nor cloak have I anywhere for my deceitful stratagems ; nor for my devices or my subterfuges is there anywhere a screen presented to me. No deprecating *is there* for my perfidy ; no means of flight for my offences. No refuge is there anywhere for my trusting ; and no escape for my cunning schemes. What was concealed is *now* exposed ; my plans are *now* divulged. The whole matter is now laid open ; nor is there any ado about this matter, but that I must perish outright, and meet with destruction, both on behalf of my master and myself. This Aristophontes has proved my ruin, who has just now come into the house. He knows me. He is the intimate friend and kinsman of Philocrates. Not Salvation *herself*<sup>1</sup> can save me now, *even* if she wishes ; nor have I any means *of escape*, unless, perchance, I devise some artifice in my mind. (*He meditates.*) Plague on it !—how ? What can I contrive ?—what can I think of ? Some very great folly and trifling I shall have to begin with. I'm quite at a loss. (*He retires aside.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES, *from the house.*

HEG. Whither am I to say, now, that this man has been taken himself from the house out of doors ?

TYND. (*apart*). Now, for a very certainty, I'm done for ; the enemies are coming to you, Tyndarus ! What shall I say ?—what shall I talk of ? What shall I deny, or what confess ? All matters are reduced to uncertainty. How shall I place confidence in my resources ? I wish the Gods had destroyed you, before you were lost to your own country, Aristophontes, who, from a plot well concerted, are making it disconcerted. This plan is ruined outright, unless I find out for myself some extremely bold device.

HEG. (*to* ARISTOPHONTES). Follow me. See, there is the man ; go to him and address him.

<sup>1</sup> *Not Salvation herself*)—Ver. 535. This was a proverbial expression among the Romans. “Salus,” “Safety” or “Salvation,” was worshipped as a Goddess at Rome. It is well observed, in Thornton's translation, that the word “Salus” may, without irreverence, be translated “Salvation,” on no less authority than that of Archbishop Tillotson. “If,” says he, “men will continue in their sins, the redemption brought by Christ will be of no advantage to them ; such as obstinately persist in an impenitent course,” “*ipsa si velit Salus, servare non potest,*” “Salvation itself cannot save them.”

TYND. (*aside, and turning away*). What mortal among mortals is there more wretched than myself?

ARIST. (*coming up to him*). Why's this, that I'm to say that you are avoiding my gaze, Tyndarus? And *why* that you are slighting me as a stranger, as though you had never known me? Why, I'm as much a slave as yourself; although at home I was a free man, you, even from your childhood, have always served in slavery in Elis.

HEG. I' faith, I'm very little surprised, if either he does avoid your gaze, or if he does shun you, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates.

TYND. Hegio, this person was accounted a madman in Elis. Don't you give ear to what he prates about; for at home he has pursued his father and mother with spears, and that malady sometimes comes upon him which is spit out<sup>1</sup>. Do you this instant stand away at a distance from him.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Away with him further off from me.

ARIST. Do you say, you whipp'd knave, that I am mad, and do you declare that I have followed my own father with spears? And that I have that malady, that it's necessary for me to be spit upon<sup>2</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *Which is spit out*)—Ver. 566. Some would render the words “qui sputatur,” “which is spit upon,” and fancy that they find authorities in the ancient writers for thinking that epilepsy was treated by spitting upon the patient. However, it seems much more probable, that the notion was that epilepsy was cured by the patient himself spitting out the noxious saliva; and that the word “sputatur” means, “is spit out,” i. e. “is cured by spitting.” Celsus thus describes the “comitialis morbus,” “epilepsy,” or “falling sickness:” “The person seized, suddenly falls down; foam drops from the mouth; then, after a little time, he comes to himself, and gets up again without any assistance.” Pliny, in his Natural History, B. 38, c. 4, says: “Despuimus comitiales morbos, hoc est, contagia regerimus,” “We spit out the epilepsy, that is, we avert the contagion.” This is said, probably, in reference to a belief, that on seeing an epileptic person, if we spit, we shall avoid the contagion; but it by no means follows that the person so doing must spit upon the epileptic person. We read in the first Book of Samuel, ch. xxi., ver. 12: “And David laid up these words in his heart, and was sore afraid of Achish, the King of Gath. And he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrambled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down on his beard.” He probably pretended to be attacked with epileptic fits. In fact, after due examination, there seems little doubt that it was a common notion with the ancients that the distemper was discharged with the saliva.

<sup>2</sup> *To be spit upon*)—Ver. 559. Aristophontes has understood the words, “qui sputatur,” in the sense of “which is spit upon,” and asks Tyndarus if he affirms that he is afflicted with a disease which requires such treatment. Hegio, to pacify

HEG. Don't be dismayed; that malady afflicts many a person to whom it has proved wholesome to be spit upon, and has been of service to them.

ARIST. Why, what do you say? Do you, too, credit him?

HEG. Credit him in what? ARIST. That I am mad?

TYND. Do you see him, with what a furious aspect he's looking at you? 'Twere best to retire, Hegio; it is as I said, his frenzy grows apace; have a care for yourself.

HEG. I thought that he was mad, the moment that he called you Tyndarus.

TYND. Why, he's sometimes ignorant of his own name; and doesn't know what it is.

HEG. But he even said that you were his intimate friend.

TYND. So far from that, I never saw him. Why, really, Alcmaeon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus<sup>1</sup> besides, are my friends on the same principle that he is.

ARIST. Villain, and do you dare speak ill of me, as well? Do I not know you?

HEG. I' faith, it really is very clear that you don't know him, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates. Him whom you see, you don't know; you are addressing him as the person whom you don't see.

him, and to show off his medical knowledge, tells him that it has proved beneficial in some diseases to be so treated; but he does not go so far as to say what those diseases were. One malady, called "herpes," or "spreading ulcer," was said to be highly contagious, but capable of being cured by applications of saliva. Some Commentators here quote the method which our Saviour adopted in curing the blind man at Bethsaida: "And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town: and when he had spat on his eyes and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught." St. Mark, ch. viii., ver. 23. And again, the account given in the ninth chapter of St. John, ver. 6: "When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay." It may be possible that our Saviour thought fit to adopt these forms, in imitation of some of the methods of treating diseases in those times; though, of course, his transcendant power did not require their agency. Rost, in his Commentaries on Plautus, has a very learned disquisition on the meaning of the present passage.

<sup>1</sup> *Alcmaeon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus*)—Ver. 568. He alludes to these three persons as being three of the most celebrated men of antiquity that were attacked with frenzy. Orestes slew his mother, Clytemnestra; Alcmaeon killed his mother, Eriphyle; and Lycurgus, King of Thrace, on slighting the worship of Bacchus, was afflicted with madness, in a fit of which he hewed off his own legs with a hatchet.



ARIST. On the contrary, this fellow's saying that he is the person who he is not; and he says that he is not the person who he really is.

TYND. You've been found, of course, to excel Philocrates in truthfulness.

ARIST. By my troth, as I understand the 'matter, you've been found to brazen out the truth by lying. But i' faith, prithee, come then, look at me.

TYND. (*looking at him*). Well! ARIST. Say, now; do you deny that you are Tyndarus?

TYND. I do deny it, I say.

ARIST. Do you say that you are Philocrates?

TYND. I do say so, I say.

ARIST. (*to HEGIO*). And do you believe him?

HEG. More, indeed, than either you or myself. For he, in fact, who you say that he is (*pointing to TYNDARUS*), has set out hence to-day for Elis, to this person's father.

ARIST. What father, when he's a slave<sup>1</sup>.

TYND. And so are you a slave, and *yet* you were a free man; and I trust that *so* I shall be, if I restore his son here to liberty.

ARIST. How say you, villain? Do you say that you were born a free man [*liber*]?

TYND. I really do not say that I am *Liber*<sup>2</sup>, but that I am Philocrates.

ARIST. How's this? How this scoundrel, Hegio, is making sport of you now. For he's a slave himself, and never, except his own self, had he a slave.

TYND. Because you yourself are destitute in your own country, and haven't whereon to live at home, you wish all to be found like to yourself; you don't do anything surprising. 'Tis *the nature* of the distressed to be ill-disposed, and to envy the fortunate.

<sup>1</sup> *When he's a slave*)—Ver. 580. Slaves were not considered to have any legal existence; and, therefore, to have neither parents or relations.

<sup>2</sup> *That I am Liber*)—Ver. 584. Aristophontes asks him if he means to assert that he was born a free man, "*liber*." As "*Liber*" was also a name of Bacchus, Tyndarus quibbles, and says, "I did not assert that I am *Liber*, but that I am *Philocrates*." In consequence of the idiom of the Latin language, his answer (*non equidem me Liberum, sed Philocratem esse aio*) will admit of another quibble, and may be read as meaning, "I did not say that I am a free man, but that *Philocrates* is." This may be readily seen by the Latin scholar, but is not so easily explained to the English reader



ARIST. Hegio, take you care, please, that you don't persist in rashly placing confidence in this man; for so far as I see, he is certainly now putting some device in execution, in saying that he is redeeming your son *from captivity*; that is by no means satisfactory to me.

TYND. I know that you don't wish that to be done; still I shall effect it, if the Gods assist me. I shall bring him back here, *and he will restore* me to my father, in Elis. For that purpose have I sent Tyndarus hence to my father.

ARIST. Why, you yourself are he; nor is there any slave in Elis of that name, except yourself.

TYND. Do you persist in reproaching me with being a slave—a thing that has befallen me through the fortune of war?

ARIST. Really, now, I cannot contain myself.

TYND. (*to HEGIO*). Ha! don't you hear him? Why don't you take to flight? He'll be pelting us just now with stones there, unless you order him to be seized.

ARIST. I'm distracted. TYND. His eyes strike fire; there's need of a rope, Hegio. Don't you see how his body is spotted all over with livid spots? Black bile<sup>1</sup> is disordering the man.

ARIST. And, by my faith, if this old gentleman is wise, black pitch<sup>2</sup> will be disordering you with the executioner, and giving a light to your head.

TYND. He's now talking in his fit of delirium; sprites are in possession of the man.

HEG. By my troth, suppose I order him to be seized?

TYND. You would be acting more wisely.

ARIST. I'm vexed that I haven't a stone, to knock out the

<sup>1</sup> *Black bile*)—Ver. 602. A superabundance of the bile was supposed to be productive of melancholy madness. The word "melancholy" is from the Greek *μελαγχολία*, "black bile."

<sup>2</sup> *Black pitch*)—Ver. 603. He alludes to a frightful punishment inflicted upon malefactors by the Romans. They were either smeared over with burning pitch, or were first covered with pitch, which was then set fire to. This punishment is supposed to have been often inflicted upon the early Christians. Juvena alludes to it in his First Satire, l. 155:

Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ,  
Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture famant.

"Describe Tigellinus [an infamous minister of Nero], and you shall give a light by those torches, in which those stand and burn who send forth smoke with a stake driven into their throat."

brains of that whip-scoundrel, who's driving me to madness by his taunts.

TYND. Don't you hear that he's looking for a stone?

ARIST. I wish to speak with you alone, separately, Hegio.

HEG. Speak from where you are, if you want anything; though at a distance, I shall hear you.

TYND. Yes, for, by my faith, if you approach nearer, he'll be taking your nose off with his teeth.

ARIST. By heavens, Hegio, don't you believe that I am mad, or that I ever was *so*, or that I have the malady which that fellow avers. But if you fear anything from me, order me to be bound; I wish it, so long as that fellow is bound as well.

TYND. Why really, Hegio, rather let him be bound that wishes it.

ARIST. Now hold your tongue! I'll make you, *you* false Philocrates, to be found out this day *to be* a real Tyndarus. Why are you making signs<sup>1</sup> at me?

TYND. I, making signs at you? (*To HEGIO.*) What would he do, if you were at a greater distance off?

HEG. What do you say? What if I approach this mad-man?

TYND. Nonsense; you'll be made a fool of; he'll be prating *stuff*, to you, neither the feet nor the head of which will ever be visible. The dress *only*<sup>2</sup> is wanting; in seeing this man, you behold Ajax himself.

HEG. I don't care; still I'll approach him. (*Advances to ARISTOPHONTES.*)

TYND. (*aside*). Now am I utterly undone; now between

<sup>1</sup> *Why are you making signs*)—Ver. 617. "Abnutas." The verb "abnuto" means, "to nod to a person that he may desist." Tyndarus thinks that by this time Aristophontes must surely understand the plan that has been devised for the escape of Philocrates; and, as he is about to step aside to speak with Hegio, he makes a sign, requesting him to stop short in his contradiction of what he has asserted.

<sup>2</sup> *The dress only*)—Ver. 620. By "ornamenta" he means the dress of Tragedy. The dresses of Comedy were essentially different from those of Tragedy. He means to say, "the man is mad; if he had only the Tragic garb on, you might take him for Ajax Telamon in his frenzy." On being refused the arms of Achilles, Ajax became mad, and slaughtered a flock of sheep, fancying that they were Ulysses and the sons of Atreus.

the sacrifice and the stone<sup>1</sup> do I stand, nor know I what to do.

HEG. I lend you my attention, Aristophontes, if there is anything that you would wish with me.

ARIST. From me you shall hear *that* truth, which now you think to be false, Hegio. But I wish, in the first place, to clear myself from this with you—that madness does not possess me, and that I have no malady, except that I am in captivity ; and, so may the King of Gods and of men make me to regain my native land, that fellow there is no more Philocrates than either I or you.

HEG. Come, then, tell me who he is ?

ARIST. He whom I've told you all along from the beginning. If you shall find him any other than that person, I show no cause why I shouldn't suffer the loss with you both of my parents and of my liberty *for ever*.

HEG. (*to TYNDARUS*). What say you *to this* ?

TYND. That I am your slave, and you my master.

HEG. I didn't ask that—were you a free man ?

TYND. I was. ARIST. But he really wasn't ; he is deceiving you.

TYND. How do you know ? Were you, perchance, the mid-wife of my mother, since you dare to affirm this so boldly ?

ARIST. When a boy, I saw yourself, a boy.

TYND. But, grown up, I *now* see you grown up ; so, there's for you, in return. If you did right, you wouldn't be troubling yourself about my concerns ; do I trouble myself about yours ?

HEG. Was his father *called* Thesaurochrysonicocræsesides ?

ARIST. He was not ; and I never heard that name before this day. Theodoromedes was the father of Philocrates.

TYND. (*aside*). I'm downright undone. Why don't you be quiet, heart of mine ? Go and be stretched, and hang yourself ; you are throbbing *so*, *that* unfortunate I can hardly stand up for *my* fear.

HEG. Is a full assurance given me that this was a slave in Elis, and that he is not Philocrates ?

<sup>1</sup> *The sacrifice and the stone*)—Ver. 624. We learn from Livy, that in the most ancient times the animal for sacrifice was killed by being struck with a stone ; to stand between the victim and the stone, would consequently imply, to be in a position of extreme danger.

ARIST. So fully, that you will never find this to be otherwise; but where is he<sup>1</sup> now?

HEG. Where I the least, and he the most could wish himself. In consequence, then, I'm cut asunder<sup>2</sup>, disjointed, to my sorrow, by the devices of this scoundrel, who has bamboozled me by his tricks just as he has thought fit. But do, please, have a care *that you are right*.

ARIST. Why, I assure you of this, *as* an ascertained and established fact.

HEG. For certain? ARIST. Why, nothing, I say, will you find more certain than this certainty. Philocrates, from when a boy, has ever since that time been my friend.

HEG. But of what appearance is your friend Philocrates?

ARIST. I'll tell you: with a thin face, sharp nose, light hair, dark eyes, somewhat ruddy, with hair rather crisp *and* curling.

HEG. *The description* is like. TYND. (*aside*). *Aye*, so much so, indeed, that I've this day, much to my sorrow, got into the midst of this, i' faith. Woe to those unfortunate rods which this day will be meeting their end upon my back.

HEG. I see that I've been imposed upon.

TYND. (*aside*). Why, fetters, do you delay to run towards me and to embrace my legs, that I may have you in custody?

HEG. And have these *two* rascally captives really deceived me this day with their tricks? The other one pretended that he was the servant, and this one that he himself was the master. I've lost the kernel; for a security, I've left the shell. To such a degree have they imposed upon me<sup>3</sup>, both on this side and that, with their trickeries. Still, this fellow shall never have the laugh against me. Colaphus, Cordalio, Corax<sup>4</sup> (*to the SLAVES*), go you away and bring out the thongs.

<sup>1</sup> *But where is he*)—Ver. 645. Tyndarus has probably betaken himself to some corner of the stage, and Aristophontes misses him from his former position.

<sup>2</sup> *Cut asunder*)—Ver. 646. "Deruncinatus" means, literally, cut asunder with a "runcina," or "saw."

<sup>3</sup> *Have they imposed upon me*)—Ver. 661. "Os sublevare offuciis." Literally "painted my face with varnish." This expression is probably derived from the practice of persons concealing their defects, by painting over spots or freckles in the face for the purpose of hiding them.

<sup>4</sup> *Colaphus, Cordalio, Corax*)—Ver. 662. These are the names of slaves. "Colaphus" means, also, "a blow with the fist." "Corax" was the Greek name for a "crow," and was probably given to a black slave.

SLAVE. Are we to be sent to gather faggots<sup>1</sup>? (*The SLAVES go and bring the thongs from the house.*)

SCENE V.—HEGIO, TYNDARUS, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Put the manacles on this whipp'd villain.

TYND. (*whilst the SLAVES are fastening him*). What's the matter? What have I done wrong?

HEG. Do you ask the question? You weeder and sower of villanies, and in especial their reaper.

TYND. Ought you not to have ventured to say the harrower first? For countrymen always harrow before they weed.

HEG. Why, with what assurance he stands before me.

TYND. It's proper for a servant, innocent and guiltless, to be full of confidence, most especially before his master.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Bind this fellow's hands tightly, will you.

TYND. I am your own—do you command them to be cut off even. But what is the matter on account of which you blame me?

HEG. Because me and my fortunes, so far as in you singly lay, by your rascally and knavish stratagems you have rent in pieces, and have distracted my affairs and spoiled all my resources and my plans, *in that* you've thus robbed me of Philocrates by your devices. I thought that he was the slave, you the free man. So did you say yourselves, and in this way did you change names between you.

TYND. I confess that all was done so, as you say, and that by a stratagem he has got away from you, through my aid and cleverness; and prithee, now, do you blame me for that, i' faith?

HEG. Why, it has been done with your extreme torture *for the consequence*.

TYND. So I don't die by reason of my misdeeds, I care but little. If I do die here, then he returns not, as he said *he would*; but when I'm dead, this act will be remembered to my honor, that I caused my captive master to return from slavery and the foe, a free man, to his father in his native

<sup>1</sup> *To gather faggots*)—Ver. 663. He asks this question, because cords, “lora,” were necessary for the purpose of binding up faggots.

land; and that I preferred rather to expose my own life to peril, than that he should be undone.

HEG. Take care, then, to enjoy that fame at Acheron.

TYND. He who dies for virtue's sake, still does not perish.

HEG. When I've tortured you in the most severe manner, and for your schemes put you to death, let them say either that you have perished or that you have died; so long as you do die, I don't think it matters if they say you live.

TYND. I' faith, if you do do so, you'll do it not without retribution, if he shall return here, as I trust that he will return.

ARIST. (*aside*). O ye immortal Gods! I understand it now; now I know what the case *really* is. My friend Philocrates is at liberty with his father, in his native land. 'Tis well; nor have I any person to whom I could so readily wish well. But this thing grieves me, that I've done this person a bad turn, who now on account of me and my talking is in chains.

HEG. (*to TYNDARUS*). Did I not forbid you this day to utter anything false to me?

TYND. You did forbid me. HEG. Why did you dare to tell me lies?

TYND. Because the truth would have prejudiced him whom I was serving; now falsehood has advantaged him.

HEG. But it will prejudice yourself.

TYND. 'Tis very good. Still, I have saved my master, whom I rejoice at being saved, to whom my elder master had assigned me as a protector. But do you think that this was wrongly done?

HEG. Most wrongfully. TYND. But I, who disagree with you, say, rightly. For consider, if any slave of yours had done this for your son, what thanks you would have given him. Would you have given that slave his freedom or not? Would not that slave have been in highest esteem with you? Answer me *that*.

HEG. I think so. TYND. Why, then, are you angry with me?

HEG. Because you have proved more faithful to him than to myself.

TYND. How now? Did you expect, in a single night and day, for yourself to teach *me*—a person just made captive, a recent *slave*, and in his noviciate—that I should rather consult your interest than his, with whom from childhood I have passed my life?



HEG. Seek, then, thanks from him for that. (*To the SLAVES.*) Take him where he may receive weighty *and* thick fetters, thence, after that, you shall go to the quarries for cutting stone. There, while the others are digging out eight stones, unless you daily do half as much work again, you shall have the name of the six-hundred-stripe man<sup>1</sup>.

ARIST. By Gods and men, I do entreat you, Hegio, not to destroy this man.

HEG. He shall be taken all care of<sup>2</sup>. For at night, fastened with chains, he shall be watched; in the daytime, beneath the ground, he shall be getting out stone. For many a day will I torture him; I'll not respite him for a single day.

ARIST. Is that settled by you? HEG. Not more settled that I shall die. (*To the SLAVES.*) Take him away this instant to Hippolytus, the blacksmith; bid thick fetters to be rivetted on him. From there let him be led outside the gate to my freedman, Cordalus, at the stone-quarries. And tell him that I desire this man so to be treated, that he mayn't be in any respect worse off than he who is the most severely treated.

TYND. Why, since you are unwilling, do I desire myself to survive? At your own hazard is the risk of my life. After death, no evil have I to apprehend in death. Though I should live even to extreme age, still, short is the space for enduring what you threaten me with. Farewell and prosper; although you are deserving for me to say otherwise. You, Aristophontes, as you have deserved of me, so fare you; for on your account has this befallen me.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES.*) Carry him off.

TYND. But this one thing I beg, that, if Philocrates should come back here, you will give me an opportunity of meeting him.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES.*) At your peril, if you don't this instant remove him from my sight. (*The SLAVES lay hold of TYNDARUS, and push him along.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Six-hundred-stripe man*)—Ver. 731. "Sexcentoplago." This is a compound word, coined by the author.

<sup>2</sup> *He shall be taken all care of*)—Ver. 733. Struck with admiration at his fidelity, Aristophontes begs Hegio not to destroy Tyndarus. As the verb "perduis" might also mean "lose" him, Hegio ironically takes it in the latter sense, and says that there is no fear of that, for he shall be well taken care of; or, in other words, strictly watched.

TYND. I' troth, this really is violence<sup>1</sup>, to be both dragged and pushed at the same time. (*He is borne off by the SLAVES.*)

SCENE VI.—HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. He has been led off straight to prison<sup>2</sup>, as he deserves. Let no one presume to attempt such an enterprise. Had it not been for you who discovered this to me, still would they have been leading me by the bridle with their tricks. Now am I resolved henceforth never to trust any person in anything. This once I have been deceived enough; I did hope, to my sorrow, that I had rescued my son from slavery. That hope has forsaken me. I lost one son, whom, a child in his fourth year, a slave stole from me; and, indeed, never since have I found either slave or son; the elder one has fallen in the hands of the enemy. What guilt is this *of mine*? As though I had become the father of children for the purpose of being childless. (*To ARISTOPHONTES.*) Follow this way. I'll conduct you back where you were. I'm determined to have pity upon no one, since no one has pity upon me.

ARIST. Forth from my chains with evil omen did I come; now I perceive that with like ill omen to my bonds I must return. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Enter* ERGASILUS<sup>3</sup>.

ERG. Supreme Jove! thou dost preserve me, and dost augment my means. Plenty, extreme and sumptuous, dost

<sup>1</sup> *This really is violence*)—Ver. 755. According to Suetonius, Julius Cæsar used an exactly similar expression when first attacked by his murderers in the senate-house. On Tullius Cimber seizing hold of his garments he exclaimed, "*Ita quidem vis est!*" "Why, really, this is violence!"

<sup>2</sup> *To prison*)—Ver. 756. "*Phylacam.*" This is a Greek word Latinized, meaning "prison" or "confinement."

<sup>3</sup> *Ergasilus*) He has just come from the harbour, where he has seen the son of Hegio, together with Philocrates and Stalagmus, landing from the packet-boat. Now, as he speaks still of his intended dinner with Hegio, to which he had been invited in the earlier part of the Play, we must conclude, that since then, Philocrates has taken ship from the coast of Ætolia, arrived in Elis, procured the liberation of Philopolemus, and returned with him, all in the space of a few hours. This, however, although the coast of Elis was only about fifteen miles from that of Ætolia, is not at all consistent with probability; and the author has been much censured by some Commentators, especially by Lessing, on account of his negligence.

thou present to me; celebrity, profit, enjoyment, mirth, festivity, holidays, sights, provisions, carousings, abundance, joyousness. And to no man have I now determined with myself to go a-begging; for I'm able either to profit my friend or to destroy my enemy, to such extent has this delightful day heaped delights upon me in its delightfulness. I have lighted upon a most rich inheritance without incumbrances<sup>1</sup>. Now will I wend my way to this old gentleman Hegio, to whom I am carrying blessings as great as he himself prays for from the Gods, and even greater. Now, this is my determination, in the same fashion that the slaves of Comedy<sup>2</sup> *are wont*, so will I throw my cloak around my neck, that from me, the first *of all*, he may learn this matter. And I trust that I, by reason of this news, shall find provision up to the end.

SCENE II.—*Enter HEGIO, at a distance.*

HEG. (*to himself*). The more that I revolve this matter in my breast, the more is my uneasiness of mind increased. That I should have been duped in this fashion to-day! and that I wasn't able to see through it! When this shall be known, then I shall be laughed at all over the city. The very moment that I shall have reached the Forum, all will be saying, "This is that clever old gentleman, who had the trick played him." But is this Ergasilus, that I see coming at a distance? Surely he has got his cloak gathered up; what, I wonder, is he going to do?

ERG. (*advancing, and talking to himself*). Throw aside

It must, however, be remembered, that Plautus was writing for a Roman audience, the greater part of whom did not know whether Elis was one mile or one hundred from the coast of *Ætolia*. We may suppose, too, that Philopolemus had already caused Stalagnus, the runaway slave, to be apprehended before the arrival of Philocrates in Elis.

<sup>1</sup> *An inheritance without incumbrances*)—Ver. 780. "Sine sacris hereditas." The meaning of this expression has been explained in the Notes to the *Trinummus*, 484.

<sup>2</sup> *Slaves of Comedy*)—Ver. 783. This was done that, when expedition was required, the cloak might not prove an obstruction to the wearer as he walked. The slaves in Comedies usually wore the "pallium," and as they were mostly active, bustling fellows, would have it tucked tightly around them. The "pallium" was usually worn passed over the left shoulder, then drawn behind the back, and under the left arm, leaving it bare, and then thrown again over the left shoulder.

from you all tardiness, Ergasilus, and speed on this business. I threaten, and I strictly charge no person to stand in my way, unless any one shall be of opinion that he has lived long enough. For whoever does come in my way, shall stop me upon his face. (*He runs along, flourishing his arms about.*)

HEG. (*to himself*). This fellow's beginning to box.

ERG. (*to himself*). I'm determined to do it; so that every one may pursue his own path, let no one be bringing any of his business in this street; for my fist is a balista, my arm is my catapulta, my shoulder a battering-ram; then against whomsoever I dart my knee, I shall bring him to the ground. I'll make all persons to be picking up their teeth<sup>1</sup>, whomsoever I shall meet with.

HEG. (*to himself*). What threatening is this? For I cannot wonder enough.

ERG. I'll make him always to remember this day and place, and myself *as well*. Whoever stops me upon my road, I'll make him put a stop to his own existence.

HEG. (*to himself*). What great thing is this fellow preparing to do, with such mighty threats?

ERG. I first give notice, that no one, by reason of his own fault, may be caught—keep yourselves in-doors at home, *and* guard yourselves from my attack.

HEG. (*to himself*). By my faith, 'tis strange if he hasn't got this boldness by means of his stomach. Woe to that wretched man, through whose cheer this fellow has become quite swaggering.

ERG. Then the bakers, that feed swine, that fatten their pigs upon refuse bran, through the stench of which no one can pass by a baker's shop; if I see the pig of any one of them in the public way, I'll beat the bran out of the masters' themselves with my fists.

HEG. (*to himself*). Royal and imperial edicts does he give out. The fellow is full; he certainly has his boldness from his stomach.

ERG. Then the fishmongers, who supply stinking fish to the public—who are carried about on a gelding, with his

<sup>1</sup> *To be picking up their teeth*)—Ver. 803. "Dentilegos." He says that he will knock their teeth out, and so make them pick them up from the ground. We must suppose that while he is thus hurrying on, he is walking up one of the long streets which were represented as emerging on the Roman stage, opposite to the audience.

galloping galling pace<sup>1</sup>—the stench of whom drives all the loungers in the Basilica<sup>2</sup> into the Forum, I'll bang their heads with their bulrush fish-baskets, that they may understand what annoyance they cause to the noses of other people. And then the butchers, as well, who render the sheep destitute of their young—who agree with you about killing lamb<sup>3</sup>, and then offer you lamb at double the price—who give the name of wether *mutton* to a ram—if I should *only* see that ram in the public way, I'll make both ram and owner most miserable beings.

HEG. (*to himself*). Well done! He really does give out edicts fit for an Ædile, and 'tis indeed a surprising thing if the Ætoliens haven't made him inspector of markets<sup>4</sup>.

ERG. No Parasite now am I, but a right royal king of kings; so large a stock of provision for my stomach is there at hand in the harbour. But *why* delay to overwhelm this old gentleman Hegio with gladness? With him, not a person among mankind exists equally fortunate.

<sup>1</sup> *Galling pace*)—Ver. 819. "Crucianti" may mean either "tormenting" the spectator by reason of the slowness of its pace, or galling to the rider. "Quadrupedanti crucianti cauterio" is a phrase, both in sound and meaning, much resembling what our song-books call the "galloping dreary dun."

<sup>2</sup> *In the Basilica*)—Ver. 820. The "Basilica" was a building which served as a court of law, and a place of meeting for merchants and men of business. The name was perhaps derived from the Greek word βασιλεὺς, as the title of the second Athenian Archon, who had his tribunal or court of justice. The building was probably, in its original form, an insulated portico. The first edifice of this kind at Rome was erected B.C. 184; probably about the period when this Play was composed. It was situate in the Forum, and was built by Porcius Cato, from whom it was called the "Porcian Basilica." Twenty others were afterwards erected at different periods in the city. The loungers here mentioned, in the present instance, were probably sauntering about under the porticos of the Basilica, when their olfactory nerves were offended by the unsavoury smell of the fishermen's baskets.

<sup>3</sup> *About killing lamb*)—Ver. 824. In these lines he seems to accuse the outchers of three faults—cruelty, knavery, and extortion. The general reading is "duplam," but Rost suggests "duplâ," "at double the price." If "duplam" is retained, might it not possibly mean that the butchers agree to kill lamb for you, and bring to you "duplam agninam," "double lamb," or, in other words, lamb twice as old as it ought to be? No doubt there was some particular age at which lamb, in the estimation of Ergasilus and his brother-epicures, was considered to be in its greatest perfection.

<sup>4</sup> *Inspector of markets*)—Ver. 829. "Agoranomum." The Ædiles were the inspectors of markets at Rome, while the "Agoranomi" had a similar office in the Grecian cities.



HEG. (*apart*). What joy is this, that he, *thus* joyous, is going to impart to me?

ERG. (*knocking at HEGIO's door*). Hallo, hallo!—where are you? Is any one coming to open this door?

HEG. (*apart*). This fellow's betaking himself to my house to dine.

ERG. Open you both these doors<sup>1</sup>, before I shall with knocking cause the destruction, piecemeal, of the doors.

HEG. (*apart*). I'd like much to address the fellow. (*Aloud.*) Ergasilus!

ERG. Who's calling Ergasilus? HEG. *Turn round, and look at me.*

ERG. (*not seeing who it is*). A thing that Fortune does not do for you, nor *ever* will do, you bid me *to do*. But who is it?

HEG. Look round at me. 'Tis Hegio.

ERG. (*turning round*). O me! Best of the very best of men, as many as exist, you have arrived opportunely.

HEG. You've met with some one at the harbour to dine with; through that you are elevated.

ERG. Give me your hand. HEG. My hand?

ERG. Give me your hand, I say, this instant.

HEG. Take it. (*Giving him his hand.*)

ERG. Rejoice. HEG. Why should I rejoice?

ERG. Because I bid you; come now, rejoice.

HEG. I' faith, my sorrows exceed my rejoicings.

ERG. 'Tis not so, *as* you shall find; I'll at once drive away every spot of sorrow<sup>2</sup> from your body. Rejoice without restraint.

HEG. I do rejoice, although I don't at all know why I should rejoice.

ERG. You do rightly; *now* order—— HEG. Order what?

ERG. A large fire to be made.

HEG. A large fire? ERG. So I say, that a huge one it must be.

HEG. What, you vulture, do you suppose that for your sake I'm going to set my house on fire?

ERG. Don't be angry. Will you order, or will you not order, the pots to be put on, *and* the saucepans to be washed

<sup>1</sup> *Both these doors*)—Ver. 836. The street-doors of the ancients were generally "bivalve," or "folding-doors."

<sup>2</sup> *Every spot of sorrow*)—Ver. 846. He alludes, figuratively, to the art of the fuller or scourer, in taking the spots out of soiled garments.



out, the bacon and the dainties to be made warm in the heated cooking-stoves, another one, *too*, to go purchase the fish?

HEG. This fellow's dreaming while awake.

ERG. Another to buy pork, and lamb, and pullets.

HEG. You understand how to feed well, if you had the means.

ERG. Gammons of bacon, *too*, and lampreys, spring pickled tunny-fish, mackerel, and sting-ray; large fish, *too*, and soft cheese.

HEG. You will have more opportunity, Ergasilus, here at my house, of talking about these things than of eating them.

ERG. Do you suppose that I'm saying this on my own account?

HEG. You will neither be eating nothing here to-day, nor yet much more *than usual*, so don't you be mistaken. Do you then bring an appetite to my house for your every-day fare.

ERG. Why, I'll so manage it, that you yourself shall wish to be profuse, though I myself should desire you not.

HEG. What, I? ERG. Yes, you.

HEG. Then you are my master. ERG. Yes, *and* a kindly disposed one. Do you wish me to make you happy?

HEG. Certainly I would, rather than miserable.

ERG. Give me your hand. HEG. (*extending his hand*). Here is my hand.

ERG. All the Gods are blessing you.

HEG. I don't feel it so. ERG. Why, you are not in a quickset hedge<sup>1</sup>, therefore you don't feel it; but order the vessels, in a clean state, to be got for you forthwith in readiness for the sacrifice, and one lamb to be brought here with all haste, a fat one.

HEG. Why? ERG. That you may offer sacrifice.

HEG. To which one of the Gods?

ERG. To myself, i' faith, for now am I your supreme Jupiter. I likewise am your salvation, your fortune, your life, your delight, your joy. Do you at once, then, make this Divinity propitious to you by cramming him.

<sup>1</sup> *In a quickset hedge*)—Ver. 865. Here is a most wretched attempt at wit, which cannot be expressed in a literal translation. Hegio says, "Nihil sentio," "I don't feel it." Ergasilus plays upon the resemblance of the verb "sentio" to "sentis" and "senticetum," a "bramble-bush" or quickset hedge;" and says, "You don't feel it so," "non sentis," "because you are not in a quickset hedge," "in senticeto."

HEG. You seem to me to be hungry.

ERG. For myself am I hungry, *and* not for you.

HEG. I readily allow of it at your own good will.

ERG. I believe you; from a boy<sup>1</sup> you were in the habit—

HEG. May Jupiter and the Gods confound you.

ERG. I' troth, 'tis fair that for my news you should return me thanks; such great happiness do I now bring you from the harbour.

HEG. Now you are flattering me. Begone, you simpleton; you have arrived behind time, too late.

ERG. If I had come sooner, then for that reason you might rather have said that. Now, receive this joyous *news* of me which I bring *you*; for at the harbour I just now saw your son Philopolemus in the common fly-boat, alive, safe and sound, and likewise there that other young man together with him, and Stalagmus your slave, who fled from your house, who stole from you your little son, the child of four years old.

HEG. Away with you to utter perdition! You are trifling with me.

ERG. So may holy Gluttony<sup>2</sup> love me, Hegio, and so may she ever dignify me with her name, I did see——

HEG. My son? ERG. Your son, and my *good* Genius.

HEG. That Elean captive, too?

ERG. Yes, by Apollo<sup>3</sup>. HEG. The slave, too? My *slave* Stalagmus, he that stole my son——?

<sup>1</sup> *From a boy*)—Ver. 872. An indelicate allusion is covertly intended in this line.

<sup>2</sup> *So may holy Gluttony*)—Ver. 882. The Parasite very appropriately deifies Gluttony: as the Goddess of Bellyful would, of course, merit his constant worship.

<sup>3</sup> *Yes, by Apollo*)—Ver. 885. In the exuberance of his joy at his prospects of good eating, the Parasite gives this, and his next five replies, in the Greek language; just as the diner-out, and the man of bon-mots and repartee, might in our day couch his replies in French, with the shrug of the shoulder and the becoming grimace. He first swears by Apollo, and then by Cora, which may mean either a city of Campania so called, or the Goddess Proserpine, who was called by the Greeks, *Κορη*, “the maiden.” He then swears by four places in Campania—Præneste, Signia, Phrysinone, and Alatrium. As the scene is in Greece, Hegio asks him why he swears by these foreign places; to which he gives answer merely because they are as disagreeable as the unsavoury dinner of vegetables which he had some time since promised him. This is, probably, merely an excuse for obtruding a slighting remark upon these places, which would meet with a ready response from a Roman audience, as the Campanians had sided with Hannibal against Rome in the second Punic war. They were probably miserable places besides, on which the more refined Romans looked with supreme contempt.

ERG. Yes, by Cora. HEG. So long a time ago ?

ERG. Yes, by Præneste ! HEG. Is he arrived ?

ERG. Yes, by Signia ! HEG. For sure ?

ERG. Yes, by Phrysinone ! HEG. Have a care, if you please.

ERG. Yes, by Alatrium ! HEG. Why are you swearing by foreign cities ?

ERG. Why, because they are just as disagreeable as you were declaring your fare to be.

HEG. Woe be to you ! ERG. Because that you don't believe me at all in what I say in sober earnestness. But of what country was Stalagmus, at the time when he departed hence ?

HEG. A Sicilian. ERG. But now he is not a Sicilian—he is a Boian ; he has got a Boian woman<sup>1</sup>. A wife, I suppose, has been given to him for the sake of obtaining children.

HEG. Tell me, have you said these words to me in good earnest ?

ERG. In good *earnest*. HEG. Immortal Gods, I seem to be born again, if you are telling the truth.

ERG. Do you say so ? Will you still entertain doubts, when I have solemnly sworn to you ? In fine, Hegio, if you have little confidence in my oath, go yourself to the harbour and see.

HEG. I'm determined to do so. Do you arrange in-doors what's requisite. Use, ask for, take *from my larder* what you like ; I appoint you cellarman.

ERG. Now, by my troth, if I have not prophesied truly to you, do you comb me out with a cudgel.

HEG. I'll find you in victuals to the end, if you are telling me the truth.

ERG. Whence *shall it be* ? HEG. From myself and from my son.

<sup>1</sup> *Got a Boian woman*)—Ver. 893. There is an indelicate meaning in the expression “Boiam terere.” The whole line is intended as a play upon words. “Boia” means either “a collar,” which was placed round a prisoner's neck, or a female of the nation of the Boii in Gaul. “Boiam terere” may mean either “to have the prisoner's collar on,” or, paraphrastically, “to be coupled with a Boian woman.” Ergasilus having seen Stalagmus in the packet-boat with this collar on, declares that Stalagmus is a Sicilian no longer, for he has turned Boian, having a Boian helpmate.

ERG. Do you promise that? HEG. I do promise it.

ERG. But I, in return, promise<sup>1</sup> you that your son has arrived.

HEG. Manage as well as ever you can.

ERG. A happy walk *there* to you, and a *happy* walk back.

(*Exit* HEGIO.)

SCENE III.—ERGASILUS, *alone*.

ERG. He has gone away from here, *and* has entrusted to me the most important concern of catering. Immortal Gods! how I shall now be slicing necks off of sides; how vast a downfall will befall the gammon<sup>2</sup>; how vast a belabouring the bacon! How great a using-up of udders; how vast a bewailing for the brawn! How great a bestirring for the butchers, how great a *preparation* for the porksellers! But if I were to enumerate the rest of the things which minister to the supply of the stomach, 'twould be *sheer* delay. Now will I go off to my government, to give laws to the bacon, and, those gammons that are hanging uncondemned,<sup>3</sup> to give aid to them. (*Goes into the house.*)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter a LAD, a servant of HEGIO.*

LAD. May Jupiter and the Deities confound you, Ergasilus, and your stomach, and all Parasites, and *every one* who henceforth shall give a dinner to Parasites. Destruction

<sup>1</sup> *I, in return, promise*)—Ver. 904. Ergasilus says, "Do you really promise me this fine entertainment?" To which, Hegio answers, "Spondeo," "I do promise." On this, Ergasilus replies, "that your son really has returned, I answer you," "respondeo," or, as he intends it to be meant, "I promise you once again," or "in return for your promise."

<sup>2</sup> *Befall the gammon*)—Ver. 908. An alliteration is employed in these two lines, which cannot be well kept up in a literal translation. As, however, in the translation an attempt is made to give the spirit of the passage, the literal meaning may be here stated. "Pernis pestis," "a plague to the gammons;" "labes larido," "a fall for the bacon;" "sumini absumedo," "a consumption of udder;" "callo calamitas," "destruction to the brawn;" and "laniis lassitudo," "weariness to the butchers." Sows' udder, with the milk in it, first dried, and then cooked in some peculiar manner, was considered a great delicacy by the Roman epicures.

<sup>3</sup> *Hanging uncondemned*)—Ver. 913. He'll commute the punishment of the gammons and hams, for they shall hang no longer.

tion and devastation *and* ruin have just now entered our house. I was afraid that he would be making an attack on me, as though he had been an hungry wolf. And very dreadfully, upon my faith, was I frightened at him; he made such a gnashing with his teeth. On his arrival, the whole larder, with the meat, he turned upside down. He seized a knife, *and* first cut off the kernels of the neck<sup>1</sup> from three sides. All the pots and cups he broke, except those that held a couple of gallons<sup>2</sup>; of the cook he made enquiry whether the salting pans could *be set on the fire* to be made hot. All the cellars in the house he has broken into, and has laid the store-closet<sup>3</sup> open. (*At the door.*) Watch him, servants, if you please; I'll go to meet the old gentleman. I'll tell him to get ready some provisions for his own self, if, indeed, he wishes himself to make use of any. For in this place, as this man, indeed, is managing, either there's nothing already, or very soon there will be nothing. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, PHILOCRATES, *and behind them,* STALAGMUS.

HEG. To Jove and to the Deities I return with reason hearty thanks, inasmuch as they have restored you to your father, and inasmuch as they have delivered me from very many afflictions, which, while I was obliged to be here without you, I was enduring, and inasmuch as I see that that *fellow* (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) is in my power, and inasmuch as his word (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*) has been found true to me.

<sup>1</sup> *The kernels of the neck*)—Ver. 920. The “glandia” were the kernels or tonsils of the throat, situate just below the root of the tongue. These portions of the dead pig seem to have been much prized as delicate eating. Judging from the present passage, the whole side of the pig, including the half-head, was salted and dried in one piece. The first thing that the Parasite does, is to cut the kernels from off of three sides, which he has relieved from the punishment of hanging.

<sup>2</sup> *A couple of gallons*)—Ver. 921. “Modiales.” Literally, containing a “modius,” which contained sixteen sextarii, something more than a peck of dry-measure English.

<sup>3</sup> *The store closet*)—Ver. 923. “Armarium” was so called because it was originally a place for keeping arms. It afterwards came to signify a cupboard in a wall, in which clothes, books, money, and other articles of value, were placed. It was generally in the “atrium,” or principal room of the house. In this instance it evidently means the store-closet, distinguished from the larder and the cellars.



PHILOP. Enough now have I grieved from my very soul, and enough with care and tears have I disquieted myself. Enough now have I heard of your woes, which at the harbour you told me of. Let us now to this business.

PHIL. What now, since I've kept my word with you, and have caused him to be restored back again to freedom?

HEG. Philocrates, you have acted so that I can never return you thanks enough, in the degree that you merit from myself and my son.

PHILOP. Nay, but you can, father, and you will be able, and I shall be able; and the Divinities will give the means for you to return the kindness he merits to one who deserves so highly of us; as, my father, you are able to do to this person who so especially deserves it.

HEG. What need is there of words? I have no tongue with which to deny whatever you may ask *of me*.

PHIL. I ask of you to restore to me that servant whom I left here as a surety for myself; who has always proved more faithful to me than to himself; in order that for his services I may be enabled to give him a reward.

HEG. Because you have acted *thus* kindly, the favour shall be returned, the thing that you ask; both that and anything else that you shall ask of me, you shall obtain. And I would not have you blame me, because in my anger I have treated him harshly.

PHIL. What have you done? HEG. I confined him in fetters at the stone-quarries, when I found out that I had been imposed upon.

PHIL. Ah wretched me! That for my safety misfortunes should have happened to that best of men.

HEG. Now, on this account, you need not give me *even one groat of silver*<sup>1</sup> for him. Receive him of me without cost that he may be free.

PHIL. On my word, Hegio, you act with kindness; but I entreat that you will order *this* man to be sent for.

<sup>1</sup> *One groat of silver*)—Ver. 952. "Libella" was the name of the smallest silver coin with the Romans, being the tenth part of a denarius. Hegio seems to make something of a favour of this, and to give his liberty to Tyndarus in consideration of his punishment; whereas he had originally agreed with Philocrates that, if Philopolemus was liberated, both he and Tyndarus should be set at liberty.



HEG. Certainly. (*To the attendants, who immediately obey.*) Where are you? Go this instant, and bring Tyn-darus here. (*To PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCRATES.*) Do you go in-doors; in the meantime, I wish to enquire of this statue for whipping<sup>1</sup>, what was done with my younger son. Do you go bathe in the meantime.

PHILOP. Philocrates, follow me this way in-doors.

PHIL. I follow you. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III.—HEGIO and STALAGMUS.

HEG. Come you, step this way, you worthy fellow, my fine slave.

STAL. What is fitting for me to do, when you, such a man as you are, are speaking false? I was never a handsome, *or* a fine, *or* a good person, or an honest one, nor shall I ever be; assuredly, don't you be forming any hopes that I shall be honest.

HEG. You easily understand pretty well in what situation your fortunes are. If you shall prove truth-telling, you'll make your lot from bad somewhat better. Speak out, *then*, correctly and truthfully; but never yet truthfully or correctly have you acted.

STAL. Do you think that I'm ashamed to own it, when you affirm it?

HEG. But I'll make you to be ashamed; for I'll cause you to be blushes all over<sup>2</sup>.

STAL. Heyday—you're threatening stripes, I suppose, to me, *quite* unaccustomed to them! Away with them, I beg. Tell me what you bring, that you may carry off hence what you are in want of.

HEG. Very fluent *indeed*. But now I wish this prating to be cut short.

STAL. As you desire, *so* be it done.

HEG. (*to the AUDIENCE*). As a boy he was very obedient<sup>3</sup>; now that suits him not. Let's to this business; now give

<sup>1</sup> *This statue for whipping*)—Ver. 956. The same expression occurs in the *Pseudolus*, l. 911.

<sup>2</sup> *Be blushes all over*)—Ver. 967. He means that he will have him flogged until he is red all over.

<sup>3</sup> *Was very obedient*)—Ver. 971. An indelicate remark is covertly intended in this passage.

your attention, and inform me upon what I ask. If you tell the truth, you'll make your fortunes somewhat better.

STAL. That's *mere* trifling. Don't you think that I know what I'm deserving of?

HEG. Still, it is in your power to escape a small portion of it, if not the whole.

STAL. A small portion I shall escape, I know; but much will befall me, and with my deserving it, because I both ran away, and stole your son and sold him.

HEG. To what person? STAL. To Theodoromedes the Polyplusian, in Elis, for six minæ.

HEG. O ye immortal Gods! He surely is the father of this person, Philocrates.

STAL. Why, I know him better than yourself, and have seen him more times.

HEG. Supreme Jove, preserve both myself and my son for me. (*He goes to the door, and calls aloud.*) Philocrates, by your good Genius, I do entreat you, come out, I want you.

SCENE IV.—*Enter PHILOCRATES, from the house.*

PHIL. Hegio, here am I; if you want anything of me, command me.

HEG. He (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) declares that he sold my son to your father, in Elis, for six minæ.

PHIL. (*to STALAGMUS*). How long since did that happen?

STAL. This is the twentieth year, commencing *from it*.

PHIL. He is speaking falsely. STAL. Either I or you *do*. Why, your father gave you the little child, of four years old, to be your own slave.

PHIL. What was his name? If you are speaking the truth, tell me that, then.

STAL. Pægnium, he used to be called; afterwards, you gave him the name of Tyndarus.

PHIL. Why don't I recollect you? STAL. Because it's the fashion for persons to forget, and not to know him whose favour is esteemed as worth nothing.

PHIL. Tell me, was he the person whom you sold to my father, who was given me for my private service?

STAL. *It was his son (pointing to HEGIO).*

HEG. Is this person *now* living? STAL. I received the money; I cared nothing about the rest.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). What do you say?

PHIL. Why, this very Tyndarus is your son, according, indeed, to the proofs that he mentions. For, a boy *himself*, together with me from boyhood was he brought up, virtuously and modestly, even to manhood.

HEG. I am both unhappy and happy, if you are telling the truth. Unhappy for this reason, because, if he is my son, I have badly treated him. Alas! why have I done both more and less than was his due. That I have ill treated him I am grieved; would that it only could be undone. But see, he's coming here, in a guise not according to his deserts.

SCENE V.—*Enter TYNDARUS, in chains, led in by the SERVANTS.*

TYND. (*to himself*). I have seen many of the torments which take place at Acheron<sup>1</sup> often represented in paintings<sup>2</sup>; but most certainly there is no Acheron equal to where I have been in the stone-quarries. There, in fine, is the place where real lassitude must be undergone by the body in laboriousness. For when I came there, just as either jackdaws, or ducks, or quails, are given to Patrician children<sup>3</sup>, for them to play with, so in like fashion, when I arrived, a crow was given<sup>4</sup> me with which to amuse myself. But see, my master's before the door; and lo! my other master has returned from Elis.

HEG. Hail to you, my much wished-for son.

TYND. Ha! how—my son? Aye, aye, I know why you pretend yourself to be the father, and me to be the son; *it is*

<sup>1</sup> *At Acheron*)—Ver. 1003. He here speaks of Acheron, not as one of the rivers of hell, but as the infernal regions themselves.

<sup>2</sup> *Represented in paintings*)—Ver. 1003. Meursius thinks that the torments of the infernal regions were frequently represented in pictures, for the purpose of deterring men from evil actions, by keeping in view the certain consequences of their bad conduct.

<sup>3</sup> *To Patrician children*)—Ver. 1007. This passage is confirmed by what Pliny the Younger tells us in his Second Epistle. He says, that on the death of the son of Regulus, his father, in his grief, caused his favourite ponies and dogs, with his nightingales, parrots, and jackdaws, to be consumed on the funeral pile. It would certainly have been a greater compliment to his son's memory had he preserved them, and treated them kindly; but probably he intended to despatch them as playthings for the child in the other world.

<sup>4</sup> *A crow was given*)—Ver. 1009. "Upupa." He puns upon the twofold meaning of this word, which signified either "a mattock" or a bird called a "hoopoe," according to the context. To preserve the spirit of the pun, a somewhat different translation has been given.

because, just as parents do, you give me the means of seeing the light<sup>1</sup>.

PHIL. Hail to you, Tyndarus. TYND. And to you, for whose sake I am enduring these miseries.

PHIL. But now I'll make you in freedom come to wealth. For (*pointing to HEGIO*) this is your father; (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) that is the slave who stole you away from here when four years old, and sold you to my father for six minæ. He gave you, when a little child, to me a little child for my own service. He (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) has made a confession, for we have brought him back from Elis.

TYND. How, where's *Hegio's* son? PHIL. Look now; in-doors is your own brother.

TYND. How do you say? Have you brought that captive son of his?

PHIL. Why, he's in-doors, I say.

TYND. By my faith, you've done both well and happily.

PHIL. (*pointing to HEGIO*). Now this is your own father; (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) this is the thief who stole you when a little child.

TYND. But now, grown up, I shall give him grown up to the executioner for his thieving.

PHIL. He deserves it. TYND. I' faith, I'll deservedly give him the reward that he deserves. (*To HEGIO.*) But tell me, I pray you, are you my father?

HEG. I am he, my son. TYND. Now, at length, I bring it to my recollection, when I reconsider with myself: troth, I do now at last recall to memory that I had heard, as though through a mist, that my father was called *Hegio*.

HEG. I am he. PHIL. I pray that your son may be lightened of these fetters, and this slave be loaded with them.

HEG. I'm resolved that that shall be the first thing attended to. Let's go in-doors, that the blacksmith may be sent for, in order that I may remove those fetters from you, and give them to him. (*They go into the house.*)

STAL. To one who has no savings of his own, you'll be rightly doing so<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Of seeing the light*)—Ver. 1013. He says, "You can only resemble a parent in the fact that you have given me the opportunity of seeing the light of day by taking me out of the dark stone-quarries."

<sup>2</sup> *Be rightly doing so*—Ver. 1033. *Stalagmus* chooses to take the word "*dein*,"

*The COMPANY of PLAYERS coming forward.*

Spectators, this play is founded on chaste manners. No wenching is there in this, and no intriguing, no exposure of a child, no cheating out of money; and no young man in love here make his mistress free without his father's knowledge. The Poets find but few Comedies<sup>1</sup> of this kind, where good men might become better. Now, if it pleases you, and if we have pleased you, and have not been tedious, do you give this sign *of it*: you who wish that chaste manners should have their reward, give *us* your applause.

"may give," used by Hegio in its literal sense, and surlily replies, "I have nothing of my own by way of savings, 'peculium,' so I am the very person to whom you ought to give."

<sup>1</sup> *Find but few Comedies*)—Ver. 1038. He here confesses that he does not pretend to frame the plots of his Plays himself, but that he goes to Greek sources for them; and forgetting that "beggars must not be choosers," he complains that so very few of the Greek Comedies are founded upon chaste manners. Indeed, this Play is justly deemed the most pure and innocent of all the Plays of Plautus; and the Company are quite justified in the commendations which, in their Epilogue, they bestow on it, as the author has carried out the promise which he made in the Prologue (with only four slight exceptions), of presenting *them* with an immaculate Play.

## ASINARIA ; OR, THE ASS-DEALER.

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### Dramatis Personæ.

DEMÆNETUS, an aged Athenian.

ARGYRIPPUS, his son, in love with Philenium.

LIBANUS, }  
LEONIDA, } Servants of Demænetus.

THE ASS-DEALER.

DIABOLUS, an Athenian Captain, the rival of Argyrippus.

A PARASITE, a dependant of Diabolus.

A BOY.

ARTEMONA, wife of Demænetus.

CLEÆRETA, a procuress.

PHILENIUM, daughter of Cleæreta.

*Scene.*—Athens, before the house of CLEÆRETA; the house of DEMÆNETUS is  
little way down another street, and in view of the AUDIENCE.



## THE SUBJECT

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ARGYRIPPUS, the son of Demænetus, is violently in love with Philenium, a young woman, who is living with her mother, Cieæreta, a procuress. The latter has made an agreement with a Captain, of the name of Diabolus, to transfer Philenium to him for twenty minæ, on condition, however, that if Argyrippus shall first pay that sum, he shall have her. Argyrippus, having exhausted all his own resources, applies to his father, Demænetus, an over-indulgent and immoral old man, and requests him to furnish him with twenty minæ. Demænetus is married to Artemona, a rich woman, and is totally dependant on the will of herself and her favourite slave, the chamberlain Saurea. Being destitute of money, Demænetus orders his servant, Libanus, by some means or other to cheat his mistress or the chamberlain out of that sum. Just then an ass-dealer arrives, to pay to Saurea twenty minæ, the price of some asses which he has previously purchased. Libanus then arranges with his fellow-servant, Leonida, that the latter shall personate Saurea, and so receive the money from the ass-dealer. This is done, and the money is paid to Leonida, in the presence of Demænetus, who assures the dealer that Leonida really is the person to whom the money is payable. This sum is then given to Argyrippus, but with the disgraceful stipulation that for one day his father shall enjoy the company of Philenium. This he submits to, and the three sit down to a banquet. The Captain discovers this, and sends his Parasite to inform Artemona of her husband's conduct. She accordingly accompanies the Parasite, and discovers her husband in the company of his son and the young woman; after soundly rating him, she leads him off; while Argyrippus remains in possession of Philenium.

# ASINARIA : OR, THE ASS-DEALER.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

THE son in love (*Amanti*), the old man, who lives under (*Sub*) his wife's control, wishes to help him with money; therefore (*Itaque*), some money that has been brought *in payment* for the asses for Saurea he orders to be paid (*Numerari*) to his servant Leonida. This is carried to (*Ad*) his mistress, and the son yields her favours *to his father*. His rival (*Rivinus*) is furious on account of the woman thus taken from him: he (*Is*) tells all the matter, through the Parasite, to the wife. The wife rushes (*Adcurrit*) to the place, and drags her husband from the den.

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## THE PROLOGUE.

ATTEND now, Spectators, if you please, forthwith to this, and may this matter turn out fortunately for me and for yourselves, and for this company, and for our employers<sup>1</sup>, and for our managers<sup>2</sup>. Now, crier, do you at once make all the people give *attentive* ear. Come, be seated now, only be careful that 'tis not for nought. Now I will tell you why I have come forward here, and what my intention is, that you may know the name of this play. For, so far as relates to the plot, it really is a short one. Now I will tell you what I said I was wishful to inform you upon. The name of this play in Greek

<sup>1</sup> For our employers)—ver. 3. By “dominis” he probably means the *Ædiles* by whom the actors were engaged for the public entertainment.

<sup>2</sup> And for our managers)—Ver. 3. The “conductores” were probably the leaders or managers of the company, who made the contract with the *Ædiles*.

is Onagos<sup>1</sup>—Demophilus<sup>2</sup> composed it—Marcus<sup>3</sup> *Plautus* turned it into Latin. He wishes it to be *called* Asinaria<sup>4</sup>, if by your leaves it may be so. In this play there is *both* pleasantry and fun. 'Tis a droll story; kindly lend me your attention; may Mars, too, as, full oft at other times *he has done*, so give you now his aid.

# ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Enter DEMÆNETUS and LIBANUS, from the house of the former.*

LIB. As you desire your own only son to survive your own existence, prosperous, and living on; so by your lengthened years, and by that wife of yours of whom you stand in awe, do I conjure you, that if this day you have said anything that's false against myself, your wife may *then* survive your own existence, and that, she living, you, still alive, may come to utter destruction<sup>5</sup>.

DEM. By the Gods above<sup>6</sup>, as to what you seek to know, I see that I must, perforce, speak out, whatever you question me upon, being thus conjured; so determinedly have you accosted me, that I really do not dare otherwise than to disclose everything to you making all these enquiries. Say then at once what it is that you desire so much to know; as I myself shall know, so will I let you know.

<sup>1</sup> *Is Onagos*)—Ver. 10. "Onagos." The Greek name for an "ass-driver."

<sup>2</sup> *Demophilus*)—Ver. 11. No particulars are known of Demophilus the Comic Writer. Some would suggest Diphilus as the reading here: he is mentioned in the *Adelphi* of Terence, and was a Comic Poet, contemporary with Menander.

<sup>3</sup> *Marcus*)—Ver. 11. Marcus is the word used here. It is supposed to be a corruption of, or an abbreviation for, Maccius or M. Accius, whichever was the prænomen of the poet.

<sup>4</sup> *Asinaria*)—Ver. 12. "Asinaria" seems to be the nominative feminine singular or neuter plural of the adjective "asinarius," of or "relating to asses."

<sup>5</sup> *Come to utter destruction*)—Ver. 22. "Pestem obpetas." Literally, "meet with a plague." This expression held a somewhat similar rank with our uncourteous invitation, "Go to the devil."

<sup>6</sup> *By the Gods above*)—Ver. 23. "Per Deum Fidium." Literally, "by the God Fidius." This God had a Temple in the Capitol at Rome. He was represented as having Honor on his right hand, and Truth on the left. He is mentioned by Ovid, in the Sixth Book of the *Fasti*, as having the names also of Sancus and Semo. He was also called Sangus and Sanctus, and is generally supposed to have been the Sabine Hercules. Saint Augustine says that he was a king of the Sabines, whom they had deified.

LIB. Troth now, prithee answer me seriously what I ask you; take care that you tell me no falsehood.

DEM. Why, then, don't you ask?

LIB. Will you, *then*, be sending me there, where stone grinds stone<sup>1</sup>?

DEM. What *place* is that? Or where in the world is that place?

LIB. Where worthless men are weeping, who breakfast upon pearled barley<sup>2</sup>.

DEM. What that *place* is, or where it is, I cannot understand, where worthless men are weeping, who breakfast upon pearled barley.

LIB. *Why*, in the islands of club-land and rattle-chain<sup>3</sup>, where dead oxen attack living mer.

DEM. I' faith, I now understand, Libanus, what place it is; that perhaps you mean, where the pearled barley is prepared.

LIB. O dear: I'm not speaking of that, i' faith, nor do I wish to speak of it. Troth now, prithee, do spit out<sup>4</sup> the words that you have spoken.

DEM. Be it so; you shall be indulged<sup>5</sup>. (*He coughs and spits.*)

LIB. Come, come—hawk away. DEM. What, still more? (*Spits on.*)

LIB. Troth now; prithee, do go on—still more.

DEM. *What*—from the very bottom of my throat? (*Spits.*)

LIB. *Even* more still. DEM. Why, how long? (*Spits.*)

LIB. I want you, even to the death—

DEM. Take you care of a woful mishap, if you please.

LIB. Of your wife, I mean, not of yourself.

DEM. For that speech, I give you leave to be free from apprehension.

<sup>1</sup> *Stone grinds stone*)—Ver. 31. He alludes to the “pistrinum,” or hand-mill, where refractory slaves were often sent and set to grind the corn, which was a very laborious employment.

<sup>2</sup> *Pearled barley*)—Ver. 33. “Polenta.” This was barley-meal, dried before the fire, soaked in water for a night, and then baked.

<sup>3</sup> *Club-land and rattle-chain*)—Ver. 36. “Fustitudinas, ferricrepinas.” These are words coined by the author for the occasion. In the next line he alludes to flogging with thongs of hide.

<sup>4</sup> *Do spit out*)—Ver. 41. The ancients signified extreme disgust by spitting. Libanus is so frightened at the bare “idea” of the “pistrinum,” or “mill,” that he deems the attempt to mention it as of bad omen, and begs that his master will spit away from him the very notion of it.

LIB. May the Gods grant you whatever you desire.

DEM. In return, give me your attention. Why should I ask this of you ? Or why should I threaten you, because you have not made me acquainted with it ? Or why, in fine, should I censure my son as other fathers do ?

LIB. What new affair is this ? (*Aside.*) I wonder much what it is, and I'm in dread what the upshot *of it* may be.

DEM. In fact, I'm now aware that my son's in love with that Courtesan Philenium, *that lives* close by. Is not this as I say, Libanus ?

LIB. You are upon the right track ; such is the fact. But a dreadful malady has overtaken him.

DEM. What is the malady ? LIB. Why, that his presents don't equal his promises.

DEM. Are you, then, one who assists my son in his amours ?

LIB. I really am, and our Leonida is another.

DEM. I' faith, you do kindly, and you gain thanks from me. But *this* wife of mine, Libanus, don't you know what sort of a person she is ?

LIB. You are the first to experience it, but we give a guess beforehand.

DEM. I confess that she is troublesome, and not to be pleased.

LIB. You say that later than I believed you *in it*.

DEM. All parents, Libanus, who listen to me, will show indulgence to their children, inasmuch as they will find their sons more kindly disposed and *more* affectionate ; and that do I desire to do myself. I wish to be loved by mine ; I wish myself to be like my father, who, for my sake, himself in the disguise of a ship-master, carried off from a procurer a female with whom I was in love ; nor was he ashamed, at that time of life, to devise stratagems, and to purchase with good turns me, his son, for himself. These ways of my father have I resolved to imitate. For to-day my son Argyrippus has entreated me to give him a supply of money for his amours ; and I very much wish in that to oblige my son. I wish to forward his amours ; I wish him to be fond of myself, his father. Although his mother keeps him strictly, and with a tight rein, as fathers have been in the habit of doing, all that I dismiss. Especially as he has deemed me deserving, for him

to entrust it to me, I ought to pay all due regard to his feelings. Inasmuch as he has applied to me, as it is right that a respectful son should do, I wish him to have some money for him to give to his mistress \* \* \* \*

LIB. You are desiring that which I find you are desiring to no purpose. Your wife brought her servant Saurea with her on her marriage<sup>1</sup>, who has more in his control than you have.

DEM. I received money *with her*, and for the portion I sold my authority. Now I'll compress into a few words what I want of you; my son is now in need of twenty silver minæ: do you manage that it may be forthwith found *for him*.

LIB. From what place in the world? DEM. Cheat me *of them*.

LIB. You are talking downright nonsense. You are bidding me take the clothes from off a naked man. I, cheat you?—come *now*, fly you without wings, please. What, am I to cheat you who have nothing in your power for your own self? Unless you have first cheated your wife out of something.

DEM. Impose upon *or* rob myself in any way you can, my wife in any way, my servant Saurea in any way. I promise you that it shall not prove to your detriment, if you effect it to-day.

LIB. On the same principle you might bid me to fish in the air, and to hunt with a javelin in the midst of the sea.

DEM. Take Leonida as your coadjutor<sup>2</sup>; devise some *plan* or other, think of some *expedient*: bring it about that my son this day gets some money to give his mistress.

LIB. What say you, Demænetus \* \* \*  
\* \* \* if the foe should intercept me, will you ransom me?

DEM. I will ransom you. LIB. Then do you attend to something else, whatever you please.

<sup>1</sup> *With her on her marriage*)—Ver. 87. "Dotalem." The husband was master of the other slaves in the household; but the "dotalis" was under the sole control of the mistress. Aulus Gellius, in his Seventeenth Book, calls him "servus recepticius," probably, either because it was his business to receive whatever was due to his mistress, or from his being received into the house in preference to all other slaves.

<sup>2</sup> *Your coadjutor*)—Ver. 103. "Optio" was originally the name of the lieutenant, or adjutant, who was chosen by the centurion in the Roman armies to assist him in the discharge of his duties.



DEM. I'm off to the Forum, unless you wish for anything.

LIB. Be off—why are you not walking<sup>1</sup>?

DEM. And do you hear, too——? LIB. Well now.

DEM. If I want you for anything, where will you be?

LIB. Wherever it shall be agreeable to my feelings. Really, there's not a person that I shall stand in dread of from this time forward, for fear he might be able to do me an injury, since in your discourse you have disclosed to me all your sentiments. Why, your own self even I don't stand much in awe of, if I carry this out. I'll go where I intended, and there I'll commune upon my plans.

DEM. Do you hear me? I shall be with Archibulus, the banker.

LIB. In the Forum, you mean? DEM. There, if there shall be any occasion for me<sup>2</sup>.

LIB. I'll remember it.

(Exit.

DEM. (to himself) Not any servant can there be more artful than this fellow, nor yet more crafty, nor one that it is more difficult for you to be on your guard against. If you want anything well managed, entrust it to this same fellow; he'd rather he should die in wretchedness, than not have that quite completed which he has promised. For I know that this money is as surely forthcoming for my son, as that I look upon this *same* walking-stick. But why am I delaying to go to the Forum where I had intended

\* \* \*

(Exit.

SCENE II.—*Enter ARGYRIPPUS, from the house of CLEERETA, addressing her within.*

ARG. Is't thus it is,—me to be shut out of doors? Is this the reward that's given to me who deserve so highly *of you*? To him who deserves well you are unkind, to him who deserves all you are indulgent. But to your own misfortune, for now

<sup>1</sup> *Why are you not walking*)—Ver. 110. “*Etiarme ambulas.*” Thornton, quoting from Limiers, says, in reference to this passage, “This is a banter of the slave's, who is rallying his master on the pain he is in, in walking supported by his crutch-stick. There is a distinction made between ‘ire,’ which, the grammarians tell us, is used to express walking fast, and ‘ambulare,’ ‘to walk slowly,’ or ‘step by step.’”

<sup>2</sup> *Any occasion for me*)—Ver. 119. “*Si quid opus fuerit.*” This expression, equivalent to ours, “if I am wanted,” was made use of by the Romans when they had the intention of engaging in some occupation of importance.

from this spot will I go to the *Triumvirs*<sup>1</sup>, and there I'll take care your names shall be. I'll punish capitally yourself and your daughter, you enticers, pests, and destruction of young men! For, *compared with you*, the sea is not the sea; you are a most dangerous sea. For on the sea did I find it, here have I been cleaned out of my wealth. What I have given, and what kindnesses I have done, I find them all valueless for good, and thrown away. But from henceforth, whatever harm I shall be able to do you, I will do it, and do it at your deserts. I' faith, I'll reduce you to the verge of poverty, that state from which you have risen. By my troth, I'll make you to know what you now are, and what you *once* were; what *you were* before I visited that *daughter of yours*, and, in my passion, bestowed upon her my affection; on coarse bread<sup>2</sup> you were enjoying your life, in rags, and in want. And if these you had, especial thanks did you return to all the Divinities. Now, bad woman, you the same person, when 'tis better with you, don't know me through whose means it is so. From a wild beast, I'll make you tame through hunger, only trust me for that<sup>3</sup>. But I have no reason to blame *your daughter* herself; she does not deserve it in the least. She acts by your command; she obeys your bidding; you are her mother, you too her mistress. I'll revenge myself on you; I'll ruin you; as you are deserving, and as you merit at my hands. But look now, the hag, how she really doesn't think me worthy for her to come to and address and deprecate my resentment. But, see, the enticer's coming out at last, I think. Here, before the door, I'll address her in my own fashion, as I please, since I'm not allowed *to do so* within.

<sup>1</sup> *To the Triumvirs*)—Ver. 134. The "*Tresviri*," or "*Triumviri*," were in duty bound to receive informations relative to public morals, and were empowered to inflict summary punishment on persons of the rank and occupation of *Cleæreta*. They have been more fully referred to in a previous Note. It will not be forgotten that, though the scene is in Athens, Plautus is making reference to Roman customs.

<sup>2</sup> *On coarse bread*)—Ver. 145. "*Sordido—pane*." According to the Commentators, this means brown bread with the bran in it. Terence, in his *Eunuchus*, calls it "*panis ater*," "*black bread*" Juvenal calls it "*dog's bread*."

<sup>3</sup> *Trust me for that*)—Ver. 148. "*Me specta modo*." Literally, "*only look to me*."

SCENE III.—*Enter CLEÆRETA, from her house.*

CLE. If any purchaser should come, he could not carry him away from me each single word of those for gold Philippæan pieces. What you say wrongfully against us is good gold and silver. Your heart is locked up here with us, at the helm of Cupid. With oars and with sails make haste and fly as fast as you can; the further you betake yourself to sea, the more the tide will bring you back to harbour.

ARG. I' faith, I'll be depriving this custom-house officer<sup>1</sup> of his dues. From henceforth I'll persist in treating you as you have deserved of me and mine, since you have treated me not as I deserve, in excluding me from your house.

CLE. I know that that is rather said with the tongue, than that it will happen in deed.

ARG. I alone have brought you from obscurity and from want; if I alone patronize you, you can never return *sufficient* thanks.

CLE. Do you *still* be the only one to patronize me, if you alone will always give me what I ask. Do you always keep what has been promised you, on this condition, that you surpass *others* in your presents.

ARG. What limit *is there to be* to giving? For really you can never be satisfied; the moment that you've received something, not very long after, you are devising something for you to be asking for.

CLE. What limit *is there to be* to your enjoying yourself, and to your indulging your amour? Can you never be satisfied? The moment that you have sent her home, that instant, you are directly asking me to send her back to you.

ARG. In fact, I have given whatever you have demanded of me.

CLE. And I have sent the damsel to you. A requital has been given, like for like; a return for the money.

<sup>1</sup> *This custom-house officer*)—Ver. 163. "Istum portitorem privabo portitorio." Cleæreta has just mentioned "portus," "the harbour," meaning her own house, to which, despite of himself, Argyrippus will, by his own passion, be brought back at last. He takes up the metaphor, and says that she, the landing-waiter (portitor), or custom-house officer, shall not, however, get her dues; meaning, that he is determined not to let her have any more of his money.

ARG. You treat me badly. CLE. Why do you blame me if I do my duty? For nowhere is it either feigned *in story* or represented in pictures or written in poems, where a procuress, who wishes to thrive, treats any lover well.

ARG. Still, 'twere right for you to show favour to me at least, that I might last the longer for you.

CLE. Don't you know, the woman that shows favour to a lover, that same *woman* shows little favour to herself? Just like a fish, so is a lover to a procuress; he's good for nothing if he isn't fresh. *Then* it has juice, *then* it has sweetness; in any fashion you like you may season it, either stewed or roasted; in any way you will, you may turn it. *So the lover*; he's ready to give, he *longs for* something to be asked of him, for there it's taken from a full stock, nor does he know what he's giving, *or* what mischief he's doing. Of this matter does the new lover think; he wishes himself to please his mistress, he wishes *to please* me, he wishes *to please* her lady's maid<sup>1</sup>, he wishes *to please* the men-servants, he wishes *to please* the maid-servants as well, and even my dog does he caress, that when it sees him, it may be delighted. I tell the truth; it shows cleverness for every person to be fair-dealing for his own advantage.

ARG. I've thoroughly learned that this is true, to my own great misfortune.

CLE. I' faith, if you now had anything to give, you'd be uttering different remarks; now, since you've got nothing, you expect to be having her by means of harsh language.

ARG. 'Tis not my way. CLE. Nor yet mine, indeed, i' faith, to be sending her to you for nothing; but this shall be done out of regard for your *youthful* age and your own sake, since you have rather been the cause of profit to us than of reputation to yourself. If two talents of silver<sup>2</sup> are paid me down, reckoned in my hand, this night will I grant you for nothing, as a present, by reason of my respect for you.

<sup>1</sup> *Her lady's maid*)—Ver. 187. "*Pedissequa*" seems to have been the name of the female-servant, whose duty it was to be constantly in attendance on her mistress; and who probably followed her in the street, whence her name.

<sup>2</sup> *Two talents of silver*)—Ver. 197. The Attic silver, or Solonian talent, contained 73-100th parts of the old Attic talent. It will be observed that the hag is here adding just one hundred "*minæ*" to her demand; but it is clear that she is only doing so to provoke Argyrippus, and to amuse herself with his distress.

ARG. What if I haven't it? CLE. I'll believe that you haven't it—still, she shall go to another.

ARG. Where is that which I have given you already?

CLE. Spent; for if it was remaining to me, the damsel should be sent to you, *and* I should never ask for anything. Daylight, water, the sun, the moon, the night, these things I purchase not with money; the rest, whatever we wish to enjoy, we purchase on Grecian trust<sup>1</sup>. When we ask bread of the baker, wine from the wineshop—if they receive the money, they give their wares; the same principle do I go upon. My hands always have eyes in them; they believe what they see. There's an old *saying*, "trusting is good for nought<sup>2</sup>;" you know whose it is—I say no more.

ARG. Now I'm clean stripped, you tell me another tale; a very different one, I say, you give me now from formerly, when I was making presents; a different one from formerly, when with kindness and good words you used to entice me to your house. Then did your house even smile upon me, when I used to come to you. You used to say that I alone of all loved you and her. When I had given anything, just like the young ones of a pigeon were you both upon my lips; *and* all your likings were according to my own liking. You always kept close to me; whatever I requested, whatever I wished, you used to do; what I didn't wish and forbade, that, with carefulness, you used to avoid, nor did you first venture to attempt to do it. Now, you jades, you don't much care either what I do wish or what I don't wish.

CLE. Don't you know? This calling of ours is very like

<sup>1</sup> *On Grecian trust*)—Ver. 203. The Greeks were so noted for their want of punctuality in their payments, that it became the general rule among them not to give credit. Consequently, "Grecian trust" became a proverbial saying for "ready money."

<sup>2</sup> *Trusting is good for nought*)—Ver. 207. "Nihili cocio est." The meaning of this passage is obvious, that "trusting is bad;" but the signification of the word "cocio" has puzzled the Commentators. Gronovius, with some probability, suggests that it is the old form of the word "cautio;" meaning "one who goes upon trust." It may either mean that, or "trusting," or "giving tick," as we familiarly term it; indeed, it is not improbable that the word "cocio" may have been a cant name for "credit." From the remark of Cleæreta, we may conclude that this was a proverbial expression, which had originated in being used by some famous person, or in some celebrated play of that day, all remembrance of which has now perished.



that of the fowler. The fowler, when he has prepared the spot, sprinkles the food about. The birds are accustomed *to the spot*. 'Tis necessary for him<sup>1</sup> to make an outlay, who seeks for gain. They eat often; if they are caught once, they reimburse the fowler. So in like manner here with us. Our house is the spot, I am the fowler, the courtesan is the food, the couch is the decoy, the lovers the birds. By kindly welcoming them, by addressing them courteously, by dallying, *and* by chattering over the wine, *and* amusing conversation, they are won. If one *of them* has touched her bosom, that is not without advantage to the fowler. If he has taken a kiss, him you may take without a net. That you should be forgetful of these things, you who have been schooled so long!

ARG. That's your own fault, in turning away from you a scholar half instructed.

CLE. Come back again without hesitation, if you've got the pay; for the present, be off. (*Pretends to go.*)

ARG. Stay, stay; don't you hear me? Say what you think it fair that I should give you for her, that for this year she may be with no one else.

CLE. What, you? Twenty minæ. And on this condition: if any other person shall bring them first to me, to you—good-bye.

ARG. But I—— There's still something that I wish to say to you before you go.

CLE. Say what you please. ARG. I'm not entirely ruined yet; there's *still* something more left for me to come to ruin. I have wherewithal to give you what you ask; but I'll give it you on my own terms, that you may be enabled to understand that throughout all this year she is to be at my service, and that, in the meantime, she is to admit no other man whatever to her, besides myself.

CLE. Why, if you choose, the male-servants that are at home, I'll make eunuchs of. In fine, take you care and bring articles of agreement that we will be as you wish. Impose conditions upon us as you wish, *and* as you shall choose. Do you only bring the money with you, I'll readily

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis necessary for him)—Ver. 221. "Necesse est facere sumptum, qui quærit lucrum." Louis the Twelfth, the King of France, was always quoting this proverb; but it has been remarked, that he failed to make it his rule of conduct.



put up with the rest. The doors of procurers are very like *those* of a custom-house officer ; if you bring *anything*, then they are opened ; if there is nothing for you to give, then the doors are not opened. (*Goes into her house.*)

ARG. (*to himself*<sup>e</sup>). I'm undone, if I don't procure these twenty minæ. And really, unless I make away with this much money, I must come to destruction. Now I'll go to the Forum, and make trial with my resources, with all my endeavours. I'll beg, I'll earnestly entreat each friend as I see him ; *both* good *and* bad am I determined to apply to, and make trial of. But if I can't borrow it, I'll take it up at interest, I'm resolved. (*Goes into the house of DEMENETUS.*)

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter LIBANUS, from the house of DEMENETUS.*

LIB. Upon my faith, Libanus, it really were better for you now to be waking, and to be devising some plan for procuring the money. A long time has now elapsed, since you parted with your master and went to the Forum. For that end that you might devise some plan for procuring the money, there till this time of day have you been sleeping at your ease. Why don't you away with all slothfulness from yourself, *and* remove *all* sluggishness, and betake yourself again to your former dexterous ingenuity. Preserve your master ; take you care, too, how you do the same that other servants are wont, who employ a clever ingenuity in cheating their master ? Whence shall I get it ? Whom shall I diddle out of it ? Whither shall I steer this fly-boat ? 'Tis settled, 'tis confirmed by auspices ; on each side do the birds give good omens. The woodpecker and the crow are on my right, the raven, as well, upon my left. They are persuading me to it : i' faith, I'm resolved to follow your advice. (*Starts and listens.*) But what means this, that the woodpecker is tapping the elm-tree ? That's not for nothing. Troth, for certain, so far as I can gather omens from augury, the rods are in readiness for my own back, or for Saurea the chamberlain. But what *means* this that Leonida is running this way out of breath ? I fear that this bodes ill for my trumped-up schemes. (*Stands apart.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter LEONIDA, running.*

LEON. (*to himself*). Where now shall I find Libanus, or my master's son, that I may make them more mirthful than is Mirth *herself*<sup>1</sup>? Great booty and a triumph do I bring them on my arrival. Inasmuch as together with me they drink, together with me they are wont to wench, why, this booty that I've got, together with them will I share it.

LIB. (*apart*). This fellow has been robbing a house, if he has been acting after his usual manner. Woe to the person that has so carelessly kept the door!

LEON. (*to himself*). I could be ready to be a slave for an age, if I could only meet with Libanus.

LIB. (*apart*). I' faith, with my assistance, indeed, you shall never be free a bit the sooner.

LEON. (*to himself*). I'd give two hundred teeming lashes<sup>2</sup> on my back as well.

LIB. (*apart*). He's giving away all his substance, *for* he carries his treasures on his back<sup>3</sup>.

LEON. (*to himself*). But if time should intervene upon this opportunity, never, upon my faith, will he hereafter obtain it again, *even* with white horses<sup>4</sup>. He'll be deserting his master in the siege; he'll be increasing the courage of the foe. But if with me he is desirous to seize hold upon this opportunity which has presented itself, very great bounties brimful of joyousness, will he, together with myself, be producing for his masters, both for the son and the father. So that, for life, they will be indebted to us both, bound by our services.

LIB. (*apart*). He's talking of persons being bound<sup>5</sup>, I don't

<sup>1</sup> *Mirth herself*)—Ver. 271. "Lubentia," or "Venus lubentina," was the Goddess of pleasure, mirth, and delight.

<sup>2</sup> *Teeming lashes*)—Ver. 280. "Plagas prægnantes." Literally, "pregnant stripes"—"blows that generate other blows."

<sup>3</sup> *Treasures on his back*)—Ver. 281. "Talk of giving,"—he says, "stripes on his back are all that he has to give."

<sup>4</sup> *With white horses*)—Ver. 283. White horses were most esteemed by the ancients, and were supposed to excel others in swiftness.

<sup>5</sup> *Talking of persons being bound*)—Ver. 289. He catches, or pretends to catch, the two last syllables of the word "devincti," "obligated," and then says that Leonida is speaking of people being "vincti," "chained" or "bound." This he seems, or pretends to deem, to be ominous of ill.

know who. I don't like it; I fear *for us* in common, lest he may have been cheating in some cheatery.

LEON. (*to himself*). I'm utterly undone, unless I find Libanus at once, wherever in the world he is.

LIB. (*apart*). This fellow's looking out for an accomplice, to unite with himself in a bad design. I don't like it: 'tis a portentous sign that instant, when a person trembles that sweats<sup>1</sup>.

LEON. (*to himself*). But why, as I hasten, do I loiter here with my feet, *and* make myself *so* bounteous with my tongue? Why don't I bid it be quiet, that in its talkativeness is wearing out the day?

LIB. (*apart*). Upon my faith, an unfortunate man, to check his patroness; for if he has done anything roguishly, his tongue perjures itself in his behalf.

LEON. (*to himself*). I'll make haste, lest I should be providing a safe keeping for my spoil too late.

LIB. (*apart*). What spoil is this? I'll go meet him, and enquire what it is. (*He accosts him.*) I wish you health in as loud a voice as my strength admits of.

LEON. Exerciser of the whip, health to you.

LIB. Keeper of the gaol, how do you do?

LEON. Ha! colonizer of the chains. LIB. Ha! delight of the scourges.

LEON. When naked, how many pounds do you say you are *in weight*?

LIB. Upon my faith, I don't know. LEON. I know that you don't know; but, i' faith, I who have weighed you do know. Tied up naked, you were a hundred pounds in weight, when you were hanging with your feet downwards.

LIB. On what evidence is that? LEON. I'll tell you on what evidence, and in what way. When you are tied up with a full hundred pounds to your feet<sup>2</sup>, when the manacles

<sup>1</sup> *Person trembles that sweats*)—Ver. 293. Probably Leonida is out of breath and in a perspiration; Libanus considers this as a bad omen. By his remark he is supposed to allude to the "*sudiculus*," a kind of scourge, which received its name from making those sweat who were punished with it.

<sup>2</sup> *Hundred pounds to your feet*)—Ver. 307. When slaves were hung up by the arms to be scourged, it was usual to fasten heavy weights to their feet, to prevent them from kicking those who scourged them. The poor wit of Leonida seems to

are fastened to your hands, and tied to the beam, you are weighing neither more nor less, than as being a worthless and good-for-nothing fellow.

LIB. Woe be to you! LEON. That, Servitude bequeaths to you by her will.

LIB. I wish this skirmishing of words to be cut short. What matter is this?

LEON. Am I sure in trusting you?

LIB. You may, without hesitation. LEON. If you wish to assist our master's son in his amour, there is so much of a good opportunity on a sudden, but *still* mingled with evil—all the hangman's days will be rendered famous by ourselves. Libanus, now have we occasion to find *some* boldness and inventiveness. An exploit so great have I thought of just now, that we two may be pronounced the most deserving of all for torture to befall us.

LIB. 'Twas on that account I was wondering why my shoulder-blades were aching just now, which were beginning to prognosticate that there was some danger for them at home. Whatever it is, speak out.

LEON. 'Tis great booty with great risk.

LIB. If indeed all persons by compact were to collect *all* the tortures, I have, I fancy, a back at home, so that I need not seek it out of doors.

LEON. If you maintain such firmness of resolve, *then* we are all right.

LIB. Why, if the matter were to be atoned for by my back, I could wish to seize the public money: I'll persist in my denial, and I'll endure *all*; in fine, I'll forswear myself.

LEON. Ah! that's *true* valour, when occasion is, for one to endure misfortune with boldness. He that endures misfortune with boldness, that man afterwards enjoys good fortune.

LIB. Why don't you tell the matter at once? I'm longing to tempt the scourge.

LEON. (*breathing hard*). Ask deliberately each particular then, that I may rest me. Don't you see that I'm still out of breath with running?

have this meaning: punning upon the word "*pendeo*," which signifies either "to hang from" or "to weigh," he says, that when Libanus is tied up with the weight at his feet, he weighs just as much as the weight and no more; for, being a worthless fellow, he has no weight whatever as a good man.

LIB. Well, well, I'll wait your pleasure, even, in fact, till you die.

LEON. Where's our master, pray ?

LIB. The old one is at the Forum, the young one is here in-doors.

LEON. That's enough for me then. LIB. Is it then that you've become a rich man ?

LEON. Leave off your raillery. LIB. I'll have done ; *for* my ears are in expectation of what you are bringing me.

LEON. Give your attention, that equally with myself you may learn this.

LIB. I'm silent, *then*. LEON. You oblige me. Don't you remember that our chamberlain sold some Arcadian asses to a dealer of Pella<sup>1</sup> ?

LIB. I remember it ; after that, what then ?

LEON. Well, he has sent some money here then to be paid to Saurea, for the asses ; a young man has just now come who has brought this money.

LIB. Where is this person ?

LEON. You think he ought to be devoured this instant, if you could see him.

LIB. Aye, to be sure. But, however, you are speaking, I suppose, of those asses, aged and lame, whose hoofs were quite worn away to their *very* thighs ?

LEON. Those same ones, that carried the elm twigs hither from the country, for your use.

LIB. I understand you ; and the same ones carried you from here, bound, into the country<sup>2</sup>.

LEON. You say what's quite correct. But as I was sitting in the barber's shop, he began to make enquiries of me, whether I knew a certain Demænetus, the son of Strato. At once I said that I knew him, and that I was his servant ; and I pointed out our house.

LIB. After that, what then ? LEON. He said that he was bringing the money for the asses to the chamberlain Saurea, twenty minæ *in amount* ; but that he himself didn't know

<sup>1</sup> *Dealer of Pella*)—Ver. 337. Pella was a wealthy city of Macedonia, famed for the opulence of its merchants. It was the birthplace of Alexander the Great.

*Bound, into the country*)—Ver. 345. Namely, to the "ergastulum," or "puteus," the place to which refractory slaves were sent for hard labour, and which was generally at the country-house of the master.



the individual, who he was, but that he knew Demænetus quite well. Since he spoke thus to this effect——

LIB. What then? LEON. Listen then, *and* you'll know. At once I made myself courteous, and a person of consequence. I said that I was the chamberlain. Thus, in these terms did he answer me: "Upon my faith, I don't know Saurea, nor yet of what appearance he is. It isn't fair for you to blame me; but if you like, bring here Demænetus, your master, whom I do know; I'll not prevent you taking the money *then*." I said that I would bring him, and that I should be at home immediately. He's about to go to the baths<sup>1</sup>, from there he'll afterwards come here. What plan do you think, now, I ought to adopt? Tell me:

LIB. Why, I'm thinking of this, how to get between the money, and the stranger, and Saurea. At present this matter is rough-hewn; but if this stranger brings here the money first, then are we both at once shut out from it. But the old man to-day took me apart at a distance from the house, and threatened me and yourself that we should be tasters of the elm twigs, if Argyrippus didn't this very day get twenty minæ of silver. He commanded that we should cheat either the chamberlain or his own wife, *and* said that he would give the aid he promised. Now, do you go to the Forum to our master, and tell him this, how we are going to manage; that you, from Leonida, are going to be the chamberlain Saurea, until the dealer has brought the money for the asses.

LEON. I'll do as you request me.

LIB. In the meantime, I'll amuse him here, if by chance he should come first.

LEON. *But* what say you——? LIB. What do you want?

LEON. If I give you a blow on the cheek with my fist, by-and-by, while I'm personating Saurea<sup>2</sup>, don't you be offended.

LIB. I' faith, but you'll have a care not to be touching me,

<sup>1</sup> *To go to the baths*)—Ver. 368. It was very natural that after a long journey he should first go to the barber's shop, and then repair to the public baths to refresh himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Personating Saurea*)—Ver. 375. Saurea, as the "*atriensis*," "chamberlain" or "gentleman-usher," was the head of the slave family; and it was his privilege to beat the other slaves, if they offended him or neglected their duties.



if you are wise; you'll surely have changed your name to day with a bad omen<sup>1</sup>.

LEON. Prithee, do endure it with resolution.

LIB. Do you endure the cuff that I, too, shall be giving you in return.

LEON. I speak as it's in the habit of being done.

LIB. I' faith, and I speak, too, of how I'm likely to act.

LEON. Don't refuse me.

LIB. Why I promise, I tell you, to give you a like return, just as you deserve.

LEON. I'm off; I know that you'll put up with it by-and-by. But who's this? 'Tis he—'tis the very man himself. I'll return here just now; in the meantime do you detain him here; I want to inform the old gentleman.

(*Exit.*)

LIB. Well, do your duty, then, and fly.

SCENE III.—*Enter the ASS-DEALER with a BOY.*

ASS-D. (*to himself*). According as it was pointed out to me, this must be the house where Demænetus is said to live. (*To the BOY.*) Go, boy, and knock, and call Saurea the chamberlain out here, if he's in-doors. (*The Boy goes to knock.*)

LIB. Who's breaking in our door in this fashion? Enough there, I say, if you hear me at all.

ASS-D. No one has touched it as yet: are you out of your senses?

LIB. Why I thought that you had touched it, because you were steering your course in that direction. I don't want the door, my fellow-slave<sup>2</sup>, to be thumped by you; I really am attached to our house.

ASS-D. I' faith, there's no fear of the hinges being broken off the doors, if you answer all who make enquiries in this fashion.

<sup>1</sup> *Your name to-day with a bad omen*)—Ver. 377. Limiers says that this is said in allusion to his having assumed the name of "Saurea," which meant "a lash" or "scourge."

<sup>2</sup> *My fellow-slave*)—Ver. 390. He so calls the door, from the fact of its being under the control of the "janitor," or "doorkeeper," who was also a slave. Ovid has a similar passage in his *Amores*, B. 1, El. 6, l. 74. In his address to the "janitor," he says, "Duraque conservæ, ligna, valete, fores," "And you, ye doors equally slaves, hard-hearted blocks of wood, farewell."

LIB. This door is of this habit; it cries out at once for the porter, if it sees any door-kicker at a distance coming towards it. But what are you come for? What are you enquiring about?

Ass-D. I wanted Demænetus. LIB. If he were at home, I would tell you so.

Ass-D. Well, his chamberlain then? LIB. No more is he at home.

Ass-D. Where is he? LIB. He said he was going to the barber's.

Ass-D. Hasn't he returned, since he went there?

LIB. I' faith, he hasn't. What did you want?

Ass-D. He was to have received twenty minæ of silver, if he had been in.

LIB. What was it for? Ass-D. He sold some asses at market to a dealer from Pella.

LIB. I understand; you are bringing it now. I think that he'll be here just now.

Ass-D. Of what appearance is your chamberlain Saurea? If it's he, I shall be able to know at once.

LIB. Lantern-jawed, with reddish hair, a little pot-bellied, with glaring eyes, middling stature, sour aspect.

Ass-D. A painter couldn't have more correctly described his appearance—— And, i' faith, I see the very man; he's coming *this way*, wagging his head.

LIB. Whoever gets in his way when he's in a passion, he'll be for striking him.

Ass-D. By my faith, if, indeed, he were coming filled with the threats and the courage of the grandson of Æacus<sup>1</sup>, if he were to touch me in his wrath, in his wrath he would be getting a thrashing.

#### SCENE IV.—*Enter LEONIDA, counterfeiting SAUREA.*

LEON. (*to himself*). What's this to do here? Not a person cares a bit about my orders! How did I order Libanus to come to the barber's shop, *and* he didn't come at all. I' faith, for sure he hasn't consulted well for his back and his legs.

<sup>1</sup> *Of the grandson of Æacus*)—Ver. 409. He alludes to the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus, and grandson of Æacus, "the direful spring" of the Grecian woes, with which the Iliad commences.

ASS-D. (*to himself*). This is a very overbearing fellow.

LIB. (*to the ASS-DEALER*). Woe to me this day!

LEON. I bid welcome to Libanus, the freed-man! Are you set at liberty now?

LIB. I do implore you. LEON. In good sooth, to your great misfortune surely have you fallen in my way. Why didn't you come to the barber's shop, as I ordered you?

LIB. (*pointing to the ASS-DEALER*). This person detained me.

LEON. I' faith, if in fact you were now to say that supreme Jove had detained you, and he were present to sue for you, you shouldn't escape the evil consequences. Whip-knave, did you disobey my orders? (*Offers to strike him.*)

LIB. (*to the ASS-DEALER*). Stranger, I'm done for.

ASS-D. Prithee, Saurea, for my sake, don't beat him.

LEON. I wish, now, I had a whip in my hand——

ASS-D. Prithee, do be appeased. LEON. —With which to lash your sides, which have grown callous with blows. (*To the ASS-DEALER, who interposes.*) Stand off this way; let me be the death of this fellow who is continually inflaming me with anger—a thief to whom I can never once enjoin a single thing, but that I must command the same things a hundred times, and din them in his ears<sup>1</sup>. For that reason, now, by my troth, what with bawling and passion, I cannot endure the labour. Have you, you rascal, (*pointing*) ordered this dirt to be removed hence from the door? Have you ordered the labours of the spiders to be swept down from the pillars? Have you ordered those bosses on our door<sup>2</sup> to be brought to brightness? It's of no use; I must walk about with a stick, as though I were a lame man. Because only for these single three days I have been giving my constant attendance at the Forum, in order to find some one who requires money upon interest, here, in the meantime, are you sleeping at home, and my master is living in a pigstye, not in a house. (*He strikes LIBANUS.*) There now, take you that.

LIB. (*to the ASS-DEALER*). Prithee, stranger, do take my part.

<sup>1</sup> *Din them in his ears*)—Ver. 427. “Oganniam.” This word literally signifies “to bark like a fox.”

<sup>2</sup> *Bosses on our door*)—Ver. 431. The “bullæ,” or “bosses,” here mentioned, were large heads of brass or gilt nails with which the doors of the Romans were ornamented.

Ass-D. Saurea, for my sake, I entreat you, do let him go.

LEON. Hark you! has any one paid for the carriage of that olive oil?

LIB. He has paid. LEON. To whom was it given?

LIB. To Stichus himself, your deputy. LEON. Tut! you're trying to mollify me<sup>1</sup>. I know that he is my deputy, and that there isn't a servant in the house who is more valuable to his master than he is. But the wines that I sold yesterday to Exærambus, the wine merchant, has he yet paid Stichus for them?

LIB. I think he has, in full; for I saw Exærambus himself bringing hither his banker.

LEON. On such terms would I *always* deal<sup>2</sup>; before, what I've trusted, I've hardly been paid within a year after. Now he's quite in a hurry; even of his own accord he brings him to the house, and writes a transfer of the money<sup>3</sup>.

LEON. Has Dromo paid down the wages *agreed upon*?

LIB. Less than half, I think. LEON. What about the remainder?

LIB. He said that he would pay it directly it was paid<sup>4</sup> to him; for it was retained until he had finished the work that was agreed on to be done by him.

LEON. The cups that I lent to Philodamus, has he brought them back?

LIB. Not yet. LEON. What, not yet? If you wish to make a present<sup>5</sup>, lend to a person that is a friend——

<sup>1</sup> *Trying to mollify me*)—Ver. 439. Inasmuch as he pretends to be jealous of Stichus enjoying the favour of the pretended Saurea, and being appointed his "vicarius," or "deputy," in preference to himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Would I always deal*)—Ver. 444. "Sic dederō." Camerarius and Lambinus give these words a rather far-fetched meaning, and think that they signify, "I had rather give away my commodities, than sell them and be so ill-paid."

<sup>3</sup> *Writes a transfer of the money*)—Ver. 445. "Scribere nummos" seems here to have the usual meaning of "rescribere nummos," to "transfer" or "set down money to the account of another person in one's banker's books."

<sup>4</sup> *Directly it was paid*)—Ver. 448. It was the custom with the owners of slaves to let out their services for a specified sum. He pretends that Dromo is a slave that has been let out by him for a job, and enquires whether the money is paid; on which he is told, that he has only been paid half, inasmuch as the job is not yet finished, and that the other half is retained until he has completed it.

<sup>5</sup> *Wish to make a present*)—Ver. 450. At the suggestion of Gronovius, "dare" is read, in this line, with a comma after it, instead of "da," the usual reading. In the latter case the passage would read, "—— if you choose, do a service for a friend," which certainly has not the point of the other version.

ASS-D. (*aside*). I' faith, I'm quite undone; he'll be just now driving me away with his ill-temper.

LIB. (*in a low voice to LEONIDA*). Hallo! you, enough now. Do you hear what he's saying?

LEON. (*in the same way to LIBANUS*). I hear, and I'll have done.

ASS-D. (*aside*). At last, I think, he has done: now it's best to accost him before he commences *again* to prate. (*To LEONIDA*.) How soon, *sir*, will you give me your attention?

LEON. Oh, by all means—have you been here any time? Troth, I didn't observe you; pray, don't lay it to my charge: anger has so blinded my eyesight.

ASS-D. 'Tisn't to be wondered at. But if he's at home, I was wanting Demænetus.

LEON. *Libanus* says that he isn't within. But still, if you like to pay that money over to me, I'll give you an acquittance that the account is discharged as to that item.

ASS-D. This way rather, for me to pay you in the presence of your master, Demænetus.

LIB. My master knows him, and he my master.

ASS-D. In his master's presence, I'll pay him.

LIB. At my peril, so you only pay him, I'll engage the matter's safe. For if our old gentleman were to know that confidence wasn't placed in him, to whom he himself always entrusts the management of all matters, he would be angry.

LEON. I don't much care; don't let him not pay it, if he don't like; so let him stand here.

LIB. Give it him, I say. Oh dear, I'm sadly afraid that he'll be thinking that I've persuaded you not to trust him; prithee, do give it and don't be afraid. Upon my word, it will be safe.

ASS-D. I think it will be—so long, indeed, as I myself keep it in my hand. I'm a stranger; I don't know Saurea.

LIB. Well, know him *now* then.

ASS-D. It may be he, it may not be he; i' faith, I know not; if it's he, *why then* it must be he. I know for sure that I shall give this up to no person that I don't know.

LEON. (*aside*). Troth now, may all the Gods confound the fellow. (*Aloud to LIBANUS*.) Take care you don't entreat him with a word. He's arrogant, because he's fingering my twenty



minæ. No one will take it. (*To the ASS-DEALER.*) Take yourself off home, be off from here, *and* don't be troublesome.

ASS-D. *You are* in too angry mood: it isn't right for a person who is a slave to give himself airs.

LIB. By my faith, to your own great misfortune now are you talking uncivilly to him. Dirty, worthless fellow, don't you see he's angry?

LEON. (*to the ASS-DEALER.*) Be off then.

LIB. (*to the ASS-DEALER.*) Scoundrelly fellow. (*Aside to him.*) Prithee, do give him the money lest he should abuse you.

ASS-D. On my word, you are seeking evil for yourselves.

LEON. (*to LIBANUS.*) By the powers, your legs shall be broken<sup>1</sup>, if you don't proclaim this shameless fellow.

LIB. Troth, I'm undone. Be off, you shameless fellow.

LEON. You rascal. LIB. (*to the ASS-DEALER.*) Won't you venture to assist me, you rascal?

LEON. Do you persist in soliciting the scamp?

ASS-D. How's this? (*To LEONIDA.*) Do you, *rascal*, who are a slave, speak abusively to a free man?

LEON. Give him a beating. ASS-D. By my faith, that surely shall befall yourself to get a beating as soon as ever I shall see Demænetus this day. I summon you to judgment<sup>2</sup>.

LEON. I shan't go. ASS-D. You won't go? Remember—

LEON. I do remember. ASS-D. I' faith, I'll have satisfaction out of your back.

LEON. Woe unto you? What, villain—satisfaction to be given by us to you indeed?

ASS-D. Aye, and even this very day satisfaction shall be given me for your abusive language.

LEON. How now, whip-knave? How say you, hang-dog? Do you suppose that we shall run away from our master? Go

<sup>1</sup> *Your legs shall be broken*)—Ver. 479. One of the most cruel punishments inflicted on refractory or runaway slaves was that of breaking their legs. To effect this, their legs were extended upon an anvil, and then struck with a bar of iron or a hammer.

<sup>2</sup> *Summon you to judgment*)—Ver. 485. "In jus vocare," "to summon into court," was the term applied when one party lodged a criminal information against another.



this instant then to our master, where you were citing us just now, *and* where you were wishing *to go*.

Ass-D. *What*, now at last? Still, you shall never get a coin of money away from me, unless Demænetus shall order me to give it.

LEON. Do so. Come, move on then. Are you to offer insults to another person, *and* are they not to be repeated to yourself? I'm a man as much as you *are*.

Ass-D. No doubt such is the fact.

LEON. Follow *me* this way, then. With your good leave<sup>1</sup> I would now say this: not a person has ever accused me by reason of my deserving it, nor is there in Athens one other individual, this day, whom they would think they could as safely trust.

Ass-D. Perhaps so: but still, you shall never this day persuade me to entrust to you, whom I don't know, this money. A man to a man is a wolf<sup>2</sup>, not a man, when *the other* doesn't know of what character he is.

LEON. Now at last you are appeasing me<sup>3</sup>: I was sure that this day you would give satisfaction to this poor head *of mine*; although I'm in mean garb, still, I'm well to do, nor can an estimate of my means be formed *from it*.

Ass-D. Perhaps so. LEON. Still more then I tell you: Periphanes, a merchant of Rhodes, a rich man, in the absence of my master, himself alone paid over to me, in private, a talent of silver, and trusted me, nor was he deceived in it.

<sup>1</sup> *With your good leave*)—Ver. 495. "Præfiscini." It was a common notion among the ancients, that if a person spoke in commendation of himself, he stood in danger of fascination—the effect of envy or enchantment on the part of another person. For this reason, on such occasions they prefaced with the word "præfiscini," understanding "dixerim," "I would say." This meant "without impeachment of malice," "be it spoken in a good hour," or, as we say, "by your leave."

<sup>2</sup> *Man to a man is a wolf*)—Ver. 499. There was an ancient proverb, "Homo homini lupus," "Man is to man a wolf." It probably implied much the same as the more celebrated words of a modern Poet:

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

<sup>3</sup> *You are appeasing me*)—Ver. 500. This he seems to say in a spirit of irony. *Huic capitulo* is literally "to this little head" meaning, 'to this humble individual, myself.'

Ass-D. Perhaps so. LEON. And you, too, yourself, as well, if you had enquired about me of other people, would, i' faith, I'm quite sure, have entrusted to me what you now have with you.

Ass-D. I don't deny it.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter CLEÆRETA and PHILENIUM, from the house of the former.*

CLE. And am I unable to render you obedient to my injunctions? Or are you so disposed as to be free from the control of your mother?

PHIL. How could I propitiate Piety<sup>1</sup>, if I could desire to please you, being endowed with these manners, after the fashion, mother, that you enjoin upon me?

CLE. Is it consistent with propriety for you to oppose my precepts?

PHIL. How so? CLE. Is this worshipping Piety, to lessen the authority of a mother?

PHIL. Those who act right I blame not, nor do I love those who do wrong.

CLE. You are a very prating, lovesick girl.

PHIL. Mother, that is my living<sup>2</sup>. His tongue woos me, his person seeks me, his passion pleads, opportunity prompts.

CLE. I was purposing to convince you. Are you come as my accuser?

PHIL. By my troth, I neither do accuse you, nor do I think it right I should do so; but I do complain of my lot, when I am separated from him whom I love.

CLE. Will then one bit of the whole day's talk be left for myself?

PHIL. Both my share of the speaking and your own do I give up to you. Do you yourself keep the signal<sup>3</sup> both for

<sup>1</sup> *Could I propitiate Piety*)—Ver. 510. She thinks that the Goddess "Pietas" will be shocked at her want of kind and grateful feeling, if she consents to turn Argyrippus out of doors.

<sup>2</sup> *That is my living*)—Ver. 516. It is hard to say which she means as the source of her profit—whether her loving propensities, or her fund of talkativeness, for which her mother is censuring her. The next line is spoken with reference to her passion for Argyrippus.

<sup>3</sup> *Keep the signal*)—Ver. 523. "Portisculum." According to some writers, portisculus was a name of the "pansaurius" or "hortator," called by the

speaking and for being silent. But, i' faith, if I only put up my oars in the boat-house<sup>1</sup>, while I'm resting, all the welfare of the household is at a standstill for you.

CLE. How say you, the out and out most insolent woman that *ever* I saw ? How often have I forbidden you to speak to, Argyrippus, the son of Demænetus, or to touch him, or to hold discourse with him, or to look at him ? What has he *ever* given ? What has he ordered to be brought to our house ? Or do you fancy to yourself that smooth words are gold ?—that clever speeches are as good as presents ? Of your own accord you fell in love with him ; of your own accord you go after him ; of your own accord you request him to be sent for to you. Those who are givers, those same you laugh at ; those who are cheating us, you are dying for. If any one promises you that he'll make you rich when his mother dies, ought you to be waiting for that ? I' faith, a great risk impends over ourselves and the household, that we may die of hunger while we are awaiting her death. Now therefore, unless he brings me here twenty minæ of silver, upon my word, *though* profuse of his tears, he shall certainly be turned from here out of doors. This day's the end of<sup>2</sup> excuses for poverty at my house.

PHIL. If, my mother, you were to order me to go without victuals, I would submit.

CLE. I don't forbid you to love those who give that for the sake of which they ought to be loved.

PHIL. What, mother, if this inclination *of mine* is fixed ? What am I to do ? Tell me.

CLE. Oh dear—look at my head<sup>3</sup>, if, indeed, you consider your own interest.

PHIL. Even the shepherd, mother, that feeds the sheep

Greeks *κελευστής*, an officer whose duty it was to order the rowers to keep time. In the present passage, it seems rather to signify the hammer, or other instrument, which that officer held in his hand, for the purpose of beating time, to regulate the motion of the rowers ; not unlike the baton of the conductor of a band.

<sup>1</sup> *In the boat-house*)—Ver. 524. “In casteriâ.” Nonius Marcellus informs us that “casteria” was a house, in which the oars, rudders, sails, and tackle, were kept, when the ship was laid up in dock.

<sup>2</sup> *The end of*)—Ver. 531. “Summa” seems a preferable reading to “summæ.”

<sup>3</sup> *Look at my head*)—Ver. 543. She tells her daughter to look at her grey hairs ; meaning that she must make a provision against old age, when her admirers will forsake her, and she will have no means of gaining a livelihood.

of another, has a certain one of his own to be the consoler of his hopes. For the sake of my affection, do allow me to love Argyrippus only, who is my choice.

CLE. Go in-doors, for, upon my word, there is really nothing more impudent than yourself.

PHIL. Mother, you have given birth to a daughter obedient to your commands. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter LEONIDA and LIBANUS.*

LEON. Great praise and thanks we give deservedly to perfidy, when relying upon our tricks, our stratagems, and our devices, upon our confidence in our shoulder-blades and the hardihood resulting from the elm-twigs *so oft applied*, against the whips, the searing-irons, the crosses, and the fetters, the cords, the chains, the prisons, the stocks, the shackles, the collars, and taskmasters most cruel and well acquainted with our backs, who many a time before have imprinted<sup>1</sup> scars upon our shoulder-blades; by conquering, now, these legions, troops and armies of thieves, by our prowess, through our perjuries, O brave, have we gained the victory. This, through the valour of this comrade *of mine*, and through my own courtesy, has been brought about.

LIB. What man is there more firm than myself at enduring stripes?

LEON. By the powers, you who can extol your exploits now, as I can do *exploits*, which in peace and in warfare you have *so* — villanously performed; verily, in troth, many in number may they be now recounted according to your deserts; where you have defrauded him that trusted you, where you have proved faithless to your master, where knowingly *and* wilfully you have on solemn oath been perjured, where you have bored through party walls, where you have been detected in theft, where you have full oft pleaded your cause, as you hung up, against eight clever, hardened fellows<sup>2</sup>, sturdy stripers.

LIB. Certainly I do admit, Leonida, that it is true as you say. But verily, in troth, your many misdeeds, too, may be

<sup>1</sup> *Have imprinted*)—Ver. 556. The sense of the passage seems to require a comma after “indiderunt,” and not a period, as Richter’s edition has it.

<sup>2</sup> *Eight clever, hardened fellows*)—Ver. 568. These were probably the eight lictors who attended the “*resviri*” or “*Triumviri*,” which magistrates had especial jurisdiction over slaves with the power of ordering summary punishment.

recounted as well and truly ; where wilfully you have proved faithless to the trusting, where you have been detected in theft and scourged in public, where you have proved forsworn, where you have laid hands on sacred things, where to your masters you have full oft proved a loss, a trouble, and a disgrace, where you have stoutly denied that that was given to you which had been entrusted to you, where you have proved more faithful to your wench than to your friend, where through your hardihood you have frequently reduced to weariness eight sturdy lictors, armed with pliant twigs of elm. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) Is the compliment ill repaid in the way that I've praised my comrade ?

LEON. Just as befits both me and yourself, and our dispositions.

LIB. Now drop this, and answer me this that I ask.

LEON. Enquire *of me* what you please.

LIB. Have you got the twenty silver minæ ?

LEON. Guess — Upon my word, the old gentleman, Demænetus, has been very obliging to us. How cleverly he pretended that I was Saurea. With the greatest difficulty did I withhold my laughter, when he rebuked the stranger, because in his absence he had been unwilling to put confidence in me ; *and* with what readiness did he call me Saurea the chamberlain.

LIB. Stop a moment. LEON. What's the matter ?

LIB. Isn't this Philenium that's coming from in-doors, and Argyrippus with her.

LEON. Keep silence, 'tis he ; let's listen quietly to them. In tears, she holds him, weeping, by the lappet of his garment ; what, I wonder, am I to say is the matter ?

LIB. Let's listen in silence. LEON. Dear me, *a thought*, I' faith, has just come into my mind ; I very much wish I had a long stick *here*.

LIB. For what reason ? LEON. With which to beat these asses<sup>1</sup>, if perchance they should begin to bray out here, from within the bag. (*They stand apart.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter ARGYRIPPUS from the house of CLEÆRETA, followed by PHILENIUM.*

ARG. Why are you holding me back ?

<sup>1</sup> *To beat these asses*)—Ver. 593. He means the money which was to have been paid for the asses.



PHIL. Because, as I love you, I cannot bear your departing.

ARG. Farewell. PHIL. I should fare somewhat better, if you were to remain here.

ARG. Blessings on you. PHIL. Do you wish for blessings on me, to whom you are bringing disease by your departure?

ARG. Your mother has bid me the last *farewell*<sup>1</sup>; she has requested me to go home.

PHIL. A bitter death will she cause her daughter, if I must part from you.

LIB. (*apart, to LEONIDA*). Troth now, the man has been turned out of doors there.

LEON. (*apart*). Such is the fact. ARG. Prithee, do let me go.

PHIL. Whither are you going now? Why don't you stay here?

ARG. This night, if you choose, I'll stay.

LIB. (*apart*). Don't you hear him? How profuse he is of his attentions by night. But now, in the daytime, he's engaged; surely he's a Solon<sup>2</sup> to write laws whereby the public may regulate itself. Psha! those who would be in readiness for themselves to pay obedience to his laws, would decidedly never do any good; they would be drinking night and day.

LEON. (*apart*). Troth now, for sure, he wouldn't budge a foot from her if she would let him, who is now in such haste, and is threatening that he's going away from her.

LIB. (*apart*). Now make an end of your talk, *that* I may catch his discourse.

ARG. Farewell! PHIL. Whither are you hastening?

ARG. Kindly fare you well! I shall see you in the other world<sup>3</sup>. For indeed now, so soon as I can, I shall sever myself from life.

<sup>1</sup> *Bid me the last farewell*—Ver. 598. The word "vale," "farewell," is here understood, and reference is made, figuratively, to the usage of exclaiming "vale" when fire was set to the funeral pile. In saying that she bade him go home, he refers to the expression with which the ceremony concluded, "ilicet," "you may go away," or "you may go home."

<sup>2</sup> *He's a Solon*—Ver. 603. Solon was one of the wise men of Greece, and the great lawgiver of the Athenians. He was remarkable for the severity of his morals.

<sup>3</sup> *In the other world*—Ver. 610. "Apud Orcum." Orcus was a name of the Shades below, and was also an epithet of the God Pluto.



PHIL. Præthee, why, while I do not deserve it, do you wish to consign me to death?

ARG. I—you? whom, if I were to hear that you were in want of life, at once would I present you my own life, and from my own would add to yours.

PHIL. Why, then, do you threaten that you will quit life? For what do you suppose that I shall do, if you do that which you are talking of? I'm determin'd to do everything *exactly* the same to myself that you do to yourself. ARG. O! sweeter than honey are you to me.

PHIL. And surely you are my life. Embrace me.

ARG. I do so with pleasure. (*They embrace.*)

PHIL. Would that thus we might be carried to the tomb.

LEON. (*apart*). O Libanus, how wretched is the man that loves.

LIB. (*apart*). Aye, but surely, faith, the man that's hanging up<sup>1</sup> is much more wretched.

LEON. (*apart*). I know *that*, who have had experience of it. Let's go round them: let's accost them, one on the one side, one on the other. (*One walks towards them from each side.*)

LIB. Health to you, master. But is this female, smoke, that you are embracing?

ARG. Why so? LIB. Because your eyes are filled with tears; 'twas for that reason I asked.

ARG. One who would have been a protector to you, you have lost.

LIB. I' faith, I surely haven't lost one; for this reason, because I never had one.

LEON. Health to you, Philenium.

PHIL. What you desire, the Gods will give you.

LIB. I could desire your favours, and a cask of wine, if wishes were to come to pass.

ARG. Whip-knave, beware how you speak a word.

LIB. Why, 'tis for you, not for myself, I wish it.

ARG. For that reason, then, say on what you please.

LIB. (*pointing to LEONIDA*). Troth, I'd like to give him a beating.

LEON. Who, pray, would allow you *to do so*, you frizzle-

<sup>1</sup> *The man that's hanging up*)—Ver. 621. He alludes to the punishment of the slaves, which has been before referred to.

pated<sup>1</sup> mountebank? Could you thrash me, *you*, who reckon as your *daily* food your own thrashings?

ARG. How far superior, Libanus, are your lots to my own, who never will live this day until the evening.

LIB. For what reason, prithee? ARG. (*pointing to PHILENIUM*). Because I'm in love with her, and she's in love with me, *and* nowhere have I anything to bestow upon her; for that reason has her mother expelled me with all my affection from her house. The twenty minæ of silver have brought me to my end, which the young man, Diabolus, declared that he would give her this day, in order that she mightn't send her anywhere, for this whole year, except to himself. Don't you see of what force are twenty minæ of silver, or what they can effect? The man who parts with them is happy; I, who part not with them, am undone.

LIB. Has he already paid<sup>2</sup> the money?

ARG. He hasn't paid it. LIB. Be of good courage; don't be afraid.

LEON. (*to LIBANUS*). Step this way, Libanus, I want you.

LIB. *Certainly*, if you want anything. (*Steps aside, putting his hand on the shoulder of LEONIDA.*)

ARG. I entreat of you, is it more pleasant in this same matter for you to discourse hugging one another?

LIB. Understand, master, that all things are not equally sweet to all persons. 'Tis pleasant for you lovers to converse, hugging one another; I care nothing for his hugging (*pointing to LEONIDA*), and (*pointing to PHILENIUM*) she despises mine. Do you then yourself do that which you would be suggesting to us to do.

ARG. Indeed I will, and really with pleasure, i' faith. (*Placing his arm round PHILENIUM's neck.*) In the meantime, if it seems good to *you*, do you step aside there.

LEON. (*to LIBANUS*). Should you like our master to be bantered a bit?

<sup>1</sup> *You frizzle-pated*)—Ver. 631. "Calamistrator" means dressed with the "calamistrum," "a crisping-pin," or iron tube with which the hair was curled.

<sup>2</sup> *Has he already paid*)—Ver. 642. "Jam dedit argentum?" This is curiously rendered by Gueudeville, "Ce Monsieur le Diable a-t-il déjà donné son argent?" which, literally translated, is, "Has this Mister Devil already paid his money?" He appears to have taken a rather unwarranted liberty in translating the name "Diabolus" by the term "le Diable"—neither more nor less than the French name of his Satanic Majesty.

LIB. He really is deserving of it.

LEON. Should you like me, in his presence, to make Philenium embrace me ?

LIB. I' faith, I should like it. LEON. Follow me this way (*They join ARGYRIPPUS.*)

ARG. Is there any escape at all ? Have you conversed enough ?

LEON. Listen, and give attention, and devour my words. First of all, that we are your slaves, we don't deny ; but if twenty silver minæ are forthcoming for you, by what name will you call us ?

ARG. Freed-men. LEON. And not patrons ?

ARG. That in preference. LEON. (*produces the bag*). Here are twenty minæ in *this* bag. These, if you like, I'll give you.

ARG. May the Deities ever preserve you, protector of your master, honor to the people, treasury of resources, preserver of my inner man<sup>1</sup>, and commander of love ; place it here, put down that bag, here on the spot, at once<sup>2</sup>.

LEON. I don't like you, who are my master, to carry this load.

ARG. Still, do you rid yourself of the trouble, and fasten that *bag* to myself.

LEON. I'll carry it, porter-like ; you, as befits my master, go, without any burden, before me.

ARG. How now ? Why's this ? Why don't you give up the bag<sup>3</sup> here, for your master to feel its weight ?

LEON. Bid her to whom I'm about to give it, to beg and entreat it of me. For that's a dangerous spot where you bid me put it down at once.

PHIL. (*to LEONIDA*). Apple of my eye, my rose, my life, my delight, Leonida, do give me the money, *and* don't sever us lovers asunder.

LEON. (*to PHILENIUM*). Call me, then, your little spar-

<sup>1</sup> *Of my inner man*)—Ver. 660. "Interioris corporis." Literally, "of my inner body." This is a periphrasis signifying life, the seat of which, the vital parts, are within the body.

<sup>2</sup> *On the spot, at once*)—Ver. 661. "In loco plane." These words seem to imply not in a hanging position, but clean or pat upon the ground. Warner, nowever, renders the passage, "Tye the bag around my neck." It was probably the intention of Argyrippus to take it after Leonida had fairly put it down.

<sup>3</sup> *Give up the bag*)—Ver. 665. "Crumenam" seems a better reading than *crumena*," which Richter adopts.

row, your chicken, your quail, your pet lamb: say that I'm your pet kid or your pet calf; take me by the ears, press your lips to my lips.

ARG. She, kiss you, you whip-scoundrel? LEON. Really, how unbecoming it does seem! But, by the powers, you shan't get it this day, if my knees are not embraced.

ARG. (*aside*). Necessity compels to anything. (*To LEONIDA*.) Let them be embraced (*kneels down and embraces his knees*): now give what I'm asking for.

PHIL. Come, my Leonida, prithee do bring safety to your master *thus* in love. Redeem yourself from him by this service, and purchase him for yourself with this money.

LEON. You are very pretty and amiable; and if this were mine, you should never this day ask me for it, but I would give it you: 'tis better for you to ask it of him (*pointing to LIBANUS*), for 'twas he gave it me to keep for him. Approach him then prettily, my pretty one. (*Delivers the bag to LIBANUS*.) Take this, please, Libanus.

ARG. Scoundrel, are you still trifling with me?

LEON. I' faith, I should never have done so, if you hadn't embraced my knees so roughly. (*Aside to LIBANUS*.) Come, please, in your turn, do you at once have some sport with him, and give her an embrace.

LIB. (*aside to LEONIDA*). Hold your tongue; trust me for that.

ARG. Why don't we accost him, Philenium? (*pointing to LIBANUS*)—really, a very worthy fellow, upon my faith, and not like this thief (*pointing to LEONIDA*).

LIB. (*aside to LEONIDA*). We must walk up and down; now, in my turn, they'll be entreating me.

ARG. By heaven, Libanus, I do entreat you, be pleased by your deeds to come to your master's rescue; do give me those twenty minæ: you see that *thus* in love I stand in need of them.

LIB. It shall be seen to; I wish it done; return here at nightfall. Now bid her, ever so little, to beg and entreat them of me.

PHIL. (*to LIBANUS*). Do you wish me to begin with caressing, or with kissing you?

LIB. Why, really, with them both. PHIL. And do you *then*, I do entreat you, prove the saving of us both.

ARG. O Libanus, my patron, do give me that; 'tis more becoming for the freed-man<sup>1</sup>, than for the patron, to be carrying a burden in the street.

PHIL. My Libanus, golden apple of my eye, the gift and the *very* grace of love; there's a dear, whatever you wish, I'll do; prithee, do give us that money.

LIB. Call me, then, your little duck, dove, or *your* puppet; *your* swallow, jackdaw, little sparrow, your mannikin: make of me the reptile that crawls, so that I may have a double tongue<sup>2</sup>; enfold me in your arms, and embrace my neck.

ARG. She, embrace you, villain? LIB. Really, how undeserving I do seem. You shan't for no purpose have uttered a speech so unseemly against me. By my troth, if indeed you expect to get this money, this day you shall carry myself *on your shoulders*.

ARG. *What?* I, carry you? LIB. Otherwise, you shan't get this money from me.

ARG. Heavens, I'm undone! Still, if indeed it is decorous for the master to carry the servant, mount.

LIB. In this way are proud people wont to be tamed. Stand still then, just as you were wont to do when formerly a boy<sup>3</sup>. Do you understand what I say? (*He prepares to get upon the shoulders of ARGYRIPPUS.*) Aye—so—move on: I praise you *much*; not any horse is there more clever than yourself as a horse.

ARG. (*while stooping*). Get on, directly. LIB. I'll do *so*. (*He gets on.*) Hallo!—what's the matter? How are you going? By my troth, I'll deprive you of your barley then, if you don't amble<sup>4</sup>, lifting up your feet.

ARG. Prithee, Libanus, there's enough now.

LIB. Never this day, by my troth, shall you get anything

<sup>1</sup> *For the freed-man*)—Ver. 694. By "libertus," or "freed-man," he means himself, while Libanus is his "patronus," or "patron."

<sup>2</sup> *A double tongue*)—Ver. 699. An unseemly allusion is intended in this expression.

<sup>3</sup> *When formerly a boy*)—Ver. 707. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" should be said to Lambinus and the other Commentators, who have imagined an indelicate allusion to be couched under these words. He clearly alludes to the boyish game of leap-frog, at which they had in childhood been accustomed "to make a back."

<sup>4</sup> *If you don't amble*)—Ver. 710. "Badizas." This is an adaptation of the Greek verb βαδίζω, "to go."

by entreaty. For now up hill with the spur will I push on my steed. After that, I'll deliver you to the millers, that there you may be tortured as you run<sup>1</sup>. Stand still, that I may now at once get down for the hill, although you are *but* a bad one. (*Gets off his shoulders.*)

ARG. Well now—since you've both made fun of me just as you liked, are you going to give the money?

LIB. *Why, yes*, if, indeed, you erect to me a statue and an altar, and *then* sacrifice an ox to me here as though to a God; for I am *the Divinity* Salvation to you.

LEON. Nay, but, master, do you betake yourself away from him, and do you come to me. And, what he has demanded for himself, will you erect a statue for me, and offer prayers *to me*?

ARG. But what Divinity am I to call you?

LEON. Fortune, and *that* the Propitious one<sup>2</sup>. ARG. You are better than he then.

LIB. Why, is there ever anything better for a man than Salvation?

ARG. Though I praise Fortune, still, not to speak in dispraise of *the Divinity* Salvation—

PHIL. By the powers, but they are good, both of them.

ARG. I shall know it, when they have conferred anything that's good.

LEON. Wish for that which you desire to befall you.

ARG. What if I do wish it? LEON. It shall come to pass.

ARG. I wish for her to be devoted to me *alone* this whole year round.

LEON. You have obtained it. ARG. Do you really say so?

LEON. I do say so for certain. LIB. Come to me, in my turn, and make trial: wish ardently for that which you especially desire to happen to you; it shall be done.

ARG. What other thing could I ardently wish for rather than that of which I am in want? Oblige me with twenty silver minæ to give to her mother.

LIB. They shall be given: take care and be of good courage, your wishes shall be fulfilled.

ARG. Just as they are wont, Salvation and Fortune are deceiving mortals.

<sup>1</sup> *Tortured as you run*)—Ver. 715. He alludes to the occupation of asses and worn-out horses in grinding at the corn-mill.

<sup>2</sup> *And that the Propitious one*)—Ver. 720. "Fortuna Obsequens," or "Propitious Fortune," had a Temple at Rome.



LEON. I this day have been the head in finding this money for you.

LIB. I have been the foot. ARG. Why, neither head nor foot of your talking is visible ; I can understand neither what you mean, nor why you are trifling with me.

LIB. I think that now you've been teased enough ; now let's disclose the matter as it *really* stands. Give your attention, Argyrippus, if you please. Your father has ordered us to bring this money to you.

ARG. How *very* à propos and opportunely you have brought it.

LIB. (*giving him the bag*). Here, in this, there will be twenty good minæ, obtained by bad means : these, on certain conditions, he bade us give you.

ARG. Prithee, what are they ? LIB. That you would grant him her favours and an entertainment.

ARG. Bid him come, I beg. For him who deserves it right well, we'll do what he wishes, *him* who has brought these scattered loves *of ours* to a *happy* result.

LEON. You'll permit your father *then*, Argyrippus, to caress her ?

ARG. She, *by being restored to me*, will easily cause me to permit it. Prithee, Leonida, run, *and* beg my father to come here. LIB. He has been in the house some time.

ARG. He hasn't come this way, at all events.

LIB. (*pointing to the back way*). He came round that way<sup>1</sup> by the lane, through the garden, lest any one of his friends should see him coming here ; he's afraid that his wife may come to know of it. If your mother knew about the money, how it was obtained——

ARG. Well, well—do use words of good omen<sup>2</sup> ; go in-doors quickly, farewell.

LEON. And you *two*, love on. (*He and LIBANUS go into the house of DEMÆNETUS ; ARGYRIPPUS and PHILENIUM into that of CLÆRETA.*)

#### ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Enter* DIABOLUS *and a* PARASITE, *with a scroll in his hand.*

DIAB. Come now, show me this agreement that you've

<sup>1</sup> *Came round that way*)—Ver. 746. Well he might !

<sup>2</sup> *Use words of good omen*)—Ver. 749. "Benedicite." This was a form made use of for the purpose of averting bad omens.

written out between myself and the procuress. Read over the conditions; for you are a quite unique composer<sup>1</sup> in such matters.

PAR. I'll make the procuress be terrified when she hears the conditions.

DIAB. Troth now, prithee, proceed *and* read them over to me.

PAR. Are you attending? DIAB. I'm all attention.

PAR. (*reads the agreement*). "Diabolus, the son of Glaucus, has made a present to Cleæreta, the procuress, of twenty silver minæ, that Philenium may be with him night and day for this whole year."

DIAB. Yes, and not with any other person.

PAR. Am I to add *that*? DIAB. Add it, and take care and write it plainly and distinctly.

PAR. (*writes it down, and then reads*). "*And* not admit any other man whatever, because either her friend or her patron, she may choose to call him——"

DIAB. Not any one! PAR. "Or because she may say that he is the lover of a female friend of hers. The door must be closed to all men except to yourself. On the door she must write that she is engaged. Or, because she may affirm that the letter has been brought from abroad, there is not to be even any letter in the house, nor so much as a waxed tablet; and if there is any useless picture<sup>2</sup>, let her sell it; if she does not part with it, within four days from the time when she has received the money of you, let it be considered as your own; you to burn it if you like; so that she may have no wax, with which she may be able to make a letter. She is to invite no guest; you are to invite them. On no one of them is she to cast her eyes:

<sup>1</sup> *A quite unique composer*)—Ver. 752. "Poeta" is here used in the primary sense of the word, from the Greek ποιητής, "a maker," "artist," or "contriver."

<sup>2</sup> *Any useless picture*)—Ver. 768. Some of the Commentators have supposed that indecent or immodest pictures are here meant. Such is not the fact. Portraits were taken among the Romans in profile, in wax, which was laid on a plane surface; and probably other pictures were similarly constructed. In his jealousy, Diabolus will not allow Philenium to keep any useless or valueless picture, for fear lest she may melt it, to use the wax for tablets, as a medium of correspondence with a paramour. To a portrait of this kind, Laodamia probably refers in her Epistle to Protesilaüs, in the *Heroides* of Ovid, l. 133: "But while as a warrior thou shalt be wielding arms in a distant region, I have a waxen figure which represents thy features."

if she looks upon any other person, she must be blind forthwith<sup>1</sup>. Then she is to drink cup by cup equally with yourself. She is to receive it from you ; she is to hand it to you for you to drink. She is not to have a relish for less or for more than yourself."

DIAB. That's quite to my taste.

PAR. (*reading*). "She is to remove all causes of suspicion from her, nor is she to tread on any man's foot<sup>2</sup> with her foot ; when she rises she is neither to step upon the next couch, nor when she gets down *from the couch* is she thence to extend her hand to any one ; she is not to give to nor ask of any one a ring for her to look at ; she is not to present dice to any man whatever except to yourself ; when she throws<sup>3</sup> them, she is not to say, 'You *I call upon*,' she is to mention your name. She may call on any Goddess that she pleases as propitious to her, *but* on no God : if she should chance to be very full of devotion, she is to tell you, *and* you are to pray to him that he may be propitious. She is neither to nod at any man, wink, *or* make a sign. In fine, if the lamp goes out, she is not to move a single joint of herself in the dark."

DIAB. That's very good ; so, in fact, she must do : but expunge that about the chamber ; for my part, I prefer that she should move. I don't wish her to have an excuse, and to say that it is forbidden her *by her vow*.

PAR. I understand, you fear *some* quibble. DIAB. Just so.

PAR. Then as you bid me, I'll strike it out. (*Erases it.*)

DIAB. *And* why not ? PAR. Hear the rest.

DIAB. Say on, I'm listening.

PAR. (*goes on reading*). "And she is not to use any shuffling words, nor is she to know how to speak in any tongue but the Attic. If perchance she should begin to cough, she is not to cough so as to expose her tongue to any one in coughing. But if she should pretend as though she had a running

<sup>1</sup> *Must be blind forthwith*)—Ver. 775. This is probably a polite way of saying, "Let her leave the room forthwith."

<sup>2</sup> *Tread on any man's foot*)—Ver. 780. From passages in Ovid's *Amours* and *Art of Love*, we learn that this was a favourite method of communication by intriguing parties.

<sup>3</sup> *When she throws*)—Ver. 785. When throwing the dice, it was the custom to invoke some favourite object, which was thought to bring good luck to the thrower. See the Notes to the *Captivi*, Act I., Sc. 1. She is not to say, "You I invoke," lest, by the ambiguity, it should be intended to apply to another man, and not to her protector

at the nose<sup>1</sup>, *even then* she is not to do so; you yourself must wipe her lips, rather than that she should open her mouth before another person. And her mother, the procuress, is not to come in in the middle of the wine, nor is she to utter a word of abuse to any one; if she does so speak, let this be her fine, to go for twenty days without wine."

DIAB. You have written it nicely; a clever agreement.

PAR. "Then, if she bids her maid-servant carry chaplets, garlands, *or* unguents, to Venus or to Cupid, your servant is to watch whether she gives them to Venus or to a man. If perchance she should say she wishes to keep herself in purity<sup>2</sup>, let her account for as many nights as she has kept herself in purity. These are no trifles; for they are no funeral dirge<sup>3</sup>."

DIAB. The conditions please me entirely; follow me indoors. PAR. I follow. (*They go into the house of CLEÆRETA.*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ACT V<sup>4</sup>.—SCENE I.

*Enter DIABOLUS and the PARASITE.*

DIAB. Follow this way. Am I to put up with this, or shall I hold my tongue? I would rather die than not discover this to his wife. And say you so, *old man*? With a mistress would you be acting the part of a youngster? Would you be excusing yourself to your wife, and calling yourself an aged man? Would you be taking the mistress from her lover? And would you be presenting the money to the procuress, *and* be secretly pilfering it from your wife at home? You should hang me, rather than you should carry off these matters undiscovered. On my honor, I'll really

<sup>1</sup> *A running at the nose*)—Ver. 801. The meaning seems to be, that if her nose runs by reason of a catarrh, she is not to open her mouth to put her tongue out, but that Diabolus is, in common parlance, to wipe her nose for her.

<sup>2</sup> *Keep herself in purity*)—Ver. 811. He probably alludes to the festival of Isis or Ceres, on which occasion it was usual for the female votaries rigidly to separate themselves from the society of men. The translation of the next line is somewhat modified.

<sup>3</sup> *No funeral dirge*)—Ver. 813. "Mortualia" were the songs which hired female mourners sang at funerals; and which, as being especially worthless, were pre-eminently called "nugæ," or "trifles."

<sup>4</sup> *Act V.*) One scene, at least, is clearly lost here, as we are not informed how Diabolus has become acquainted with the manœuvres to obtain the money, and the disgraceful compact made by Demænetus; although, not improbably, he has caught sight of him in the house of the procuress.

go this instant hence to her whom I'm sure that you'll very soon be destroying, in order that you may be able to supply your extravagance, unless, indeed, she shall first prevent you.

PAR. I'm of opinion that thus you must act. 'Tis more becoming that I should disclose this matter, rather than yourself, lest she may think that you, excited by reason of love, rather than for her own sake, have acted thus.

DIAB. Why, faith, you say what's right. Do you then contrive to raise a storm *and* strife against him, that he, together with his own son, is carousing with *one* mistress the livelong day, *and* that he's secretly pilfering from her.

PAR. Don't suggest to me. I'll take care of that.

DIAB. But I'll wait for you at home. (*Exit DIABOLUS ; the PARASITE goes into the house of DEMÆNETUS.*)

SCENE II.—*A Table, and everything requisite for an Entertainment, being placed before the house of CLEÆRETA, enter ARGYRIPPUS, DEMÆNETUS, and PHILENIUM, from the house of CLEÆRETA.*

ARG. Come then, father, let's take our places, please.

DEM. As you bid me, my son, so it shall be.

ARG. (*to the ATTENDANTS*). Lads, spread the table.

DEM. Is it at all displeasing to you, son, if she takes her place by me? (*They take their places.*)

ARG. Duty, father, keeps sorrow from my eyes ; although I love her, still I can control my feelings, not to take it to heart because she takes her place by you.

DEM. It becomes a young man to be respectful, Argyrippus.

ARG. Troth, father, through proper regard for you, I can be so.

DEM. Come, then, let's enjoy this banquet with wine and pleasant discourse. I don't wish to be feared, I prefer myself to be loved by you, my son.

ARG. In truth, I do them both, as is proper for a son.

DEM. I'd believe it, if I saw you were cheerful.

ARG. Why, do you think that I'm sorrowful?

DEM. Do I think so? You, whom I see as melancholy as if the day<sup>1</sup> of trial had been named *for you*.

ARG. Don't you say that. DEM. Don't you be so, then I'll not say so.

<sup>1</sup> *As if the day*)—Ver. 845. He probably means the day for coming up for judgment, or else for trial.



ARG. Well then, look at me ; I'm laughing. (*He affects to laugh.*)

DEM. I'd like that those who wish me ill would laugh thus.

ARG. I know, indeed, father, why you now suppose to yourself that I'm sad ; *it is* because she is by you. And really, father, by my faith, to tell you the truth, that matter does hurt me ; and not for this reason, that I don't desire for you that which you wish, but *because* I love her ; another woman, indeed, I could easily endure to be by you.

DEM. But I have a fancy for this one.

ARG. Then you have what you desire ; for myself, I wish for what I could desire.

DEM. Submit to it this one day, since I've given you the power to be with her for a year, and have procured for you the command of money in your amour.

ARG. Well, by doing that, you have laid me under an obligation to you.

DEM. Why then don't you show yourself cheerful to me ? (*They commence the banquet, PHILENIUM reclining below DEMÆNETUS.*)

SCENE III<sup>1</sup>.—*Enter ARTEMONA and the PARASITE, from the house of DEMÆNETUS, at the further side of the stage.*

ART. Prithæe, do you say that my husband is carousing here, together with my son ?—and that he has carried to his mistress twenty minæ of silver ?—and that, with the knowledge of my son, his father is perpetrating this wickedness ?

PAR. Trust me in nothing henceforth, either divine or human, Artemona, if you find me untruthful in this matter.

ART. Wretched then am I, who have supposed that, beyond others, my husband was sober, decent, chaste, *and* especially fond of his wife.

PAR. But now, henceforth, understand that he, before all men, is *a person* of the smallest worth—a drunkard, a good-for-nothing fellow, unchaste, and a contemner of his own wife.

<sup>1</sup> *Scene III.*—In the early part of this Scene, the wife and the Parasite do not see Demænetus, who is carousing in the front of Cleæreta's house, at the other side of the stage. We must remember that the Roman stage was of vast extent—as much, according to some writers, as 180 feet in width. Perhaps a wall extended a little forward by the side of the house, which would preclude the view of what was going on behind it and near to the door, until Artemona and the Parasite had traversed the stage.



ART. I' faith, if this wasn't true, he would never be doing the things that he is now doing.

PAR. Upon my word, I too always hitherto took him to be a decent person ; but by this action he declares himself,—to be carousing, indeed, together with his son, and, a decrepit old man, toying with a mistress in his company.

ART. For this it is, i' faith, that he's going out to dinner every day. He says that he's going to Archidemus, Chereas, Chærestratus, Clinius, Chremes, Cratinus, Dinias, Demosthenes : *while* he's thinking of debauchery, and public dens *of infamy* with his harlot.

PAR. Why don't you bid your maid-servants carry him off home upon their shoulders ?

ART. Do you only be quiet. By my troth, I'll surely give him some trouble.

PAR. I'm sure of it, that so it will befall him, so long, indeed, as you shall continue married to him.

ART. I was fancying that this fellow was still giving attendance either in the senate or to his dependants : that for that reason it was, that, worn out with fatigue, he snored the whole night through. Wearied with his labours out of doors he comes home at night. Another's farm he ploughs, his own he leaves untilled. Both he himself is corrupted, *and* he corrupts his son as well.

PAR. Do you only follow me this way, I'll make you just now to fall upon the man himself in the very fact.

ART. By heaven, there's nothing that I could more wish for.

PAR. Just stop *there*. (*He moves stealthily forward, and examines the other side of the stage.*)

ART. What's the matter ? PAR. (*returning to her*). If perchance you were to see your husband reclining, if you beheld him with a garland on, caressing a mistress, could you recognize him ?

ART. I' troth, I could. PAR. (*points to the other end of the stage*). Then there's your man.

ART. (*moving stealthily forward with the PARASITE*). I'm undone.

PAR. Stay a little. Let's observe in private, from ambush, what business they are about.

ARG. What end will you put to your caresses, father ?

DEM. I confess, my son—— ARG. What do you confess ?

DEM. That I'm utterly undone with love for her.

PAR. (to ARTEMONA). Do you hear what he says?

ART. I hear.

DEM. (to PHILENIUM). Ought I not to filch the mantle from my wife at home, which she is so fond of, and bring it to you? Though my wife's life should last a *whole year in consequence*, by my troth I could not be dissuaded *from doing so*.

PAR. (to ARTEMONA). Do you suppose that he has been accustomed to frequent a brothel to-day for the first time?

ART. Upon my faith, it was he that was pilfering me; whereas I was suspecting my maid-servants, and was tormenting the wretched creatures who were innocent *all the while*.

ARG. Father, bid him pour out some wine; 'tis a long time since I drank first<sup>1</sup>.

DEM. (to the SERVANT). Begin, boy, from the top<sup>2</sup>. (To PHILENIUM). Come, do you meanwhile from below give me a kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

ART. (to the PARASITE). Wretch that I am, I'm undone! How the villain, the garnishing of a bier<sup>3</sup>, is kissing away.

DEM. A breath, by my faith, somewhat sweeter than that of my wife.

PHIL. Tell me, there's a dear, does the breath of your wife smell bad?

DEM. I'd prefer to drink bilge-water, if it were necessary, rather than kiss her.

ART. (*apart*). By heavens, you are a wretch. PAR. (*apart*). I' faith, he's deserving *so to be*.

ARG. How say you, father? (*Takes a draught in the meanwhile.*)

ART. (*apart*). *Aye*, pray, how say you? By my troth, to your own great detriment, you've surely said that against me. Never mind; only do you come home, I'll let you know

<sup>1</sup> *Since I drank first*)—Ver. 896. They probably took the first draught each in his turn. Argyrippus tells his father that he is dry, and that it is a long time since he had the first draught.

<sup>2</sup> *From the top*)—Ver. 897. We are to suppose that the three are reclining on one "triclinium," or couch. Argyrippus lies at the top, his father below him, and Philenium the lowest, with her head reclining on the old man's breast.

<sup>3</sup> *Of a bier*)—Ver. 898. "Capulus" was another name of the "lectica" or "feretrum," on which the corpse was carried to the funeral pile. In the case of rich people, the "capuli" were sometimes made of ivory, and covered with gold and purple.

what danger there is in speaking abusively against a wife with a dowry.

ARG. Don't you love my mother?

DEM. Who—I? I love her just now, because she isn't present.

ARG. How, when she is present?

DEM. *Then*, I wish she was dead. PAR. (*apart to ARTEMONA*). This fellow is fond of you, according to what he says.

ART. On my word, he's surely laying out *all this* at interest; for if, this day, he returns home, I'll especially have my revenge in kissing him.

ARG. (*handing the dice-box*). Father, throw the dice; that afterwards I may have a throw.

DEM. By all means. You, Philenium, for myself, and death for my wife. (*He throws.*) 'Tis Venus's cast<sup>1</sup>. Lads, clap your hands, and give me some honeyed wine in my cup, in honor of my throw.

ART. (*apart*). I can hold out no longer.

PAR. (*apart*). If you haven't learned the fulling trade<sup>2</sup>, it's not to be wondered at; now it's quite fitting for you to beset his eyes. (*They make their appearance before the revellers.*)

ART. By heavens, I will live, and you this day have made that invocation to your own great misfortune.

PAR. Will some one run to fetch the undertaker<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *Venus's cast*)—Ver. 911. "Venereus jactus" was the best throw on the set of four "tali," or knuckle-bone dice, used by the ancients. It is supposed to have been a combination of the numbers, the sum of which was fourteen. When trying to throw the "Venereus jactus," it was usual to mention the name of the mistress of the thrower; and Demænetus throws in "death to his wife," by way of supplement. From the next line, he appears to have been successful in his throw.

<sup>2</sup> *Haven't learned the fulling trade*)—Ver. 913. He intends a pun here upon the word "durare," which meant either "to endure," "bear," or "hold out;" as also "to full," "harden," or "thicken cloth," by the fuller's art. Artemona says that she cannot "durare" in the first sense; on which the Parasite quibbles, and says, "Because you have not learnt the fulling art." In the next line also a play upon words is intended, as "invadi in oculos" may mean either "present yourself before his eyes" or "attack his eyes," and claw them out. No doubt the Parasite would have relished the fun, if she had taken his advice in the latter sense.

<sup>3</sup> *The undertaker*)—Ver. 916. The "pollinctores" were slaves, who belonged to the "libitinarii," or "undertakers," and whose duty it was to anoint the body with oil and perfumes before it was burnt.

ARG. Health to you, mother. ART. Health *indeed* after this fashion!

PAR. (*aside*). Demænetus is dead. 'Tis time to betake myself hence: this battle bravely waxes hot. I'll be off to Diabolus. I'll tell him his orders are performed as he desired them; and in the meantime I'll persuade him that we should take a meal, while these people are squabbling. Afterwards, in fine, I'll bring him here to-morrow, to the procuress, that he may give her the twenty minæ, that, in his turn, he in his passion may be enabled to obtain this damsel. I hope that Argyrippus will be able to be prevailed upon to allow him to pass each alternate night with him in her company; for, unless I obtain that, I've lost my patron<sup>1</sup>; so great is the passion of the man by reason of his love. (*He quietly withdraws.*)

ART. (*addressing PHILENIUM*). What business have you to give a retreat here in your house to my husband?

PHIL. Troth, he really will this day be the death of wretched me, through *sheer* disgust.

ART. (*to DEMÆNETUS*). Rise, wench, be off home.

DEM. I'm undone. ART. Yes, you are<sup>2</sup>; don't, i' faith, gainsay it, you most vile of all men. Why, the cuckoo's still on his nest<sup>3</sup>. Rise, wench, be off home.

DEM. Woe to me! ART. You prophesy correctly. Rise, wench, be off home.

DEM. Step a little this way then.

ART. Rise, wench, be off home. DEM. Now, prithee, wife——

ART. Do you remember now that I'm your wife? It was but just now, when you were heaping abuse upon me, that I wasn't your wife.

DEM. I'm utterly ruined. ART. Why, pray? Does the breath of your wife smell strong?

DEM. It smells of myrrh. ART. Have you filched my mantle then to be giving to your harlot?

<sup>1</sup> *My patron*)—Ver. 925. "Regem." Literally, "my king;" the name which Parasites bestowed upon their patrons.

<sup>2</sup> *Yes, you are*)—Ver. 928. He says, "nullus sum," in the sense of "I'm undone;" but she chooses to take it as though he had meant "I am a worthless fellow," which meaning these words are capable of bearing.

<sup>3</sup> *Cuckoo's still on his nest*)—Ver. 929. The cuckoo takes possession of the nests of other birds, and lays its eggs there. Artemona probably alludes to that fact, on seeing her husband under such disgraceful circumstances.

ARG. By the powers—what, did he promise that he would filch your mantle?

ART. Won't you hold your tongue?

ARG. I was going to dissuade him, mother. ART. (*to ARGYRIPPUS*). A pretty son! (*To DEMÆNETUS*.) Is it proper for a father to teach these morals to his children? Are you ashamed of nothing?

DEM. I' faith, if there's nothing else, I'm ashamed of you, wife.

ART. With your hoary head, your wife is dragging you, you cuckoo, from dens of infamy.

DEM. The dinner's cooking; mayn't I stop, only to take my dinner?

ART. Faith, you'll dine to-day on a heavy mishap, as you deserve.

DEM. (*rising*). I shall repose but uncomfortably; my wife is taking me home condemned.

ARG. I told you, father, not to devise ill against my mother.

PHIL. (*to DEMÆNETUS*). Do remember about the mantle<sup>1</sup>, there's a dear.

DEM. (*calls out to CLEÆRETA*). Won't you order her to go away from here?

PHIL. No, I'll go in, in preference. (*To ARGYRIPPUS*.) Follow me this way, my life.

ARG. Yes, I follow. ART. (*to DEMÆNETUS*). Be off home.

PHIL. (*to DEMÆNETUS*). Do give me a kiss, at least, before you go.

DEM. (*to PHILENIUM*). Go hang yourself. (*Exeunt.*)

#### *The COMPANY of the COMEDIANS.*

If this old fellow, unknown to his wife, has been in any way indulging his own inclinations, he has been doing nothing new or wonderful, or otherwise than others are in the habit of doing. No one is there of a disposition so severe, or of a temper so firm, but that he will enjoy himself when he has any opportunity. Now if you wish to interpose in behalf of this old man, so that he be not punished, we think that it can be brought about if you give us loud applause.

<sup>1</sup> *About the mantle*)—Ver. 945. This she says by way of a farewell banter to the old fellow, whom she is too happy to get rid of.

## CURCULIO; OR, THE FORGERY

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### Dramatis Personæ.

CURCULIO, the Parasite of Phædromus.

THERAPONTIGONUS, a Captain of Caria.

PHÆDROMUS, a young man in love with Planesium.

PALINURUS, }  
COOK, } Servants of Phædromus.

LYCO, a Banker.

CAPPADOX, a Procurer.

THE CHOREGUS (or, Director of the Chorus).

AN ACTOR.

PLANESIUM, a young woman belonging to Cappadox.

AN OLD WOMAN, a Procuress.

Scena.—Epidaurus, in Peloponnesus; before the houses of PHÆDROMUS and  
CAPPADOX, and the Temple of Æsculapius.



## THE SUBJECT.

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PHÆDROMUS is desperately in love with Planesium, who is in the possession of Cappadox, an avaricious Procurer. Not having the means of obtaining her freedom, Phædromus sends Curculio, his Parasite, to Caria, to borrow the money from a friend. The friend being unable to lend it, Curculio by accident meets a military officer, named Therapontigonus, and is invited by him to dinner. The Captain accidentally mentions to him that he has agreed to purchase Planesium of the Procurer, and that the money is deposited with Lyco, the banker, who has been ordered, on receiving a letter signed with the Captain's signet, to have the young woman delivered to the bearer. While the Captain is overpowered with wine, Curculio steals his signet, and hastens back to Epidaurus, where he forges a letter by means of it, which he delivers to Lyco, as though from the Captain. The money is paid to the Procurer, and Planesium is handed over to Curculio; a condition having been previously made, that if she should turn out to be a free woman by birth, the money shall be repaid to the purchaser. Curculio then delivers Planesium to Phædromus. The same day, the Captain arrives at Epidaurus, and is soon after recognized by Planesium as her brother, through the medium of the ring, which had belonged to her father. To corroborate her assertion, Planesium produces another ring, which Therapontigonus had presented to her when a child as a birthday present. On this, she is given by her brother in marriage to Phædromus; and Cappadox, much against his will, is forced to refund the money to the Captain.

# CURCULIO; OR, THE FORGERY.

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## THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

ON an errand of Phædromus, Curculio (*Curculio*) goes to Caria, that (*Ut*) he may obtain some money; there he despoils the rival (*Rivalem*) of Phædromus of his ring. He writes a letter, and seals it *with that seal*. Lyco, when he sees it, recognizes (*Cognoscit*) the seal of the Captain; that (*Ut*) he may send him his mistress, he pays the money to the Procurer. The Captain *threatens* to summon Lyco (*Lyconem*) and the Procurer to justice: he himself (*Ipsus*) discovers his sister that was lost, at whose request (*Oratu*) he gives her in marriage to Phædromus.

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## ACT I.—SCENE I. (*Before daybreak.*)

*Enter at one side of the stage PHÆDROMUS, with a lighted torch, and followed by SLAVES with wine and provisions for an entertainment, and PALINURUS on the opposite side.*

PAL. Whither away must I say that you are going out of doors at this time o' night, Phædromus, with that dress and with this train<sup>1</sup>?

PHÆD. Whither Venus and Cupid summon me, and Love persuades me; whether 'tis the midnight or whether the earliest twilight, if the day is fixed<sup>2</sup> for *pleading your cause* with your antagonist, still must you go where they command you, whether you will or no.

PAL. But pray, pray—— PHÆD. Pray—— you are annoying to me.

PAL. Really that is neither pretty nor befitting you to

<sup>1</sup> *And with this train*)—Ver. 2. As it is supposed to be before daybreak, he is holding a lighted torch, and is attended by a train of slaves, who are carrying wine and other provisions for the entertainment, or early breakfast, which he is about to give. He has also a gay dress on for the occasion.

<sup>2</sup> *If the day is fixed*)—Ver. 5. "Status conductus dies." This term properly applies to a day appointed for pleading a cause.

say. You are your own servant<sup>1</sup>; in your fine garb you are showing the light with your waxen torch<sup>2</sup>.

PHÆD. And ought I not to carry that which is gathered by the labour of the little bees—which has its birth in sweets—to my own sweet one, my little honey?

PAL. But whither must I say that you are going?

PHÆD. If you ask me *that*, I'll tell, so that you may know.

PAL. If I make the enquiry, what would you answer me?

PHÆD. This is the Temple (*pointing to it*) of Æsculapius.

PAL. *That* I have known for more than a twelvemonth *past*.

PHÆD. Close to it is that door, dear as my very eyes. (*Points to the door of CAPPADOX.*) Hail to you! door, dear as my very eyes; have you been quite well of late?

PAL. Did a fever leave you<sup>3</sup> but yesterday, or the day before, and did you take your dinner yesterday?

PHÆD. Are you laughing at me? PAL. Why then, madman, are you enquiring whether the door is well or not?

PHÆD. I' faith, I've known it *as a door* most comely and most discreet: never one word does it whisper; when it is opened, it is silent; and when, by night, she secretly comes out to me, it holds its peace.

PAL. And are you not, Phædromus, doing, or contemplating the doing of, some deed which is unworthy of yourself or of your family? Are you not laying a snare for some modest fair one, or for one that should be modest?

PHÆD. For no one; and may Jupiter not permit me *to do so*.

PAL. I wish the same. Ever, if you are wise, so bestow your love, that if the public should know the object which you love, it may be no disgrace to you. Ever do you take care that you be not disgraced<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Your own servant*)—Ver. 9. "Puer" may signify either "servant" or "boy" in this passage. In the former case, Palinurus would mean, "you are acting as your own servant, in carrying the torch;" in the latter, the allusion would probably be to the fact that boys, handsomely drest, used, at the nuptial ceremony, to carry lighted torches before the bride and bridegroom.

<sup>2</sup> *Your waxen torch*)—Ver. 10. It is not improbable that the flambeaux, or torches, used by the higher classes, were of wax; while those in more common use were made of pine-wood, tow, and other inflammable substances.

<sup>3</sup> *A fever leave you*)—Ver. 18. He asks his master this, as he is in doubt whether he is in his senses or not. It was a notion among the ancients that fasting was very apt to produce delirium.

<sup>4</sup> *Be not disgraced*)—Ver. 30. "Intestabilis." One who is infamous, and

PHÆD. What means that expression? PAL. For you to proceed with caution on your path; the object that you love, love in the presence of witnesses.

PHÆD. Why, 'tis a Procurer that lives here. (*He points.*)

PAL. No one drives you away from there, nor *yet* forbids you, if you have the money, to buy what's openly on sale. No one forbids any person from going along the public road, so long as he doesn't make a path through the field that's fenced around; so long as you keep yourself away from the wife, the widow, the maiden, youthful age, and free-born children, love what you please.

PHÆD. This is the house of a Procurer.

PAL. A curse befall it. PHÆD. Why so?

PAL. Because it serves in an infamous service.

PHÆD. You speak out. PAL. Be it so, most especially.

PHÆD. Once more, will you hold your tongue?

PAL. You bade me speak out<sup>1</sup>, I thought.

PHÆD. Then, now I forbid you. But, as I had begun to say, he has a young female slave——

PAL. This Procurer, you mean, who's living here?

PHÆD. You have hold of it exactly.

PAL. The less shall I be in dread of its falling.

PHÆD. You are impertinent. He wishes to make her a courtesan, while she is desperately in love with me; whereas I don't wish to have her upon loan.

PAL. Why so? PHÆD. Because I'm for having her as my own; I love her equally as well.

PAL. Clandestine courtship is bad; 'tis utter ruin.

PHÆD. I' troth, 'tis so as you say.

PAL. Has she as yet submitted to the yoke of *Venus*?

PHÆD. For me she is as chaste as though she were my own sister, unless, *indeed*, she is any the more unchaste for some kissing.

whose evidence cannot be taken as a witness in the courts of law. Lambinus suggests that here, as in other instances where the word is used by Plautus, an indelicate pun is intended.

<sup>1</sup> *Bade me speak out*)—Ver. 42. Phædromus had said to Palinurus, "Obloquere," which may either mean "you are abusive" or "do you speak out." Phædromus intends it in the former sense, but Palinurus pretends to understand it in the latter; and when his master tells him to be quiet, he says, "Why, I thought you told me to speak out."

PAL. Always, do you understand, flame *follows* very close on smoke ; with smoke, nothing can be burnt, with flame, it can. He who wishes to eat the kernel<sup>1</sup> of the nut, *first* breaks the nut ; he who wishes to seduce, opens the dance<sup>2</sup> with kisses.

PHÆD. But she is chaste, and never yet has bestowed her favours upon man.

PAL. *That* I could believe<sup>3</sup>, if any Procurer had *any* shame.

PHÆD. Well, but what think you of her ? When she has any opportunity, she steals away to me ; when she has given me a kiss, she's off *again*. This happens by reason of this, because this Procurer is lying a-bed ill in the Temple<sup>4</sup> of Æsculapius ; that fellow is my torturer.

PAL. How so ? PHÆD. At one time he asks me for thirty minæ for her, at another for a great talent ; and from him I cannot obtain any fair and just dealing.

PAL. You are too exacting, in requiring that of him which no Procurer possesses.

PHÆD. Now, I've sent my Parasite hence to Caria<sup>5</sup>, to ask for money on loan from my friend ; if he doesn't bring me this, which way to turn myself I know not.

PAL. If you salute the Deities, towards the right<sup>6</sup> I think ; now this is this altar of Venus before their door.

<sup>1</sup> *To eat the kernel*)—Ver. 55. This is exactly our proverb, which implies that labour attends every pursuit—"To extract the kernel, you must crack the shell."

<sup>2</sup> *Opens the dance*)—Ver. 56. There is an indecent allusion intended in this line, which is somewhat modified in the translation.

<sup>3</sup> *I could believe*)—Ver. 58. Palinurus thinks it impossible that such a wretch as Cappadox would leave her untouched.

<sup>4</sup> *In the Temple*)—Ver. 62. It was the custom of those who wished to ask anything of the Gods, to lie in their Temples, in order that they might receive their answers and instructions in their sleep.

<sup>5</sup> *To Caria*)—Ver. 67. Caria was in Asia Minor. Schmieder justly observes, that the Parasite must have used the wings of Dædalus, to go from Epidaurus in the Peloponnesus, to Caria, and discharge his commission and return in four days only. A Roman audience would not, however, be likely to know much about the relative distance of places so far off.

<sup>6</sup> *Towards the right*)—Ver. 70. Dextrovorsum. A quibble seems to be intended in the use of this word ; Palinurus, in saying "turn to the right hand," probably means, sarcastically, "turn to a right course of life."

PHÆD. I have already vowed to bring me<sup>1</sup> an early breakfast for *my* Venus<sup>2</sup>. PAL. What? Will you then be giving up yourself as a breakfast to Venus?

PHÆD. Myself, and you, *and* all of these. (*Pointing to the SLAVES.*)

PAL. Then you would have Venus to be sick *outright*.

PHÆD. (*to an ATTENDANT*). Here, boy, give me the bowl.

PAL. What are you going to do?

PHÆD. You'll know directly. **An old hag is in the habit of sleeping here, as the keeper of the door; the name of the Procuress is "Much-bibber" and "Neat-bibber."**

PAL. Just as you would speak of a flagon, in which Chian wine<sup>3</sup> is wont to be.

PHÆD. What need is there of words? She is a most vinous soul; and the very moment that I've sprinkled this door with the wine, she knows by the smell that I'm here, *and* opens it forthwith.

PAL. Is it for her the bowl is brought with the wine?

PHÆD. Unless you object. PAL. I' faith, I do object; for I'd *rather* have it broken about him who has brought it. I fancied it was brought for ourselves.

PHÆD. Why don't you hold your tongue? If any's left after her, it will be enough for ourselves.

PAL. What river is it, pray, that the sea does not receive?

PHÆD. Follow me this way, Palinurus, to the door; do you be obedient to me. PAL. I'll do so. (*They advance to the door of the PROCURER'S house.*)

PHÆD. (*sprinkling the door with wine*). Come, drink, you joyous door, quaff on, readily prove propitious unto me.

<sup>1</sup> *To bring me*)—Ver. 72. "Me inferre." These words may mean, according to the context, either "myself to bring" or "to bring myself." Phædromus means to use them in the former sense; but, in his quibbling mood, Palinurus chooses to understand them in the latter.

<sup>2</sup> *For my Venus*)—Ver. 72. By his "Venus" he means Planesium, with whom he is desperately in love, and for whom and the Procuress he is carrying the "jentaculum." This was a meal which, we learn from Martial, was generally taken about three or four o'clock in the morning. It was, however, taken by few but invalids and children. The reason of Phædromus providing a "jentaculum" for his mistress is probably the circumstance of the Procurer not being likely to interfere, as he has determined to pass the night in the Temple of Æsculapius.

<sup>3</sup> *Chian wine*)—Ver. 79. Chios, now Scio, in the Ægean Sea, produced the choicest wine, which was the only wine of Greece that did not require to be mixed with sea-water, to correct acidity and increase its durability.



PAL. (*in an affected tone*). Door, would you like some olives or a tit-bit, or some capers?

PHÆD. Arouse and send out here to me your portress.

PAL. You're spilling the wine; what matter is it that possesses you? (*Takes hold of his arm.*)

PHÆD. Let me alone. Don't you see? *This* most joyous door is opening; does the hinge make a bit of creaking? 'Tis a charming one.

PAL. Why don't you then give it a kiss?

PHÆD. Hold your tongue; let's keep back the light and our noise. PAL. Be it so. (*They stand apart, leaving the bowl near the door.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter the PROCURESS, from the house of CAPPADOX.*

PROC. The savour of aged wine has reached my nostrils; the love of it has brought me in my eagerness hither in the dark; wherever it is, it's near me. O capital, I've found it. (*Stooping, and smelling at the bowl.*) Hail to you, my soul, joy of dear Bacchus; how enamoured am I of your old age. For in comparison with yours, the odour of all unguents were mere bilge-water; you are my myrrh, you my cinnamon, you my rose, you my saffron unguent and my cassia, you are my vine-palm<sup>1</sup> scent. But, where you have been poured, there would I most earnestly hope to be buried.

PAL. (*apart*). This old lady's thirsty; how limited is her thirst? PHÆD. (*apart*). She's a moderate person; she swallows eight gallons<sup>2</sup> only.

PAL. (*apart*). I' faith, according to your account, this year's vintage is not enough for this old woman alone.

PROC. But since as yet you, fragrance, alone have penetrated to my nostrils, so in its turn afford some delight to my throat. (*Feels for the bowl on the ground, which PALINURUS draws away.*) I find you not; where is your own dear self? I'm longing to touch you; do let me pour your liquids into me by

<sup>1</sup> *Vine-palm*)—Ver. 101. "Bdellium" was a gum of fragrant smell and bitter taste, which exuded from a tree that grew in Arabia. It is described by the Elder Pliny, in his Twelfth Book.

<sup>2</sup> *Eight gallons*)—Ver. 103. "Quadrantal." This was a measure which held forty-eight "sextarii," of about a pint and a half each.

sip-sipping. But in this direction it has gone, this way I'll follow it. (*Goes in the direction of PALINURUS, who has the bowl.*)

PAL. (*apart*). It really had been more proper for her to be a dog; she has a good nose.

PROC. Prithee, whose voice is it that I hear at a distance.

PHÆD. (*apart*). I think that this old hag should be accosted. I'll approach her. (*Aloud.*) Come back, Procuress, and look back towards me.

PROC. Who is it that gives his commands?

PHÆD. The all-powerful in wine, jolly Bacchus; he who, when you're hawking, parched, and half asleep, brings you a draught and comes to quench your thirst.

PROC. How far is he away from me?

PHÆD. (*holding up the torch*). See this light.

PROC. Then, prithee, do quicken your pace towards me.

PHÆD. Health to you. PROC. How can I have health, who am parched with thirst?

PHÆD. But you shall drink in a moment.

PROC. 'Tis long a-coming.

PHÆD. (*extending the bowl*). Here's for you, jolly old dame.

PROC. Health to you, gentleman dear as my very eyes.

PAL. Come, toss this off quickly into your abyss; scour out your sink right speedily.

PHÆD. Hold your tongue; I won't have her ill spoken to.

PAL. (*aside*). In preference, then, I'll do *her* ill.

PROC. (*pouring some of the residue on the altar*). Venus, of this little, this very little will I give to thee<sup>1</sup>—sore against my will; for all the lovers, in their cups, to propitiate thee, expend their wine upon thee: not such windfalls often fall to me. (*Drinks again.*)

PAL. Do look at that, please, how greedily the filthy hag swills down the pure wine into herself with distended gullet.

PROC. (*patting her stomach and chuckling*). Ha, ha, ha.

PAL. How is it? Do you like it? PROC. I do like it.

PAL. And I, too, should like to goad with a spur as well.

PHÆD. (*aside to PALINURUS*). Don't you—do hold your

<sup>1</sup> Will I give to thee)—Ver. 123. As a libation. It was the custom to pour out wine or other liquors, as libations in honor of the Gods, either upon an altar, on the ground, into the sea, or on a table, according to the circumstances of the case.

tongue. PAL. I'll hold my tongue; (*the old woman drinks*) but see, the rainbow's drinking<sup>1</sup>; I' faith, I do believe it will rain to-day.

PHÆD. Troth now, I'm quite undone; what first to say to her I know not.

PAL. Why, the same thing that you said to me.

PHÆD. What's that? PAL. Say that you're quite undone.

PHÆD. May the Gods confound you. PAL. Say so to her.

PHÆD. Am I to say then to her——?

PAL. Say what? PHÆD. That I'm quite undone.

PAL. Well then, say so. PHÆD. Old lady, do listen. I wish you to know this; to my sorrow, I'm quite undone.

PROC. But, i' faith, *for my part*, I'm altogether brought to life. But why is it that you are pleased to say you are quite undone? PHÆD. Because I'm deprived of the object which I love. (*Pretends to weep.*)

PROC. My *dear* Phædromus, prithee, do not weep; do you take care that I'm not thirsty, I'll at once bring out here for you the object which you love. (*Goes into the house.*)

PHÆD. Assuredly, if you keep faith with me, in place of a golden statue, I'll erect for you one of wine<sup>2</sup>, which shall be a memorial of your gullet. Palinurus, who on earth will be so blest as myself, if she comes to me?

PAL. By my faith, he who is in love, if *he* is in want *as well*, is afflicted with a dreadful malady.

PHÆD. Such is not the case *with me*; for I feel sure that this very day my Parasite will come hither to me with the money. PAL. You attempt something mighty, if you expect that which nowhere exists.

PHÆD. What if I approach the door, and trill a carol<sup>3</sup>?

PAL. If you choose; I neither bid nor request you, since, my master, I see that you are of manners and disposition *thus* changed.

PHÆD. (*sings*). Bolts, O ye bolts, with pleasure do I salute

<sup>1</sup> *The rainbow's drinking*)—Ver. 129. This is said in allusion to an absurd belief which prevailed among the ancients, that the rainbow drank up water from her surface of the earth.

<sup>2</sup> *One of wine*)—Ver. 140. "Vineam." There is more humour in taking this to mean "a statue of wine," than merely "a vine-tree," as Warner has translated it.

<sup>3</sup> *Trill a carol*)—Ver. 145. "Occentem." This word has probably much the same meaning here as our word "serenade."

you. I love you, I court you, I seek you, and you entreat; most kindly lend your aid to me in love; become, for my sake, *as though* play-actors<sup>1</sup> from foreign climes; leap upwards, pray, and send out of doors this fair one, who drains my blood for me distractedly in love. (*Addressing PALINURUS.*) Look at that, how those most accursed bolts sleep on, and none the quicker for my sake do they bestir themselves (*Addressing the door.*) I see quite clearly that you don value my esteem at all. Hist! hush, hush!

PAL. I' troth, for my part I'm silent *enough*.

PHÆD. I hear a noise; at last, i' faith, these bolts have become complaisant to me.

SCENE III.—*Re-enter the PROCURESS, with PLANESIUM, from the house of CAPPADOX.*

PROC. (*to PLANESIUM, while opening the door*). Come softly out, and prevent the noise of the doors and the creaking of the hinges, my *dear* Planesium, that our master mayn't perceive that that is going on which we are doing here. Stay, I'll pour a little water<sup>2</sup> on it. (*Pours water on the hinges.*)

PAL. (*to PHÆDROMUS*). Do you see how the palsied hag is giving her dose? She herself has learnt right well to drink up the wine; to the door she's giving water for it to drink.

PLAN. (*looking around*). Where are you—you who have summoned me on the recognizances of Venus<sup>3</sup>? To you do I present myself, and, in the same way do I call on you, on the other hand, to present yourself to me.

PHÆD. (*stepping forward*). Here I am; for could I be

<sup>1</sup> *Play-actors*)—Ver. 150. The Lydians, or rather their descendants, the Etrurians, were the earliest actors at Rome; hence the term used here, "barbari," "foreigners." The metaphor is borrowed from the fact that dancing, leaping, and gestures, were the especial features of their performances.

<sup>2</sup> *Pour a little water*)—Ver. 160. To prevent their creaking, so that Cappadox may not hear them.

<sup>3</sup> *Recognizances of Venus*)—Ver. 162. "Veneriis vadimoniis." She borrows a legal phrase here. "Vadimonium legere" was, "to call a person on his bail" or "recognizances." When the Prætor had granted an action, the plaintiff required the defendant to give security for his appearance on the day named. The defendant, on finding a surety, was said "vadem dare," or "vadimonium facere;" and the "vas," or "surety," was said "spondere." The plaintiff, if satisfied with the surety, was said "vadari rerum," "to let the defendant go on his sureties." Planesium probably means that she considers herself summoned on pain of forfeiting the love of Phædromus.

absent, I wouldn't repine for any misfortune to befall me, my honey. PLAN. My life, it is not becoming for one *thus* in love to be at a distance.

PHÆD. Palinurus, Palinurus! PAL. Say on; why is it that you call upon Palinurus?

PHÆD. (*aside*). She is a charming one.

PAL. (*aside*). *Aye*, too charming. PHÆD. I am a God.

PAL. Why, no—a mortal, of no great value.

PHÆD. What have you seen, or what will you see, more nearly to be compared with the Gods?

PAL. You are not in your senses, master; a thing that's grievous to me. PHÆD. You are not sufficiently respectful to me: hold your tongue.

PAL. The person that sees<sup>1</sup> the object which he loves, and enjoys not *the opportunity* while he may, is one who torments his own self.

PHÆD. Rightly does he rebuke me; really there's nothing which for this long time past I have more eagerly desired.

PLAN. Clasp me, embrace me then. PHÆD. (*embracing her*). This, too, is a reason for which I could wish to live; because your master restrains you, in secret do I court you.

PLAN. Restrain me? He neither can restrain me, nor will he restrain me, unless death should separate my soul from you.

PHÆD. Let monarchs keep their kingdoms to themselves, the rich their riches to themselves, to themselves their honors, to themselves their prowess, to themselves their combats, to themselves their battles; so long as they abstain from envying me, let each one of them keep what is his own.

PAL. (*aside*). Of a truth, I cannot refrain from giving a lecture to my master; for, really, it is good to love in a moderate degree; to distraction, it is not good; but to love to entire distraction, is the thing that my master's doing. (*Aloud.*) What say you, *sir*? Have you made a vow, Phædromus, you'd watch the night through for Venus? For really, upon my faith, before very long hence the dawn will be breaking.

PHÆD. Do hold your tongue.

PAL. Why hold my tongue? What, are you going to sleep?

<sup>1</sup> *Person that sees*)—Ver. 170. He is censuring his master for his backwardness in not embracing Planesium instantly on her appearance.



PHÆD. I am asleep; don't you make a noise.

PAL. Why, but you're broad awake. PHÆD. *Aye*, but after my own fashion I'm asleep; this is my slumber.

PAL. (*to PLANESIUM*). A word with you, madam; 'tis thoughtlessness to treat amiss one who deserves it not.

PLAN. You would be angry, if, when you are eating, he were to drive you away<sup>1</sup> from your food.

PAL. (*aside*). It's all over with him. I see that these two are equally in love to distraction; and both of them are mad. D'ye see how intensely they hug each other? They cannot embrace enough. (*Addressing them.*) Are you going to part yet?

PLAN. No human being has blessings that last<sup>2</sup> for ever. To this pleasure, then, is that plague added.

PAL. What say you, *you* shocking hussy<sup>3</sup>? What, you little tipsy ninny<sup>4</sup>, are even you with your owlish eyes<sup>5</sup> to be calling me a plague, you whipper-snapper?

PHÆD. What, you abusing my own Venus? And really, is a slave well trounced with the rod to be commencing a discussion with myself? But, by the powers, you've surely said that to your own misfortune. (*Strikes him.*) There, take that, by way of punishment for this abusive language, that you may be able to put a check upon your speech.

PAL. (*to PLANESIUM*). Your aid, I pray, you night-watching

<sup>1</sup> *To drive you away*)—Ver. 186. As Palinurus wishes his master to withdraw against the wish of Planesium, she asks him how he would like his victuals to be taken away from him—implying that Phædromus is as dear to herself as her very sustenance.

<sup>2</sup> *Blessings that last*)—Ver. 189. This is like the sentiment in Horace, Book iii., Ode 16:

———Nihil est ab omni  
Parte beatum.

<sup>3</sup> *Shocking hussy*)—Ver. 190. "Propudium." This was a very harsh term of reproach; and it is not to be wondered at that Phædromus is angry with Palinurus for using it.

<sup>4</sup> *Tipsy ninny*)—Ver. 192. "Ebriola," and not "ebriolæ," seems to be the correct reading here. She has perhaps been taking her share of the wine, to which fact he alludes. "Persolla" means either "a little mask" or a "diminutive person;" much as we call a little interfering body a "whipper-snapper."

<sup>5</sup> *Owlish eyes*)—Ver. 191. Though grey eyes were admired among the Greeks Palinurus does not intend this as a compliment to Planesium. He perhaps alludes to her intended vocation, as having eyes peculiarly adapted for the night-time.



Venus. PHÆD. What, do you still persist, whip-scoundrel ?  
(*Strikes him.*)

PLAN. Don't, there's a dear, be beating a stone, lest you should hurt your hand.

PAL. You perpetrate, Phædromus, a flagitious and a shameful deed of great enormity ; one who directs you aright, you pummel with your fists ; her you are in love with, a mere nonentity. Is it right that you should behave yourself in this unreasonable manner ?

PHÆD. Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold ; *here*, take the gold of me. (*Holds out his purse.*)

PAL. Do you find me a person for me to serve in his sound senses against his weight in double-distilled gold.

PLAN. Kindly fare you well, apple of my eye, for I hear the sound and creaking of doors ; I think the keeper<sup>1</sup> is opening the temple. But, prithee, in this same manner shall we always enjoy our love by stealth ?

PHÆD. Far from it ; for I sent my Parasite four days since to Caria to fetch some money ; he'll be here to-day.

PLAN. You are very long in your contriving.

PHÆD. So may Venus love me, I'll never allow you to be three days in this house here, before I procure your liberty.

PLAN. Take care to remember it. Once more, before I go hence, take this kiss. (*Kisses him.*)

PHÆD. By heavens, really if a kingdom *now* were offered me, I should not obtain it with greater pleasure. When shall I see you *again* ?

PLAN. Why now, for that expression get ready the Prætor's rod<sup>2</sup> ; if you love me, purchase *my freedom* ; don't make any haggling. Take care to prevail with your offer. Kindly adieu ! (*Goes into the house of the PROCURER.*)

PHÆD. And am I then left behind ? Palinurus, I'm killed outright.

<sup>1</sup> *The keeper*)—Ver. 204. *Ædituum*. The "æditui" were persons who took care of the Temples, and attended to the cleaning of them. They, however, partook in some measure of the priestly character, and are sometimes called priests by the Greek Grammarians. They lived in or near to the Temples, and showed them to those persons who wished to see them.

<sup>2</sup> *The Prætor's rod*)—Ver. 212. *Vindicta*. This was the rod which was laid on the head of the person who received his freedom.

PAL. And I as well, who am dying with thumps and sleepiness. PHÆD. Do you follow me. (*They go into the house of PHÆDROMUS.*)

ACT. II.—SCENE I.

*Enter CAPPADOX, from the Temple of ÆSCULAPIUS.*

CAP. (*to himself*). I am resolved to depart from this Temple out of doors forthwith, since thus I find<sup>1</sup> the determination of Æsculapius, who sets me at nought, and chooses not that I should be healed. My health is declining, my weakness increases. For now I walk, girded with my spleen as though with a belt; in my stomach do I seem to be holding a twin offspring. I'm afraid of nothing, but that, in my misery, I should burst asunder in the middle.

*Enter PALINURUS, from the house of PHÆDROMUS.*

PAL. (*speaking to PHÆDROMUS within as he enters*). If you do right, Phædromus, you'll listen to me, and banish this sorrow from your feelings. You are anxious because your Parasite hasn't returned from Caria. I think he'll bring the money; but if he doesn't bring it, by a chain of iron he couldn't be withheld from betaking himself to eat at his manger<sup>2</sup>.

CAP. (*turning round*). What person is it that speaks?

PAL. (*to himself*). Whose voice is it that I hear?

CAP. Isn't this Palinurus, the servant of Phædromus?

PAL. (*aside*). Who is this fellow with extended paunch, and eyes as green as grass? From his figure I know him; from his complexion I cannot recognize him. O, now I do know him: it's the Procurer Cappadox. I'll accost him.

CAP. Save you, Palinurus. PAL. O source of villanies, save you; how are you?

CAP. I'm *just* alive. PAL. Just as you deserve, I suppose? But what's the matter with you?

CAP. My spleen is killing me, my reins are in torment, my lungs are being torn asunder, my liver is being tortured, my heart-strings are giving way, all my intestines are in pain.

<sup>1</sup> *Since thus I find*—Ver. 217. It being near daybreak, Cappadox comes from the Temple, complaining that he has experienced no relief from his visit.

<sup>2</sup> *At his manger*—Ver. 228. "Præsepem," a "manger" or "stall," in allusion to the sensual propensities of Parasites.

PAL. The liver complaint is afflicting you, then.

CAP. My spleen is expanded. PAL. Take walking exercise<sup>1</sup>; that's the best thing for the spleen.

CAP. 'Tis an easy matter to laugh at the afflicted.

PAL. Well, then, do you hold out<sup>2</sup> for some days until your intestines become putrid. Now, while the humours are pretty sound, if you do that, you yourself might sell for a worse price than *those intestines of yours*.

CAP. Prithee, have done with this, and answer *me* this which I ask; can you possibly form a conjecture *on it*, if I relate to you what I dreamt last night in my sleep?

PAL. Psha, this—(*pointing to himself*)—*this* is the sole person that is *really* skilled in divination; why, the interpreters of dreams ask advice of myself; the answer that I have given them, by that opinion they all stand.

SCENE II.—*Enter a COOK, from the house of PHÆDROMUS.*

COOK. Palinurus, why do you delay? Why are not the things served out for me which are needed for the breakfast to be prepared for the Parasite when he comes.

PAR. Wait, please, until I interpret his dream. (*Pointing to CAPPADOX.*)

COOK. *Why*, you your own self, if you've had any dream, *always* apply to me. PAL. I confess it.

COOK. Be off, *then*, and serve out the things.

PAL. (*to CAPPADOX*). Come *now*, do you in the meantime relate your dream to him. I give you a substitute better than I am myself; for what I do know, all of it I know from him. (*Pointing to the COOK.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Take walking exercise*)—Ver. 240. There is little doubt that he means seriously to tell Cappadox that exercise is the best cure for disease of the spleen. The Procurer, however, thinks that he is laughing at him.

<sup>2</sup> *Do you hold out*)—Ver. 242. This passage has much perplexed Commentators. If a period is placed after "*tibi*," and "*exputescant*" is read for "*exputescunt*," much of the difficulty is removed. None of the Commentators seem to have observed that, in all probability, "*si id feceris*," "*if you do that*," refers to the advice previously given as to taking exercise. If so, the meaning is clear: "*If you don't take exercise, in a few days your inside will be putrefying. If, however, you do so now, while the humours of the body are not corrupted, your inside will fetch a higher price than your whole carcase put together*"—alluding to the worthless character of the Procurer.

CAP. Let him give his attention *then*.

PAL. He'll give it. CAP. He does what few *do*, in being attentive to their masters *even*. (*To the COOK.*) Do you give me your attention *then*. (PALINURUS *goes into the house of PHÆDROMUS.*)

COOK. Although I don't know you, I'll give it you.

CAP. Last night I seemed in my sleep to behold Æsculapius, seated at a distance far away from me; and it seemed that he didn't come near me, or set any value upon me.

COOK. The other Gods will do the same, you must know; in fact, among themselves they agree with perfect unanimity. It isn't to be wondered at, if it fares no better with you. But it had been better for you to pass the night in Jove's Temple, who has given you his assistance<sup>1</sup> in your oaths.

CAP. If, indeed, those should wish to sleep there who have been guilty of perjury, it were not possible for room to be found them in the Capitol<sup>2</sup>.

COOK. Give your attention to this; ask peace of Æsculapius, lest perchance some great mishap befall you, which has been portended to you in your rest.

CAP. You do well *in advising me*; I'll go and pray *to him*. (*Goes into the Temple.*)

COOK. And ill speed you with it \* \* \*  
\* \* \* (*Goes into the house of PHÆDROMUS.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter PALINURUS, from the house.*

\* \* \* \* \*

PAL. (*looking in the distance, as he enters*). O immortal Gods, whom do I behold? Who's that yonder? (*Pointing.*) Isn't that the Parasite, who was sent to Caria? (*Goes to the door.*) Hallo, come out, Phædromus, come out, come out, come out this instant, I say.

*Enter PHÆDROMUS, from the house.*

PHÆD. Why are you making this noise *here*?

<sup>1</sup> *Given you his assistance*)—Ver. 267. He may either mean that Jupiter has favoured him when he has been guilty of perjury, or that the Procurer must be greatly indebted to that God for having so often lent him his name on his making solemn adjurations to further his base purposes.

<sup>2</sup> *In the Capitol*)—Ver. 269. Though the Scene is in the Peloponnesus, Plautus makes mention of the Capitol, a part of Rome. Some others of the Italian towns had their "Capitols" in later times.

PAL. I see your Parasite running; see, there he is (*pointing*), down at the end of the street<sup>1</sup>. Let's listen from here what he's about.

PHÆD. I think it's as well. (*They stand aside.*)

*Enter CURCULIO, at a distance, walking fast.*

CUR. (*to himself*). Known or unknown, make way for me, while here I execute my commission; fly all of you, be off, and get out of the way, lest I should hurt any person in my speed with my head, or elbow, or breast, or with my knee. So suddenly now am I charged with a business of quickness and despatch. And be there no person ever so opulent to stop me in my way, neither general<sup>2</sup>, nor any tyrant<sup>3</sup>, nor market-officer<sup>4</sup>, nor demarch<sup>5</sup> nor comarch<sup>6</sup>, with their honors so great, but that down he goes, and tumbles head first from the footpath into the carriage-road. And then those Grecians with their cloaks, who walk about with covered heads, who go loaded beneath *their cloaks* with books, and with baskets<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *The end of the street*—Ver. 278. This passage, combined with the long soliloquy of the Parasite while still walking along, gives an apt illustration of the great width and depth of the Roman stage.

<sup>2</sup> *General*—Ver. 285. Though the Scene is at Epidaurus, he no doubt alludes to the ten "Strategi" of Athens, who, after the remodelling of the constitution by Cleisthenes, discharged the duties which had been formerly performed either by the King or the Archon Polemarchus. They were elected by the suffrages of the people, and exercised the supreme power in peace and war. See an able article on this subject in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities."

<sup>3</sup> *Tyrant*—Ver. 285. By the use of the word "tyrannus" he perhaps refers to the "Basileus Archon," or "King Archon," of Athens, who was the representative of the ancient kings, in their capacity of high priest. It was his duty to preside at the Lenææ, or older Dionysia, to superintend mysteries and certain games, and to offer prayers and sacrifices in the Eleusinium, both at Athens and Eleusis. The word may, however, be only intended as a general name, like our term "potentate."

<sup>4</sup> *Market-officer*—Ver. 285. "Agoranomos," the "market-officer" of the Greeks, has been referred to in a Note to the Miles Gloriosus.

<sup>5</sup> *Demarch*—Ver. 286. The "Demarchi" were the chief officers of the "demi," "townships" or "hundreds," in Attica. It was their duty to convene the "demos," and take the votes; to register the landed estates, to collect the public rents, and to furnish to the authorities a list of the members of the townships who were fit to serve in war.

<sup>6</sup> *Comarch*—Ver. 286. The "Comarchi" were the prefects, or head officers of each village or hamlet in Attica.

<sup>7</sup> *With baskets*—Ver. 289. In the "sportulæ," or "baskets," the poor, and the

they loiter together, *and* engage in gossiping among themselves, the gad-about<sup>1</sup>; you may always see them enjoying themselves in the hot liquor-shops<sup>2</sup>; when they have scraped up some trifle, with their covered pates they are drinking mulled wine, sad and maudlin they depart: if I stumble upon them here, from every single one of them I'll squeeze out a belch from their pearled-barley diet<sup>3</sup>. And then those servants of your dainty townsmen<sup>4</sup>, who are playing at catch-ball in the road, both throwers and catchers, all of them I'll pitch under foot. Would they avoid a mishap, why then, let them keep at home.

PHÆD. (*apart*). He points out aright, he *only* requires that he should speak with authority; for such manners are in vogue in the present day, such at present are the slaves; really, control cannot be held *over them*.

CUR. (*to himself*). Is there any one, *I wonder*, who can point out to me Phædromus, my *good* Genius? The matter is of such pressing nature, I *really* must meet with the man this instant.

PAL. (*apart*). He's looking for you. PHÆD. (*apart*). What if we accost him? (*Aloud.*) Hallo! Curculio, I want you.

CUR. (*looking round*). Who's calling me? Who's mentioning my name?

PHÆD. One who wishes to meet with you.

CUR. (*seeing him*). You don't wish more for me than I wish for you.

parasitical dependants on the rich, carried away the scraps that were given to them after an entertainment was concluded.

<sup>1</sup> *The gad-about*)—Ver. 290. Drapetæ. From the Greek δρέμω, "to run." He probably alludes to the propensities of the Athenians for gossiping and running about from place to place. Probably, at the time of Plautus, they had begun in considerable numbers to resort to Rome. By his reference to the books, *re is*, perhaps, more particularly alluding to their Philosophers. The Romans considered it effeminate in civil life to go with the head covered.

<sup>2</sup> *Hot liquor shops*—Ver. 292. The "thermopolia" have been alluded to in a Note to the Trinummus, l. 1013.

<sup>3</sup> *Their pearled-barley diet*)—Ver. 295. This passage is necessarily somewhat modified in the translation. The Philosophers, especially the Stoics, who prided themselves on their abstinence, lived principally upon pearled barley.

<sup>4</sup> *Of your dainty townsmen*)—Ver. 296. He alludes to those opulent townsmen who, to make a show, are keeping more servants than they want; in consequence whereof, these servants have nothing to do but play at ball in the streets, much to the annoyance of the passers-by.



PHÆD. O my own ready occasion, Curculio, much longed-for, greetings to you.

CUR. Greetings to you. PHÆD. I'm glad that you have arrived safe; give me your right hand. How stand my hopes? Troth now, prithee, do speak out.

CUR. To you, troth now, prithee, do speak out, how stand my own. (*Makes curious gestures.*)

PHÆD. What's the matter with you? CUR. A dimness is beginning to come, my knees are failing through fasting.

PHÆD. I' faith, through lassitude, I think.

CUR. (*staggering*). Support me, prithee, do support me.

PHÆD. See how pale he has turned; will you give him a seat, for him to be seated at once, and an ewer with some water? Will you make haste, this very instant?

CUR. I'm faint. PHÆD. Would you like some water?

CUR. If it's full of bits<sup>1</sup> of meat, prithee, give it me to swallow down, i' faith. PHÆD. Woe be to that head of yours.

CUR. Troth now, prithee do give me cause to rejoice at my arrival<sup>2</sup>. PHÆD. (*begins to fan him*). By all means.

CUR. Prithee, what's this you're about. PHÆD. Some air.

CUR. Really, for my part, I don't want a breath to be raised.

PHÆD. What then? CUR. To eat, that I may rejoice on my arrival.

PHÆD. May Jupiter and the Deities confound you.

CUR. I'm quite undone; I can hardly see; my mouth 'is bitter; my teeth, *I find, are blunted*<sup>3</sup>; my jaws are clammy through fasting; with my entrails thus lank with abstinence from food am I come.

PHÆD. You shall eat something just now.

CUR. I' faith, I don't want "something;" I'd rather have what's fixed for certain, than *your* "something."

<sup>1</sup> *Full of bits*)—Ver. 312. He will like the water very well, if it is in the shape of a rich soup, with plenty of meat in it.

<sup>2</sup> *At my arrival*)—Ver. 313. Ventum. This word gives occasion to a pun here, as, according to the context, it may either mean "that I am arrived," or "wind." The Parasite says, "Give me reason (by providing some victuals) to rejoice that I have arrived." Phædromus chooses to understand him as saying, "Give me some wind, that I may rejoice," and says "By all means," and begins to fan him. The other asks what he is doing, or making; to which he replies, "Making some air."

<sup>3</sup> *Are blunted*)—Ver. 318. It is hard to say what "plenos" means when applied to the teeth—if, indeed, that word is the correct reading here.

PHÆD. Aye, but if you *only* knew what has been put by *for you*.

CUR. I'd very much like to know where it is; for really it's necessary for it and my teeth to make acquaintance.

PHÆD. A gammon of bacon, a sow's stomach, some udder and kernels of the throat.

CUR. What, all this do you say? Perhaps you mean that they are in the flesh-market?

PHÆD. In the dishes, I mean; they've been got ready for you, since we knew that you were about to arrive.

CUR. Take care you don't be fooling me.

PHÆD. So may the fair one love me whom I love, I don't say what's false. But as to what I sent you upon I'm none the wiser *yet*.

CUR. I've brought back nothing. PHÆD. You've undone me.

CUR. I can find something, if you'll give me your attention. After, at your request, I had set out, I arrived in Caria; I saw your friend; I asked him to make me a loan of some money. *In answer*, you were to know that he was willing to oblige you; he didn't wish to disappoint you, as it is *only* proper that a person who is a friend should be ready, and should assist his friend. In a few words he answered me, and quite in confidence, that he also was in the same extreme want of money as yourself.

PHÆD. By your words you ensure my undoing.

CUR. Why no; I'm saving you, and wish you to be saved. After this answer was given me, I went away from him to the Forum, in sorrow that I had applied to him in vain. By accident I espied a military officer; *this* person I accosted, and as I approached I saluted him. "Save you," said he to me, took my right hand, drew me aside, and asked me why I had come to Caria. I said that I had come there for the sake of amusement. Upon this he asked me whether I knew a certain Lyco, a banker of Epidaurus. I said I knew him. "Well, and the Procurer Cappadox?" I answered yes, that I had seen him. "But what do you want of him?" said I. "Because," said he, "I bought of him a girl for thirty minæ, her clothes and golden jewels *too*; and for these last ten minæ more are added." "Have you paid the money?" said I. "No," said he; "it is lodged with this Lyco the banker, whom I was mentioning, and I've instructed him that

the person who should bring a letter sealed with my own ring, to him he was to give his services, that he might receive the damsel, with her jewels of gold and her clothes, from the Procurer." After he told me this, I was going away from him. At once he called me back, invited me to dinner; it was a point of conscience, I was unwilling to refuse him. "What if we go off *home*, and take our places *at table*?" said he. The suggestion pleased me; it is neither proper to lengthen out the day, nor to curtail the night. Everything was prepared, and we, for whom it was prepared, were at our places. After we had dined and well drunk, he asked for the dice to be fetched him. He challenged me to play with him a game of hazard. I staked my cloak, he staked his ring against it; he called on the name<sup>1</sup> of Planesium.

PHÆD. What, my mistress? CUR. Be silent a while. He threw a most losing cast<sup>2</sup>. I took up the dice, and invoked Hercules as my genial patron<sup>3</sup>; I threw a first-rate cast<sup>4</sup>, and pledged him in a bumping cup; *in return* he drank it off, reclined his head, and fell fast asleep. I slyly took away from him the ring, and took my legs quietly from off the couch, so that the Captain mightn't perceive it. The servants enquired whither I was going; I said that I was going whither persons when full are wont *to go*. When I beheld the door, at once on the instant I betook myself away from the place.

PHÆD. I commend you. CUR. Commend me when I've

<sup>1</sup> *Called on the name*)—Ver. 356. On the custom of invoking their mistresses, when playing at dice, see a Note to the Captivi, Act I., Sc. 1. We are, perhaps, to suppose that the Captain takes off his ring for the purpose of staking it, which would enable Curculio to steal it the more easily.

<sup>2</sup> *Most losing cast*)—Ver. 357. When playing with the "*tali*," or "knuckle-bone dice," with only four marked sides, they used sets of four. "*Volturii quatuor*" (literally, "the four vultures") was the most unlucky throw of all, and is supposed to have been four aces.

<sup>3</sup> *My genial patron*)—Ver. 358. "*Nutricem*;" literally, "nurse." It has been suggested that the Parasite intended to compliment his entertainer, the Captain, under the name of Hercules, whom he invokes for luck. The Delphin Commentator says that Parasites invoked Hercules because the tenths of entertainments were offered to him, and these were distributed among the needy, in the number of whom they ranked.

<sup>4</sup> *A first-rate cast*)—Ver. 259. The best throw with the "*tali*" was called "*Venus*" or "*Venereus jactus*," when the dice turned up 2, 3, 4, and 5. As it was by this throw that the Romans chose the King of the Feast, it received the name of "*Basilicus*," "the king's throw." See the last Scene in the *Asinaria*.

brought this thing about which you desire. Now let's go in-doors, that we may seal the letter.

PHÆD. Do I delay you? CUR. But let's cram down something first, the gammon, the udder, *and* the kernels; these are the foundations for the stomach, with bread and roast beef, a good-sized cup and a capacious pot, that counsel enough may be forthcoming. Do you, yourself, seal the letter; he'll do the honors (*pointing to PALINURUS*) while I am eating. I'll dictate after what fashion you're to write. Follow me this way, in-doors.

PHÆD. I follow. (*They go into the house of PHÆDROMUS.*)

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Enter LYCO.*

LYC. I seem to be in opulence; I've struck my balance, how much money I have, and how much I owe. I'm rich, if I don't pay<sup>1</sup> those to whom I'm in debt. If I do pay those to whom I'm in debt, my debts are the greatest. But really, upon my faith, when I carefully consider, if they press me hard, I'll resort to the Prætor<sup>2</sup>. Most bankers have this habit, for one to borrow of the other, *and* to pay nobody, *and* to discharge the debt with their fists, if any one duns in a loudish tone. The person that has<sup>3</sup> in a short time acquired wealth, unless in good time he saves it, in good time comes to starvation. I'd like to buy a servant for myself, who now, *however*, must be sought by me on hire<sup>4</sup>: there's occasion for my *ready* money.

*Enter CURCULIO, from the house, speaking to PHÆDROMUS, within.*

CUR. Don't you be reminding me *now* I'm full; I recollect

<sup>1</sup> *If I don't pay*)—Ver. 373. He probably alludes to some shuffling and cheating methods by which the bankers of the day had recently distinguished themselves. See the Pseudolus, l. 296 (Act I., Sc. 3).

<sup>2</sup> *Resort to the Prætor*)—Ver. 376. This was probably a method with bankers and traders, by which, for the purpose of defrauding their creditors, they surrendered their effects to the Prætor, and by doing so, contrived to make a purse, as is too often done by bankrupts and insolvents at the present day. In l. 684 (Act V., Sc. 3), we find Cappadox expressing himself as apprehensive that Lyco will be "taking the benefit of the Act."

<sup>3</sup> *The person that has*)—Ver. 380. Guendeville, in his translation, informs us that this maxim was much repeated by Louis XII. of France, who was a great admirer of Plantus.

<sup>4</sup> *Sought by me on hire*)—Ver. 382. This passage has been much commented

and understand. I'll render up to you *all* this cleverly carried out; do hold your peace. I' faith, I've surely filled myself in-doors right well, and still in my stomach I've left room for one corner, in which to stow away the remnants of *these* remnants. (*Seeing* LYCO.) Who's this that with covered head is saluting Æsculapius? Heyday, the very man I wanted. (*To an ATTENDANT.*) Follow me. I'll make pretence as though I didn't know him. (*Aloud.*) Hark you; I want you.

LYC. (*turning round*). One-eyed man<sup>1</sup>, save you.

CUR. Prithce, do you jeer me? LYC. I suppose that you are of the family of the Coclites<sup>2</sup>; for they are one-eyed.

CUR. This was knocked out for me by a catapulta, at Sicyon.

LYC. What matters it to me, pray, if it had been knocked out by a broken pot with cinders *in it*?

CUR. (*aside.*) This fellow's a wizard, surely<sup>3</sup>; he tells the truth, for such catapultas are often directed at me. (*Aloud.*) Young man, as I bear this mark on my face<sup>4</sup> in the service of the public, prithee don't be uncivil<sup>5</sup> to me.

LYC. May I then inforize<sup>6</sup> you, if I may not incomitiatize?

CUR. You shan't be inforizing me, indeed; and really I on, as containing some indelicate meaning. After all, it seems clearly to mean that he has occasion for all his ready cash; and, though he would like to buy a slave, he must content himself with hiring one.

<sup>1</sup> *One-eyed man*)—Ver. 392. It appears from this that Curculio has but one eye. The occasion of his losing it is hinted at in l. 396.

<sup>2</sup> *Family of the Coclites*)—Ver. 393. "Coclitum prosapia" no doubt here means a general term, "the family of one-eyed men." Horatius, who, single-handed, opposed the army of Porsenna, was called "Cocles," from having but one eye. Pliny the Elder speaks of the Cyclops and the Arimaspians, a nation of Sarmatia, as having but one eye.

<sup>3</sup> *A wizard, surely*)—Ver. 397. He is surprised at Lyco having so exactly hit upon the truth. It has been already remarked that Parasites were the especial butts for practical jokes. On one of these occasions the unfortunate fellow probably lost his eye.

\* <sup>4</sup> *Bear this mark on my face*)—Ver. 399. "Hoc intus mihi." This passage is most probably corrupt.

<sup>5</sup> *Don't be uncivil*)—Ver. 400. "Incomitio" probably means, "to treat rudely," or "be uncivil to." Lyco puns upon it, as though meaning, "to bring before the 'comitia,'" or public assemblies of the people.

\* <sup>6</sup> *Inforize*)—Ver. 401. In the word "inforare," which is coined for the occasion, and signifies "to summon to the Forum," it is not improbable that an indecent pun is intended. The liberty has been taken of adopting these two words for the occasion.



don't care at all about your Forum or your Comitia. But if you can point me out this person that I'm seeking, you will be doing me a real and a great service. I'm looking for Lyco the banker.

LYC. Tell me why you are now seeking for him, or, of what country are you? CUR. I'll tell you: *I'm come* from Therapontigonus Platagidorus, the Captain.

LYC. I' faith, I know the name: (*aside*) for with that same name, when I wrote, I filled four whole sides<sup>1</sup>. (*To CURCULIO.*) But why are you seeking for Lyco?

CUR. (*showing the letter*). I've been ordered to deliver this letter to him. LYC. What person are you?

CUR. His freed-man, whom all call Summanus<sup>2</sup>. LYC. Summanus, my greetings. *But* why Summanus? Let me know.

CUR. Because, when in my drunken fit I've gone to sleep, I "summane<sup>3</sup>" the garments; for that reason do all people call me Summanus.

LYC. 'Twere better for you to look out for entertainment for you somewhere else; really in my own house I have no room for a Summanus. But I am the person that you are looking for.

CUR. Prithee, are you he, Lyco the banker?

LYC. I am. CUR. Therapontigonus requested me to give you a hearty greeting, and to deliver this letter.

LYC. What, to me? CUR. Just so. Take it, recognize the seal. Do you know it? (*LYCO takes the letter.*)

LYC. Why should I not know it? On which, a man, holding a shield, is cleaving an elephant asunder with a sword.

CUR. What's written there he bade me request you to do immediately, if you wished for his esteem.

LYC. Step aside; I'll look what's written in it.

CUR. (*stepping aside*). By all means, at your pleasure, so long as I receive of you that which I'm come for.

LYC. (*reads*). "Therapontigonus Platagidorus, the Captain, his guest, sends to his host Lyco, at Epidaurus, right hearty greeting."

<sup>1</sup> *Four whole sides*)—Ver. 410. "Ceras." Waxed sides of a tablet.

<sup>2</sup> *Summanus*)—Ver. 413. There was a Divinity of this name. See the Bacchides, l. 895 (Act IV., Sc. 8). The name, as here coined by Curculio, would, perhaps, answer to the English "Mr. Keep-tight-in-hand."

<sup>3</sup> *I summane*)—Ver. 416. "Summano." Literally, "I keep my hands upon." For the purpose of keeping up the spirit of the passage, the liberty has been taken of coining a word. The Parasite seems to allude, somewhat obscurely, to the trick he has played the Captain Therapontigonus.



CUR. (*aside*). This fellow's my own; he's swallowing the hook.

LYC. (*going on*). "I beg and request of you that, the person who delivers this letter to you, to him be given up the girl whom I purchased there (which I did there in your presence, and you being the negotiator), and the golden trinkets and clothes *as well*. You know already how it was agreed upon. You give the money to the Procurer, and give the young woman to this person." (*To CURCULIO.*) Where is he himself? Why doesn't he come?

CUR. I'll tell you; because it is *but* four days since we arrived in Caria, from India; there he now intends to order a solid golden statue to be made of Philippean gold, which is to be seven feet high—a memorial of his exploits.

LYC. For what reason this? CUR. I'll tell you; why, because within twenty days he singly has subdued the Persians, Paphlagonians, Sinopians, Arabians, Cretans, Syrians, Rhodia and Lycia, Peredia and Bibesia<sup>1</sup>, Centauromachia and Classia Unomammia<sup>2</sup>, and all Libya, and all Conterebromia; one half even of all nations *has he conquered* unaided in twenty days.

LYC. Dear me! CUR. Why are you surprised?

LYC. Why, because if *all* these people were penned up in a cage as close as chickens, even so they couldn't be encompassed in a year. Upon my faith, I do believe that you are<sup>3</sup> come from him; for you do jabber such nonsense.

CUR. Aye, and I can tell you still more, if you like.

LYC. *No*; I don't want it. Follow me this way. I'll pay you that, on account of which you came; and lo, I see \*

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Peredia and Bibesia*)—Ver. 444. Most of these names are real, while some are fictitious—as, for instance, "Peredia," "Hungry-land," and "Bibesia," "Thirsty-land." By Centauromachia he perhaps means Thessaly, the country of the Centaurs; though, possibly, this region may have been too near for him to hope to impose upon Lycos.

<sup>2</sup> *Classia Unomammia*)—Ver. 445. "Classia" is supposed by Schmieder to be used for "classis," "an army." "Unomammia," "the land of the one-breasted people," may perhaps be an allusion to the Amazons, who were feigned to be in the habit of cutting off one breast, for the purpose of using the bow with greater adroitness. "Conterebromia" is a name coined for the occasion, signifying "the land of piercing."

<sup>3</sup> *That you are*)—Ver. 452. "Esse," "to be" or "to eat," according to the context. Limiers suggests that a pun is here intended. If so, it will admit of either of these meanings, "that you are his servant" or "that you eat at his expense."

*Enter CAPPADOX, from his house.*

LYC. Save you, Procurer. CAP. May the Gods prosper you.

LYC. *Do you know* what this is about which I'm come to you? CAP. Say on what you please.

LYC. You are to receive the money, *and* to send away the young woman with him. (*Pointing to CURCULIO.*)

CAP. But what if I'm bound on oath *to another*?

LYC. What matters that to you, so long as you get the money? CAP. He who advises is as good as an accomplice. Do you follow.

CUR. Procurer, take care that you don't cause me any delay. (*They go into the house of CAPPADOX.*)

#### ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Enter the CHOREGUS<sup>1</sup>, as CHORUS.*

CHOR. By my faith, Phædromus has cleverly met with this clever rogue; *but* whether a salt-water rogue<sup>2</sup> or a dry-land one I'm the rather to say he is, I *really* don't know. The costume that I've lent I fear I shan't get back. Although I have nothing whatever to do with him (I trusted Phædromus himself), still I'll keep an eye upon him. But until he comes out of doors, I'll point out in what place you may easily meet with each person, that he mayn't lose his labour through too much trouble, if any one wishes to meet either a rascal or one without rascality, or an honest man or a dishonest one. He who desires to meet with a perjured fellow, let him go into the courts of law<sup>3</sup>; he *who wants* a liar and a braggart, near the rites of Cloacina<sup>4</sup>. The rich *and* erring husbands seek you at *the magisterial halls* of the Basilica. There, too, will

<sup>1</sup> *The Choregus*) The "Choregus" was the person who had the care of the dresses and decorations for the actors, and provided the Choruses. See the *Trinummus*, l. 858 (Act IV., Sc. 2).

<sup>2</sup> *Salt-water rogue*)—Ver. 463. "Halophantam." The "halophantæ" were those who informed against the exporters of salt contrary to law, as the "sycophantæ" did against the exporters of figs. The Choregus is using a choice of names for the same thing, as he means to say, "call him by what name you will, Curculio is a clever rogue." It is not possible to translate the passage literally and preserve the spirit of it at the same time.

<sup>3</sup> *Into the courts of law*)—Ver. 470. The "Comitium" was a place in the Roman Forum, near the "Curia," where trials were carried on before the *Prætor*. It was near the "Puteal Libonis," or "Scribonianum," where witnesses were sworn, and perjured people were to be found, ready to give false testimony.

<sup>4</sup> *Rites of Cloacina*)—Ver. 471. Venus is supposed to have been called by this

be the worn-out harlots, and those who are wont to haggle *for them*. Contributors to pic-nic dinners<sup>1</sup> *you'll find* in the fish-market. In the lower part of the Forum good men<sup>2</sup> and opulent do walk; in the middle, near the canal<sup>3</sup>, there are the mere puffers-off. Beyond the lake<sup>4</sup> of *Curtius* are impudent, talkative, and malevolent fellows, who boldly, without reason, utter calumnies about another, and who, themselves, have sufficient that might with truth be said against them. There, at the old *shops*<sup>5</sup>, are those who lend and those who borrow at interest. Behind the Temple of Castor there are those to whom unguardedly you may be lending to your cost. There, in the Etrurian street, are those men who hold themselves<sup>6</sup> on sale. In the Velabrum<sup>7</sup> *you'll find* either baker, or butcher, or soothsayer; either those who sell retail themselves, or supply to others things to be sold by retail. Rich sinning husbands you'll find at the house of Oppian Leucadia<sup>8</sup>. But, meantime, the door makes a noise; I must curb my tongue. *(Exit.)*

name, from her statue having been once found in the "Cloacæ," or sewer of Rome. He alludes to the neighbourhood of her Temple, in which Plautus himself is said to have dwelt. The "Basilica" has been mentioned in a previous Note.

<sup>1</sup> *Pic-nic dinners*)—Ver. 474. The "symbolæ," or "pic-nic entertainments," have been referred to in the Notes to the *Stichus*. They were probably got up on a cheap scale.

<sup>2</sup> *Good men*)—Ver. 475. "Boni" is here used in the sense of "opulent," "men of substance."

<sup>3</sup> *Near the canal*)—Ver. 476. The banks of this canal were much resorted to by walkers. It is not accurately known in what part of Rome it was situate.

<sup>4</sup> *Beyond the lake*)—Ver. 477. He probably alludes to the former site of the Curtian Lake, which, in his time, was dried up. Ovid says, in the *Fasti*, B. vi., l. 401, "This place, where now are the markets, formerly fenny marshes covered; a ditch was here swimming with water from the overflowing of the river. That spot formed the Curtian Lake, which now supports the altars on dry ground: 'tis now dry ground, but once it was a lake." It is not a little amusing, that though the Scene is in Epidaurus, Plautus is here discussing Roman scenes and manners.

<sup>5</sup> *The old shops*)—Ver. 481. He probably alludes to the old shops in the Forum, which were the property of the state, and were let out to the bankers and money-lenders.

<sup>6</sup> *Who hold themselves*)—Ver. 482. Horace alludes to the "turba impia," the "impious throng," of the Etrurian street.

<sup>7</sup> *Velabrum*)—Ver. 484. See the *Captivi*, l. 494 (Act III., Sc. 1).

<sup>8</sup> *Oppian Leucadia*)—Ver. 485. The best solution of the meaning of this passage seems to be, that he is alluding to a woman named Leucadia, a freed-woman of the Oppian family, whose house was a rendezvous for riotous and debauched husbands.

SCENE II.—*Enter, from the house of CAPPADOX, CURCULIO, leading PLANESIUM, followed by LYCO and CAPPADOX*

CUR. Maiden, do you go before; what is behind me I cannot keep my eye upon. Both the trinkets of gold, and all the clothing that she had, were his own, he said.

CAP. No one is going to deny it. CUR. Still, however, it's somewhat better for me to remind you.

LYC. Remember that you've undertaken, that, if any one should assert in course of law that she's *properly* free, all the money is to be returned to me—thirty minæ.

CAP. I shall remember; be easy about that; and now I say the same. CUR. But I wish you to remember this well.

CAP. I remember, and I shall deliver her to you on warranty<sup>1</sup>.

CUR. And am I to take anything on warranty from a Procurer, *people* who have nothing of their own except a tongue only; who, if anything's entrusted them, deny it upon oath? You *Procurers* dispose of what belongs to others, you give liberty to what belongs to others, and what belongs to others you give your commands to; no guarantee of ownership is *there in the transfer* to yourselves, nor are you yourselves *guarantees* to another person. The race of Procurers, among mortals, in my way of thinking at least, are just like flies, gnats, bugs, lice, and fleas—a plague, a mischief, and a nuisance; you are of no serviceable use, and no respectable person dares to stand with you in the Forum; he that does associate with you, they censure him, he's spat upon *and* abused; they say that he has lost his property and his honor, although he has done nothing at all.

LYC. Upon my faith, my clever one-eyed *friend*, in my way of thinking, you are well acquainted with the Procurers.

CUR. You *bankers*, i' faith, I put and place in the same rank; you are the very counterparts of them. They, at least, are on sale in dark corners, you in the very Forum<sup>2</sup>. You tear men to pieces with usury, they by persuading them amiss and by means of their dens. Full many a proposed sta-

<sup>1</sup> *On warranty*)—Ver. 495. "Dare mancipio" meant, "to sell a thing upon warranty," which, when formally done, was effected "per æs et libram," by striking the balance with an "as," in the presence of six witnesses, when the seller guaranteed the possession of it to the purchaser.

<sup>2</sup> *In the very Forum*)—Ver. 507. In allusion to the place where most of the bankers' shops were situate.

tute<sup>1</sup> has the public confirmed on your account, which when confirmed you break ; some loophole you find out ; just as boiling water becomes cold, so do you deem the laws.

LYC. (*aside*). I'd rather I'd held my tongue. CAP. Not wrongfully, and with good reason, are you abusive *against them*.

CUR. If abuse is uttered against those who deserve it not, that I do hold to be abuse ; but if it is uttered against those who are deserving, it is fair censure, in my way of thinking, at least. I care nothing about your warranty, nor about any other Procurer whatever. Lyco, do you want anything *with me* ?

LYC. Heartily fare you well. CUR. Farewell. (*Going*.)

CAP. Hark you ! I say to you——

CUR. Say on ; what do you want ?

CAP. Prithæe do you take care that all's well with her (*pointing to PLANESIUM*) ; I've brought her up in my house carefully and in chastity.

CUR. If you have such compassion for her, pray, what would you give for it to be all well with her ?

CAP. A plaguy mishap *for yourself*.

CUR. You need take due care on that score about yourself.

CAP. (*to PLANESIUM, who is weeping*). Why, simpleton, do you cry ? Don't be afraid ; upon my faith, I've sold you favourably. Take care, will you, and be a good girl ; *now* prettily accompany him, pretty one.

LYC. Summanus, do you want anything with me at present ? CUR. Fare you well, and health attend you. (*Aside*.) For you've kindly given me your services and your money.

LYC. Give abundant greetings to my patron.

CUR. I'll give them. (*Exit with PLANESIUM*.)

LYC. Procurer, do you wish for anything ?

CAP. Give me those ten minæ for me to manage for myself with, until things are better with me. LYC. They shall be paid ; order them to be fetched to-morrow. (*Exit*.)

CAP. Since I've successfully finished the matter, I wish to return thanks here in the Temple. For long since, when a little girl, I bought her for ten minæ ; but him who sold her to me, never since then have I set eyes upon. I think he's dead. What matters that to me ? I've got the money. The man to whom the Gods are propitious, for him, no doubt, they

<sup>1</sup> *Proposed statute*)—Ver. 509. "Rogitatio," or, more commonly, "rogatio," was the term applied to a proposed law, or decree of the people, or "plebiscitum."



throw gain in his way. Now will I give my attention to my devotions; it's clear that he has a kind regard for me. (*Goes into the Temple.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* THERAPONTIGONUS<sup>1</sup> and LYCO.

THER. I'm come now, inflamed with wrath in no moderate degree, but with that same with which I've learned to deal destruction upon cities. At once now, unless this moment you make haste instantly to pay me the thirty minæ which I left with you, make haste to lay down your life.

LYC. By my troth, to no little mischief do I now devote you, but to that same to which I am wont to devote that man to whom I owe nothing at all.

THER. Don't you be making yourself bold with me, or suppose that I shall be entreating you.

LYC. And you, indeed, shall never force me to pay you what has been paid, nor shall I give it you.

THER. I thought this, when I entrusted you with it, that you would repay nothing at all.

LYC. Why then are you now asking it back of me?

THER. I wish to know to whom you have paid it.

LYC. To your one-eyed freed-man; he said that he was called Summanus; I paid it to him, who brought me this sealed letter. (*Gives him the letter.*)

THER. What letter of mine, what one-eyed freed-man, what people called Summanus are you dreaming about? I really have no freed-man at all.

LYC. You act more wisely than a portion of the military men who have freed-men, and *then* forsake them.

THER. What have you done? LYC. What you requested me, I've done for your sake, that I mightn't slight the messenger who had brought your seal's impression.

THER. More fool than fool were you to give credit to this letter.

LYC. To that by which matters both public and private are carried on ought I not to have given credit? I'll be off; the money has been properly paid you. Warrior, farewell.

THER. How—farewell? LYC. Fare you ill then, if you choose,—aye, *all* your life, so far as I'm concerned. (*Exit.*)

THER. What shall I do now? Of what use is it that I

<sup>1</sup> *Therapontigonus*)—He seems to be a milder member of the class of braggarts, of which Pyrgopolinices, in the *Miles Gloriosus*, is so admirable a specimen.



have caused kings to obey me, if this obscure fellow<sup>1</sup> is this day to laugh at me ?

SCENE IV.—*Enter CAPPADOX, from the Temple.*

CAP. (*to himself*). The man to whom the Gods are propitious, they cannot, I think, be angered with him. After I had finished my devotions, it then came into my mind, lest the banker should abscond, to go fetch the money, that I may make good cheer rather than he.

THER. I had left my compliments for you *at your house*.

CAP. Therapontigonous Platagidorus, save you ; since you are come safe to Epidaurus this day, at my house—you won't lick up *one grain of salt*<sup>2</sup>.

THER. You give me a kind invitation ; things, however, are in a train for it to go badly with yourself. But how fares my purchase at your house ?

CAP. Why, not at my house at all. Don't be bringing your witnesses—assuredly, I don't owe you anything.

THER. How's that ?

CAP. What I was bound on oath *to do*, I've done.

THER. Will you give me up the girl or not, before I spit you with this sabre of mine, you whip-scoundrel ?

CAP. I bid you go to perdition with all my heart ; don't you be terrifying me. She has been carried off ; you shall be carried off hence away from me, beyond a doubt, if you persist in abusing me, to whom I owe nothing but a punishing.

THER. *What*, threaten me with a punishing ?

CAP. Aye, and by my troth, I'll not be threatening, but I'll give it, if you persist in being impertinent to me.

THER. A Procurer, *forsooth*, threatening me ; and are my combats in battle, so many in number, lying trodden under foot ? But so may my sabre and my shield

\* \* \* trustily aid me when fighting in the field ; unless the girl is restored to me, I'll at once cause the ants to carry you away piecemeal from this spot.

CAP. And so may my tweezers<sup>3</sup>, my comb, my looking-

<sup>1</sup> *Obscure fellow*)—Ver. 556. "Umbraticus," a low fellow, a haunter of obscure places.

<sup>2</sup> *Lick up one grain of salt*)—Ver. 562. He pretends that he is going to invite him ; but, stopping short, ends by saying that he shall not even taste salt with him. "Αλαλεχῆν, "to lick salt," Erasmus, in his Adagia, tells us was a proverbial expression, denoting "to live sparingly."

<sup>3</sup> *So may my tweezers*)—Ver. 576. We might almost fancy that it was a barber

glass, my crisping-iron, and my hair-scissors and scrubbing-towel love me well, I don't value your high-sounding words, nor these big threats of yours, a bit the more than my servant-girl that washes out my sink. I've given her up to him who brought the money from you.

THER. What person was that? CAP. He said that he was Summanus, your freed-man.

THER. Mine? You don't say so; i' faith, it's *that* Curculio that has put a trick upon me, when I think upon it; he stole my ring from me.

CAP. (*aside*). The Captain has been finely appointed to a cashiered company<sup>1</sup>.

THER. Where now shall I find Curculio<sup>2</sup>?

CAP. In some wheat with the greatest ease I'll make you find even five hundred Curculios instead of one. Therefore I'm off; fare you well, and my service to you. (*Exit*.)

THER. Fare you ill, a plague attend you. What shall I do? Shall I stop or go away? That I should have been imposed upon in this way! I'd like to give a reward to him who would point out that fellow to me. (*Exit*.)

#### ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Enter CURCULIO, with a ring, from the house of PHÆDROMUS.*

CUR. I've heard that an ancient Poet<sup>3</sup> wrote in a Tragedy, that two women are worse than one; such is the fact. But a more crafty woman than is this mistress of Phædromus, I never saw or heard of, nor, i' faith, can one be spoken of or imagined; she, as soon as ever she saw that I had got this ring, asked me whence I got it. "Why do you ask that?" said I. "Because I've need to know," said she. I said I wouldn't tell her. To get it away, she seized hold of my hand with her teeth. With much ado I betook me out of doors, and made my escape. Away with this slut<sup>4</sup>.

speaking, from this mention of the implements of his trade. Probably Cappadox employed these articles himself, in putting the best appearance upon his commodities, that they might the more readily attract the public.

<sup>1</sup> *Appointed to a cashiered company*)—Ver. 585. He remarks that the Captain has been made a fool of, just in the same way as if he had received a commission in a disbanded maniple, or company.

<sup>2</sup> *Find Curculio*)—Ver. 586. He asks where he can find Curculio. That word signifying not only the Parasite's name, but "a weevil" as well, Cappadox tells him that he may find hundreds of them in wheat.

<sup>3</sup> *An ancient Poet*)—Ver. 591. Who this ancient Poet was, is not known.

<sup>4</sup> *This slut*)—Ver. 598. "Caniculam." "Little bitch."

SCENE II.—*Enter PLANESIUM, followed by PHÆDROMUS, from his house.*

PLAN. My Phædromus, make haste.

PHÆD. Make haste for what? PLAN. That you mayn't let the Parasite escape; the affair's of consequence.

PHÆD. Nothing have I<sup>1</sup> *of consequence*; for what I did have I quickly made away with? (*Seizes CURCULIO.*) I've got him; what's the matter?

PLAN. Ask him whence he got that ring: my father used to wear it. CUR. Why, troth, and *so did* my aunt.

PLAN. My mother gave it him to wear.

CUR. *And* your father, in his turn, to me.

PLAN. You are talking nonsense.

CUR. I'm in the habit; for by reason of it I make a livelihood the more easily. What *is the matter* now?

PLAN. I entreat you, don't be keeping me from *finding* my parents.

CUR. How can I? Have I got your father and mother hidden beneath the stone? (*Holding up the ring.*)

PLAN. I was born a free woman.

CUR. And *so were* many others, who are now in servitude.

PLAN. Really now, I'm vexed. CUR. For my part, I've told you how this came into my possession. How often must you be told? I cheated the Captain at dice, I tell you.

*Enter THERAPONTIGONUS.*

THER. (*eyeing CURCULIO*). I'm all right; see, here he is whom I was looking for. How do you do, good sir?

CUR. I hear you; three casts of the dice, if you like, even for that scarf *of yours*.

THER. Why don't you go to very perdition, with your casts and catch-pennies<sup>2</sup>? Either give me back the money or the young woman?

CUR. (*with an air of surprise*). What money? what rubbish are you talking about to me? What young woman are

<sup>1</sup> *Nothing have I*)—Ver. 600. Planesium says, "res," "the affair," is urgent. Phædromus, understanding the word as meaning "property," says, "I've got none; what I had, I soon squandered."

<sup>2</sup> *Casts and catch-pennies*)—Ver. 612. "Cum bolis, cum bulbis." Literally "with your casts of dice and your onions." He probably uses the word "bulbis" solely for its similarity to "bolis," by way of alliteration. A little variation is made in the translation, to keep the spirit of the passage, which it is impossible to do by adhering to the letter.

you demanding back of me? THER. The one that you took away this day from the Procurer, you scoundrelly fellow.

CUR. I took none away. THER. Why, surely, I see her. There she is. (*Pointing to PLANESIUM.*)

PHÆD. This young woman is free. THER. What, my female slave free, to whom I have never given her liberty?

PHÆD. Who gave you possession of her, or of whom did you buy her? Let me know *that*? THER. Why, I paid the money for her through my banker—a sum which I'll have refunded to me fourfold by you and the Procurer.

PHÆD. You, who understand how to traffic in young women, kidnapped and of free birth, come you before the judge. THER. I shan't come.

PHÆD. I may call my witness<sup>1</sup> to the *summons*.

THER. No, you mayn't. PHÆD. May Jupiter then utterly confound you: live without witnesses<sup>2</sup> *then*.

CUR. But I'm a person that he may *summon*.

PHÆD. (*to CURCULIO*). Do you step this way.

THER. *What*? A slave summoned as a witness? Take you care. CUR. Well, that you may know it, I'm free.

THER. Then come before the judge. There's for you: *take that*. (*Gives him a blow.*)

CUR. O townsmen, townsmen, *help*.

THER. Why do you bawl *so*?

PHÆD. What right have you to strike him?

THER. Because I choose. PHÆD. (*to CURCULIO*). Step this way you (*pushes him towards the CAPTAIN*); *there*, I'll give him up to you. Hold your noise.

CUR. Phædromus, prithee do save me.

PHÆD. As *I would* myself and my own *good* Genius. Captain, prithee, do tell me whence you got that ring, which this Parasite purloined from you.

PLAN. (*kneeling before the CAPTAIN*). By your knees, I

<sup>1</sup> *Call my witness*—Ver. 621. It was a custom with the Romans, when a man was summoned by another to go with him at once before the Prætor, for the plaintiff, if the defendant would not go quietly, to call any bystander to be witness (antestari) that he had been duly summoned; and, having touched the ear of the witness, the latter was bound to aid in dragging the defendant to court. Only free persons could be witnesses. For this reason the Captain tells Phædromus that he cannot summon a witness on this occasion, as he knows that Planesium is *not* free, and supposes that Curculio is also a slave.

<sup>2</sup> *Without witnesses*—Ver. 622. "Intestatus." An indelicate allusion is intended in this line.

do entreat you to give us that information. THER. What matters that to you? You might *as well* ask after this sabre and this scarf, how *each* came into my possession.

CUR. What airs the swaggerer does give himself!

THER. Send that fellow away (*pointing to CURCULIO*); then I'll tell you all. CUR. It's nonsense what he says.

PHÆD. Prithee, do let me know. THER. I'll tell you: (*to PLANESIUM*) get up. Listen to this matter, and give attention. My father Periphanes used to wear it.

PLAN. Ha! Periphanes? THER. He, before he died, gave it to me as being his son, as it was right *he should*.

PLAN. O Jupiter!

THER. And on that occasion he made me his heir.

PLAN. O filial affection, do thou preserve me, since I have carefully preserved thee. Welcome, my brother.

THER. How am I to believe that? Tell me, if you are speaking the truth, who was your mother?

PLAN. Cleobula. THER. Who was your nurse?

PLAN. Arcestrata. Amid the sacred rites of Bacchus she had carried me to see the sights \* \* \*

\* \* \* after we had come thither, when now she had found me a place, a whirlwind arose<sup>1</sup>; the scaffolding<sup>2</sup> of the stage there tumbled down; I was greatly alarmed, *and* then some one, I know not who, seized hold of me trembling and frightened, neither alive nor dead; and in what manner he carried me off I cannot say.

THER. I recollect that disturbance happening; but, do you tell me, where is this person, who carried you away?

PLAN. I know not; but (*showing a ring*) this ring I have all along preserved by me, with it long since was I lost.

THER. Give it me to look at.

CUR. (*to PLANESIUM*). Are you in your senses to be trusting it to that fellow? (*Holds her arm.*)

PLAN. Do you only leave me alone. (*She gives it to the CAPTAIN.*) THER. (*examining it*). O Jupiter! This is the same that I presented you upon your birthday; I recognize it as easily as my own self. Welcome to you, my sister.

<sup>1</sup> *A whirlwind arose*—Ver. 646. Many mishaps appear to have happened to families through the lawlessness and violence of which the Festivals of the Divinities were the occasion.

<sup>2</sup> *The scaffolding*—Ver. 647. Suetonius tells us that the reign of Tiberius was rendered memorable by the fall of the scaffolding in the theatre of Fidenæ.



PLAN. My brother, welcome to you.

PHÆD. I trust the Gods will prosper this matter for you.

CUR. And I, for all of us. (*To the CAPTAIN.*) Do you, as having this day arrived, give a dinner in honor of your sister; he (*pointing to PHÆDROMUS*), to-morrow, will give one in honor of his marriage; we promise *that*.

PHÆD. (*to CURCULIO*). Do you hold your tongue.

CUR. I shan't hold my tongue, as things are turning out so well. Captain, do you promise her to him; I'll give the marriage-portion. THER. What is the marriage-portion?

CUR. What, that I give? Why, that always as long as he lives he's to feed me.

THER. I' troth, he says what's fair; with my consent you shall do so. But this Procurer owes me the thirty minæ.

PHÆD. For what reason so?

THER. Because he agreed with me on these terms to give it back: that if any one should assert her to be free born in due course of law, he would, without dispute, pay back all the money.

CUR. Then let's go to the Procurer. THER. I agree.

PHÆD. This first I wish; to despatch my matter.

THER. What's that? PHÆD. That you will betroth her to me. (*The CAPTAIN considers.*)

CUR. Why do you hesitate, Captain, to give her as a wife to him? THER. If she is agreeable.

PLAN. My brother, it is my wish.

THER. So be it *then*. CUR. You do rightly.

PHÆD. Captain, do you betroth me to her for my wife?

THER. I do betroth her. PHÆD. (*pointing to CURCULIO*). And to him do I promise support at my expense.

CUR. You do kindly. But \* \* \* \*

THER. \* \* \* \* But see, here's the Procurer coming; my treasurer<sup>1</sup>, *I mean*.

SCENE III.—*Enter CAPPADOX, in haste.*

CAP. (*to himself*). Those who say<sup>2</sup> it's bad for bankers to

<sup>1</sup> *My treasurer*)—Ver. 677. In allusion to the money which he intends to have back from the Procurer. "Thesaurum" seems here to have the signification of "treasurer" or "treasury."

<sup>2</sup> *Those who say*)—Ver. 679. This and the following line are clearly in a very corrupt state. Indeed, it is hard to gather any sense whatever from them.



be trusted, utter nonsense; I say it's neither good nor bad for them to be trusted, and that, I've fully experienced this day. They are not<sup>1</sup> badly trusted, who never repay, but with whom it is lost outright. As for example, before this *Lyco* paid me the ten minæ, he had to go to every *banker's* counter. After there were no proceeds, I summoned the fellow with *much* noise; he appealed against me to the court. I was most confoundedly afraid that this day he'd be settling accounts with me before the Prætor<sup>2</sup>; but my friends forced him, so he paid the money at home. Now I'm resolved to make haste to my house. (*Runs towards his door.*)

THER. Hallo! you Procurer; I want you.

PHÆD. And I want you.

CAP. But I don't want either of you.

THER. Stay this instant, will you.

PHÆD. And make you haste to disgorge the money with all despatch.

CAP. (*to PHÆDROMUS*). What have you to do with me? (*To the CAPTAIN.*) Or what have you?

THER. Because this day I shall be making a javelin of you, discharged from a catapulta, and twist you with the string<sup>3</sup>, just as the catapultas are in the habit of doing.

PHÆD. I'll this day make a coxcomb of you, to be sleeping with a puppy<sup>4</sup> *in your bed*—an iron one, I mean.

CAP. But I'll make you both to be rotting in a strong-barred prison. THER. Seize him by the throat, and away with him to extreme torture.

PHÆD. However that is, he'll be going *there* of his own accord. (*The CAPTAIN seizes him.*)

CAP. O Gods and men, your aid! that I, uncondemned,

<sup>1</sup> *They are not*)—Ver. 681. He seems to mean, that, where there is no possibility of the debtor paying back the money, the case is more fortunate than where you are tormented by hopes of getting it back, which, however, are doomed to disappointment.

<sup>2</sup> *Before the Prætor*)—Ver. 684. He was afraid that Lyco would cheat him, by filing his schedule, or taking the benefit, in the Roman style. See the Note to l. 373 (Act III., Sc. 1).

<sup>3</sup> *With the string*)—Ver. 690. "Nervus," "a cord," was also the name of the iron chain fastened round the neck and legs of the prisoner. If the debtor did not pay within thirty days after judgment, he was liable to be thrown into prison by the creditor.

<sup>4</sup> *With a puppy*)—Ver. 691. He jokes on the double meaning of the word "catellus," which signified "an iron chain," and also "a little dog."

and without evidence against me, should *thus* be dragged along! Prithee, Planesium, and you, Phædromus, do give me assistance.

PLAN. Brother, I do beseech you, don't ruin him uncon-  
demned; he treated me kindly and modestly at his house.

THER. That was through no inclination of his own; give you thanks to this Æsculapius<sup>1</sup> (*pointing to the Temple*) that you've preserved your chastity; for if he had been well, he'd long ago have packed you off wherever he could.

PHÆD. Now attend to me, *both of you*, if I can arrange between you. (*To the CAPTAIN.*) You let him go. Procurer, come you this way. I'll pronounce my opinion, if indeed you are ready to abide by what I shall decide *you should do*.

THER. We leave it to you. (*He lets go of the PROCURER.*)

CAP. So long, i' faith, as you give a decision to the effect that no one is to take the money away from me.

THER. What, not that which you promised?

CAP. I, promised? How? THER. With your tongue.

CAP. With that same *tongue* I now gainsay it; that was given me by Nature for the purpose of speaking, not of losing my property.

THER. He's trifling; seize the fellow by the throat. (*Seizes him.*) CAP. I'll at once *then* do as you bid me.

THER. Since you are an honest man, answer me this that I ask you. CAP. Ask me what you please.

THER. Did you not promise, that if any one should show that she (*pointing to PLANESIUM*) was freeborn, you would pay back all the money? CAP. I don't remember saying so.

THER. What, do you deny it? CAP. I' faith, I really do deny it. In whose presence? In what place *was it*?

THER. In my own presence, and that of Lyco the banker.

CAP. Why don't you hold your tongue?

THER. I shan't hold my tongue.

CAP. I don't care a rush for you; don't be bullying me.

THER. In my own presence and that of Lyco it took place.

PHÆD. (*to the CAPTAIN.*) I quite believe you. Now, therefore, Procurer, that you may know my judgment, (*pointing to PLANESIUM*) she is a free woman; he (*pointing to the CAPTAIN*) is her brother, and she is his sister; she is

<sup>1</sup> *To this Æsculapius*)—Ver. 699. Who had not granted him convalescence so soon as he desired.

engaged to me; do you restore him the money; that's my decision.

CAP. Upon my faith, Phædromus, you have given this decision corruptly. It shall both be bad for you, and you, Captain,—may the Gods and Goddesses confound you.

THER. And as for you, you shall be clapt in prison at once, unless the money's returned me.

CAP. Then follow me. THER. Follow you where?

CAP. To my banker—to the Prætor<sup>1</sup>; for it's there that I pay my money to all persons to whom I'm indebted.

THER. I'll be carrying you hence to prison, *and* not to the Prætor, if you don't pay back the money.

CAP. I do most earnestly wish you may come to a bad end, so don't misunderstand me<sup>2</sup>.

THER. Do you really so? CAP. I' faith, I really do so.

THER. I don't misunderstand these fists of mine. (*Hold-ing them up.*)

CAP. What then? THER. What then, do you ask? With these same *fists*, if you provoke me, I'll be making you quiet immediately.

CAP. (*taking the money from his girdle*). Well then, take this back at once.

THER. (*taking the money*). By all means.

PHÆD. Captain, you'll dine with me; the nuptials shall take place to-day.

THER. May this matter turn out well for me and for yourselves.

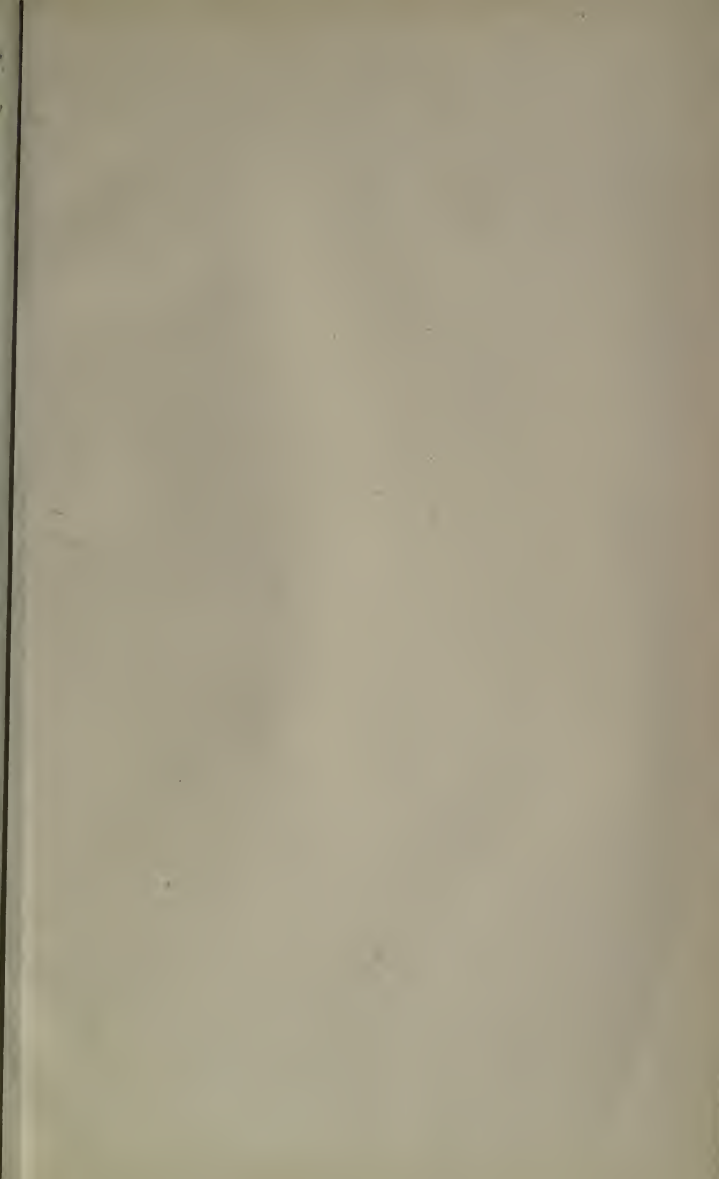
*An Actor.*

Spectators, give us your applause.

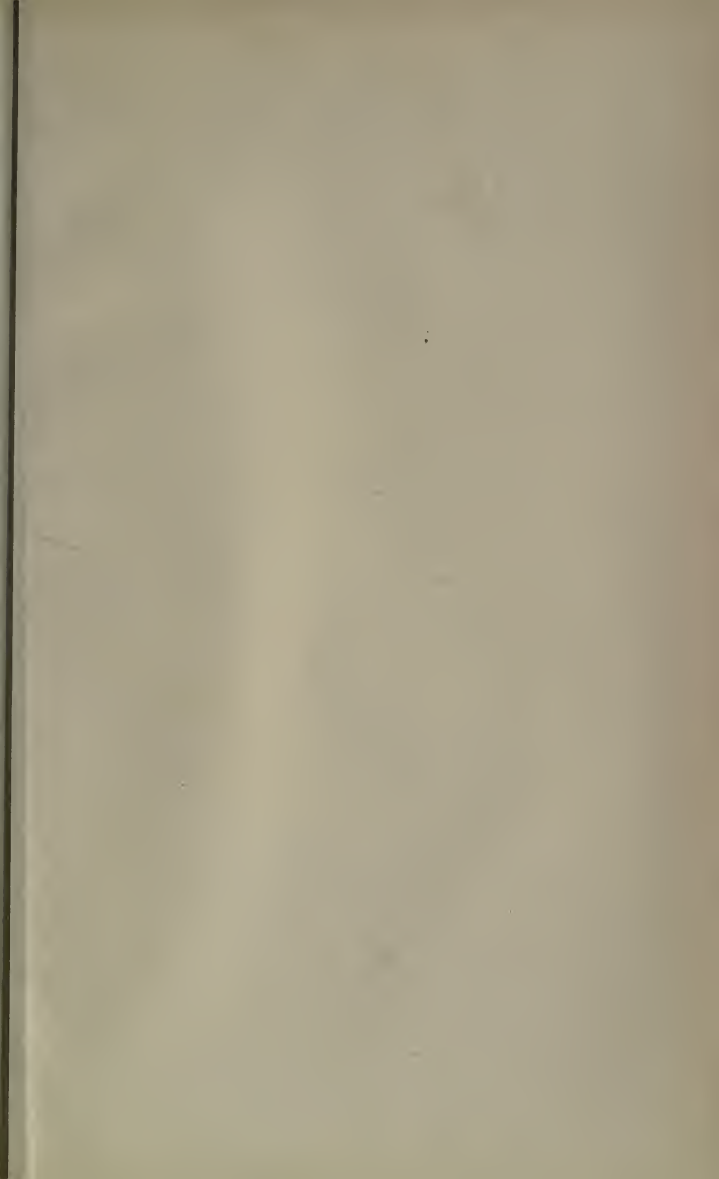
<sup>1</sup> *To the Prætor*)—Ver. 722. See the Note to l. 684.

<sup>2</sup> *Don't misunderstand me*)—Ver. 724. "Ne me nescias." Equivalent to our phrase, "I fully give you to understand."

END OF VOL. I.

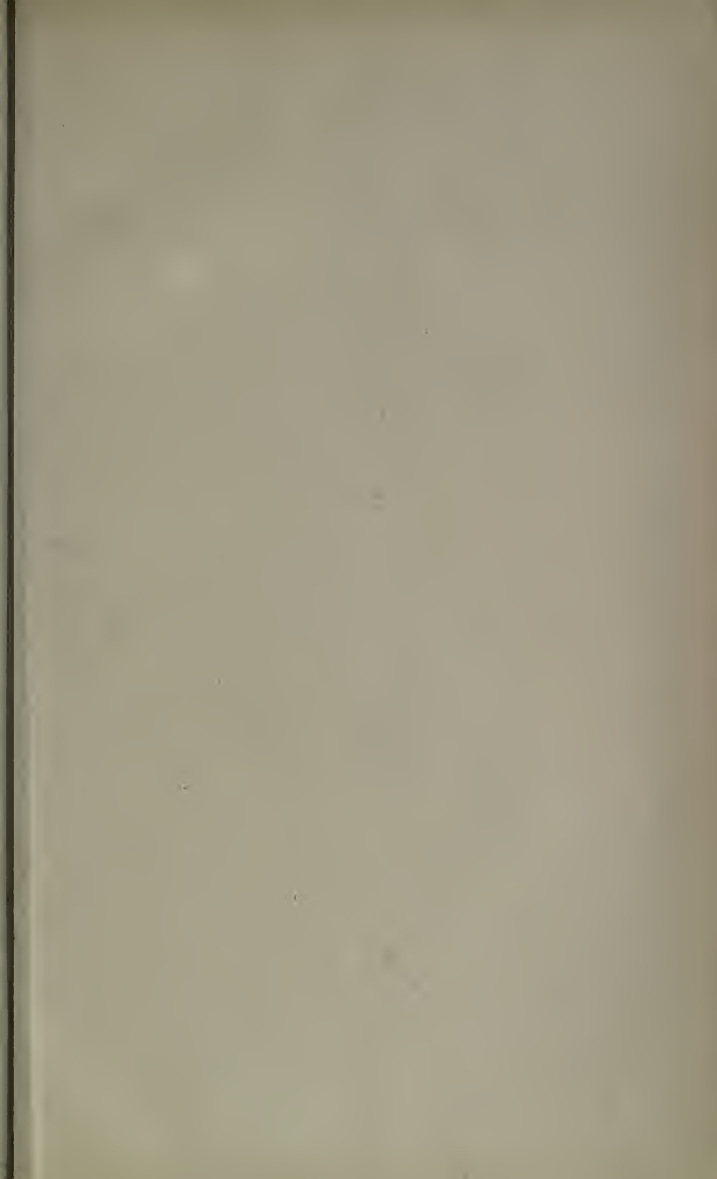














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